



A HIGHLAND REBEL.—See Page 18.

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INDEX TO VOL. III.

LITERATURE.

A		PAGE			PAGE			PAGE
Annette Leir	-	126	Haunted Lodging-House, The	-	438	Perewinkle's Visit to Boston, Mrs.	-	161
Angust Flowers	-	156	Human Family,	-	135	Penalty of Jessonda, The	-	145
Ancient and Modern Modes of Sepulture	-	311	Happiness, Search for	-	76	Penlisk	-	245
Arithmetical Prodigy	-	134	Honest Quack	-	76	Peasant Girl of Rome	-	257
Astronomical Calculations	-	155	Hearts	-	336	Passion for Mountain Peaks, A	-	225
Athens	-	224	Hosmer, Miss	-	552	Pleasures of Salmon Fishing, The	-	364
Achmet Pasha's Death	-	327	I			Planche, Gustave	-	330
Antimony,	-	331	Imagination	-	48	Princess Royal, A	-	319
Antelopes and Cows	-	447	Italian Women, Ingenuity of	-	443	Paganini, Anecdotes of	-	446
Audubon, Anecdote of	-	495	J			Plutarch	-	338
Æolian Harp	-	543	Jerrold, Anecdote of	-	48	Poverty and Success	-	76
Australia, the Land of Contraries	-	545	Jewish Families	-	540	Phosphoric Experiment	-	232
B			Jury, A Respectable	-	543	Precious Stones	-	338
Bourse, The	-	42	K			Puzzle, A	-	435
Brownings, The	-	137	Kaffir Courtship	-	326	Paoli, Clemente	-	512
Behind the Scenes in Paris, 210, 806, 449	-	513	L			Prison Companions	-	522
Birds of Cape Comorin	-	135	Lucky Sir Robert Strange	-	135	Pin, Legend of the	-	522
Bitters	-	32	Linguists, Attainments of	-	336	Pea, The Egyptian	-	544
Beaumarchais, Anecdote of	-	73	Languages	-	551	Q		
Barometer, A Cheap	-	244	Lawyer's Clerk, The	-	553	Quaker Smartness	-	312
Baby's Ritual	-	344	M			R		
Borax as a Washing Powder	-	434	Myra, the Gipsy Prophetess, 3, 99, 353, 410	-	545	Rosy Cross, The	-	50
Balance of Mundane Conditions	-	447	My Bridesmaids	-	14	Remarkable Dream	-	31
Bitten by a Snake	-	511	My Irish Adventure	-	25	Reminiscences of an Old Traveller, 131,	-	525
Burning-Fluid rendered Non-explosive	-	523	Mysterious Bequest, The	-	45	Relics, Ancient	-	136
Botanic Ornament and Usefulness	-	523	Minnetonka Lake	-	56	Randolphs, The	-	257
C			Mad Miser, The	-	65	Rambles in Surinam	-	99
Camels and Dromedaries	-	17	Meeting on Hungerford Bridge	-	75	Reminiscences of Mexico	-	291
Chapter of Wit, Anecdote and Humor, 79, 172, 268, 365, 461	-	557	Moliere	-	49	Red-Sea, Green in Color	-	144
Conjuror's Goat, The	-	135	Mickleen Cabill's Dhrame	-	169	Reading and Writing	-	152
Cyril St. Orme	-	149	My Eloquence	-	262	Roses, Climbing	-	224
Café du Roi, at Paris, The	-	232	My First Love	-	236	S		
Coon Chase in Kentucky	-	233	Mexico, Reminiscences of	-	291	"S. S. V. P.," A Tale	-	59
Cellini, Benvenuto	-	435	Minna's Dowry	-	328	Surinam, Rambles in	-	99
Common Fault Rebuked	-	167	Mummies	-	333	Sundry Mottoes	-	155
Chit-Chat	-	24	Mango Grove, A	-	331	Stambol and its Suburbs	-	195
Central Heat of the Earth	-	44	My Uncle the Dean	-	360	Spy System in Paris	-	244
Cork, Ancient Uses of	-	44	Medici, Tombs of the	-	256	Sporting Scenes in India	-	267
Critie Taken Down, A	-	327	Mathews, Anecdote of	-	336	Sepoys of India, The	-	338
Cat's Whiskers, Use of	-	331	Mousquetaire Hat	-	359	Story Picked Up abroad, A	-	322
Correct Speaking	-	336	Munden the Actor, Anecdote of	-	409	Sue, Eugene, How he used to Write	-	331
Cruiser, How I Tamed Mrs.	-	483	Mole-Hills	-	511	Scilly Islands, The	-	444
Cornish Hug, A	-	494	Mushroom Culture in France	-	532	Scandal, the Pirof	-	55
Canoe Fight, The	-	511	N			Sighing	-	55
Constantinople, Subterranean Lake at	-	521	Ne Exeat: A Story about a Thames Hatch-Boat	-	33	Sea-Sickness, Prevention of	-	76
Christmas Vision	-	532	Nightingale that Lost its Voice through Love, The	-	240	Superscription	-	76
Corsican Banditti	-	535	Natural History, Glances at	-	332	Sand, Suckin' Water from	-	224
Canary, A Long-lived	-	556	Next Door Neighbors	-	432	Solitude	-	239
D			November Walk, Our	-	436	Skye, A Scholar in	-	523
Dupuytren, Death of	-	74	Nailers and Tailors	-	244	Shepherd's Dog, A	-	540
Dog, A Story about a	-	430	Norway, Carriole Travelling in	-	496	Stickleback, A Tame	-	551
Dalhousie, Lady, at Lucknow	-	71	Not Married for Love	-	506	T		
Dog of the Eillon Post Office	-	343	Nicknames of States and Cities	-	556	Tigress, Adventure with a	-	16
Daines Barrington and the Fire-Eater	-	512	New Type, Injurious Effect of	-	543	Thorn in the Rose	-	69
Devil's Bargain, The	-	535	O			Tiger Hunt	-	143
E			Old Stile, The	-	170	Treasure in the Sands, The	-	157
English Lechinvar, An	-	145	Organs, their History	-	223	Two Lives, The	-	230
Elizabeth, Queen, Death of 168; Episode in Life of, 345; The Royal Half Sisters	-	448	Okefenokee Within and Without: An Incident and Adventure in the Exploration of the Swamp	-	387	Tennison, Alfred	-	313
English Travelling in 1690	-	169	Orange-Otang, Anecdote of a	-	145	True in Irons	-	347
England and her Dinners	-	166	Ohne Hast, Ohne Rast	-	356	True and False Taste	-	16
F			Ounce of Prevention	-	356	"Tat"	-	331
Frostbitten Nose, The	-	13	P			Tearing and Feathering	-	335
Fire Engine, why it is called She	-	131	Parlor Amusements for Young Folks	-	2	Tuth	-	335
Fruit Syrups	-	13	Poetry—The "O" on the Date Stone	-	2	Tibacco Battered	-	239
Family, Mistress of a	-	229	The Two Pictures	-	3	Tailor-Bird, The	-	544
Found his Match	-	431	Lines and Sonnets	-	3	Tee of Refuge in India	-	541
Flower Culture, Ornamental	-	529	Isalton	-	3	V		
Flag of the United States	-	556	Sir Ralph and Lady Jean	-	3	Voices of Egyptian Railways, The First	-	327
G			Thus do the Flowers Die	-	10	Veiled Bride, The	-	536
Glimpses of the Past	-	443	Una Siesta	-	35	W		
Greek Funeral, A	-	258	The Raven, by Poe	-	37	William I. of Prussia, His Beauties	-	312
Goethe's Motto	-	336	An Episode from Life	-	341	Why Early Marriages are Less Frequent	-	325
Ghost Story	-	535	Shadows of Real Life	-	443	Wanted, A Husband for My Niece	-	341
H			Inconstancy, Sonnet in Defence of	-	494	Washing Powder, Borax	-	434
How my Eyes were Opened; some Passages in the Life of Alfred Morris	-	421	Prickly Fear, The	-	161	Wonders of the World, The Seven	-	493
Hood, Thomas	-	416	Y			Youth Restored	-	31
						Young Rascal, Our	-	541

ENGRAVINGS.

A		PAGE	K		PAGE	P		PAGE
August Flowers—Erica Cinerea, Bee			Kensal Green Monument, Hood's Mon-			Parlor Amusements for Young Folks		
Orchis, Fly Orchis, Man Orchis, Val-			ument in		416	Fourteen Diagrams, 72		73
lueria, 156		157				Pinch of Snuff, The		115
At Home		257				Prickly Pear, The		161
						Patchouly		525
						Pea, The Egyptian		544
B		PAGE	L		PAGE	R		PAGE
Browning, Mrs., Portrait of		137	Loon Lake, View on		433	Rambles in Surinam—Frontispiece		98
Beatrice Cenci, Statue of		553				Fort of New Amsterdam, Surinam		99
						Scenes in the Prison Yard at Surinam		102
C		PAGE				The Gaigenveld, or Gallows Field		103
Camels and Dromedaries—Burden Cam-						Indian Lodge in the Forests of Suri-		106
mel of Egypt		17				nam		106
Anieh Dromedary		20				Dutch Soldier attacked by a Boa		107
Bactrian Camel		20				Christmas Festivities at Surinam		110
Dromedary Artillery of Persia		21				Negro Captain of Surinam		111
Courier of the Desert		24				Government Presents to the Bush Ne-		111
Wrestling Camel from Asia Minor		25				groes of Surinam		111
Embarkation of Camels		28				Encampment of a Bush Patrol		113
Camel secured for a Gale		28				Relics, Ancient		136
Bactrian Camel, Blanketed		29				Reminiscences of Mexico—Punishments		201
Tuiliu, Hybrid		32				in a Mexican Dungeon		201
Comic Page, 80, 175, 176, 271, 272, 364,		464				Funeral Procession of a Mexican Child		293
365						Pilgrims Going to the Fair of Tampico		296
Conjuror and his Goat		136				Estero del Caiman, or Alligator Strait		297
Chinese Temple, Interior, fronting		195				Spanish Priest Rescuing an American		297
Coon Chase in Kentucky		233				from Mexican Bravos		297
Consolation		361				Mexican Plough		300
Curious old Engraving, an Allegory, re-						La Cruz del Marquez, and Gibbet of		301
presenting the Great Reformers and						his Assassins		301
their Opponents		340				The Magney Plant		304
Cruiser, Mrs.—The Mazy Dance		483				Raven, the		337
The Ladies' Symposium		483				Romance and Reality. Comic		175
Cotter's Family, The		513						
D		PAGE	N		PAGE	S		PAGE
Dying Stag, The		153	Ne Excant—A Story about a Thames			Smiling Morn		57
			Hatch-Boat—Initial Vignette		33	Surinam, Rambles in		98
			The Swift chasing the Saucy Swallow		36	Stambol and its Suburbs—Top-Hane,		
			The Saucy Swallow in Grief		49	Entrance to Pera		195
			The North F. Ireland		41	Turkish Letter-Writer in the Court-		
			Nightingale that lost its Voice through			yard of Yeni-Djamy		197
			Love, The, 249		241	Mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud, at		
			Norway—Oscar's Hall		496	Broussa, Asia Minor		200
			House in Guldbrandsdal		497	Balouk-Hane		201
			Peasant Bride		497	Adile Hanum, Daughter of Zeid Pasha		204
			Church in Guldbrandsdal		500	Gelin Hanum, or Lady Bride		205
			Kitchen Interior		500	Gardens of the Seraglio, Constantino-		
			Peasants, Priest		501	ple		208
			Ruin on Lake Miosen		504	Sporting Scenes in India—The Fight be-		
			Kringelen		505	tween two Male Elephants		264
			November Walk, Our—Quercus Pedun-			Death of the Mahout, or Keeper		265
			culata, The British Oak, Mistletoe		436	Shipwreck, A		352
			Lichens, Jungermannia, Chrysanthem-		437	Severe Blow, A		360
			um			Swill Milk Excitement. Comic		80
						Scilly Islands, The		444
						Stolen Kiss, The		457
						Snow Flurry, The		432
						Sportsman's Rendezvous		512
						Subterranean Lake, Constantinople		521
						Spirit's Counsel, The		536
						Sunset		545
E		PAGE	O		PAGE	T		PAGE
Elizabeth, Queen, Death of		168	Okefenokee—Within and Without—Our			Tennyson, Alfred, Portrait of		313
Princess Elizabeth conveyed to the			Camp		387	Tiptop's Adventures at Cape May.		
Tower of London		345	The Way we got our Pork, Stump			Comic		271, 272
Interview with Queen Mary		443	Orator, Stepney		389	Tailor-Bird, Nest of the		544
Esopus, Banks of the		236	Gopher, Mr. Short and Dogs, Indian			Thanksgiving Scenes		560
			Mound, Hunting Expedition		392			
			Suwannee River, Adam and the Ske-					
			leton		393			
			Orange Spring, Night Halt on Floyd's					
			Island		396			
			Bear after Honey, Remains of Picket,					
			Billy's Island		397			
			Adam and Boots, Wolves chasing a					
			Calf		400			
			Grand "Cracker" Ball, Boots attack-					
			ing Owl		401			
			Travelling Party, Brentford Blood					
			Rising		404			
			Loblolly Bays, Ellicott's Mound,					
			Grinding Cane, Preparing Venison		405			
			Old Associations		520			
F		PAGE	W		PAGE			PAGE
Fabian's Shrine		456	Windmill, The		336			
Falconer's Daughter, The, fronting page		387	Warming Up		329			
Flowers, 156, 157, 436, 437, 624		525	Winter Twilight, Lake Nemi		449			
G		PAGE						
Good Dog		129						
Glances at Natural History—The Tree								
Frog		332						
Mushrooms and Wingless Birds		333						
Grampian Hills, The		353						
Gunning—Comic		464						
H		PAGE						
Highland Rebel, A		2						
Highland Piper, The		521						
Hood, Thomas, Memorial at Kensal								
Green		416						
Tablets		47						
Hyacinths		55						
Hosmer, Miss Harriet		553						
I		PAGE						
Interior of a Church in Lapland		306						
Italians Playing at Mora		528						
Inundation in India		541						
J		PAGE						
Jenkyn asking Minna in Marriage		328						

GAZETTE OF FASHION.

LITERATURE.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
A		F		P	
Aids to Beauty - - - - -	240	Fashionable Movements - - - - -	472	Opera in Full Dress - - - - -	376
Answers to Correspondents - - - - -	182	Fashionable Lorettes - - - - -	471	Old Maid's Story, The - - - - -	472
A Heroine in Her Way - - - - -	90				
Ancient Oaks - - - - -	479	G		P	
B		General Description of Bonnets - - - - -	86	Perfumes and Cosmetics - - - - -	87
Bathing to Clear the Complexion - - - - -	87	General Description of Needlework, 86, 182, 286 - - - - -	477	Parlor Ornaments - - - - -	96
Beautiful Women - - - - -	478	General Description of Fashions, 89, 180, 284, 373, 479 - - - - -	570	Parisian Watering Place Costume - - - - -	192
Bridal at Jerusalem, A - - - - -	479	Gentlemen's Fashions - - - - -	489	Prospect of Fair Trade - - - - -	279
C				Prints, New Color in - - - - -	471
Colors - - - - -	87	H		R	
Chapters on Wedding Days - - - - -	92	How they make Ice in India - - - - -	95	Review of Fashions, 83, 179, 278, 372, 468 - - - - -	566
Colors for Ladies' Dress, Embroidered Slippers, and Flower Trimmings - - - - -	187	J		Rapidity of Thought in Dreams - - - - -	288
Costumes, New and Old, and their Manufacture - - - - -	189	Joke and its Consequences - - - - -	382	Rapid Advance in Dry Goods Trade - - - - -	377
Coiffures (Negligé) - - - - -	478	Juvenile Acrobat - - - - -	288		
D		K		S	
Description of Colored Fashion Plate, 85, 182, 286, 374 - - - - -	471	Kafir Women - - - - -	187	Styles for the Months, 83, 179, 278, 373, 469 - - - - -	566
Dresses worn at the Queen's State Ball - - - - -	182	L		Strawberry Water for the Complexion - - - - -	95
Description of a Cloak - - - - -	381	Lubin's Bath of Beauty - - - - -	92	Stuttering - - - - -	95
Dresses worn by the Empress at Cherbourg - - - - -	377	Leit Virginal for the Complexion - - - - -	95	Sorrow, The Use of - - - - -	183
Description of Needlework, 86, 182, 286, 477 - - - - -	567	Life among the Arabs - - - - -	287		
F		Ladies' Equestrian Convention - - - - -	375	T	
Fête on Queen Victoria's Birthday - - - - -	87	M		The Talisman - - - - -	378
Fashionable Wedding - - - - -	182	Muslin Dresses, How to Wash them - - - - -	95	U	
Foreign Visitors - - - - -	182	Music of Insects, The - - - - -	478	Uses of Sorrow - - - - -	183
Fashionable and Operatic Gossip - - - - -	279	Marlborough, The Duchess of - - - - -	489		
Faithful among Treachery - - - - -	287	O		W	
		Original Mode of Deciding Antiquity of Race - - - - -	287	What to Buy and Where to Buy it, 81, 178, 273, 369, 465 - - - - -	562
				Wedding Toilettes - - - - -	85

ENGRAVINGS.

B		F		M	
Bonnets, 84, 280, 372, 465, 472 - - - - -	561	Fichus, 92 - - - - -	281	Mackenzie's Cloak - - - - -	380
Bonnet and Headdress - - - - -	276	French Robe - - - - -	369	O	
Butterfly Penwiper - - - - -	84	French Robe and Child's Dress - - - - -	373	Opera Cloak, &c. - - - - -	372
Breastpin - - - - -	277	French Full Dress, Head-dress and Bonnet - - - - -	376	Opera Negligé - - - - -	565
Boys' Hats - - - - -	277	French Robe de Chambre - - - - -	377		
Bulpin's Cloaks, 381 - - - - -	384			P	
Bridal Skirt - - - - -	468	G		Parlor Ornaments - - - - -	96
C		Gentlemen's Fashions - - - - -	480	Patchwork - - - - -	476
Crochet Tobacco Bag - - - - -	89	H		Pattern for a What-Not and Slipper - - - - -	477
Chemises and Bathing Dress - - - - -	183	Half Dress - - - - -	93	— of Child's Shoe - - - - -	565
Child's Dress, Polka Cape, &c. - - - - -	184	Head-dress, 372, 376, 469, 476 - - - - -	561	— of Workbag - - - - -	568
Chair Pillow - - - - -	185	Honiton Skirt - - - - -	469	— of Braid Work - - - - -	568
Crochet Knitting Bag - - - - -	192	Half Robe - - - - -	563		
Chatelaine - - - - -	277	Handkerchiefs, 565 - - - - -	569	R	
Chemises - - - - -	281			Robe de Nuit - - - - -	181
Cover for Work-Table - - - - -	285	I		Reed's Skirt - - - - -	284
Cloak and Bridal Skirt - - - - -	463	Infant's Garments, 276 - - - - -	473	Reding Hat - - - - -	372
Cloak and Two Bonnets - - - - -	472	Infant's Cloak - - - - -	465	S	
Cloak and Child's Dress - - - - -	473			Summer Lawn Robe - - - - -	88
Cloaks, 564 - - - - -	572	L		Six Head-dresses - - - - -	180
D		Lace Collar - - - - -	277	Seamstress with Needle and Seamstress with Machine - - - - -	188
Dinner Dresses - - - - -	85	Lace Sleeves - - - - -	277	Spinning-Wheel and Loom - - - - -	139
F		Louis Quatorze Work-Table - - - - -	284	Suspension Flower Vase - - - - -	238
Fans - - - - -	188			Slipper, Pattern for - - - - -	477



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MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHECESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE,

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine,
BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER XI.—ROADSIDE MUSINGS.

WHEN he was gone I rose to depart also, and calling Satan the devil, alias the bull-mastiff puppy-dog, to follow me, I took at once to the road. After leaving the Danes' Dyke the country is flat and uninteresting all the way to Burlington, although it is relieved a little of its dreariness by a village of some pretensions, and a few scattered cottages surrounded by trees and gardens. When I had advanced about half way I came up to a pond by the roadside, overhung by dark willows, through the branches and openings of which the sunlight streamed in all its brightness, and I stopped awhile to consider it. I never could help such loitering, and whenever I have chanced to meet a moist little picture like this, set in a framework of green banks close to the hot and dusty road, I have always been impelled to sit down by it and enjoy its beauty and imagery, not only as a present delight, but because I knew it would come back to me again in many happy future memories. I find, indeed, an endless source of enjoyment in my everyday country rambles; and when I am well and in good health, which is my usual condition, I envy no man his wealth nor his feelings, nor anything that is his. I pick up riches by the wayside, and am often laden like a Croesus when the proud man passes me by as a poor shiftless, penniless tawny. What does it matter? He has his horses, I have my own good legs. I go where I please and am content with my lot. My pleasures are cheap and simple, such as Nature is lavish in providing for all who love her in sincerity and truth. I have two good houses in two separate towns; and, at present, a third house in Burlington and a country residence by the Danes' Dyke. I do not value the two houses a whit, they are for convenience, and one room in each serves all my purposes when I have occasion to use them. I like my green sward drawing-room under the canvas tent a thousand-fold better than those upholstery rooms of the town. Here I am free, and have no restraints put upon me: can do as I please, and read or write, shoot or fish, walk or lounge, be alone or have company, as I please. The birds sing to me as I sit within my tent or lie luxuriously on the grass; and their song is a happy one, because they also are free and have earth and heaven and their own genius to inspire them. Flowers, too, grow all

around me, clustering in the hedge-bottoms, and gemming every flat and slope and hollow; whilst the pretty insects keep up a perpetual humming, and the brook hard-by goes babbling in music over the stones. Then there are the clouds, "Cloud-land, gorgeous land!" as Coleridge describes them, so wondrous in form, color and longitude, now sailing in dark, mountainous masses through the azure deeps, and now flooded with the golden glory of the rising or setting sun, or bathed in its noon-day splendor; a sight that never wearies, whose scenery is for ever changing from the grand and terrible to the soft, peaceful and beautiful, when white fleecy clouds repose in the blue air, like sunny islet lawns upon the plains of heaven. Nor is it less notable in ruds, boisterous weather, when the great black clouds come rolling from the north, stretching their huge,



SATAN ASTONISHES THE BADGER-BAITER.

shadowy forms over the headland, and blowing from their wild and terrible nostrils whirlwinds of hail and smoking rain. I love this fierce tumult of the elements, when Nature, aroused from the tameness of her everyday life, puts on her garment of storms, and binding the lightning upon her brow, goes forth as in the old Norse days to show us how vital she is, and how bravely she keeps up her old courtly magnificence. I think I can find all the mythologies in the transformations of Nature—Indian, Egyptian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Scandinavian. Each began with a rude impersonation and deification of the elements; the same common mind is burnt in fiery paintings upon them all, but modified by the national characteristics and refined by the national culture. Infancy has its Thor and Nijord—its worship of power and all marvellous phenomena; Youth, its Apollo, Venus and the Muses—its religion of form and beauty; Manhood, its Christianity and Pantheism.

With such cogitations and cheap natural pleasures as these, I am, as I said, content, and I mean to enjoy them as long as I can. It is my whim to live amongst the tawnies at certain times which are convenient to me, and I think I am not worse but better for it. I learn to love Nature more by living closer to her; and although my highly civilized and respectable friends have almost concluded to shut me out of their drawing-rooms in consequence of my wild habits, and think me a low fellow, and no better than I should be in respect to my morals, still I shall go my own way in spite of them, as I have always done thus far through life, and when I find it necessary to accept my chart of conduct at their friendly hands, I may perhaps find it necessary to turn gipsy in real earnest and no longer to play at the game.

All this is a digression, however, and has nothing to do with the pond by the wayside, whereat I have stopped to admire. How beautiful it looked to me that morning as I gazed into its clear waters, and how truly wonderful was the imagery I saw there. The inverted heavens were mirrored there, and the leaves and branches of the drooping willow-trees, suggesting endless possibilities of creation and existence. A brook ran from the meadow-lands above into this pond, singing a different tune to that of the pebbly minstrel by the Danes' Dyke, and I began to remember and arrange in my mind all the tunes I had heard sung by the brooks and rivers of England in my rambles. They came to me clear-voiced enough in fancy, although I doubt if they would sing well were they properly mounted in notes. Just before I left the pond a blackbird burst through the willow branches, with a few gushing notes of joy, and alighting upon the margin, dipped his bright yellow bill into the water and drank thankfully his fill. I wished I could have held a conversation with him over his morning draught; and no doubt if I had been good enough I could have done so. But I wasn't, and so I contented myself with watching him and thinking about him afterwards as I journeyed on my way. He is a rich, clear, beautiful and bold singer, and it is pleasant to hear him in the early morning or the evening, especially after a heavy shower of rain; for I have noticed that at such times his voice is freshest and clearest. He frequents the thick hedges and copses, and builds his nest in the most retired places he can find there. He has a real liking for orchards, and contrives to make his home as near them as he can, and often in the very heart of them, surrounded by apple, plum and pear trees, by gooseberry and currant bushes and cherry trees. He is an epicure in fruit, and always attacks the richest and ripest, making sad havoc with the entire stock. He sings a good song, however, after he has done thieving, and everybody likes him, although the boys rob his nest of the eggs when they can find it, or take away the young ones when they are fledged to sing in cages, if they happen to survive the process by which they are fed. He is a great favorite with me, and is a thoroughly English bird, staying with us all the winter, and living on hedge fruits, hips and haws, and on worms; and when these fail him he flies to the farmyards and picks up such odd fragments of grain and bread as he may find there. I have often felt sorry for him and his brown brother with the richly speckled breast—the beautiful thrush or thrush—who also stays with us all the year, and whose song is not less sweet than his; sorry to think how they must suffer in the cold, hard weather, when the trees are pendulous with icicles and fretted with hoarfrost, and the fields are frozen so that iron could not

plough them up, and a famine is over all the land for the poor birds. I have found both blackbirds and thrushes more than half frozen in the snow at such times, and have taken them home and wrapped them in warm flannel, and fed them until they revived and recovered, keeping them in cages, more than once, until the hard weather was gone, and then some fine sunny morning in spring, when the earth was looking green and beautiful, and the trees were budding and the primroses and crocuses were blooming in my garden, I have opened the window and the door of the cage and set the glorious creatures at liberty—thanking God who had trusted me with the care of these his darling songsters.

When Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn Law Rhymers"—a genuine English poet, so little known in America and so worthy to be known—used to go to school three miles away from Rotherham, where his father lived, his daily course was by the banks of the Don, and the young poet would sit down and watch the river and listen to its singing often till noonday, and sometimes all day long, utterly forgetful of school, lessons and birches. And upon these occasions he made friends with a kingfisher—a beautiful, richly and almost tropically colored bird—which he saw very frequently flying over these waters and the adjacent meadow lands. Fifty years afterwards, when writing his autobiography, he remembers the kingfisher flashing in those morning sunlights over the river, and speaks of it with affection as a delightful and poetic memory. And I also, his friend and biographer, shall have a long remembrance of the blackbird and the pond by the Flamboro' roadside. Elliott also loved rivers—especially his native rivers round Sheffield—the Don, the Sheafe, the Porter, the Rivellin; and he has written some fine musical verses to them. Here is the first verse of his song to the Rivellin:

Beautiful river, goldenly shining,
Where with the cistus woodbines are climbing;
Birklands around thee, mountains above thee,
Rivellin wildest! do I not love thee?
Do I not love thee, heart-breaking river—
Love thee, and leave thee, leave thee for ever!
Never to see thee, where the storms greet thee,
Never to hear thee rushing to meet me.
Oh! when thy poet, weary, reposes,
Confined in slander, far from thy roses,
Tell slave and tyrant, heart-breaking river!
Tell them I loved thee, love thee for ever!

It is strange enough how deeply one may get attached to natural objects, and with what facility one invests them with human attributes and yields to them affection and love. I am not surprised at this passionate burst of Elliott's to the Rivellin. It is a beautiful stream, and sings many melodies in its course, sending forth at times sweet flute-like tones, so soft and clear that one would think they were the utterances of some wild Undine, some water-spirit pouring out her soul there in all the ecstasies of love and music. And I have noticed that their tones are sweetest in the shallows of the river where the waters flow over the stones or drop in the hollows of the rocks. I have heard too a sound as of silver bells when lying on the bank, I have listened to the river gurgling under the roots of the trees; and as the bright sparkling eddies danced in sunny laughter along the current, after kissing, as with full, rich lips, the weeds and darnels by the river-side, I have realized the fine Greek idea, out of which the water nymphs, with their long streaming hair, blue eyes and amorous mouths were fashioned, and sent floating on voluptuous bosoms down the stream. And in deeper places where the shadows of the birches, illuminated by the sunlight, fell over the surface of the river, and the golden blossoms of the water-lily flashed ever and anon amidst the gloom, I have heard deeper voices and swellings like the sound of organs and all instruments. By day and by night whosoever hath ears to hear may hear these solos and choruses and symphonies, with many other mysterious, unspeakable things, which he shall remember in after years with joy.

CHAPTER XI.—THE BADGER IN THE SACK; HUNT AFTER A WILD CAT.

As I journeyed on my way I met two men not far from Graham Hall, one of whom had a sack flung over his shoulder, and both of them were armed with crab bludgeons, and were sufficiently ugly, and one of them at least right down evil-looking. I should have passed them on the opposite side of the road with-

out any recognition or morning civilities, but the man who carried the sack hailed me in this wise:

"Hello! ye gipsy chap! that's a fine lookin' bulldog ye hev follerin' you. Is he good for otc'?"

"Aye, he be," quoth I; "he's a right good un, I can tell you; and had to beat any way."

"Mayhap he can feight, can he mistew? He is but a young un, but he's one o' the reight soort; I dare be bun."

"Oh, yes, he can fight; but I ain't in that business, and don't mean to begin to foller it."

"Well, it ain't a varry respectable line, that's a fact! But I thote ye gipsies was'n't particular, and I knows ye likes a bit feight yoursens sometimes."

"That all depends on the 'casion, and whether we thinks we've been put on, and the chap deserves a lickin'."

"Did the pup ever see a badger, mister?" asked the companion of the sackman, coming clo-e up to me—a liberty which Satan didn't at all approve of—for he gave a low growl, and began to lick his chops with rapidity, as his custom was when he was ready for mischief. So I told thè man he had better go further off, as I couldn't ansewer for the dog, adding that he had never seen the animal alluded to.

"Would you like him to hev a go at one, mister?" he replied, retreating softly as he spoke. "My mate's got one i' the poke, and it ain't every dog as can draw him."

"No," I replied; "I don't want to try him at that sport. I knows his mettle well enough, without that."

"Ay, maester," said the sackman; "belike you does. And he may be a good dog, and yet not mettlesome enough to draw a badger."

"I tell you, man, I don't want him to try; I knows him better nor you; and if the devil was in the poke, and I was to tell him to, he'd precious quick draw him out horns an' all."

"Damme, if I believes it!" said the other fellow, as impudently as you like; staring me full in the face, at the same time, and snapping his fingers defiantly.

"Believe it or not, my fine chap!" said I, "it's all one to me. And I'd advise you to go to dame school agin, and pay an extra tuppence a week to larn manners."

"What's that you say, and be d—d to you!" he cried fiercely, advancing a step towards me as he spoke, and gripping his crat stick as if he meant to use it.

"I said what you heerd, bully! And I hope you'll improve upon it. Maybe it'll be better for your bones. Tain't everybody as is as good-natured as I be. I've seed a feller licked to his heart's content, for the matter of half your sauce, many a time afore to day."

"Harkee, Bill!" he said, speaking to his mate. "Harkee at him! Shall I take the shine out on him, Bill? It ud do him good. Shall I at him again, Bill?"

"Noa!" said Bill; "let the cove be. Ye're alus fur fightin' and tewin' when there's no need on it. If the tawny don't want fur to try his dog there's an end on't; though I sud loik to see the fun, I mun confess."

"Well," I replied; "you've heerd me say as how I don't want to try him. And as fur your pal there, if he thinks to bully me into it, why he's mistain. And as for his takin' the shine out o' me, I tell him t' his face, that it ud take a better chap nor him to do it, a long way. So I wish you good mornin'."

With that I made a movement to be off, but there stood the bully right in my path; swearing what he would do to me, and evidently resolved to oppose my progress. So I went up to him, and told him to get out of the way, as I had loitered long enough. Whereupon he lifted his stick and aimed a blow at my head which I caught with my right hand, and then suddenly springing out a step, I struck him with my left fist under the jaw, and sent him sprawling in the road. Satan made a spring at him the moment he fell; but I luckily caught him by the collar before he had time to reach him, and so I held him until the man with the poke picked his mate up.

"A fair knockdown blow, lad," said he; "and though the chap be my mate, he deserves what he's got. By gom! thou'se a plucky chap, and I sud loik to treat thee to a quart."

"Your mate's quite welcome to his whackins, master, and as much more as he likes to ask for; and as you seems to be

jonick yoursen—altho' you've got into sich bad company—I'm obligated to ye for your offer of the quart of beer by way of civility; an' if iver we meets agin—and there's a public near by—we'll wet our whistles together." So I again said, "Good morning," and departed, this time, without molestation; although my bully boy scowled sullenly and maliciously upon me as I passed under his lee side.

I was a good deal vexed at this petty episode by the way; not that I was at all sorry for the part I had been forced to take in it—for I hold with Lord Chesterfield, who is a patrician authority in matters of politeness and honor—that it is my duty to knock any man down if he "designedly intends to insult or affront" me; and I do not believe in offering my left cheek to the blackguard who smites me on the right. It is bad moral philosophy, and worse pugilism; although it is good enough doctrine for "peace societies," and unmanly preachers, and generally for all barnyard fowl and dunghill cowards. I dislike fighting, however, for its own sake as much as any man living; although I respect the science and commend its practice on legitimate occasions. It would be a long way better for all manly virtues and exercises if there were more "Flaming Noses" in the world, who believe in hard hitting with naked fists, as the final settlement of quarrels, instead of Bowie knives and revolvers. A fair stand-up fight, in the old-fashioned way; a clear ring, and no favor! that is my notion of such things, if there is to be fighting at all. And I should like to know what ails it in point of morality? I would rather use this method than follow the example of any Moses ancient or modern, and slay my Egyptian right out with a foreign and unnatural weapon. You don't want to kill a man who offends and injures you—unless you have more of the devil in you than I have at least, or desire to have—but to chastise him, and teach him better manners. And depend upon it, there's nothing like a good pummelling for this. It is a low, animal practice say the dainty humanitarians and philanthropic Israelites who live upon water gruel and wind, and swear by the great names of Cobden, Bright, Joseph Sturge & Co.—but then you have low, animal people to deal with, who have no taith in water gruel and the milk of human kindness and "higher principles," and can understand no argument which is not striking enough to break their heads. This humanity mongering is a base Carthaginian thing—alien and evil both in blood and lineage—and may yet involve the world in another Punic war. If it should, I hope to live to see every Carthaginian hanged; and I will undertake to find the functionary who shall do the business gladly and handsomely for them, without the usual fee; nay, who would willingly pay for the pleasure of hanging the traitors up.

Still I was annoyed that my innocent and agreeable morning pleasure and meditations had been so disagreeably invaded and dispersed. What right had these scamps to molest me, and praise my bulldog, and want me to set him on to worry the poor badger in the poke? Clearly none at all. I hate badger-baiting and cock-fighting and bull-baiting. I have witnessed them all in my time, and nothing could tempt me to go after them again. They are essentially cruel and brutal sports—and arouse the worst passions of human nature, brutalizing every beholder of and participator in them. I know the time was when they were not only common but fashionable in England, and many fair ladies, who in their own homes would not hurt a "harmless fly," have sat for hours to see a bull-baiting, and enjoyed the sport with as keen a relish, through all the phases of its bloody barbarity, as the ruffianly crew who conducted the combat. No doubt it is exciting enough, and as a lady once told me, who had been present at Spanish bull-fights, the first sight of blood on these occasions begets a ferocity in the spectator which is perfectly demoniacal, and the death of man or beast—no matter which—can alone satisfy it. Things are mending a little, however, one is glad to say in England, in respect to its cruel sports; which, indeed, are all illegal now. I could find an apology, if necessary, for their use in olden times—for people had nothing better to do to fill up their leisure hours and holidays; and these sports were a true expression of the national character. The English are a plucky people, and like fighting, and admire pluck both in man and

animals, and the best way even now to get at an Englishman's heart is to prove yourself a better man than he is—or as good a one—if you have occasion to quarrel with him. When Spring fought his great battle with Neat, he more than once praised the science of his antagonist, even in the midst of the fight; and when the battle was ended Neat went up to him and shook him generously by the hand, acknowledging himself beaten, and declaring that he had fought the last few rounds with one of his arms broken. A people who have no mercy on themselves—who take a two hours' hammering as merrily as they take their dinner—are not likely to be fastidious about fighting their dogs, and bulls and cocks. At one time, indeed, sports of all kinds, and these amongst the rest, were ordained by law; and some towns held charters and common rights on the express condition that there should be a bull-baiting twice a year in the parish. This was the case at Stamford in Lincolnshire, where, as a boy, I saw my first and only sight of this description.

I am getting too talkative, however, and forgetting what I set out to do in this chapter. So as it is time that I arrived at my rooms in "Sea Drift Cottage," suppose, good reader, that we go there at once. It is only about a stone's throw from yonder railway arch, which spans the road, and I can see, even at this distance, the oriel window which lights my sitting-room on the first floor. Here then we are at last. The little gate is open, and I enter the yard in wonder, and hurry up to my landlord who is still in his shirt sleeves, and has just banged to his shop-door, in great excitement, whilst his jolly fat wife stands close to him with the kitchen poker in her hand.

"What is it all about, good people? What is the matter?" I exclaimed, as soon as I got within hearing distance.

"Lord a mercy on us! if here ain't Mister George!" said the good dame, raising her eyes in astonishment at my sudden apparition. "Deary me, there's matter enough I assure you, and I'm glad you've comed. The master's got a wild cat 't the shop. We seed him just now—sich a big un! wi' great starin' eyes as green as glass, and as red and flarin' as a coal fire."

"Well," said the landlord quietly, "you needn't mek' sich a fuss about it, missus. It's no'but a big he cat, sir, as is gone wild, and cums prowlin' about my shop arter the bird skins. I've got him safe now, and I'll tek' care he don't mek' away wi' any more on um. He's spiled the best of a dozen, that gentle folks has left here for me to stuff; and he'll hev' to dee for't, though I expects we shall hev' some trouble afore we catches him."

"No matter," said I, "here's a dog that 'll do his business, and be glad of the fun; wont you old fellow?"

Whereupon Satan licked his chops and wagged his tail, and sprang upon me lovingly, with his forepaws.

"Lord bless me! Mister George," said the dame; "where did you get that ugly beast from? Is he your'n?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jones, he's mine; and you'd better not call him ugly to his face. He's a touchy chap, and as jealous of his good looks as any female woman in these parts."

"Is he?" said she coaxingly, and looking down as innocent as a young gosling upon the sturdy bulldog.

"Is he, poor thing? well, it's quite nateral in the critter. Poor dog! what do you call him, Mister George?"

"Devil! Mrs. Jones, at your service."

"Devil! O Lord, what a name! But you're a jokin', ain't you, sir?"

"Not a bit of it; that's his name, and that's his nature, Mrs. Jones, as you will perhaps see before long."

"Shall we turn him into the shop, Mister George?" asked the landlord; and then as Satan put his nose under the door and began snuffing and tearing it with his teeth—"Marcy on me!" he added, "what a beauty he be! Shall we turn him in, sir?"

"With all my heart, Mr. Jones, and if you'll hand me that hedge stake there, I'll go in along with him. Will you join me?"

"To be sure I will, sir. Here missus! do you stan' here and keep the door fast;" and with these preparations we entered the shop.

All was dark as pitch; for the shop, so called, had been originally intended for a coach-house, and there were no win-

dows in it, Mr. Jones always working with the doors wide open, when he had light enough.

In an instant we heard Satan rattling amongst the old barrels and shop rubbish, upsetting hampers and boxes, and cutting sundry other capers in his excitement after the wild cat. Then there was a pause in his movements, and then a bound and a crash, and a terrific scuffle, in the midst of which burst the unmistakable howling of the cat, and its sudden, startling, and yet comical fizzing—fizz—fizz! whow-oo-oo-oo-whow! by which we knew that Tom had been rooted out of his quarters, and was squatted somewhere in perfect safety for the present.

"Can't you strike a light, Mr. Jones?" asked I. "The dog can't see the whiskered he-devil."

"I'm feelin' for the matchbox all the time, Mister George. Oh, here it is at last, now then for the illumination."

And with that he struck a light, and lit a double-wick tallow candle, which blazed away like a torch and showed us the actors and the scenery. There, on a beam end, which projected about a foot from the side wall, at the other end of the shop, the big black cat was perched—not in any menacing attitude, however, but comfortably and at his ease, with his fore paws tucked under him, as if he were just going to take a cosy nap by the parlor fire. There was no mistaking his eyes, however, which glared with the spirit of fight and fury, as he watched Satan's movements below, which were anything but quiet and dignified; for he was baffled and exasperated, and now stood barking like a fool at the imperturbable cat, and now springing upon whatever object was near him, in the hope of grabbing or dislodging his feline enemy. It was all in vain, however, nor was Thomas at all inclined to move when we approached him with the light.

"Darn him!" said Jones, holding the candle within a few feet of him, so that the light fell full upon his burly black cheeks, "he's a cool un, that he is! Try what the stick 'ud do for him, sir. Fetch him over!"

So I flung the stick at him, which catching him on the broadside sent him over with a whirl, and as Satan was just under him, I thought it was all up with the poor brute. But nothing of the sort. He hung for a moment by his forepaws, howling and screaming most musically, and then with the rapidity of lightning he recovered his position—standing this time on all fours—his back bent, his mane bristling, and his tail, each particular hair of which stood clear on end, flashing backwards and forwards furiously. And then his eyes! those great, green saucer eyes, whose phosphorescent depths seemed to be lighted up by a perfectly tiger fierceness; how they rolled and glared in their sockets! His dander was up; and he clearly meant to show us that he was no common grimalkin, nor a beast to be played with.

"Do but look at him, Mr. Jones," said I. "Did you ever see such a Tartar? He'll give battle to us all if he's pushed to extremities, I'd lay my life on't. Have a care and don't go too near him. His claws are dangerous."

"Od rot him," said Jones, picking up the hedge stake, and advancing within a yard of him. "I'll fix him anyhow." And with that he delivered a blow, which, if it had hit the mark, would have ended the brute; but it fell short and struck the beam only; and Jones, in his excitement, stumbled a foot forward. In an instant the cat sprang upon his back, holding on by his claws, and fizzing horribly in Mr. Jones's ears, whilst he bellowed for help at the top of his voice. It was a most ludicrous sight, although anything but a pleasant one for him; for how to get the cat off I didn't know. To strike at him would be to endanger Mr. Jones, and as for risking my naked hands against his well armed paws, I knew a trick worth two of it. Poor Jones was really frightened; and it suddenly occurred to me to tell him to lie down, which he no sooner began to do than Tom, not liking the near neighborhood and frantic actions of Satan, who, by this time, had made several attempts to get up Mr. Jones's back after him, jumped off at a flying leap, and bolted up a ladder which led to a loft in the roof. Here we followed him, and after hunting about for some time, Satan found him in an old hamper and made short work of him. We dragged him into the daylight, and he was truly a fine fellow of his breed, and had the most glossy and beautiful skin I ever saw.

"He's dead, then, is he?" said Mrs. Jones, as we came out

of the shop; "poor beast! he war a pretty cat, varry! It war a'most a pity to kill him."

"Don't let's hev any i' your soft, missus," said Jones. "He's dead, and I mean to skin him and stuff him, and put him in a cage for the gentlefolks to look at. Get ye into the house, missus. Mister George wants his breakfast I dare be bund."

The dame's kettle was already boiling on a good coal fire, and I was not sorry to break my fast after my morning's walk and adventures.

"Are there any letters for me, Mrs. Jones?" I asked, as she poured out the coffee.

"Yes, Mister George, there be. A whole hat full."

"Please let me have them, then." So the good dame fetched the letters and I began to read them. Having dug down through various more or less interesting strata, I arrived at a most primordial-looking phenomenon of the foolscap size, the address written in large rude characters, as if some megatherium had walked over it with muddy feet wet from his habitat of bogs. It bore the Flamboro' post-mark, and when I saw that, I was no longer surprised at its barbarity. So I opened it and read as follows:

FLAMBURROW, THIS MUNDAY NEXT.

SUR,—Bill Gibbuns has told me as how yow whant to larn the Fishermun chaps to read and rite, and count, an mek um all scollards: an he ses yew will send um a box of bucks for 't read, and put um in 't way o gittin news ivery day by 't post as brins 't parson's latters. An as I'm 't scule-maester, they wishes me for 't say that they'l be glad to meat you, as you proposed, in 't scule room o' Fryday neet next as is cummin at seven o't clock, an I tek 't libbertes 't say as I sall un all. So no more at present fra Sur,

Yourn unwurthee

JOHN SNORRA.

"Very good John Snorra!" said I, as I laid the letter on the table. "I shall certainly come, John Snorra; and much good may my visit do you." To-day, however, was Thursday, and so I should have to alter my plans a little. I determined therefore, that after I had answered my letters, I would take a proper suit of rigging with me back to the encampment, and go from thence to Flamboro' in the evening, and sleep that night at the inn. So after I had finished breakfast, I went into the stable and fondled my horse, promising him a merry journey before long, and telling him to make his days as happy as he could, and not to forget his master who loved him. To all which the intelligent creature replied by rubbing his head and face against mine, as I stood with my arms round his neck, and whinnying after me affectionately as I left the stable. I then dispatched my business letters, and took them to the post myself, calling at the jewellery man's for the "gaudies" I meant to bestow upon Ina, and at the gunsmith's for some powder and shot for Ikey. And thus my errands ended, I returned to the camp.

CHAPTER XII.—INA AND THE EAB-RINGS.

I DEPOSITED the bundle of clothes I had brought with me from Burlington in my tent, and then went and sat outside in the sunshine, to adjust some of my "curiosities" on cardboards for a young nobleman with whom I had long been on terms of intimacy and correspondence, and from whom I had that morning received a letter requesting me to send him some for his private cabinet. He was as much interested as myself in these antique remains of the aborigines, and was preparing a paper upon them to be read before the next meeting of the British Association. Whilst I was thus occupied, the tawny brats kept up a perpetual clamor on the green, and my big brothers and sisters were either lounging on the grass or mending chair bottoms, or making nets, or romping over one another in wild horse-play. Big Toon and Granny Mabel sat apart near the camp fire, talking seriously, and paying no regard to what was going on around them. Once or twice I saw them look towards me, and at such times old Granny whispered earnestly to Toon, who shook his head, as if he did not approve of her suggestions. These movements set me a thinking, and I began to suspect that their discourse related in some way or other to Myra as well as to myself. What had become of Myra? Why was she not on the green with the rest of the family? Was she ill? These and a thousand other questions started one after the other in my mind, to none of which was there any one to give me an answer. I began to be weary and unhappy; for although

yesterday the incidents of the fair, and to-day those of my walk to the town had prevented me from thinking very much upon my sweet sister, yet assuredly I had not forgotten her! I remembered her passion and agony in our last interview, and the scene also with Miss Violet too well ever to forget them. And now I pondered over them afresh and wondered what had become of her, and why she did not visit me this morning as usual. She must know that I was in camp; every one knew, although at present I had received no recognition or salutation. It was the habit of the gipsies to be thus taciturn on occasions, and I was not surprised at it. But Myra was always there to welcome me, and seemed instinctively to know my out-goings and in-comings. Why, then, was she now absent? Was she overtaken by any maidenly modesties, and ashamed of her late confession and demonstrations of love? This could not be. She was too strong, too self-reliant, too noble for such weakness. What then could be the matter? Alas! I knew not; and there was nothing for it but patience and time.

In this perplexity and uncertainty a visitor came to me at last from the tents. It was Ina, as fresh as a rose and as gay as a lark. Her hair had been well combed and brushed, and instead of the braids and fillet of yesterday, she had arranged it in long floating curls. She was otherwise in complete undress, her gown open in front down to the waist, half revealing, half-hiding a bosom of exquisite beauty. She sat down opposite to me, after the usual civilities had passed between us, and wondered "what I could see in them old flints to take such pains to make 'um look purty."

"If they looked half as purty, Ina, as you do this morning, I think everybody but an evil old maid would excuse me if I fell in love with 'um," said I.

"Don't talk, Master Geordie! You knows as how you loves them old stones better nor any flesh an' blood gal as ever was. I wouldn't be your wife if there warn't no more men breed alive. You thinks too much o' them unfeelin' flints for my money."

"I never asked you to be my wife, Ina, and it'll be time to refuse me when I do."

"Well, though I says it as shouldn't, you might hev a worser wife than me, Master Geordie, though you do talk so high and mighty at the present time," said she, tossing her splendid head, which shone like gold in the sunlight.



GEORDIE, SATAN & CO. HUNTING THE CAT.

"No doubt of it, Ina, and a better one, too."

"Better me no better, Master Geordie! I'm as good as any bushnie gal what lives your way, though I ain't larned to read books and do the briderry (broidery) fads."

"I know you're a purty gal, Ina, and I never seed finer eyes and hair, and such glowing cheeks and red lips and sparkling white teeth afore; and I don't know a gal as 'ud make a better wife, though there may be such in some hole and corner of the island, for all that."

"That's the way to say it, Master Geordie; and you've got my good opinion again. But I don't like you when you shies at me i' that fashion. It ain't the right thing for a man to do to a maid."

"Then I beg your pardon, Miss Ina, and I won't offend your purty maidenship no more."

"But you will if you calls me Miss Ina; for that ain't friendly atween brother and sister, an' you does it a purpose. I isn't a miss. Its only fine ladies as is misses. I'm plain Ina Toon, Master Geordie, and I won't hold any more talk along wi' you if you calls me that name agin."

"Well, then, my beautiful Ina; my nightingale of the tamberoreen!"

"Hist! bosh! Ha done wi' that nonsensical rigmaroldy, will you, I say? Or s'help me God, I'll throw a stone at you!"

"Throw away, dearie! Wha ever you does becomes you right well. You looks real handsome when you're in a passion. Let me draw your likeness, my darling panther cub."

"Master Geordie! don't you go for to plague me too far. I shud be sorry for to hurt you, and I know one as 'ud niver forgive me if I did. But a body ain't made o' dirt or ditch water. You will please to remember that, Master Geordie."

"I'm glad to find you're so plucky, Ina. But you'll get your match I'm a thinking, when you get Ikey."

"Get my match, shall I? Perhaps I shall, as you are pleased to say, when I gets Ikey."

"Of course you will. When folks wed they make a match of it, don't they? If you wed Ikey, he'll be your match and you'll be his'n, and a precious blaze there'll be atween you, specially when he gets drunken."

"But he's not agoin' to get drunken no more, now then, for you! He told me so himsen, not above a hour gone by. An' I'm glad on it. I hates him when he's i' beer. I wishes there was no beer. He's a good favored lad sufficient when he's sober, an' can dance an' shout an' sing a Rommany song better nor any on 'um. But his enemy is that unabidable beer. An' I've told him I've a made up my mind not to keep his company—that is, not to—to—"

"Have him for a match, I suppose you means, good sister Ina. Well, that's right; and I hope you'll stick to what you say and make him stick to his promise. I've heerd something of this afore. A little bird came and whispered it in my ear as I was a washing of myself in the brook this morning, and to mark my approbation of my beautiful sister Ina's conduct and good intentions, I said to myself, said I, 'What's to hinder you, Master Geordie, from buying the purty maiden Ina, of the beautiful brown eyes and hair, and the rosy cheeks and lips, a present of golden ear-rings at the jewellery man's, when you're at Burlington town to-day on your own business?' And so, answered myself, said I, 'Surely nothing at all; for the dearie is worthy to wear 'um.' And here, my sweet sister Ina—my good, sweet sister Ina—that's so full of pluck, and ready to stone a chap in God's name, here are the gaudies."

I took them from my waistcoat pocket as I said these words, and held them before me at arm's length. She eyed them with much delight, and evidently longed to have them, but she sat quite still where she was, and did not offer to take them. She spoke, however:

"Is it gammon, Master Geordie? Is them purty gowden fads for me?"

"To be sure they are, Ina. I bought them for you to wear, because I thinks you deserve them for wishing to make Ikey keep away from the belly vengeance stuff."

"Then you're uncommon good, Master Geordie, and a chap arter my own heart; an' I'm sorry I said I'd throw the stone at you; an' I shud like to come over to your side an' kiss your lips, an' mek' it all up—on'y I've afeared you would think it was for the sake of the gowden fads as I kissed you, an' not

because I'm sorry that I've gone for to say bad words to a young man as is so kind to me."

"I shan't think it's done for the sake o' the fads, Ina, dearie; I've a better opinion of myself and of you too. So come and do as you wish, sister, and I'll forgive you, and thank you, and then do the same for you."

"That's kind of you, Master Geordie," said she rising with grace and pleasure in every motion. Then kneeling down beside me, she put her arms round my neck and kissed my lips as she said she would, and I returned the same with interest.

"Very purty sport, Master Geordie," said Ikey, who had come so silently and suddenly upon us that we did not see him until he spoke, and then turning maliciously to Ina, he added, "Ikey hopes his cousin likes the bushnie's kisses."

"Very much indeed, I thanks you cousin Ikey, better nor blackberries."

"Then I wishes the next you gets may choke you," he cried, grinding his teeth, whilst his black eyes glared with jealous rage.

"That's very good of you, no doubt," replied the maiden, saucily, but coloring deeply at the same time; "but I isn't a goin' for to choke along wi' the likes o' a ill-mannered fool as you be."

"Be quiet, Ina," said I; "your cousin Ikey is vexed at present, and I dare say he thinks he has reason to be so. Tell him now how it all happened."

"Not I indeed! what be's it to him, I wants to know, if I likes to buss you, or you to buss me, Master Geordie? Is there any law agin it? who bought and sold me, that I'm not to do as I likes? I cums o' the Toon tribe, and is a free Rommany gal, Master Geordie; an' I ain't a goin' for to nuckle under to the chap as wants the kisses to choke his cousin. Tain't i' the book, an' I shant do it."

"That's proud and wilful of you, Ina," I said; "your cousin ought to have it all explained to him, cause he's going to be your match you knows, and loves you, and if you won't tell him all about it I will."

So I related the facts as they happened, and showed Ikey the ear-rings in token of my good faith in the matter.

"Oh, the cursed gaudies!" he exclaimed, as they glittered before him. "Ikey's a gone coon ever arter this. Why did you bring her the artful things, Master Geordie? The kissin was bad enough, but them fads bangs all. Don't gie 'um to her, pray don't, Master Geordie! They'll turn her head clean round, an' the gal'll go daft."

"If I was a man now, you louty blackguard," said Ina, "I'd jist do your dressins for you, Ikey! I'd teach you to abuse the good thins o' God that'er way, and call your cousin scranny. An' gal as I be, if you doesn't hold your fool's tongue I'll hit you i' the mouth."

"I wish Nosey could hear you say so, my tiny bantling! He'd back you I warrant me. However, here's the trinkets, Ina, and I hope you'll live many long years to wear 'um, and always be as purty as you are now, and a little meeker in the spirit—altho' I loves to see pluck even in a cock sparrow. So take 'um, Ina; and wait here awhile till I go into my tent, and asks the fairy which I keeps there in a magic bottle whether she ain't got a gift for Ikey, too."

When I returned I produced the powder and shot, which Ikey seized eagerly, and stowed away in his shooting coat pockets; for he always wore a coat of that description.

"Won't you make up your quarrel?" said I, "now that the fairy has provided for you both."

"Ikey's willin'," said that person. "You doesn't bear no malice, does you cousin Ina?"

"Perhaps I don't, and perhaps I does. You ain't a goin' for to cum the old sodger over me that way, Ikey, don't think it. I knows better, an' I means to tek time to consider whether I shall malice you, or whether I shan't. So good day, Master Geordie, and many thanks to you. Would you like another kiss afore I go? I've got plenty on 'um left, an' your welcome to 'um all as flowers is i' May."

"Not this time, you wicked gal. Oh, Ikey! what plagues these she-males be!" said I, as the laughing, taunting beauty floated over the green to her tent.

"Plagues! Master Geordie," replied Ikey, who all this time had been fingering his powder and shot, and now pulled out

both packages and turned them admiringly over and over in his hands. "Plagues! I believes they be! But Ikey knows how to spend a pleasant hour ly hissen, now that Master Geordie's fairy has forked out the powder an' shot. Ikey means to shoot away the plagues all down by the seaside, an' sing, O! He's alus happy wi' his rifle down by the seaside." And away he went

CHAPTER XIII.—FLAMING NOSEY AND THE RING.

WHEN I had finished my assortment on the cards I placed them carefully in my trunk, and then laid down on my bed alongside Satan, who was already comfortable in those quarters. I needed rest, and slept soundly for two hours when I was awoke by big Toon, who came to call me to supper.

"Brother," said I, "I haven't seen my sister, Myra, to-day. What ails her? I think she'd have been to my tent afore now if she'd been well; and yet I hope she's not siock."

"She is sick, brother; an' hasn't riz from her bed these two days past, next sundown."

"That's bad news, brother. Why didn't some of you come and tell me afore now?"

"She wouldn't let us. She axed arter you at noon; and when she knowed you was at home, she told granny Mabel to ax you to cum to her when the moon was up; an' lay on her the Healin' Hand."

"What's that brother?"

"Hev you niver heard o' the Healin' Hand, Master Geordie? You what is so knowin' and larned in thin's!"

"No, brother. What does it mean?"

"Why I thote you know'd all about it. It's as old as Egypt land; an' the swarthy chaps has had the secret ever sin' they've been a wanderin' up and down the arth. Many's the cure I've seed made wi' the Healin' Hand."

"I don't understand you, big Toon; and I wish you'd do me the favor to speak so that I can. I'm a bad riddle reader, and likes plain talk, such as a wayfaring man, though a fool, can make good sense of."

"There's no riddle in it, Master Geordie. It's all as plain as a guide post at cross roads, when the blessed moon is a shinin' on it. There's a power o' healin' i' the hand o' a man, Master Geordie, when the heavenly bodies is favorable. But the vartu belongs to the stars an' the Great Name."

"Rubbish! big Toon. Don't think to gammon a larned chap like me with such wild stuff as that."

"Don't abuse the gift, young man, what comes from the Great Name," said he, with solemnity. "There's no gammon in it. I assures you for your larned satisfaction; but it's a real thin', as you will find out when you goes to try your luck at the risin' o' the moon."

I could see that big Toon was half offended with me for my scepticism, which implied in his mind, a want of reverence also for God, whom he and his called the "Great Name." For I have always found the gipsies very religious in their way, although perfectly free from the disease which is so well known amongst us moderns by the name of cant. Their Eastern progenitors, indeed, who, in India, spoke the wonderful Sanscrit language, and founded a literature, philosophy and religion on the banks of the Ganges many centuries before the pyramids were built in Egypt—were so profoundly penetrated by the mystery and splendor of the Divine Being—and by the reverence due to his attributes, that the dread name of "OM," by which he is designated in their sacred books, was never verbally uttered, as being too holy and immaculate for human lips to articulate. I couldn't help Toon's anger, however, although I had no intention of exciting it. For I really did not know at that time what he meant by the Healing Hand. I had heard of charms, incantations, and the power of the seventh child of a seventh child to heal by touch; and I had also read in history of some of our kings touching their subjects on great state occasions, in order to cure them of the "king's evil." I had read also of animal magnetism and its marvels, and of Mesmer and his doings upon the theatre of the first French Revolution. The power of fascination too, and the dreadful "Evil Eye," glaring through all Eastern history and

romance, as a thing of accredited potency and influence, were familiar to my mind—although, with the exception of this last named agency, I had never troubled myself with much consideration, nor attempted any philosophical solution of them. It never struck me that they might be the *disjecta membra* of one grand, dark mysterious system of agencies whose laws were discoverable by the human intellect, and capable of being wielded for beneficent purposes. What is now understood by mesmerism, electro-biology, clairvoyance and spiritualism, was altogether unknown at that time, or if known, confined to a very limited circle; and scarcely a rumor of it had reached my ears. It is not to be wondered at, then, that I did not understand what big Toon meant; nor did he condescend to instruct me, nor I to ask him for further explanation although I sat by his side in the tea or rather supper circle, where most of the grown-up members of the family were also assembled.

Granny Mabel brewed some good tea that evening, and was more than commonly attentive to me, although not a word was said about Myra by her or any of the company. The only talk of interest related to brother Nosey, who had announced his intention of returning to London in a couple of days, to meet his friends, who were going to back him for five hundred pounds and the belt of England. I was sorry he was going to leave us, for I liked him well. He was a genuine fellow, and as a class all prize-fighters are so. Their profession, indeed, is a sort of guarantee in itself for the manliness, bravery and generosity of those who follow it. It is the only order of chivalry which trade and commerce and the "march of mind" have left us. Indifferent good men do doubtless get admitted into the magic "ring" sometimes, who can be bought and sold like sheep at a cattle fair; but they are never esteemed, no matter how scientific, fortunate or good-bottomed they may be. For the "ring" has its code of honor, as well as the "Carlton Club," or any other association of gentlemen, and blacklegs are not respected there.

Nosey was a fair representative of his order, in all that related to its manly qualities. There were more literate men than he in, and also more presentable men—Jem Ward to wit—but there was no one more brave or honest. He was what is technically called a "reliable man," who goes to the scratch to win if he is able! He could neither be bribed, tempted nor bullied into selling a battle. He was proud of his vocation, and laudably ambitious of distinction in it—just as a right-minded soldier is ambitious of distinction in war. As good qualities go to make a prize-fighter as a warrior. And why not? The warrior is but a prize-fighter on a grander platform, with more imposing pomp, circumstance and accessories of battle, and with a larger stake at issue. *Fiat justitia!* Let justice be done to high and low, rich and poor; and let us call a pot by its right name.

It is proper for me to render this justice to the science of fists because Nosey was my particular friend and chum—and because whilst I go in for fair play to him and his profession, I am no partizan of the "ring," but a mere observer and reporter of life as I have found it amongst those of its members who have come in my way from time to time. Plato was a good boxer; and I confess, to have in my heart that love for boxing, wrestling, quarterstaff, and the rest, which my good old English forbears had; which made such grand battle men of them in the field, or in front of the old wooden bulwarks on the brine; which made them so generous and hospitable at home, such good fathers, neighbors and citizens—and to do so many good deeds. I hold that man to be patriotic, and worthy of heaven's special benediction, who helps by word or example to restore these olden usages, which were once the gymnastics of the nation, and the preparatory discipline for war offensive or defensive. A nation of shopkeepers is not a very sublime spectacle for God or man to behold—and that is what the English have now become. A nation of shopkeepers, whom the peace society would rob of their livers, that they might lack gall to make oppression bitter—and come in the end to say to the Russian Cossacks: "Beat us with stripes! take from us our liberties!—do with us as seemeth you good, most virtuous savages!—but buy our penny whistles and our thimble-obs, for the love of God, and the bellies that is within us!" Anything would be better than that, my friend John Bull, I think. Even a whole nation of



GEORDIE PRESENTING INA WITH THE "GOUDEN GAUDIES."

boxers, trained to the gloves as I, indeed, would have them to be, from the age of six years to sixteen. No fear then of pigeon livers, or peace societies, or humanity-mongers—the national health would be too vigorous, too full of blood, for such diseases as these to flourish in its system.

My friend Nosey wasn't affected by any disease of this sort, but was full of health and strength, and had good notions in him of what was right and honest—quite as good as his betters in what is called the "social scale." And I attribute much of this to his sound body and the reality of his life. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is an old sentence, and the mind and the body are related, like cause and effect. A good conscience never grew up in a dyspeptic person. A bad stomach is irreligious, and believes in infant damnation, and mixes sand with sugar, and sells roasted beans for coffee, and puts plaster of Paris into the flour. Commend me to gipsy life and hard living. Robust exercise, out-door life, and pleasant companions are sure to beget good dispositions both of mind and body, and would create a stomach under the very ribs of death, capable of digesting a bar of pig iron.

As I sat at tea this evening I could not help admiring the fine fellow, and felt myself drawn to him by unwonted affection. I don't like parting with friends at any time. If I let you go who have sat with me, ate with me, laughed and talked with me, and rendered me so many good offices for so long a time, I feel that more than half myself will go with you, and that I shall be disconsolate at my loss. And so I felt with respect to Nosey. I liked him and big Toon, and all their manly brothers and relatives; and it seemed to me that I couldn't spare any of them, much less the prize-fighter. So as we rose from the camp fire, and took a turn down the lane, I said to him:

"I tell you what, brother, it grieves me to part with you, and the thought on't is very disagreeable to my feelings. My case is a good deal like that of a country wench whose sweetheart's a going to the wars. The glory's all very well, but she can't spare the chap to win it."

"Very good o' you, Master Geordie! an' I know you means it kindly," said he; "an' here's my paw, old feller! an' many thanks. But Lord bless me! what's a man without his battle."

We was all on us made for fightin'—some wi' the babble-forks like lawyers and parsons, and some wi' naked fists like me. All on us shud do the best we can—an' gie the glory to God. I means to do mine, an' if I cums back wi' the belt, old Hiram shall play us a tune and we'll hev a jig, and get drunk, and be merry."

"So we will," chimed in big Toon; "an' I knows you'll win the belt, brother; an' it'll be a feather i' the caps of all the tawnies."

"An' I hopes, Master Geordie, here'll put it on the gravestone when I dies. It'll read mighty fine on the gravestone; that is to say if I gets it, which the chickens isn't hatched at present," said Nosey.

"Never fear for the chickens, brother. A game cock like you knows how to hatch his eggs; and I'll take charge of the gravestone, when the time comes, if I live longer nor you; an' I means to put the fight in a book when it comes off anyhow."

"In a book, Master Geordie! a real book o' print. Gosh gudderkins, that's better nor bein' i' 'Bell's Life,' an' 'Bell's Life' ain't small beer. On'y think, brother Toon, o' me bein' put in a book the same as Boney and the Iron Duke."

"Grand as apple dumplin's!" said Toon. "A chap needn't wish for note better nor a good line on a gravestone, an' to be put in a book."

"All my eye!" said Hiram, who came up to us in time to hear big Toon's apotheosis of life. "All my eye, brother Toon. What's it matter when a chap's dead, what's said, or who says it. He won't heer 'um, nor speer 'um, when his bed's made, with a shovel an' spade. His house is dark, an' his body is stark; and nobody sweeps his floor, or keeps his door. But he lies, without eyes, or ears, or feelin's; all under his mouldy ceilin's. Give him a pot o' good beer whilst he's alive an' kickin'—stuff his belly wi' beef an' tommy, stan' his friend to the end, whilst he's livin', an' tell no lies about him when he's dead and buri-ed. Eh! Master Geordie! Ain't that it?"

"No, stumpy, it ain't," said I. "It's on'y half o' what's due to a chap o' mettle. I'd treat him well while he lives, and do him considerable praises for his vartues—and when he dies I'd let the world know what a fine feller's gone from it."

"That's the ticket," said Nosey. "Who'd like to be buried and forgot like a dog?"

"Pull up there, brother!" cried Toon; "and don't go for to say ort agin' a dead dog or a chap's nateral feelin's, as is alus a thinkin' on him, though he be's buried, an' ain't a goin' for to be fondled no more, the purty beast! I tell you, brother Nosey, that a chap may bury a dog as he buries his friend, an' never forget the day that brote him the sorer."

"I knows all about that, you soft-hearted tawny!" said Nosey. "An' I didn't mean to offend you, brother, an' speak an indecent word of poor Tibby; but a man ain't a dog arter all, big Toon, an' he wants a word on his gravestone to tell what kind o' a chap lies below."

"No 'casion for't at all," said Hiram. "Them stones is such almighty liars that I alus s'pects a chap they speaks well on."

Demus, domus, dock!
The mouse run'd up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse was gone,
Demus, domus, dock!

Read the morale, brother Nosey!"

"D—n the moral, you fiddlin' whelp of a tinker!" said Nosey. "You ain't got no spunk, nor the pride o' a man in all your cat guts. Stick to the book, Master Geordie!" he added, turning to me, "and never mind that old humbug's devilry."

"So I will, brother; and as for Hiram, you may see that he ain't in earnest, because he's forgot to make his words jingle."

"That's no sign, Master Geordie, mine! An' if you wants the jingle—double or single—my words shall mingle—like coos in a dingle, till all your ears tingle."

"Tingle they do," cried I, "mine at least. And now I see that you've cumed to your senses, and so I will wish you a good evening. I've got some business to attend to which calls me back to my tent."

During the latter part of the conversation we were sitting under the shade of a great oak tree that grew by the roadside, not far from which two gipsy horses and a donkey were grazing. And as I turned round to take a look at the group and the scene, which George Morland would have made a beautiful wayside picture of, I saw that my pals had already lighted their pipes, and were lying luxuriously upon the grass, under the tree's shadows.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE HEALING HAND.

THE moon arose, and stood still over Granny Mabel's tent as I entered the encampment. I also stood still, and began to meditate. What was this mystery which I was called upon to perform? and why was I especially selected for the purpose? That Myra believed there was virtue in the human hand, and that I could impart it to her, by some process which at present was unknown to me, I had no doubt. But what that virtue was, and how I was to exhibit it, perplexed me not a little. I remembered, however, what big Toon had said about it, and the religious earnestness of his manner when he rebuked me for doubting its efficacy. I was satisfied also that the gipsies had secret knowledge of a strange if not supernatural character, through which, under the vulgar symbolism of palmistry and other occult branches of their system of fortune-telling, they frequently made revelations and predictions of a most startling nature. My connection with Myra, and her intimate acquaintance with my thoughts and feelings, as well as with the plan of my destiny and her own, were all essentially mysterious; and whatever related to Violet, as I must call her for the future, she was as conscious of as if that beautiful blue-eyed maiden had been her Oversoul.

And the more I reflected upon the connection which existed between us three, the more mysterious did it appear. They both seemed to be a part of me, and so closely bound up in my life and fate that I could not divorce them. When I analyzed my feelings I knew also that I loved them both, although I could not help confessing to myself that Myra held me with the stronger cords. She was made to be loved, and was beautiful enough for a lover's idolatry. I felt this, and was sometimes half afraid to trust myself in her presence. For passionate natures like mine, especially when they meet with a passionate response, are not always under the control of conscience. And

the abiding, never sleeping prescience of what was ordained of me, admonishing me that Myra could never be mine, not only rendered my position with respect to her painful in the extreme, but sometimes made me suffer a martyrdom of tortures. For I felt bound by honor and integrity to keep myself in subjection to the uttermost of my ability when I was with her—although, as the reader knows, I often succeeded badly enough. I loved her dearly—how dearly I dare not say. And yet there was always a gulf between us, of whose existence we were both thoroughly aware; although the consciousness of it was more vivid sometimes than at others. I had been as happy with her, whilst the dream lasted, as I ever can be again in any similar dream; and never did she for one moment appear to me otherwise than beautiful, and worthy of honor and love. She fully reflected and represented one part of my nature, but when I wanted higher companionship and sympathy I found it not in her. How could I expect it? Yet, she was very quick and apt to learn in a certain sphere, and was, as I said, extremely fascinating. But she knew, what I also felt, that in Violet she had her superior in mental if not in personal attractions. And always, from the first moment of my seeing her, I felt drawn towards Violet in my highest moods, and she was daily and hourly growing upon me as the ideal of womanhood. How was this? I knew little about her—next to nothing. But in all my silent moments she was ever with me. She and Myra! I could not separate them. Whilst I was thinking of one, the image of the other would steal over my senses and my soul—until they floated into an individuality which partook of the lineaments of both. It was all a mystery, and no less so was this of the Healing Hand. And as I now stood in the encampment turning these things over in my mind, I confess that a feeling of awe came over me, as if I were about to enter the presence chamber of supernatural beings, and become the agent of their power. This feeling soon vanished, however, before the remembrance that Myra was suffering, and that through me she expected to be relieved. If I had the power then to do her such service, it was selfish and unmanly to question the character of the means. My heart also yearned towards her, and at last I thought I heard her voice calling me aloud by name. Instantly all the floodgates of my love burst open as if by magic, and I sprang forward, crying as I went, "I come, dearest! I come!"

I hastily drew aside the canvas of Granny Mabel's tent and



THE MYSTIC RITE OF THE HEALING HAND.

entered. A single candle was burning upon a wooden stool, in the middle of the apartment, giving to it a dim and unearthly appearance. The old dame was squatted close to the light, with a small square board upon her knees, the surface of which was covered with outlandish characters, inscribed by a piece of chalk which she held in her right hand. She was so absorbed in the contemplation of her astrological programme, that she did not hear me enter. So I went and stood by her side and had a full glimpse of her handiworks, the leading feature of which was a crescent moon; the other lineaments of the cabalistic portraiture were so foreign and involved to my eye, that I could make nothing of them.

"Well, granny," said I, "I am here at Myra's request, and I want you to tell her brother Geordie how she is, and when she wishes to see him."

"Not yet," replied the old dame, without taking her eyes from her work. "Not yet, Master Geordie; but the moment is near by, an' may the Great Name speed the cure!"

"But is she very ill, granny dear? And do you think the poor bushnie chap can do her any good?"

"Lord! Lord! what unbelievin' squads is this queer world made on!" said she. "As if the Great Name hadn't blessed the Healin' Hand through all the tawny generations, and put the cuss of mildew i' the Evil Eye. Come now and sit down i' the straw, Master Geordie, an' mind what I says to you; and don't go for to put on no larin', scoffin' faces, but hear the old gipsy woman talk as knows."

"Very well, granny, I will sit down beside you in the straw and hear attentively all you says to me; and I ain't agoin' to mock the gray head of my brothers' and sisters' grandam, you may be sure. Nobody iver seed me do such an act of dishonor to the aged, and I ain't agoin' to begin now."

"That's my darlin' Geordie! Spoke jist likes him—an' no flies! An' the tawnies does well to love him as their brother. So then I shall begin to give the dearie his lesson."

With that she set the board down against the stool, and dropping the chalk into her lap bent forward to where I was sitting so that the yellow light fell upon her face, which now looked very, very old, withered and wrinkled, as if she had stalked "over the fields of mortality for a thousand centuries."

"Hear the word o' the ancient Toon woman, master Geordie," she began, "and she'll tell a tale that isn't no lie. I' the days afore the Pharaohs, a man wi' a long white beard cumed one night to the gipsy tents o' the tribe of Zimri. He war a down old chap, an' he helped to keep himsen up wi' a long staff, for his body war nigh bended double, and he had cumed a weary way and war footsore, for he lived i' a den o' rock in the big dassart, where the fierce serpent puts out his forked tong an' the tawny lion do roar at nights, an' the prey-birds screams an' cries. But war the old chap afeared o' the lions and serpents? I hopes you won't mention it, Master Geordie! Not he, indeed. For he war a good bushnie, an' war the favor-wright o' the Great Name, who sent the purty angelers, wi' the faces like the mornin' sun, an' the gowden wings on their back, to tak care on him, an' teach him to master the dum' beasties by the glance o' his eye. An' the purty angelers got so fond on him at last, that they showed him all the secrets o' airth—an' the spiruts an' fetches an' ghosts o' all the dead that lies under the airth; and told him the trick wherebies he could mek 'um do all good thin's he war a mind to. Well, when he cumed near the tent o' Zimri—who war a young sprig an' had just married a vargin o' the Azra tribe—Zimri goes out for to meet him, and says to him, says he—bowin' his obedience to the old chap, as was right an' proper—says he: 'The blessin's o' the evenin' to you, father! my good old man wi' the long beard! Won't you please to step this way into my tent,' says he, 'an' eat some goat meat an' figs as I've got inside. They be very sweet an' good, I assures you, an' at your service.' 'Thankee, young man,' said the ould un i' reply, 'I be varry tired and a hungered, an' I'll cum into the tent an' eat the dainty figs an' goat's meat, and stay all night wi' you.' So Lustra, who was Zimri's wife, went an' fetched a bucket o' water an' a clout, and washed the old chap's feet, an' made him lie down on her own litter, and tucked him in wi' her colored shawl as she wore on'y on hollerdays an' at fair times, or when she went a walkin' with the blessed young man—her husband—for to see the races. An' Zimri an' his wife laid them down

aside him an' went to sleep like honest folk. Next mornin' they war up afore the fust cock had crowed, an' when the old chap went out to get the mornin' air an' hear the purty birds a singin', Lustra axed him how he'd passed his sleepin's, an' behaved hersen to him for all the world like a born lady. So the old un war varry pleased wi' her and the young man Zimri, her husband, as the tale has said afore, an' says again, an' says he to Zimri, says he: 'Young man you've done the right thin' by me, an' so hes this young 'oman, an' I alus does good to them as does good to me; an' I wishes you,' says he, 'to do the same, and pass that sayin' o' mine down to all your tawny brats an' bolshins, through all the generations o' your loins. An' now,' says he, 'cum inside the tarpaulin' an' I'll tell you a secret that the purty angelers in the gowden wings has told me. But fust o' all,' says he, an' lend your ears to this, Master Geordie, 'fust o' all, you've got to believe what I says; if you goes for to doubt it, you can't do nothin' wi' the secret. So, young man an' woman, do you find yoursens abilitated to believe?'

"'Certainly we does,' says they.

"'Then i' that case,' continued the old chap, 'I'm permitted to blab the hidden thin'. So here goes. There's a angeler,' says he, 'as attends every man what's born, an' is willin' for to do good to him an' help him for to do good to tothers. An' if a tawny chal bes sick an' one that ain't o' his kin blood opens his right hand, an' he's the faith that the angeler will go for to use it to do a cure, then he may buck that for a ticket.'

"'Is you attendin', young uns, to the law as I am a layin' on't down?'

"'Sure as a corpse,' says they.

"'Then the chap what's goin' to act the droll,' says he, 'must put his hand on the head o' the sick un', and draw it gently down his face an' body till he blinks and wants to go to sleep; an' when he wakes up the evil thin' that war on him will be gone. But the angeler won't stir a peg,' says he, 'unless you believes he hes the power to be so varry virtuous; an' that's but accordin' to reason, Master Geordie, an' I hopes you ain't agoin' for to doubt the talk, because it's all true, as I've seed it done to them as belongs to me, an' I've done it mysen a hundred times i' my life to the sick bushnies' childer; an' they calls it a warkin' by charms, an' sich rubbish, not a knowin' what they says, the poor ignorant hottentotters!'

"Well, granny," said I, "it's a long yarn, and I'm not in the mood to deny its truth. I'll believe anythin' if I can do my beautiful sister good."

"I knowed it, my dearie bantlin'! I knowed you 'ud. An' now's the time to go to her. Is you quite ready, Master Geordie? An' is your faith as strong as beer, or the tawny lions o' the dassart where the old chap I've told you about lived i' his time?"

"It is, granny. And if faith and love can cure the bushnie's sister, she will soon be well."

"Come this way, then, Master Geordie," said the old dam, eagerly and earnestly, as she seized my arm. Then pushing aside an awning which led into a narrow canvas passage, she hurried me into Myra's tent.

The contrast between her apartment and the one I had just quitted was apparent as soon as Mabel lighted it up, which she did quickly and noiselessly with four tallow candles, placing them upon a large trunk, so that the light was well scattered about the tent. Myra was reclining rather than lying on her couch, which consisted of what, for tent life, might be called a luxurious bundle of straw, covered with sheep skins, the wool of which was dyed in various colors. Two stools and sundry boxes, disposed with care and neatness, were the only furniture; and these answered the purpose of a wardrobe, for shawls and various articles of female apparel were strewn over them. A small looking-glass was suspended from the roof by a string, which bore also a comb and hair brush, and I noticed two or three of my own books scattered about the room. This simple inventory was taken at a glance as old granny left me standing for a moment, when the candles were lighted, whilst she went and spoke to Myra. And it was but a moment; for Myra, who expected my visit, rose suddenly from her recumbent posture, and sat upright on her couch stretching out her arms, and calling me to her in a wild, passionate voice which pierced my very heart. I sprang forward at a bound, and

clasped her in my arms, as the old woman left the tent. Oh, that clasp! that wild, wild clasp! Mingled as it was with sadness at the sight of her suffering face, so beautiful in its suffering! I could have held her close to my inmost soul for ever, so sweet, so sad, so unspeakable was the ecstasy of my feelings. Again I was lost in her; my whole consciousness absorbed in a love that seemed infinite, and yet not vast and strong and measureless enough for the beating heart that loved. It was a silent embrace, a long and silent intermingling of heart and soul, and sense too dear and sacred to be profaned by words; and when at last our lips met, and we grew faint with excess of emotion, I gently released her from my arms, and laid her down softly on the couch. Her dark eyes closed, and the long lashes slept upon her pale and marble cheek—and a sweet smile played faintly on her lips, suffusing an expression as of moonlight and music over her face, whilst her black hair fell over her shoulders and bosom, mingling their beauty in its midnight glory.

Instantly I bethought me of the object of my visit, and the idea of the Healing Hand became so vivid in my mind as almost to assume an objective form. The conditions for the experiment could not, I felt, be more favorable—for the sympathy between us was so perfect that she seemed to be a part of my being. With full faith, therefore, in the power of the charm, I placed my hand upon her head, and then passed it gently over her face and person, released from contact. The effect was almost instantaneous. A deep calm fell over her face; the eyes closed more firmly, the lips were motionless, and the healing sleep was upon her. I stood over her for a few moments, for my soul was ravished with her exceeding loveliness, and I thought how sweet it would be to die for one so dear, so beautiful. Kneeling down by her side I bent over her and kissed her cheek and forehead, and with a sincere though unspoken prayer in my heart for her, I returned to old granny's tent.

(To be continued.)

A HIGHLAND REBEL.—SEE FRONTISPIECE.

Here's an obstinate, wrong-headed animal, fierce and wilful as an angry child in his resolve to get out of the shed, as his back-directed ear, his upraised tail extravagantly curving out, and his whole action, plainly show. See the quick-moving and doggedly expressive attitude of his firmly planted feet, set wide apart in front. Out he would go into the fresh keen air; so backed sharply from the stall of his last night's rest, nigh twitching the halter from the girl's hand, who, not an instant too soon, set her own well-planted feet and utmost effort of strength against the outrageously rebellious tendencies of this desperate fellow.

We should guess, from the look of the self-willed rascal and that laugh of the girl, that this is not the first time he played such a prank; and whether he succeeds or not in the attempt, we feel certain that it will not be the last.

FRUIT SYRUPS.—Syrup of strawberries or of black or red currants, when diluted with sufficient ice-cold water, are very refreshing beverages for the summer season. Syrups are good things on a dessert table; they are useful too to have "in the cupboard" when an unexpected young visitor "drops in," and as they are easily manufactured, and are very economical, there is no reason for their not being in general use. They are made thus: Into a clean saucepan (one that is well tinned is the best) put one pint of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, and a quarter of an ounce of citric acid. Place the saucepan on a slow fire, and let the mixture boil for two or three minutes; now take the saucepan off, and put into it half a pound of the fruit desired, well crushed; boil again for two or three minutes, and it is finished. Strain the whole through a fine hair-sieve into a jug; when cold bottle it. But wait! on second thoughts you may put into each bottle a wineglassful of either rum or brandy. Your friends will not like your syrup any the worse for that; and if we come, although we are "temperance" men, we shall certainly prefer it. Apple and pear syrups may be made in the same way, but no citric acid is then required.

THE O ON THE DATE-STONE.

A SYRIAN LEGEND.

Slept beside the couch where, slumbering, lay their infant, breathing low, Joseph and the Virgin Mother, nineteen hundred years ago.

To them came a heavenly mandate: Quickly take the babe and fly! Herod seeks him through Judea: even now his swords are nigh.

Up! and into Egypt hasten; there unharmed shall ye remain, Till the Lord in his good pleasure bids ye hither turn again.

Humbly bowed the holy couple, reverently the babe they took— Only one sad glance bestowed they on the home that they forsook.

Joseph leads from out its stable—yet uncrossed—the patient ass, Softly then, and God protected, forth from Bethlehem they pass.

To her breast the mother holds him, him her Saviour and her Son, Shines a tender smile upon him, and the journey is begun.

Over plain and valley pass they, wending through the purpling vines, Through the hoary olive forests, stretching far in dusty lines;

Over clattering brooks that hasten, swirling restlessly round the stones, On to fill the pool Bethesda, where the waiting cripple moans;

Over mountains where the peasant chants devoutly at his toil, Praising Him who to his fathers promised corn, and wine, and oil.

Many days they journey onward, and their land is left behind, Now no longer over blooming, fertile regions do they wind.

Now no longer in the cottage by the wayside may they rest, Mary smiles not as she clasps the infant closer to her breast.

Far upon the weary Desert they have entered, and the sun Blazes from mid-heaven on them, half his race is yet to run.

Parched with thirst, the patient father, plodding by the Virgin's side, Seeks the leathern skins of water—every drop the sun has dried!

Shrivelled up the useless goat-skins in the wicker panniers lie, Still the sun is in mid-heaven, and no well or tree is nigh!

Mother soon and child are drooping, still across the weary waste, Where the mirage flies before them, must the stricken pilgrims haste.

Ha! and is this too a mirage, distant glimpse of slender trees, Faintly waving in the distance, that the Holy Mother sees?

No! for see, the ass, quick-scented, swiftly hastens now his pace— Rays of heavenly gladness lighten on the fainting father's face.

'Heavenly Father! God, we thank thee!' crieth he, with strength new found,

"Truly art thou watching o'er us—truly doth thy grace abound!"

And the Virgin smiles once more, as, toiling o'er the burning sand, They approach the glad salvation, see the oasis at hand.

And at length the welcome fountain set in verdure meets their eyes, While around it and above it high the feathery palm-trees rise.

From the hanging bough the gold-brown fruit the careful father strips, And the Virgin moistens with the luscious pulp her infant's lips.

Clears once more her brow as strength to all the timely rest restores, And a heavenly blessing on the planter of the palm implores.

Scarcely had ceased the Holy Mother, scarcely her prayer had died away, When, behold! a sudden wonder, that remaineth to this day.

For the fruit the Virgin tasted, fruit divine that she had blessed, With a never fading token was by God thenceforth impressed.

Since on every dusky kernel, in its centre, round and fair, You may see the O of Mary, as it gladly sounded there!

And the stranger in the Desert, when he finds the mystic O, Let him not forget that journey, nineteen hundred years ago!

THE FROST-BITTEN NOSE; OR, A WINTER WALK IN ST. PETERSBURGH.

THE commencement of winter at St. Petersburg was to me a period of unmixed delight. It was a new and wonderful spectacle, to see this great capital attiring itself in its white wintry robe. I was never weary of driving in a sledge. There is a peculiar enjoyment in skimming the surface of the ground, feeling the road along which you travel smooth and polished as a looking-glass, whilst your horses, excited by the keen bracing air, and scarcely feeling the light weight they draw, seem to fly rather than to gallop as they bear you along. Winter, with a sluggishness unusual in these northern climes, crept on, this year, by slow degrees, and, thanks to my furs and warm pelisses, the thermometer had fallen to twenty degrees below zero ere I became aware of the intensity of the cold. By the time it had fallen to twelve degrees the Neva had begun to freeze.

I had given my poor horses so much to do, that my coach-

man announced to me one fine morning that, if I did not allow them at least forty-eight hours' repose, they would be quite unfit for service in the course of another week. There was no resisting this appeal. The sky was clear and unclouded, and, although the air was keener than I had felt it, I resolved to set out and take a walk on foot. I armed myself *cap à pié* against the cold, wrapped myself in a huge Astrakan great-coat, drew a fur cap over my ears, rolled a cashmere scarf around my neck, and then ventured forth, with nothing save the tip of my nose exposed to the air.

At first I got on wonderfully well; I was surprised to find how little I was sensible to the cold, and laughed within myself at the exaggerated accounts I had heard of its effects. The first two pupils upon whom I called, M. de Bobvinski and M. de Naveschkin, being from home. I was beginning to bend my steps in another direction, when, suddenly, it struck me that the passers-by cast upon me many uneasy glances, although none of them ventured to address me. At last, one gentleman, more talkatively disposed, as it appeared, than the rest, uttered the word "Noss!" as he passed me by. Not being acquainted with a single word of Russian, I thought it was not worth while to stop for the sake of a simple monosyllable, and accordingly proceeded on my way. At the corner of the Rue des Pois, I met an *ivoshik*, who was driving his sledge *centre à terre*; but, swiftly as he passed along, he also seemed to feel himself in duty bound to call out to me in a warning tone, "Noss! Noss!"

At last, on reaching the Admiralty square, I suddenly encountered a *mougick*, who, without uttering a word, snatched up a handful of snow, threw himself upon me, and before I could free myself from the heavy covering which embarrassed my movements, had commenced rubbing my whole face, but more especially my nose, quite furiously, and with his whole might and main. I thought this a sorry joke enough, especially in such weather, and, having at last succeeded in extricating one of my hands from the pocket of my great-coat, I gave him a blow with my fist which sent him rolling on the ground to the distance of some paces. Unfortunately, or rather, I should say, fortunately for me, two peasants chanced at this moment to cross the square. They looked at me for a moment; then made a sudden rush upon me, and, in spite of my resistance, held my arms pinioned to my side, whilst the *mougick*, starting to his feet, and hastily snatching up another handful of snow, returned to the attack, as though resolved not to be balked in his designs. This time, taking advantage of my defenceless condition, he recommenced his friction of my unfortunate nose with renewed violence. But, although my hands were tied, my tongue was free; and impressed with the idea that I must either be the victim of a mistake or a conspiracy, I began to cry for help at the very top of my voice. An officer hastened to the spot, and asked me in French what was the matter with me.

"What! sir," I exclaimed, forcing myself by a final effort from my three assailants, who, with the most composed air possible, each pursued his respective way, the one towards the Perspective, and the two others towards the English Quay; "What! sir, did you not see what those rascals were doing to me?"

"What were they doing to you?"

"They were rubbing my face with snow! Do you consider that a very allowable joke, sir, in such weather as this?"

"Perhaps you are not aware, sir," rejoined the officer, as he fixed upon me a scrutinising gaze, "perhaps you are not aware that they were rendering you a most important service."

"How so?"

"Most probably your nose was frost-bitten."

"Gracious Heavens!" I exclaimed, hastily raising my hand to the threatened organ.

"Sir," observed a passing stranger, addressing himself to the officer who had come to my rescue, "sir, allow me to tell you that the frost has attacked your nose."

"Thank you, sir," replied the officer, with as much *sang froid* as though the intimation thus conveyed was the most commonplace matter in the world.

And stooping down, he took up a handful of snow, in order to render himself the same service which had been rendered to

me; by the poor *mougick* whom I had so ill requited for his kindness.

"Then, am I to understand, sir," I inquired, "that had it not been for this man——"

"You would now be without a nose," continued the officer, at the same time rubbing his own without intermission.

"Then, sir, excuse me," I exclaimed.

And forthwith, in breathless haste, I darted after the *mougick*, who, expecting doubtless a renewed assault, fled before me; and, fear being ordinarily of swifter foot than gratitude, I doubt not he would have outstripped me in the race, had it not been that some people who perceived I was in pursuit of him, concluded he had robbed me, and barred the way before him. When I reached him he was talking very fast, and evidently seeking to prove to the bystanders that his only crime had been an excess of philanthropy. I gave him ten roubles, which quickly set him at rest with regard to my intentions. He kissed my hand in token of gratitude, and one of the group who had clustered around us, charged me, in French, to keep a better look out for the future after my nose! The recommendation was quite unnecessary, for, during the remainder of my walk, I never lost sight of it for a single moment.

MY BRIDESMAIDS.

BY THERESA E. MILLS.

ANOTHER of my bridesmaids was Emily Penge. The men used to say that she was pretty, but I could not see it myself. She was a fair-haired girl, with small features, which, had she been *petite*, would have been in better keeping with her figure, but which did not suit well with her height. She was amiable enough, but particularly stupid, and it was hard work to spend an afternoon with her. Emily was very fond of reading, but her taste lay among love stories of a miserable description, and these she would sit and cry over like any servant girl. No matter what rubbish she got hold of, if it only contained ardent vows and blighted affections, Emily would devour it, and not the least troublesome part of her conversation was her insisting on retailing to you the woes she had just been crying over—and the way she told them—Oh, dear me!

Emily had some money, and I used rather to wonder why she did not marry, but I suppose that even the mercenary creatures who think of that were terrified at the thought of having to spend the rest of the evenings of their lives in hearing how Lord Frederick and Alicia were separated by the cruel earl his uncle, and by her cold, hard, selfish mother, and how she consequently pined away into consumption and expired on the very day that Frederick's father died and left him free to choose for himself, and how the mother went raving mad with remorse, and used to shriek about the house for her murdered Alice; for that was the sort of pleasant reading which Emily enjoyed, and with which she used to afflict her beaux.

[Here Charles desires that his energetic protest may be made against that last word, which he wonders I can be so "snob-bish" as to use. I want a substitute. There is no English word which will do. I suppose I am not to write "sweet-heart," although Mr. Sims Reeves sings it very beautifully. "Admirer" is inoffensive, but sounds to me very affectedly. "Lover" is much too grave, as well as too old-fashioned—there are no lovers in these days. *Fiancé* will do when the case is so, but there can hardly be more than one at a time. Now, Mr. Charles? So, until you give me a better word I shall keep to "beau," although it has been vulgarised.]

Miss Penge, moreover, fancied that she had a sort of romance in her own nature, and rather desired to be unlike other people. This is not very easy for a young lady now-a-days, I mean if she behaves at all properly, for she must dress pretty much like other folks, and go to church, and make morning calls, and leave the dining-room when the other ladies do, and talk about the ordinary subjects of the day. Emily, poor dear, was rather puzzled to know how to let her romantic nature appear, for her imagination was not at all lively, and as nobody oppressed her, or tyrannised over her, or insulted her—her mamma had

spoiled her frightfully, and could not see the result—she had no opportunity of becoming an object of interest. She sometimes tried to take in conversation an opposite view from that of rational people, but as her talents did not enable her to do much in support of her nonsensical contradictions, she only got laughed at, and did not bear this at all romantically, but grew hot and snappish. I suppose it will be seen that I did not much like her—(no, Mr. Charles, I have not been abusing her mind and person in the most spiteful manner ever since I began; I have only been stating the truth, but you liked her because she once set her cap at you, and that flattered your vanity—such gratitude as you men have all springs from vanity)—and this is true, but we managed to remain tolerably good friends, and when she begged me to let her be one of my bridesmaids, I would not refuse. Perhaps I had a very little, tiny, malicious triumph in consenting, because she certainly had determined to give my precious Mr. Charles as much encouragement as possible, and perhaps she knew this, and indulged some stupid little romance inside her stupid mind about going sternly to the altar, and crushing her own affections as she surrendered Mr. Charles to another. Not, I will do him the justice to say, that he ever gave her a thought, but she fancied he did. I have always noticed that when dull people do have a burst of imagination, it is a thousand times wilder than that of clever ones, and for Emily Penge to fancy that she had any chance against Emma Strathmorgan was a flight indeed.

I do not know what book the girl got her notion out of, but one idea she had was that a man who paid his addresses to her was thenceforth her abject slave, not in the usual way of trying generally to do whatever may be pleasant to a young lady, but to the extent of obeying her most absurd commands. And even this, if she had been a girl of any liveliness, might have amused her and the gentleman too, but unfortunately she used to give orders which were only tiresome and ridiculous. I have said, that having money she received a good deal of attention, and during the time between a man's making his pretended admiration known to her, and the time that, being bored to death by her, he invented some story as an excuse for going into the country and never seeing her again, she used to torment him by enjoining him to perform her ridiculous commissions. It would read absurdly if I were to write down the senseless errands on which she would send people, and though I dare say not one in ten was ever executed by the story-telling creatures, sometimes we knew that they were. She nearly killed one young gentleman who had weak health and sense to match, by ordering him to spend a certain night, that of her birthday, in the golden gallery over the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. "If she had only had the good luck to be born in July, one would not have minded," said Harry Medlicott; but Emily was born in December, and that foolish young Francis Grafton was very near dying in the same month in consequence, for he performed the feat, "and," adds Mr. Charles, piteously, "without even a cigar, for the muff could not smoke."

One day we had a pic-nic party. I forget how it first grew up, but papa set his face against it, offering an opera-box, or a bracelet apiece, to me and Lizzy, instead, and meanly trying to buy over Ti to his side, by a present of a beautiful little dog, for the dear old man was always bringing us something. But we declared war, and said we would have the excursion, and so he was properly punished, for we enlisted almost every nice person we knew, and finally a party of twenty took water, in two boats, papa pretending to be a martyr the whole day, and being really perfectly happy because we enjoyed ourselves. Mr. Charles, there, was one of us, and very stupid he was all day, declaring he had been reading too hard, which I believed, like an affectionate little goose, at the time, but only fancy his venturing on such an excuse to me now! Harry Medlicott was there, of course, as Lizzy was, and there were several men, more or less agreeable, and some pretty girls, and a mamma or two to play propriety, and there were of course some persons whom we could not well leave out, and who were asked for that reason only. Emily Penge was one of them, but we were glad to have her, because on her account came the merriest person you ever saw, one Mr. Gerald Martin, a young Irishman, who had been a student at Bonn, and who was exactly the creature for a pic-nic. He was a very handsome man, with a particu-

larly neat figure, and pretty little hands and feet, and he could do everything, never lost his temper, and seemed to live to amuse others, without being in the least a butt or a buffoon, like most comic gentlemen I have ever met. The only wonder was what he could have seen in Emily Penge—but I believe he was very poor, and had made up his mind to put up with her for the sake of her money.

We went to Richmond, and higher up than that, and everything went off very pleasantly. Some of the gentlemen could row, and it was obvious, when they made their arrangements for the purpose, that they had gone to great expense in splendid braces and other matters, to strike us with admiration, which was as well, for their rowing, generally speaking, did nothing of the kind. I noticed that those who had a peculiar talent for getting dreadfully hot and red in the face were the first to propose taking an oar, which seemed to me a mistake. Well, we landed, and the lunch was spread, and the wine got out, and we were all very merry, and nothing had been forgotten. And as there were no "comic effects," as I believe they are called, we really had great fun. Nobody fell down into a pie; nobody ran up to say that mad bulls were coming; nobody pretended to see a toad close to a lady; nobody stole away to cry, "Farewell for ever," and throw a hamper into the water with a splash, that we might think he was drowning himself. But we managed very well, and the champagne was very cool, thanks to papa's precautions, taken in spite of his declaring that he would not do a single thing, and his predictions that the day would be a failure.

Gerald Martin sang all sorts of songs, told stories, gave imitations, and showed through it all so much real wit and intelligence, that we were quite delighted with him, and even my superb Mr. Charles thought it worth while to forget the headache from his "hard reading" (I dare say, pretty reading—wine more likely), and to join with some spirit in the conversation, to prevent Mr. Martin winning all the tricks, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague says. And Emily Penge looked quite proud of having such an admirer, and ordered him about and showed him off, as if he were her pet lapdog, and I could see that his good taste was annoyed at the way she did it, but his best taste taught him to avoid, even by the mildest show of displeasure, the putting a young lady in a false position. He felt that he had given her some kind of right to go on as she did, or that she thought so, and that was all the same. But at last she pushed matters rather far.

Some of us—Emily and Mr. Martin among the rest—got into one of the boats, leaving the rest of the party on the bank, and we pulled away to some distance from the shore, in order to give the others some singing, and we were rewarded, especially our choruses, with great applause from the bank. But Emily could not sing, and felt that she was undistinguished, against which state of things her nature rebelled. Perhaps—I do not think it uncharitable under the circumstances to plead such a shocking excuse for her—the champagne might have excited her a little, but, at all events, just as we had finished a song, Emily Penge cried out,

"Oh! I see such a beautiful silver ornament at the bottom of the water. Some poor lady has been drowned, and that is a relic of her."

We all looked over the edge of the boat, and certainly there was something glittering at the bottom. Mr. Charles, who never sees romance in anything, put his eyes near the water and said,

"It is nothing but a piece of tin; a cutting thrown away."

But Emily would not accept this explanation, grew quite obstinate, and continued to stare at the object in question, and at last she interrupted poor Gerald Martin in the middle of a little German *lied*, by exclaiming,

"That is a lady's ornament, and I can see the jewel in it. I must have it. I insist upon having it."

We bore her foolishness very good-naturedly, and Gerald began poking at the thing with the oar, but the water was deep, though clear, and he could not raise the supposed ornament.

"Ah," said Emily, quite tauntingly, "in old times a lady would not have had to ask for such a thing. Half a dozen gentlemen would have sprung into the water, and the one who gained it would have felt himself happy in her smiles."

"Half a dozen donkeys they would have been, then," said Mr. Charles, with his usual suavity. This remark did no good, for it exasperated Emily into saying,

"I don't see that. I would not believe that any person cared for a lady, if he could hear her express a wish without gratifying it."

This was flung so obviously at Gerald Martin, and, lest there should be any mistake, was accompanied with such a look at him, that he could not avoid answering it, though he did not think what was coming.

"Perhaps," he said, good-humoredly, "you would like me to dive for that article, Miss Penge?"

We all listened for the answer. Curious to hear in what way the stupid, obstinate girl would say, No. It happened she did not mean to say it.

"Certainly I should," said Emily Penge, doggedly.

"You are serious," said Mr. Martin, slightly flushing, and obviously much annoyed.

"Certainly," repeated Emily, almost angry.

"You shall be obeyed, Miss Penge," said Gerald.

And before we could imagine what he was going to do, he sprang on the seat, bent his head and disappeared.

I will do Emily the justice to say, that she was fairly frightened. She had not, I think, imagined that he would have taken her at her word, and had expected only some kind of scene with him. She had begun to cry and to declare that he would be drowned, and Mr. Charles assured her that it was most probable. But in a minute or less, up came Gerald. He swam to the side of the boat, held it, and presented the piece of tin, for it was nothing else, to Emily, who, poor girl, was now all trembling.

"There is the ornament you desired to have, Miss Penge," he said gravely. "I have the honor to wish you a very good afternoon. It is not probable we shall meet again."

And he swam to shore. We could see him making a few apologies to the party, and he went away.

Emily never heard of him again. But it was fortunate for her that she did not marry him, as, if she had done so, she could not have been one of my bridesmaids.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A TIGRESS

ABOUT a month ago, a bastard name—Whitboy Swart, residing in the Zwarte Ruggens, went out at daylight one morning in search of a horse, and while strolling about the neighborhood in which he resides his attention was attracted towards a bush by the yelping of three young dogs, that had followed him from home. On approaching the spot to which the sound directed him, he was startled by finding that his canine companion had joined a beautifully spotted tigress, that was lying on its back, with which they appeared to be enjoying a very satisfactory romp. Upon perceiving the man, the animal sprang to its feet, and Whitboy, though a noted hunter, and an athletic, bold and active man, retreated from the spot, being unarmed except with a small switch or stick; the tigress pursued him, and finding that he lost ground, he resolved on wheeling about and facing the animal, which with one blow of its paw, tore away part of his cheek, and would, with the violence of the concussion, have knocked him to the ground, had it not been for the support he received from a small bush near him, which prevented him from falling on his back; probably to this circumstance he is indebted for his life, for with the tigress above him he would have been perfectly powerless.

Whitboy struck at the savage beast with the switch in his possession, but this also fell from his hand; to preserve his face he now assumed a pugilistic attitude, when the tigress seized hold of his arm; with his other hand he then picked up a stone, which he placed in the jaws of the enraged brute, to prevent his arm from being bitten in two. This done he next seized his opponent by the throat, and by his great strength threw her down, and placed his knee on her neck; fortunately the dogs, though young, now harassed the enraged animal, and thus kept its paws engaged. The man then drew his arm out of the jaws of the animal, but when he had almost extri-

cated it, the stone fell out, and the animal seized his hand, which was so severely bitten as to be disabled. With the other he now took the stone and battered the tigress's nose and teeth. In this position and in the greatest agony, he was two hours contending with his enemy. He had a knife in his pocket, but the other hand having been rendered helpless, he could not open the blade; he now contrived by main strength to move himself and the tigress to the spot where his switch lay, about six yards off. The struggle of the combatants became terrific—the ground was trampled quite hard, and the spot covered with blood. Reduced to the last extremity, and believing the animal to be in a similar state, he resolved on encouraging the dogs to attack her, while he jumped up and ran off.

After running for about three hundred yards, he looked round and found the dogs coming on alone. He then hastened to a farmer's house, to request assistance; they visited the spot and curiously examined the small clumps of trees, but having no dogs on which they could depend, the search was soon given up, and the wounded man conveyed to his home; his wounds were dressed, and he lay in a very precarious state for four weeks, having been twice attacked with lockjaw; his sufferings were intense, one arm being entirely disabled, and the lower parts of his body severely lacerated. He was engaged altogether for two and a half hours. Hopes were, however, indulged two days before our informant left the locality, that a sound constitution and powerful nerves would sustain him, and that he would ultimately recover from injuries which must have proved fatal to one of less physical power. The conflict of Whitboy and the tigress will rank among the most marvellous adventures with beasts of prey in this country.—*Graham's Town (South Africa) Journal.*

THE VALENCIANS.—Our great amusement is to observe the lower classes. There is a peculiar type about the men in that rank in Spain, "ne'er met with elsewhere," the bandit and the brigand is stamped upon them in legible characters. Some of them here wear a pointed hat, the shape we call the "witch's," and others wear a bastard kind of gentleman's hat, with a narrow brim turned down, and looking as if it had seen many reverses of fortune. This gives the most reckless air to the countenance, and indeed to the whole figure, imaginable. I do not think these men have the look of open wickedness that struck us at Saragossa; they have a more plotting, contriving expression, indicating that their schemes are "in every man in the deep of his heart." Then comes the long, dingy gray scarf, and occasionally, but not so frequently here, the bright red, and sometimes you catch a peep at the knife stuck in the girdle. These men go dragging about all day, and lounge against the walls, and seem to have no avocation whatever. One feels curious to know how they exist, and one is uncharitable enough to think that they must trust in "wrong and robbery." We see a few of the Moorish trousers, which are made of linen, and at first sight looked like a short petticoat, and stockings without feet, but to my mind the costumes are less picturesque than at Saragossa. I was thinking, while looking on these men, whether, supposing we took a villa near Valencia, and wanted a man to work in our garden, could any one of these be recommended by anybody, as what we so expressively call in England, "a steady, tidy man." I really laughed at the very absurdity of such an idea. It seems that our judgment, though based solely on physiognomy, is fully borne out by facts. Monsieur B—— has been mentioning at dinner, that the number of assassinations in Valencia is positively frightful, and that during the summer so prodigious is it that they are counted as so many per day, and they have been known to amount to fifteen! Truly they verify the character they bear in other parts of Spain—"Valencia is a paradise, peopled with demons."

TRUE AND FALSE TASTE.—True taste is an excellent economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means; while false taste is for ever sighing after the new and rare, and reminds us in her works of the scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.



BURDEN CAMEL OF EGYPT.

CAMELS AND DROMEDARIES.

THERE are two species of camels, the camel with two humps, or the "Bactrian" (*Camelus Bactrianus*); and the camel with one hump, or the dromedary (*Camelus Dromedarius*). This last is found only in Arabia and Africa. Its country appears to be that of the Nabathians near the Alaniten Gulf, where, according to Artemidorus, it was formerly to be found, in a wild state.

There are two species of dromedaries called by the Arabs *Djemel* and *Hedjn*, and by the Europeans camel and dromedary, according to their fitness as beasts of burden or for speed; the one is heavy and awkward, and walks slowly; the other is light and graceful, and runs with swiftness; these are the only marks of distinction. The Greek *Δρομας* applies to the *Hedjn*, called also *Delout* or *Mehoré*, and in our opinion it is a gross error to follow in the track of those naturalists who give the name of dromedary to the *Djemel*, or the camel of burthen; a distinct variety which the Arabs and Europeans who have resided in the East never confound with the others.

In this article we shall follow the above designations here pointed out and recommended. At the first glance the *Camelus Dromedarius* is unprepossessing, and it is only after the eye has become familiarized with this strange animal that the least beauty can be discovered in it. Its ostrich-like neck, its large eyes, apparently starting from its head, its nostrils hairy, and cut slopingly to protect them from being affected by the sand, its hanging lips, its gibbosity, its distorted limbs, its callosities at the joints, its straggling hair and its alternate plaintive moans and furious growlings, all unite to render the camel fantastic and ridiculous in appearance, so that one can readily comprehend the terror with which it frequently inspires the horse.

The dromedary camel, called by the Arabs the "ship of the desert," because it serves to transport over an ocean of sand the commodities which the nomadic tribes are forced to seek in distant countries, possesses all the requisites for performing long journeys. Robust, docile and patient, it pursues its course with a steady gait, browsing a little on its way, and not needing water for three or four days. The elevated position of its head and its long neck prevent its being suffocated by the sand

of the desert; its eyes, defended by thick eyelids, are half closed to avoid the glare of the sun: its fleshy feet are remarkably broad, so that they produce only a slight impression upon the yielding surface of the desert, over which other animals find great difficulty in walking.

Its pace, suited to that of man, renders it admirably adapted to the movement of caravans, in which there is always a crowd of persons on foot. Considered as a beast of burden, the dromedary camel is of unquestionable value in countries where the heat of the sun and the scarcity of food and water preclude the possibility, not only of any other domestic animals bearing burdens, but even of their travelling with speed and safety for great distances.

If the camel may be compared to a merchant vessel, the dromedary merits the title of a ship of war, since it is suited to the journeys, razzias and combats which lead the Arabs to traverse great distances over an ocean of sand.

Considered as a direct auxiliary of man in war, the dromedary may in many cases advantageously replace the horse. That the ancients employed it in war is a fact attested alike by monuments and writers. Diodorus Siculus relates that Semiramis employed thirty thousand dromedaries, mounted by warriors bearing swords six feet long, in order that they might be able to reach the enemy from their elevated position. Cyrus used them at the battle of Tymbrea. Xerxes in his expedition to Greece had them mounted by lancers. Livy in describing the battle of Magnesia, fought between Scipio Asiaticus and King Antiochus the Great, says that the royal army had war camels, mounted by Arab archers. Dromedaries were also used in the armies of Mithridates and in those of the Parthians. At the battle of Mamma, near Tripoli, the Moors displayed twelve ranks of camels in front of their army. In short, without speaking of Amurath, who owed to them his victory over the Slavic Confederation, we may cite the Persians and Arabs, who to this day employ them in all their wars.

Owing to its many services the Fagan Arabs held the dromedary camel in such veneration that they consecrated to the gods three females which were exempted from labor, and the cream of whose milk was used for libations.

The species *Camelus Dromedarius* may be divided into three distinct classes. First, the carrier camel called *Djemel*, *Khovas*

or *Acter*, according to the locality. Second, the ordinary saddle camel or common dromedary, sometimes called *Deloul*. Third, the fleet camel, called *Hedjn* in Arabia, *Mahry* in Africa, and *Turcary* in Asia.

The carrier camel, when well fed, sometimes attains gigantic proportions, as may be seen in Cairo and Lower Egypt, where they are allowed clover, beans and cut straw in abundance. A true beast of burden walks from two to three miles an hour with the regularity of a pendulum, but never voluntarily breaks into a trot even for a few paces.

It is easy to distinguish a camel from a dromedary. The former is delicate in its proportions, has fine hair, supple limbs, a more elegant head, and somewhat of the beauty of the gazelle, together with its agility, spirit, and above all its fleetness. It is ordinarily possessed of all the qualities which man can give to the creatures which he has appropriated to his own uses. There are also dromedary camels which are fitted both for speed and burdens, so that the same animal unites, in an inferior degree it is true, the strength of the camel with the agility of the dromedary. Such are those belonging to most of the tribes in Campia, in the valley of the Nile, and in the Algerine Sahara.

The camel and the dromedary in walking raise the two feet on the same side, one immediately after the other, and do not move them diagonally, that is to say, in the direction of the opposite limb, as do most other quadrupeds.

This mode of walking, peculiar to the camel, has arrested the attention of but few travellers. When he increases his speed, he does so in the manner of the horse when breaking into an amble, except that he jolts his rider more. Dromedaries can also be urged into a gallop, but they cannot long continue in this pace, which is alike uncomfortable for the animal and the rider.

At three years of age the camel commences being of use, at five he attains his full vigor, at nineteen age begins to manifest itself, and his career of usefulness seldom continues beyond twenty-five years. He is then killed for food. If he becomes unfitted for service through a wound, or falls sick upon a journey, he shares the same fate. The flesh of the adult is highly esteemed; that of the camel has a fishy taste. It is tough, but properly prepared it might supply the place of beef. It is often served at the table of the Shah of Persia, as the meat sacred to the Prophet. Salted and dried it is called *bastourma*, and is used during journeys. Formerly the Arabs of the desert used to bleed a camel in the thigh, in order to obtain a large basinfull of blood, which was called for in their repasts. This custom has become obsolete since the abolishment of paganism, and is only resorted to in cases of distress. The milk of the camel drunk fresh is pleasant to the taste and extremely nourishing; it is frequently given to horses in Arabia. It is used in the preparation of almost all the food of the nomadic tribes. When made sour it constitutes a healthy and refreshing nourishment.

The female carries her young ten months. If a birth occurs while a tribe is journeying, the little camel is carefully placed upon the mother's back. In a fortnight after birth it trots by her side and accompanies her in her journeyings. At two years of age its training commences.

The pack-saddle of the camel consists of a cushion of cloth filled with *hif* or fibres of the date-tree. The ends of this cushion are doubled together and form the inner part of the pack-saddle. Above this are placed two props or wooden angles, fastened together by two sticks of equal size made fast by means of small cords. The hump of the camel comes between the two branches of the pack saddle. Two large bags usually constitute the load of a camel. They are suspended to the crosspieces which fasten the reins. The camel carries only a simple bridle attached to a headstall ornamented with tassels, little shells or glass adornments, and surmounted by a bouquet of cock or ostrich feathers. The leader of the file carries beside, around his neck, a little bell, the monotonous sound of which encourages the band and distinguishes it from other parties.

The camel is made to kneel during the process of loading or unloading. In order to force him into this position they bear upon his halter, crying "*Kha! kha!*" The animal exhibits more or less docility, though he never obeys without giving

vent to groans either pitiful or enraged, by which, as also by certain movements of the head, he shows that he suffers, that he is sufficiently loaded, or that he dreads the fatigue or the journey. When they are travelling in caravans these cries, repeated every morning by each camel, indicates the moment of departure. The animal is retained in the position requisite for loading by doubling one of the front legs together and tying it at the knee, as it could still arise on three legs; refractory animals are fastened thus by two legs. The camel makes four sudden jerks in sitting, which he does by elevating his hind-quarters first, thus putting his rider or burden in an angle of forty degrees. Great caution, then, is requisite to prevent a dangerous fall. Only a quarter of an hour is required for loading, when the camel rises slowly and commences his journey. The driver, walking behind or at his side, urges him forward by crying, "*Da! da!*" When it becomes requisite to turn the animal to the right or the left, it is done by pulling his tail in the opposite direction, and he obeys the movement as a vessel does the action of the rudder.

The ordinary load of a camel is four metrical quintals (two hundred kilos); he can travel four kilometres per hour. The load can be increased to ten quintals, according to the strength of the animal and the distance he has to travel. The most robust thus laden sometimes travel ten leagues a day; but the swift dromedary, which carries but little weight, goes some thirty, provided it be over plains or dry ground.

Camels hasten or slacken their pace according as the song chanted by the driver is lively or monotonous. They remember localities very accurately, and they know instinctively at a great distance when approaching water. In Egypt they proceed with great speed toward the valley of the Nile, but when going from it correspondingly slacken their pace. Camels having flat, soft feet, with toes separated one from the other and some what inflexible, can only travel with ease over dry and even ground.

In caravans camels are not obliged to travel in order or file. When a caravan is very numerous, people of the same country or tribe unite and form distinct groups, who journey separately at trifling distances from each other. The column is allowed to spread in proportion to the safety of the route, but is kept close and compact where the converse is the case. In most instances camels follow their guide or leader of the file, attached to one another by means of a rope fastened behind the pack-saddle of the one to the headstall of the other.

A caravan *en route*, or rather a tribe journeying, presents a most picturesque appearance. The camels carry the tents, cooking utensils and provisions. Others bear canopies of linen or brilliant colored stuffs, on light frameworks made of wood or palm branches. Under these dais—called by the Arabs of Algeria, *atouch* (plural *atatch*); by those of Egypt, *housidje*; and by the Turks and Persians, *takhtaravan*—repose the women, children, invalids and oftentimes the young camels which are unable to endure the fatigue of the journey. The men ride barebacked upon the rear ranks of the non-laden camels, and many enjoy tranquil slumber, undisturbed by fears of falling from their perilous position. The chiefs, on horseback, follow or escort the caravan, and men, or foot or mounted on asses, are scattered here and there the whole length of the file, according as occupation or inclination leads them.

During winter the caravan pursues its way from morning till night without stopping; but in summer a few hours during the hottest portion of the day is consecrated to repose. In any case the average number of hours in the day's journey does not exceed ten.

During the journey, the camel looks around for the pasturage he likes, and by elongating his neck browses upon it without discontinuing his march. At the evening halt, a locality as rich in pasturage as can be found is selected, the bags and all the luggage of the caravan are deposited in order and piled around in a circle; the camels separate in search of pasturage, but are kept in sight by the drivers, who fasten their fore feet as a security against their wandering too far away. While the camels are browsing, their driver goes to fill the leathern bottles at the well or spring, if there be one in the locality; if not, the poor animals' only resource is patience. At sundown after the prayer of the *Magreh*, the camels are placed in the circle made by the luggage, supper is then eaten, after which every one rolls

himself in his *bornous*, his *haba* or his coverlid, and sleeps upon his arms. In places of bad repute, a guard is set during the night and strict watch is kept.

The camel devotes but little time to sleep, as it ruminates long after it has laid down to rest. It closes its eyes nervously and at the slightest noise it awakes—one might almost say that it was ashamed of being caught asleep. When it lies down to rest every portion of its body is supported; its head and neck are extended and rest upon the ground, the calcus of the breast bone sustains the weight of its body, and its long limbs, doubled beneath it behind and before, support its extremities, like a ship upon the stocks.

During the journey, the camel derives its nourishment from the plants of the desert; in cereal countries, it feeds upon beans, cut straw, barley or wheat bran, green or dry clover—it is very partial to vegetables, water-melons and dates. Its enormous molars crush, like a grindstone, the hard briars and the tough stalks, and the young branches disdained by other animals, and in case of necessity it will even eat the stones of dates. Camels are fed, it is said, all along the Persian Gulf with dried fish. On entering a city, it frequently becomes necessary to muzzle camels, to prevent their biting right and left, for such is their greediness that scarcely any vegetable substance is rejected by them. I have frequently seen these animals, in the streets of Cairo, seize with their teeth the straw hat from off the head of some unsuspicious European who came within their reach.

Camels can drink the most brackish water. During the winter and spring they can journey with ease six days without drink.

Their food is received into a pouch and masticated during the journey; they ruminate during their hours of repose, and do the same with the utmost imperturbability after two or three days of abstinence. They have this advantage over animals of the same family, they are provided with an additional pouch, where they are enabled to reserve for time of need a portion of the water they drink, and which they noisily draw back into the mouth when thirsty.

Beside the provision of water which he holds in reserve, the camel possesses a similar resource against hunger. When deprived for several days of nourishment, he is literally sustained by the fat of his hump, which in such case gradually diminishes before the slightest indication of meagreness is perceptible in any other portion of his body, which gives rise to the sayings among the Arabs, "that the camel feeds upon his hump." This explanation of the use of this excrescence, apparently so superfluous, shows how marvellously this animal is adapted to hot and arid climates.

Camels are very subject to the mange and other cutaneous affections; to prevent or cure these diseases, their bodies are anointed with tar and grease; cauterization is employed in the cure of almost all other maladies. Camels are almost invariably fawn-colored or brown, only a few are seen black. Their hair is long under the lower jaw, on the top of the neck, on the joints of the legs and on the hump. This hair falls off in the spring; spun and twisted in the shape of cord, it is used by the Arabs for turbans; mixed with wool, it is employed in the manufacture of carpets, tents and bags or saddle-bags. Their skin is useful for shoes and some portions of saddles. The dung even is turned to account, being used for fuel by the caravans, which explains why they willingly stop at the same stations. The Bedouins amass the dung into a heap, over which, after igniting it, they cook their slender repasts. It is over this excremental fuel that the Arab prepares his cakes of paste which constitute his principal article of food; it burns without giving out or communicating any offensive odor. This singular custom better explains the eleventh verse, fourth chapter of Ezekiel, than any lengthy commentary—"Ye shall drink water by measure. That which ye shall eat shall be like unto bread cooked beneath ashes; ye shall cover it with excrement."

Riding camels and dromedaries are divided in several different races, which the Arabs endeavor to keep as pure and unintermixed as we do our horses.

Among the Arabian races the *Zarakal*, the *Omani*, and the *Mahri* or *Bicharé*, are the most esteemed. The *Hedjn* or *Deloul Omani* is celebrated in the ballads of the desert, and all who have had the opportunity of appreciating it are unanimous in their opinion of its superiority. The *Mahri* race is perpetuated

in the Algerian Sahara. It derives its name from the Arabian tribe of *Mahrah*, who before the advent of Mahomet had acquired a reputation in the rearing of dromedaries. By comparison a swift and untiring dromedary is distinguished by the epithet *Mahri*, even though he does not belong to that high race.

The most highly prized dromedaries of the valley of the Nile are the *Ababdeh* and *Bicharé*,^{*} who seem to have sprung from the fleetest breeds of Arabia. These two races rival each other. The *Omani* dromedary always runs with his neck stretched out, his snout to the wind and near the ground, and though he has a very delicate nose and yields to the slightest movement of the hand, yet he does not always yield with sufficient quickness to the movements of his rider. The *Ababdeh* and *Bicharé* dromedaries carry their snout high in the air; they are more obedient to the signals of their riders, but they stumble more frequently, and fail to decry the enormous ant-hills in which they so easily break their legs. It becomes necessary then to choose between these two admirable races the one best suited to the nature of the country into which he is introduced. For the rest, as carefully trained in a variety of manoeuvres as our best horses, these two species of dromedary are accustomed to and prepared for war, in which they display frequently remarkable intelligence.

"But however superior the race, and do what you may," says the Arab, "you can never ride the camel with the full degree of ease and comfort unless he has been from infancy accustomed to your voice, your care, your gestures and the weight of your body."

The Arabian dromedary is very courageous. In Persia, where they are preferred to the camel properly so-called (the Bactrian) because they are not so readily fatigued, and can make a journey of seventy-two hours without repose, there are frequently exhibited combats of dromedaries, which in point of ferocity exceed those of bulls, rams or bulldogs.

The dromedary camel appears to be destitute of all means of defence, nevertheless nature has armed it with a formidable jaw placed at the extremity of a long nervous neck, and with large feet which strike like a sledge hammer, and the kicks of which speedily intimidate its enemies. The *Bichares* pretend "at the leopard will not attack the camel."

The male is never possessed of the same ductility of disposition, body or movement, or the same tractability and obedience which distinguish the female; when equal in point of blood and origin, the female has generally higher qualities than the male.

According to the Arabs, pure blood in the male displays itself in delicacy and dryness of cheek, the sides of the face being very smooth and closely approaching below, the socket of the eye very deep, the neck full and firm, that portion of the body over which the saddle girth is fastened round and vigorous, and the stature lofty. If thwarted he should be excited and resist, if yielded to he should gather himself up and roll himself into a ball.

"Superiority of race in the *naga*," or female, says the Arab, "is indicated by the readiness with which at the slightest pressure of the hand she yields her milk, and her powers of enduring cold; her appetite is voracious and impatient, and she clears immense distances with her long strides, browsing as she runs."

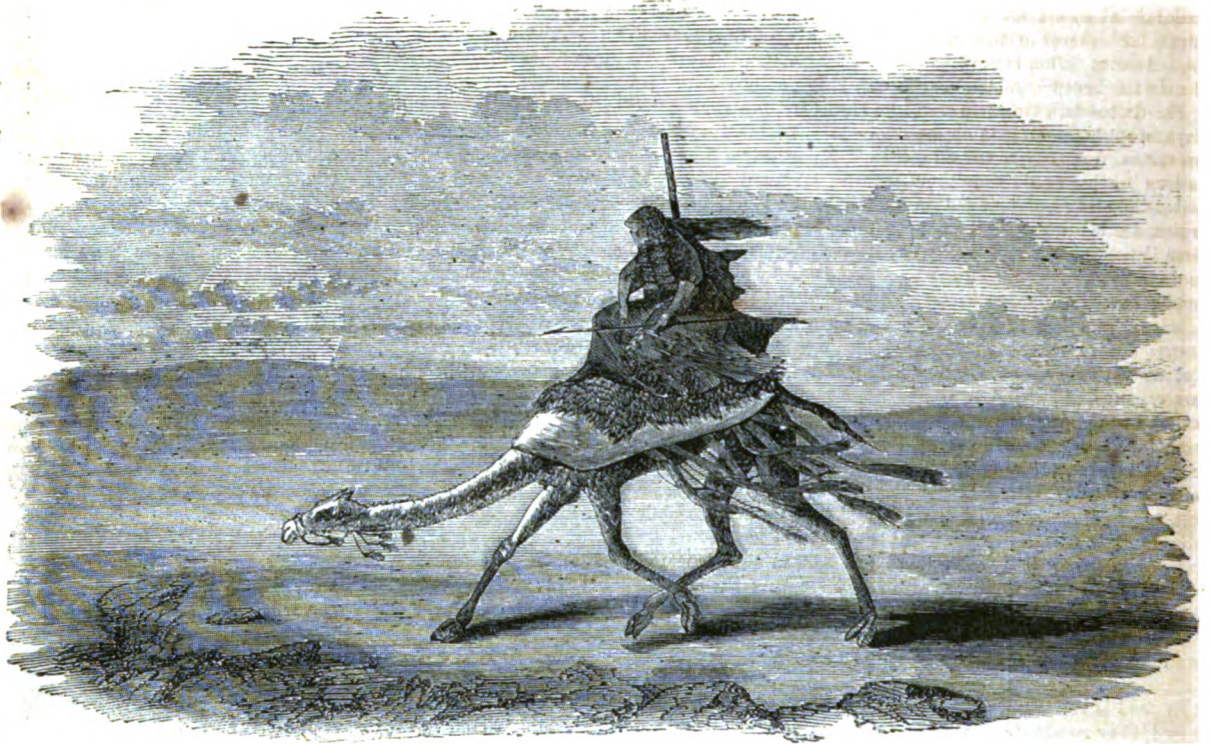
The color is usually white, dun or brown. I never remember having seen a full-blooded dromedary that was black.

The saddle of the dromedary rests against the hump, or rather encircles it with two cushions. Two high pommels rise above it behind and before, they serve to render the jolting gait of the animal less perceptible, and to steady two leathern cushions which form a tolerably large seat, upon which the rider sits with legs crossed over the neck of the animal, one of which encircles the pommel, the other hangs over the shoulder.

The Turks and Persians often attach to the anterior pommel of their saddles a short stirrup, and thus sustained can better accommodate themselves to the motion of the camel with very slight fatigue. The saddles used by the *Ababdehs* and the *Nubians* are very different, they are both more comfortable and more elegant than those used in other countries.

As to the speed of the dromedary, it is difficult for those who

* Names of two Arabian tribes who inhabit the desert at the east of the Nile between Kocier and Souakem.



ANIEH DROMEDARY.

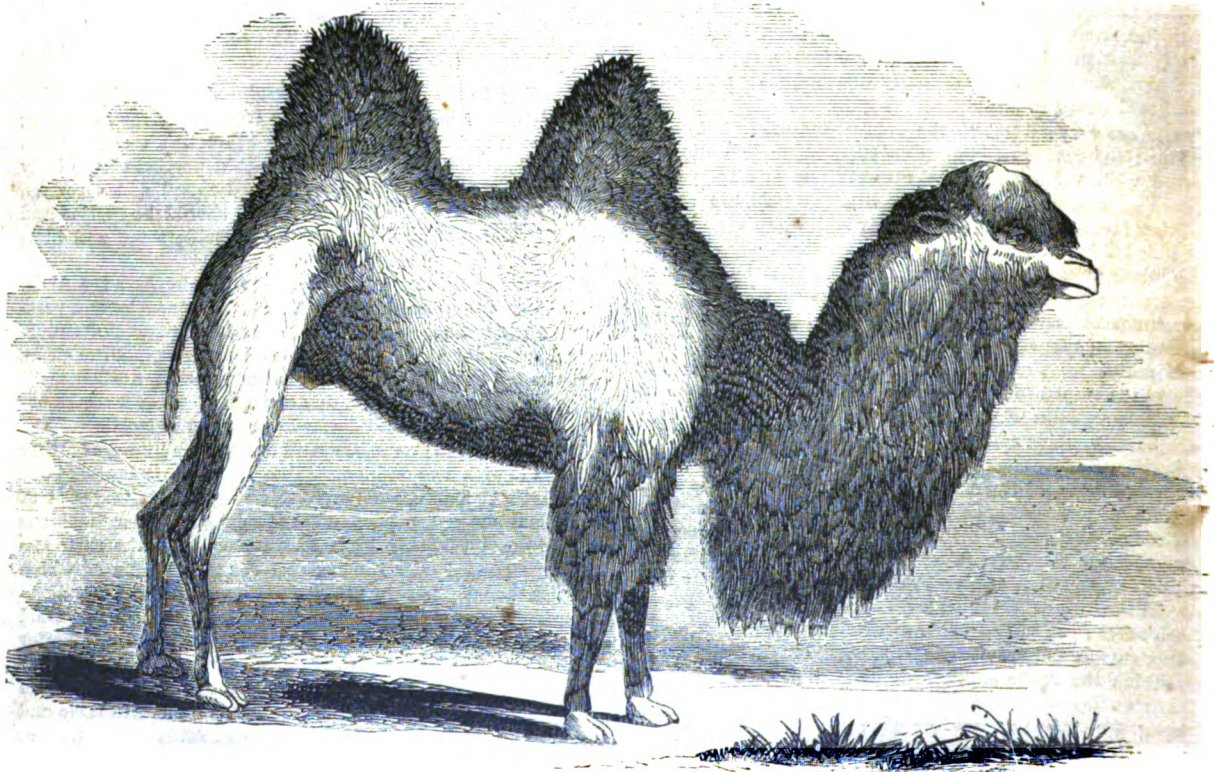
have not travelled in the East to appreciate the steadiness of its forced marches and the rapidity of those long ambling steps, which end by leaving the best horses behind.

For ourselves who have travelled in the desert, sometimes at the slow, monotonous gait of the caravans, at other times at the rapidly and pleasant trot of a light Ababdeh dromedary, which carried, in addition to our own baggage, provisions for

several days, we have had the opportunity of appreciating the fleetness as well as all the other good qualities of the animal.

The dromedary carries his master, provisions and arms, and trotting with the lengthy ambling gait peculiar to him, can travel over a very large extent of country without need of rest.

The speed of the dromedary is inferior to that of the horse at



BACTRIAN CAMEL, FROM CENTRAL ASIA (MALE)

full gallop, but the dromedary has this advantage, he can maintain at an almost uniform speed his gait from morning till night for several consecutive days. The dromedary usually runs twenty kilometrical leagues in ten hours, having just double the fleetness of the camel.

The dromedaries of Hedjaz can journey for nineteen or twenty days, stopping only long enough to take their food. With the proverbial frugality of the Arabs, each dromedary can carry the rations for a twenty days' journey. They are fed upon three *okkes* (kilograms) of flour per day. This is, by the aid of a little water, made into little balls, which they are made to swallow. Sometimes dates are added to this meagre allowance. It is by means of this dainty, joined to assiduous care that the Arabs render these animals so docile and familiar.

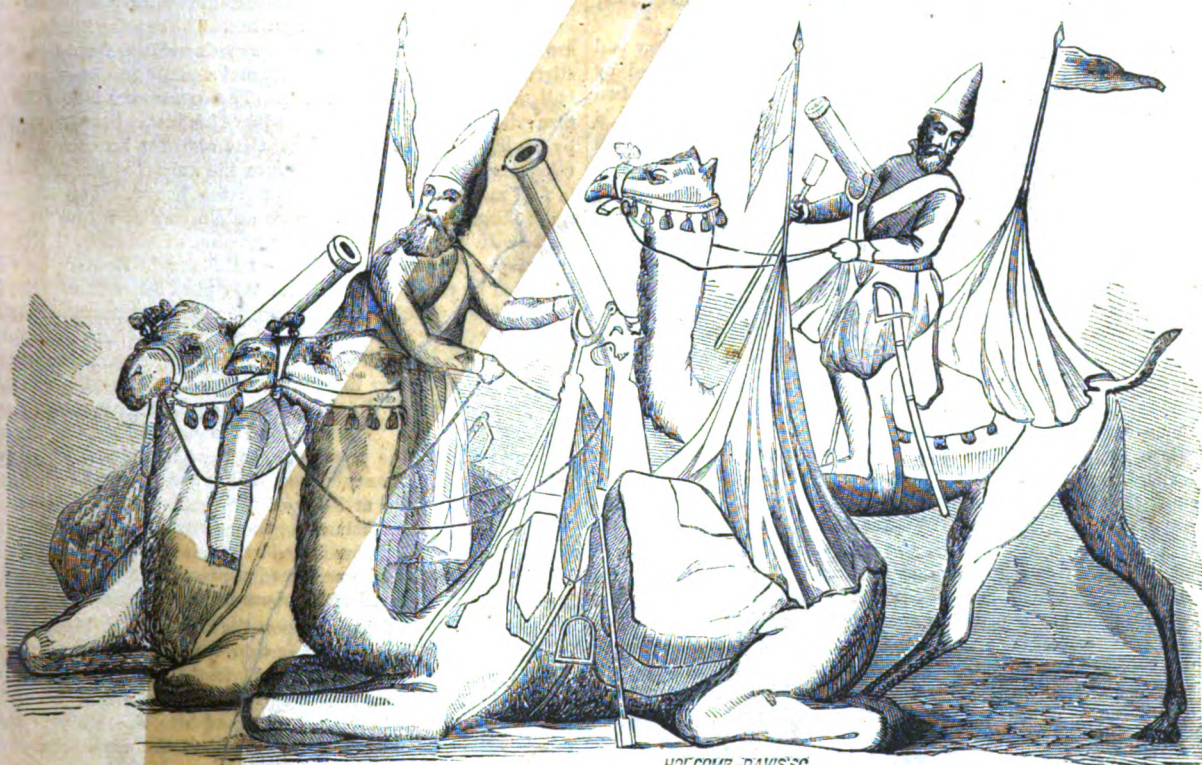
Marvellous accounts are given of the continuity of their speed. At the time of the war of the Wahhabi, Mahomet Ali Pacha, who was unaccustomed to the pace of the dromedary, crossed the desert from Cairo to Suez, a distance of nearly thirty leagues in twelve hours; he returned again immediately in nineteen. The groom, who accompanied the pacha on foot, was only able to accomplish this long journey by holding on to the

and may then count upon all his energy and velocity. "A dromedary with water in his stomach," says the courier, "is only fit to moisten the earth." While on this subject I will quote the advice given in an old Arabian song: "Mount your dromedary; trot him slowly during the first hour of the night; then force him to squat down, loosen his two saddle girths, lie down flat upon the ground yourself, your head upon your arm, and listen. After you shall have heard him ruminate and urinate, fasten his girths and apply the whip as much as you please; your dromedary will be equal to any amount of speed."

In Egypt dromedaries are guided by means of a slight cord fastened to a ring passed through the nostrils; they have a very sensitive nose, and obey the slightest motion of the hand.

Camel drivers do not agree upon the necessity of piercing the nostrils, in order to attach to the nose the string or *zimam* which is held in the hand as a sort of rein, and which serves to guide the animal with ease.

This custom is not general; in Arabia they always make use of a halter with a running knot pressing on the nose, which is frequently very inconvenient. Dromedaries accustomed to be guided in this manner become unmanageable when by accident



HOLCOMB-DAVIS'S

DROMEDARY ARTILLERY OF PERSIA.

dromedary's tail and being thus dragged along by him; he stopped several times to prepare the *nardjileh** and coffee for his master.

At the time of the Syrian war, Mahomet Ali had established a service of dromedaries, the relays of which were ranged from Cairo to Gaza at distances of from four to six leagues, a journey easily accomplished in an hour or hour and a half by the couriers. Despatches succeeded each other rapidly, and the scarcity of dromedaries obliged the Arabs daily to double or triple the distance of their stations. Many times the distance from Cairo to Gaza, about twenty-five leagues in a straight line, was made by couriers in two days. A good dromedary costs in Cairo from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred francs. The price of the fleetest animals of Bichari never exceeds five hundred francs.

When the Arab is about to make a long and rapid journey, he slackens his speed into a walk after a journey of half an hour, in order that the animal may have an opportunity to empty himself, after which he tightens up the animal's girths,

or anger they have broken their *zimam* or torn their nose, while when they are used to obey the stick or the voice, one has always control over their movements. The Arabs of the desert are as careful in the training of their dromedaries as their horses, whom they so accustom to obey the voice, that I have seen whole herds comprehend and obey on the instant the command of the camel driver. On this subject many interesting anecdotes are related.

In 1818, the Sherriff Abdallah Monhabib, who governed Hedjaz, surprised and pillaged the tribe of Bekin. He was returning with the booty, consisting of all the enemy's cattle, when an old woman was perceived following his army, who when interrogated replied that having lost her all she desired to share the fate of her herd, and asked permission to ride upon one of the dromedaries and remain with them. She chose a *naga* (female), and vaulted into the saddle with the ease of one accustomed to such exercise. At a certain point of the journey she began to urge the animal (which she had chosen from among those belonging to her) to greater speed, and no sooner had the *naga* fallen into a trot than she uttered a piercing cry not understood by those around her. At this signal the drome-

* Species of Persian pipe formed of a recipient containing water through which passes the smoke of the *Fumbaki* or *Femen* tobacco.

daries broke up their line of march, and in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of them were accompanying the old Bedouin, who was flying at full speed. The cavalry sent in pursuit of the fugitives were unable to overtake them, and only a few less swift than the others were recaptured.

The Orientals from time immemorial have used dromedaries in battle. Diodorus Siculus relates that in Arabia these animals were usually mounted by two archers, seated back to back, one of whom fought in front, while the other in case of retreat beat off the pursuing enemy. This custom is still perpetuated in certain countries in the East. It is thus that the Wahhabis and the Belouchis undertake their *razzas* or *lozpon*. General Bonaparte thus organized a corps of dromedaries (when in Egypt), which rendered immense service to the army during the expedition.

The dromedary can easily become accustomed to the sound of the drum and the cannon; but it cannot be taught to form in line and accommodate itself to regularity of movement as well as the horse, nor does it, like the latter animal, seem to share the emotions of its rider in the hour of battle. The Arabs say truly that the horse is the companion of man, the dromedary only his slave. The Persians, Turks and Arabs also have long made use of artillery mounted on dromedaries.

The system formerly in use among the Turks was a very bad one, and was abandoned after the battle of Patacin, gained by the Imperialists in 1690. The camels were loaded with two pieces of cannon carrying three pound balls, together with a gunner mounted behind. The cannons placed on the shoulders of the animal retarded his march, and the recoil of the guns invariably inflicted severe wounds, often rendering the animal useless after the first fire.

The system invented by the Persians is far better, and though not exempt from faults it well merits the attention of soldiers. As their system is but little known, and as most travellers have described it very inaccurately, we will enter into a few details relative to the matter.

There has long existed, in Persia, a corps of dromedary artillery called *Eophchani-tchilon* (portable artillery), but more commonly *Zembourek* (hornet or wasp), a name metaphorically given it by way of indicating that this artillery, like the hornet, allows no respite to those it attacks or pursues. It consists of small cannons carried on the pack-saddle, which serves at the same time for a carriage, as they do not unload the animal to fire them. "Each cannon," says Col. Drouville (who of all travellers may be taken as the best authority*), "is perched upon an iron crutch, which is itself securely fastened to the wooden prop which forms the posterior part of the pack-saddle of the camel; this prop is very massive, and bound with iron that it may be able to resist the recoil of the gun when fired. The breech can be raised or lowered at will by means of a hinged rest attached to the crutch, and which ends in cranks under the breech, permitting it to be fired at whatever height is desired.

"During campaigns, as well as when travelling, these Zemboureks are reversed, the mouth turned downward; the artillery men then mount their camels and are speedily borne to the spot where their presence is required. Each camel carries twenty charges in two leathern bags, in the form of a wallet, which are attached to the pack-saddle. The driver is provided with a stick three feet long, which serves three different purposes; first, as a whip to chastise the animal; secondly as a ramrod; thirdly, as a match-holder.

"The camels of the *Zembourekji* are those mentioned as riding camels (dromedaries); they are very fleet, and can tire ten horses in a day without slackening their pace. They are very numerous, and a battery is often composed of a hundred of these animals, marching all abreast if the space will permit; if it be necessary to fire while retreating, they are stopped in exact line, otherwise they make a half turn while going forward. As soon as they arrive they kneel; the artillery men take their aim, fire, and remain on the spot as long as circumstances do not require a change of position. If the *Zembourekji* are pursued by cavalry, they load and fire as they fly; they are rarely overtaken even by the fleetest horses, however little they may be in advance."

We will not animadvert upon all the errors of Drouville, who does not appear to have bestowed much attention upon this system of artillery. In truth his article, as also the drawing accompanying it, is filled with errors which it is necessary to notice, in order to convey a correct notion of the ancient Persian equipage. The fork which bears the transom of the piece is too weak; the cannon, which seems to be for two pound balls instead of one, in its recoil would snap so frail a support. Again, were the gun carried mouth downward, no bullet could remain within it after half an hour's trot.

On the organization of the Persian army on the European plan, this light artillery was almost entirely suppressed, but in 1840 the necessity was felt of again reviving this system, abandoned in judgment of infatuation, and it was decided to reorganize the *Zembourekji*, whose usefulness was recognised in travelling over sandy ground, and especially in crossing the Great Salt Desert. On expeditions to Belouchistan and Koraçan, it was remarked that no other troops could replace them in insuring the safe conveyance of contributions and provisions for the army, and in surprising or overtaking an enemy unconquerable without them.

The existing corps of the *Zembourekji* regularly organized, no longer resembles Drouville's drawing. The regular *Zembourekji* are mounted on dromedaries, whose pack-saddles, furnished with stirrups, bear on the interior pommel a small gun of one pound ball, with butt-end and battery. The dromedary is so quiet, so firm when resting upon the callosity of his breast bone, supported by his legs doubled under him, that aim can be conveniently taken, and the recoil cannot injure the animal when the saddle is well made and the charge is not too heavy. Two leathern saddle-bags, thrown over the pack-saddle, contain fifty cartridges, made with long barrell or grape-shot of nineteen to sixteen balls, according to need. Behind the saddle rises a pike surmounted by a red bandol, from this pike depends a species of saddle cloth, which if needful can be made to cover the saddle-bags, containing ammunition and provisions. The dromedary is guided by a simple halter, and has no ring passed through the nose, as is customary in many countries. Beside the gun and an artillery man, a dromedary thus equipped can also take a foot soldier behind. The weight of the pack-saddle, the cannon, the ammunition, the provisions, and two men does not exceed one hundred and twenty *béman*, that is to say, four hundred and thirty pounds. The artillery of the *Zembourekjs* can be managed by any one understanding the management of an ordinary gun. The commands are issued by means of a clarion, or simply by the voice. There is garrisoned at present, at Teheran, a regular corps of three hundred *Zembourekji* and dromedaries.

I have written at length upon the *Zembourek*, because it is important in this article to mention the various uses made of camels in the East, in order to set forth the advantages to be derived in battle from the moving columns of dromedaries, and in order that when they are introduced into the United States, the Americans may profit by the result of the experience of all nations.

It is clearly evident that such animals as these would be beyond measure valuable and appropriate in our western American deserts, which are now traversed by the weary and lagging foot-steps of jaded mules and over-driven horses, whose dead bodies are scattered all along the route. Both as beasts of burthen and of draught, they would prove vastly superior to all animals now in use.

It is many centuries since they were imported into Italy and the Canary Islands, and a few were brought to Cuba and Jamaica, but it was found that the *chique* woe made its way into the spongy mass of the camels' hoofs, soon rendering them almost entirely useless. The *chique* is a very small and troublesome insect which often gets into the feet of the negroes, as well as of animals, and without great care their toes and feet are soon eaten off.

In consideration of the numerous capabilities of this animal, the United States government, after mature deliberations, decided to send out an expedition for the "purchase, importation and use of camels and dromedaries, to be employed for military purposes," which was accordingly fitted out and dispatched. Major Henry C. Wayne, of the United States army, was placed at the head of the commission as purchasing agent,

* See "Travels in Persia in 1812 and 1813," by Gaspar Drouville, vol. 2, p. 127.

and Lieutenant D. D. Porter, of the navy, was associated with him in charge of the store ship Supply, to bring the animals to their transatlantic home.

Arriving at Tunis, Lieutenant Porter and Major Wayne determined, if possible, to obtain at least one camel. In order to study the animal and its management on shipboard. On calling upon the consul-general, he suggested the propriety of an official visit to the new Bey, Mahommed Pacha, and this dignitary received the Americans very graciously. On retiring from the presence, the consul-general requested from Count Rafé, the minister of state, a *tasakorak* (permit) to bring the newly purchased camel off to the ship. The Bey, overhearing this, inquired politely what the foreigners wanted with a camel, and if it was a fine one? He was informed of the object of the purchase, and also that Major Wayne was not sufficiently versed in camel lore to be a judge of the article. The Bey promptly desired the interpreter to tell Major Wayne that he would send the ship a fine one from his own herds.

The gift was accepted in the name of the President of the United States, and soon after two remarkably fine camels were received on board, as a present from the Bey of Tunis. They were of approved descent, and were much admired by all the resident Americans and Europeans who saw them.

From Tunis, Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter penetrated some distance eastward, through Malta, Smyrna, Salonica and Constantinople, but without great success. A trip into the Crimea satisfied them of the impracticability of obtaining camels there. Returning to Alexandria, Major Wayne received a notification from the consul, Mr. De Leon, that his highness the Viceroy of Egypt intended presenting the United States government with six of his finest dromedaries. He had many fine ones belonging to himself, and was at that time engaged in drilling a dromedary corps, on the Persian system, each animal to carry two men armed with carbines. Although Lieutenant Porter was all ready for sea, when this news arrived, he willingly consented to wait three or four days, until the dromedaries could be brought down from the interior.

The American expedition were, in fact, highly gratified to hear that they were to receive six dromedaries from his highness the viceroy's own stock. Of course they expected nothing but the very best blood of Omar or Nubia, knowing that the eastern potentates take pride in making presents of the choicest kind. Hitherto they had been comparatively unsuccessful, and felt that the war department would be disappointed by their bringing home so few dromedaries, and that these six would prove an important accession to the stock already collected.

The selection of the animals was placed in the hands of the governor of Alexandria; he passed the matter on to the next in office, and he, in turn, passed it still on to a *cavass* or under officer, who went to work to make a handsome profit out of the business. After more than a week's delay, Lieutenant Porter was informed that the dromedaries were ready to be delivered. An officer was despatched to receive them, but in a few minutes he returned, and informed Lieutenant Porter that the animals were so wretched in appearance, and so rotten with disease, that he would not take the responsibility of accepting them, without further orders.

Lieutenant Porter, rather disheartened by this report, went to inspect them himself, and found them infinitely worse than he had expected. They were not even dromedaries, but only the common street camel of Alexandria, the most ill-used and wretched-looking beast in the world. What made the matter worse was, that two of them had been purchased by Major Wayne in Cairo, and rejected on their arrival in Alexandria because they turned out to be diseased, and they were about the best of the lot here presented to the Americans.

The whole affair at first looked like a studied insult, for the purpose of turning the expedition into ridicule. Lieutenant Porter promptly refused to receive this "present;" the tissue of trickery was brought to the notice of the viceroy, whose well-intended liberality had been so shamefully perverted, and after another week's delay a fair lot of dromedaries was brought down from the interior, and six good ones were selected.

The proper care of these animals is not properly understood among the native camel doctors, who depend chiefly on super-

stitious observances. It was quite amusing to listen to their prescriptions. Lieutenant Porter heard of one person in Cairo who had a valuable dromedary which was sick with some ordinary complaint. He boiled down a young sheep in molasses, and made the dromedary swallow it nearly scalding hot. Another made a requisition for a "chameleon's tail" to tickle the camel's nose; without which, he said, he could not effect a cure. Another asked for a piece of cheese to administer to an animal with a slight cold, and another recommended to Lieutenant Porter an ounce of tea mixed with five grains of gunpowder, to ease a camel with swollen legs. Cauterizing with a hot iron is a favorite remedy for many diseases, and there is scarcely an animal that does not bear somewhere about it the marks of a hot iron.

On the 10th of February, 1856, all the camels were properly equipped with harness, coverings, &c., and now commenced the work of embarkation, which was by no means an easy task. The operation, however, as managed by Lieutenant Porter's crew was very ingenious; so much so, that a little notice of the *modus operandi* may not be inappropriate here.

In the first place, the ship is anchored as close as possible to the place of embarkation; the camel boat is towed on shore, and a force of about ten men sent to get the camels in. It is requisite to select a place where the boat will lie with her bow on a level with the wharf; if this cannot be done, and it is necessary to "beach" her, then a strong bridge made of stout plank and about eight feet wide will have to be constructed, strong enough not only to bear the camel's weight, but to stand their struggling. The bow of the boat being secured firmly to the wharf or bridge, the harness is placed on the camel, and it is led up as close as it will go. If it will walk directly into the "camel car" placed in the boat so much the better, but if it will not go in, then hook on the tackle to the breast strap of the harness of the camel, let the men keep a steady pull on it, and the animal will go in without a hurt, no matter how much it may resist. Four men guide the camel and keep it in the centre of the planks, and one man leads it by the halter into the car. After it is in it is made to lie down, the knees tied around with ropes; a rope is passed across the neck and made fast to the knees, and two or three ropes are fastened across the back to keep it down. It is then hoisted on to the camel deck, without fright or excitement.

The camels were found to endure the hardships of a sea voyage excellently well. Great care was taken of their health and comfort, and they arrived on the other side of the Atlantic in prime condition. One little one born on board the ship under the United States flag, was christened "Uncle Sam!" One of the Turks amused himself during the voyage by making a "Pehlevan" of him, and when six weeks old he was more than a match for his teacher, using his legs, neck and mouth with such dexterity, and exhibiting such wonderful strength in so young a thing, that he became a very rough playmate, and frequently hurt the men on deck by throwing himself on them suddenly and knocking them down!

On the 10th of May the wearisome sea-voyage terminated successfully; the precious load of camels was transferred from the Supply to the Fashion, and our quadruped exiles soon arrived at their new home in Texas, where their usefulness has since been thoroughly tested.

"So far," says Major Wayne, "the results of the experiments have fully sustained the views that we entertained in regard to the usefulness of the camel, and which induced us, in our respective spheres of action, to press it upon the attention of Congress. I know what the animal is capable of doing, and does in Asia and Africa, and I am firmly convinced that it can do as much in America. We have camels that for short distances will easily transport twelve and fifteen hundred pounds, yet never, except in one instance, has there been put upon them more than about six hundred pounds.

"The exception referred to was during my stay in Indianola (Texas), and within the first six weeks after landing. Needing hay at the camel-yard, I directed one of the men to take a camel to the quartermaster's forage-house and bring up four bales. Desiring to see what effect it would produce upon the public mind, I mingled in the crowd that gathered around the



COURIER OF THE DESERT.

camel as it came in town. When made to kneel to receive its load, two bales, weighing in all six hundred and thirteen pounds, were packed on, and I heard doubts expressed around me as to the animal's ability to rise under them. But when two more bales were put on, making the gross weight of the load one thousand two hundred and fifty-six pounds, incredulity as to his ability to rise, much less to carry it, found vent in positive assertion, and as I had then become recognized, I observed that I was regarded by some compassionate individual as about to make a splendid failure! To convey to you the surprise and sudden change of sentiment when the camel rose at the signal and walked off with his four bales of hay, would be impossible. It is sufficient to say that I was completely satisfied. I could have put on two more bales, about one thousand eight hundred pounds, but four bales were sufficient for my purposes."

A pair of socks were sent to the President knit from the pile of the camel, the fleece from which they were knit consisted of the loose dead hair of the past year, clipped off by Major Wayne on the 9th of June, to relieve the animal from its weight and heat. Probably the living hair would be found even softer and finer. At any rate these socks demonstrate the practical utility of the camel's pile, and will serve to convey an idea of its probable value, should the animal live and thrive in this country.

There is no reason whatever why the camel or dromedary should not become naturalized among us, as completely as the horse or the cow. Their docility is proverbial, to such a degree

that the Oriental fabulists have a saying that "the dromedary can be led by a mouse," and their sense of kindness received is quick and abiding. In most Eastern households, the camel is as cherished a friend as the horse of the Arabians, and a mutual affection seems to prevail between the dumb yet intelligent beast and his human allies and protectors.

Their enormous strength, the patient meekness of their temperaments, and the great speed at which they can, if necessary, travel, are all strong recommendations in their favor. They are much used in war throughout Eastern countries, and now that the foolish bugbear of a sea voyage being hurtful to them is successfully overcome, and they are safely established on the plains of Cape Verde, in Texas, we hope that the first step in the right direction will speedily be followed by the importation of hundreds of camels and dromedaries, to be employed in all our military operations.

CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us in his Hebrew Lexicon that the primeval name Eve is derived from a root signifying talk; and it was perhaps to a dim idea of this kind that the Rabbins owed their tradition that twelve baskets of chit-chat—it could not be gossip, for there were no neighbors to gossip about—were rained down into Paradise for Adam and Eve to amuse themselves with; of which twelve Adam picked up three, and Eve the other nine.

MY IRISH ADVENTURE.

A SUBALTERN'S STORY.

ONE of the most rampant institutions in those rollicking days was the illegal manufacture of whiskey ; and the duty of assisting the civil power in its suppression was looked upon with almost as much dread as banishment to Sierra Leone. The unfortunate individual engaged in the uncongenial sport of still hunting was converted for the time being into a regular Robinson Crusoe, with all the exciting accompaniments enjoyed by that illustrious exile : as the distillation of the outlawed spirit was carried on in the wildest and most uncivilized parts of the country, inhabited only by a race of savages, who were accustomed to look upon a house on fire as an amusing pyrotechnic display, and "potting" a Saxon through his parlor window rather a meritorious action than otherwise. It is therefore not surprising that this duty was unpopular among military men ; for though perfectly willing to lay down their lives for the good of their country in a fair fight, there were very few candidates for the honor and glory of being shot sitting by a wild Irishman.

Entertaining strong objections myself to becoming an animated target under any circumstances, and being naturally of a sociable disposition, no language can express the intensity of

disgust I experienced on reading one evening in that peremptory volume, the Regimental Order Book, that Lieutenant Jollynose would hold himself in readiness to proceed with a detachment to Ballyblanket, there to be stationed, and assist the civil power in the suppression of illicit distillation. It is unnecessary to repeat the energetic expression I made use of as I sent the offending manuscript flying to the other end of the room, to the no small astonishment of the orderly sergeant who had brought it. "Hold myself in readiness !" I exclaimed bitterly, when the non-commissioned officer had vanished, after gravely picking up the book and saluting without moving a muscle of his countenance. "Just as if I should ever be ready to exchange all the fun and jollity of headquarters, with a steeple-chase and a dozen balls in perspective, for solitary vegetation in the middle of some Irish bog, with no one to speak to but the priest and the exciseman, and nothing to eat but eggs and bacon." To be obliged to leave unfinished, at a most interesting crisis, a flirtation I was engaged in with Julia Mackintosh, the prettiest girl in the place, to the envy of a score of rivals, and march to Ballyblanket, a semi-barbarous little town somewhere in Wicklow, the female population of which walked about with bare legs and no bonnets—Oh, it was too horrible ! But I determined not to resign myself to my fate without a struggle. Although an order once issued is supposed to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, if I could only provide a substitute, I might yet



WRESTLING CAMEL FROM ASIA MINOR (MALE).

escape the doom that hung over me of exile from mess, and separation from the only girl I ever truly loved in that part of Ireland.

I rushed frantically about the barracks, and expatiated in glowing terms, and quite at random, on the beauty of the mountain scenery, and the excellence of the snipe-shooting to be obtained at Ballyblanket—of which I knew about as much as I did of Kamtschatka. I pathetically represented to each and every subaltern I met, that by taking my place in the terrestrial paradise I had painted, it would not only be a source of the greatest gratification to himself, but would also everlastingly oblige his attached friend and comrade, John Jollynose.

All, however, seemed to turn a deaf ear to my eloquent appeals; and I was on the point of giving up in despair, when, to my great joy, I discovered a sentimental young ensign, who had just been abominably jilted, and was plunged into the lowest depths of despair in consequence. I immediately gave him the benefit of the enthusiastic descriptions, which the others, to their shame, had failed to appreciate, and dwelt affectingly on the calm repose, so soothing to a wounded spirit, that was to be enjoyed at Ballyblanket. He gave in at once; this touching allusion to his dejected state fairly overcame him, and he burst into tears. He didn't care, he said, about snipe-shooting, the only thing he wanted to shoot was himself; it was a matter of perfect indifference to him where he went—his life was a blank now she was another's; and he rather liked the idea of going to Ballyblanket, as the dreary solitude of the Wicklow mountains would fitly harmonise with the desolate void that was in his heart; and should a bullet from the blunderbuss of some vindictive Milesian put an end to his miserable existence, he would consider it the greatest favor that could be conferred upon him: with which cheerful sentiment he left me to commence packing.

"Hurrah!" I exclaimed, in an ecstasy of delight. "I thought that bit about a 'wounded spirit' would hook him. What a lucky thing that this fair one should have thrown him over just in time to save me from Ballyblanket! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Now I can keep Julia all to myself." But alas! I was destined to illustrate in my own person the uncertainty of human affairs in general and military ones in particular. I was reckoning without my commanding officer, and hallooing before I was out of the wood—or rather bog. My praiseworthy attempt to oblige the interesting victim of unrequited attachment proved an utter failure. I had written to the adjutant, asking him to negotiate the exchange of duties, thinking, of course, no objection could be raised in the orderly-room: when, in the midst of my frantic demonstrations of joy at my release, a knock came to my door, and in walked that functionary himself with my note-book in his hand. I knew something was the matter from the official way he clattered into the room, and my heart sank within me at the rattle of his steel scabbard.

"The colonel desires me to tell you," bawled Dumbell, standing bolt upright, and speaking in the loud monotonous tone in which he used to read out the proceedings of a court-martial on parade, "that he regrets exceedingly it is out of his power to grant your request, as he has specially selected you for the command of the detachment about to proceed to Ballyblanket, on account of the implicit confidence he places in your judgment, and the admirable qualifications you possess for the satisfactory discharge of the important and difficult duties you will be called on to perform; which means, Jollynose, my boy," said Dumbell, with a wink, dropping his official bellow, and subsiding into my arm-chair, "that you've been bleeding the old gentleman a little too freely lately. Here's your route," drawing a hard-hearted looking document from his pocket, and tossing it on the table; "you start to-morrow."

"What!" I screamed; "not even twenty-four hours' notice?"

"Case of emergency," replied the adjutant, who on duty matters spoke in short, sharp, staccato sentences; "ganger disappeared—last seen at Ballyblanket."

"But," I urged appealingly, "I haven't a thing packed, and my servant's a prisoner in the guard-room."

"Can't help it—colonel's order—parade to-morrow—eight sharp. I thought," said Dumbell, poking the fire with the end

of his scabbard, "when I saw you crowing over the old fellow every night, and joking him about his bad play, that your fun wouldn't last very long. Take my advice," said he solemnly, as he rose to depart, having successfully smashed a refractory nob of coal into "smithereens," "never make fun of a colonel; and," added he, as he closed the door, "you will find that winning from him is generally a losing game in the end."

Dumbell was right. I had been guilty of the unpardonable crime of being a better whist-player than my commanding officer—an ill-tempered, blue-nosed old veteran, who cared for nothing but cards and port wine; and the present opportunity was too favorable a one to be missed, of getting rid of an adversary who had a knack of invariably winning the odd trick, thereby considerably decreasing the gouty old field-officer's balance at the paymaster's.

I little thought that when I was triumphantly pocketing my commander's half-crowns, how dearly I should pay for my amusement. Next morning at "eight sharp," as Dumbell said, I found myself shivering on parade, in a drenching rain; and a few minutes after, with my martial cloak around me, I marched gloomily out of the barrack-square at the head of my detachment, *en route* for Ballyblanket, the colonel maliciously waving his hand to me as I passed his window. I had besides to run the gauntlet of various satirical congratulations from my brother-officers, shouted after me from the mess-room, including an offer from several to be the bearer of any tender message I might wish to send to Julia, as my last dying speech, and an affectionate request from the senior ensign to take the greatest care of myself, and on no account to give him his promotion by sharing the fate of the missing exciseman. The rejected lover, disappointed of his "dreary solitude," and the chance of perforation he was so anxious for, was the only one who sympathized with my misfortune; the rest were only too glad to have escaped the "forlorn hope" that my unlucky skill at whist had entailed upon me.

After a march of three days through a never-varying succession of mountain and bog, and a never-ending downfall of rain, I arrived with my small and saturated army at Ballyblanket. And here I may remark, what I have no doubt has been often remarked before, that there is a perseverance and dogged determination about Irish rain worthy of a better cause. In tropical climates where they have the "rains," *par excellence*, the water certainly comes down in bucketfuls, and with a hearty good-will, while it lasts; but when once over, there's an end of it—till next year. In Ireland, however, it rains all the year round. From January to December it is one continued shower. bath; and when not actually pouring there is a thick mist hanging about that penetrates into the inmost recesses of one's flannel waistcoat; so that the amphibious inhabitants of that excessively moist little island have only two phases of existence—the thoroughly wet and unpleasantly damp, which may perhaps account for their extreme aversion to water in an undiluted state, administered internally.

I discovered on my arrival that Ballyblanket was only occasionally occupied by a military detachment, and was what is technically called a half billet station; that is, neither barrack nor billet, with the miseries of the one and the discomforts of the other skilfully combined.

A dilapidated old building had been hastily prepared for our reception, in one corner of which I was accommodated with a small kennel that had the door, window and fire so conveniently situated, that I could open one, shut the other, and poke the third, without stirring from my chair.

The men, however, were too glad to get a roof over their heads after their wet march, and soon made themselves tolerably comfortable; and being no feather-bed soldier myself, and a bit of a philosopher to boot, after I had let off my indignation by the Briton's usual safety-valve—a good grumble—which relieved me very much, I determined to make the best of a bad business, and to my surprise, soon found myself becoming jolly under circumstances that even Mr. Mark Tapley would have allowed afforded considerable opportunities for "coming out strong."

Ballyblanket was not a cheerful place. Situated at the foot of a bleak and desolate mountain, and nearly surrounded by a

vast expanse of black and impenetrable bog, it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that I had suddenly dropped down into one of those chaotic regions that geologists delight in; and if I had met a megatherium or other monstrosity wandering among those gray rocks, or seen a troop of ichthyosaurs floundering about in those inky pools, they would only have been fit accompaniments to the thoroughly antediluvian and uncomfortable appearance of the prospect.

There are few buildings in the town that could be dignified with the name of houses, with the exception of the chapel, the priest's dwelling, and the tumble-down old edifice that formed our temporary barrack. This last had been intended for a court-house, but justice had been so little appreciated, and so roughly treated by the inhabitants, that she had long since taken her departure, and her temple had fallen into disrepair. The remainder of the town consisted of a straggling street of miserable hovels, in which a continual battle appeared to be raging between the pigs and the rest of the population, and which I am bound to state, in justice to those sagacious animals, they invariably got the best of. I could not help remarking that the majority of the human occupants of these sties consisted of women and children; and on inquiring into the cause of the absence of the male sex, I was informed that the "boys" were always busily engaged "cutting turf," a professional term, I afterwards discovered, for brewing whiskey; in which meritorious occupation it soon became my painful duty to interrupt them.

It is generally admitted that a certain unmentionable personage has not been treated with justice in the various portraits that have been painted of him, and that he is not by any means of so sable a hue as he has been maliciously represented. In the same way I discovered that even Ballyblanket had its advantages, consisting in first-rate shooting and a genial parish priest; and when not officially engaged in persecuting the unfortunate "turf-cutters," I managed—in total oblivion of mess, balls and steeple-chases, and with only an occasional sigh for the girl I had left behind me—to pass my days very pleasantly, slaughtering snipe in the bogs, and my nights with equal enjoyment, playing chess with Father Patrick.

His reverence had taken me under his especial protection. All sorts of unpleasant anathemas were invoked upon the head of any one doing the slightest injury, and no enraged whiskey manufacturer could take summary vengeance upon me for the destruction of his property without incurring certain excommunication, and every other disagreeable pain and penalty it was in the power of this jovial Father Patrick to inflict.

It was lucky I had such a friend to stand between me and harm, for the "boys" had no cause to bear me any particular good-will. My arrival had been the signal for the commencement of a vigorous crusade against the *al-fresco* distilleries with which the district abounded; and when a still had been marked down, though anything but a labor of love, I had nothing to do but order out my men, and assist the excise-officers in the execution of their duty of destroying the implements and capturing the proprietors. For the first two months we were very busy, and requisitions from the civil power were continually turning us out of our beds, as seizures were generally made at night; but at the end of that time business began to get "slack," as the shopkeepers say, and an alarming rise in the price of the condemned spirit showed what havoc we had made among its producers. Numbers had been taken and their apparatus destroyed; others had migrated farther into the mountains, where gaugers were unknown; and the few that remained conducted their illegal proceedings with such accuracy as to baffle the attempts of the most sharp-scented exciseman to discover their hiding-places. One man in particular, a Mr. Barney O'Toole—supposed to be a deserter from some regiment, and celebrated all the country round for the superior quality of his brew—was known to have an establishment in the neighborhood in full work; and though a large reward was offered for any information leading to the discovery of a still, the "Old Soldier," as he was called, had hitherto eluded all detection, and continued to supply the population of Ballyblanket, myself among the number, *sub rosa*, of course, with the most delicious mountain-dew that ever gladdened the heart of a lonely subaltern.

By the merest accident I became acquainted with the spot where this nectar was distilled. I was strolling one day along a desolate valley, gun in hand, on my way to a spring tenanted by a lively little Jack snipe that had become quite an old acquaintance. I had nearly reached my small preserve, and, with both barrels at full cock, was expecting my invulnerable little friend to get up with a screech, and whiffle off as usual unharmed through a shower of No. 8, when I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those heavy mists that were continually stalking like ghosts about the country, which soon increased to a drenching rain. I looked in vain for shelter. Not a creature was in sight, and, as far as I knew, I was miles away from any human habitation; so "reversing" my arms, I made my way to a large rock, under the lee of which I crouched, and having lighted my pipe, philosophically made up my mind for a ducking. My thoughts, I suppose, took their color from the surrounding scenery, and I soon became wrapped in a study of the brownest description. I settled entirely to my own satisfaction that the colonel was an avaricious old tyrant, and myself a persecuted individual. I speculated as to who had taken my place in the elastic affections of Miss Mackintosh. By an easy transition, my thoughts wandered to Mrs. Brown, my sergeant's wife; and I was deciding whether that invaluable woman would hash or mince the leg of mutton that had formed my yesterday's dinner, when my ruminations were disturbed by the figure of a man looming through the mist, and apparently making for the rock under which I was sitting.

He was dressed in a long-tailed gray frieze-coat and hayband gaiters. I could not see his face, for he kept his head down, butting like a ram at the gusts of wind that swept down the valley; and with one hand holding on his apology for a hat and the other grasping a stout blackthorn, he battled his way against the storm till he caught sight of the muzzle of my gun pointing to the centre of his waistcoat. If both charges had been deposited there, he could not have jumped higher than he did.

"Och, murther!—I'm done for," he exclaimed.

"Halloo, what's the matter with you?" I said laughing, for I never saw a man so utterly taken aback. "You're not shot yet."

At the sound of my voice his alarm seemed to subside, and after scratching his head, a practice common to Irishmen when they find themselves in a hobble; the irritation acting, I suppose, as a kind of mental blister, and drawing out an idea, he said, tugging at a carroty lock that was dripping down his face, and lashing out behind with one of his hay-banded legs by way of an obeisance,

"Och! is it you, captin? I'm glad to see yer honor looking so well."

"You've a queer way of showing it, Barney," I replied; for by this time I had recognised him as the notorious Mr. O'Toole.

"Faith," said he, with a comical look, "I thought it was Mither Ginger (this was the excise-officer). I ask yer honor's pardon for takin' you for such a snaking ould varmint; but the rain blinded me."

"It's lucky for you I'm not," I said. "I expect you're after no good on the mountain, Barney."

"I was only takin' a shroll this fine soft day," said he, trying to look the character of an innocent stroller, and failing utterly in the attempt.

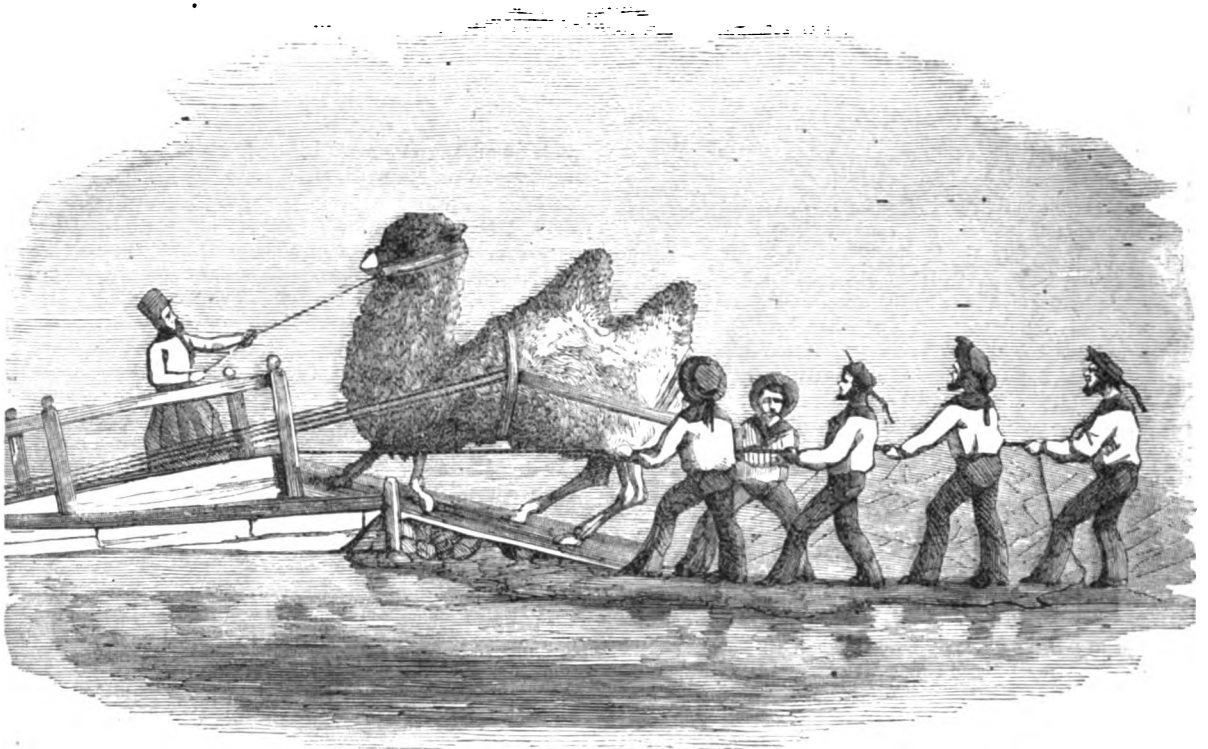
"None of your nonsense," I said, laughing at his idea of a fine day, and looking about for some trace of the still, which I guessed from his manner was not far distant. "Where's the shop, eh, Barney?"

This question quite upset his assumed composure; and he whined, dreadfully alarmed, "Ah, captin, you wouldn't ruin a poor man that's nothing ilse to depend on."

"Oh, don't be afraid of that," I said; "I'm not on duty to-day."

His face brightened directly. "Then, by me sowl, its myself that's right glad to see yer honor; and won't you walk in out of the rain?"

The offer of shelter was most acceptable, as the weather, to use Barney's expression, was getting softer and softer; but I tried in vain to detect any sign of the habitation he so hospitably invited me to enter. I could see nothing but the rock I



EMBARKATION OF CAMELS.

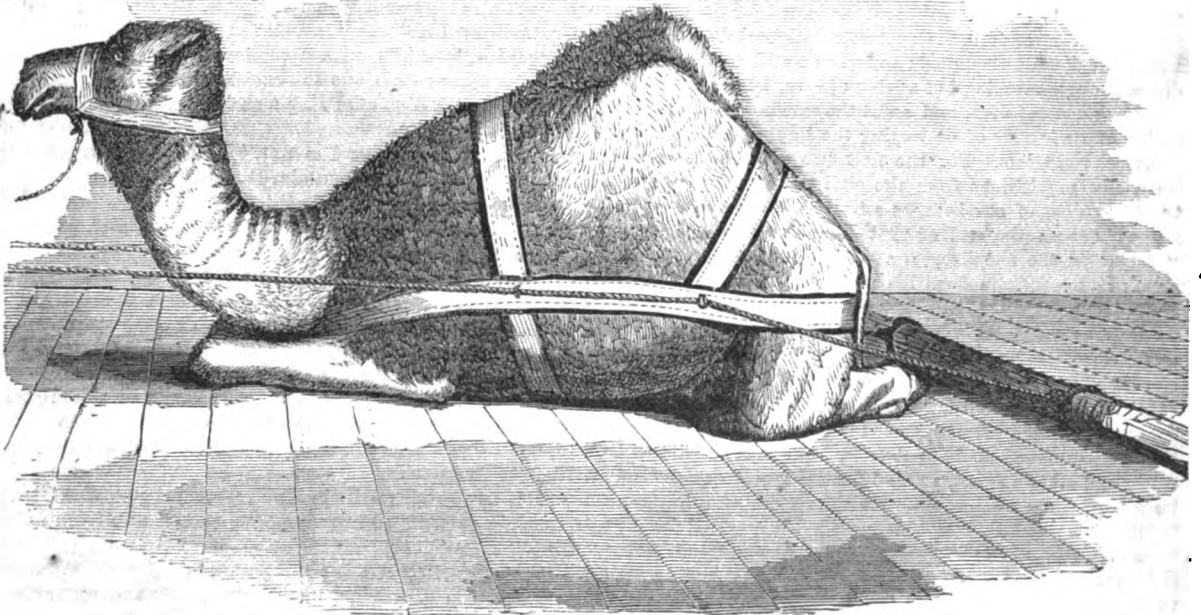
had been sitting under, in a crevice of which there grew some stunted furze-bushes. I was not long kept in ignorance of the entrance to Mr. O'Toole's mountain residence; for having first peered cautiously about—an unnecessary proceeding on his part, as the mist was thicker than ever—he pulled aside the shrubs I had noticed, darted through a low opening they had entirely concealed, and beckoning me to follow, disappeared into a dark passage, from the recesses of which I could hear him shouting, "Mind yer head, captin."

This admonition was not unnecessary, as notwithstanding

the greatest caution, that part came several times into severe contact with jagged and unexpected angles of rock, raising bumps unknown to phrenology; and I had to progress some distance in a swimming position before I emerged into a good sized cavern, smelling unmistakably of whiskey.

"Yer honor's welcome," said my host, bareheaded and bowing, as soon as I had exchanged my horizontal for a perpendicular position.

"Why, you've got quite a snug little parlor here," I said, looking about.



CAMEL SECURED FOR A GALE.

"Oh, snug enough," said Barney, grinning. "It's little I want, if I'm let alone."

"If you could only heighten your passage a little," said I, rubbing my head, "it would be more convenient for your friends."

"I don't care much about convenience, you see, captin. You'll know your way better another time. But sit down, yer honor," said Barney, turning up a suspicious-looking tub for my accommodation, "while I bar the door;" and he dived into his tunnel.

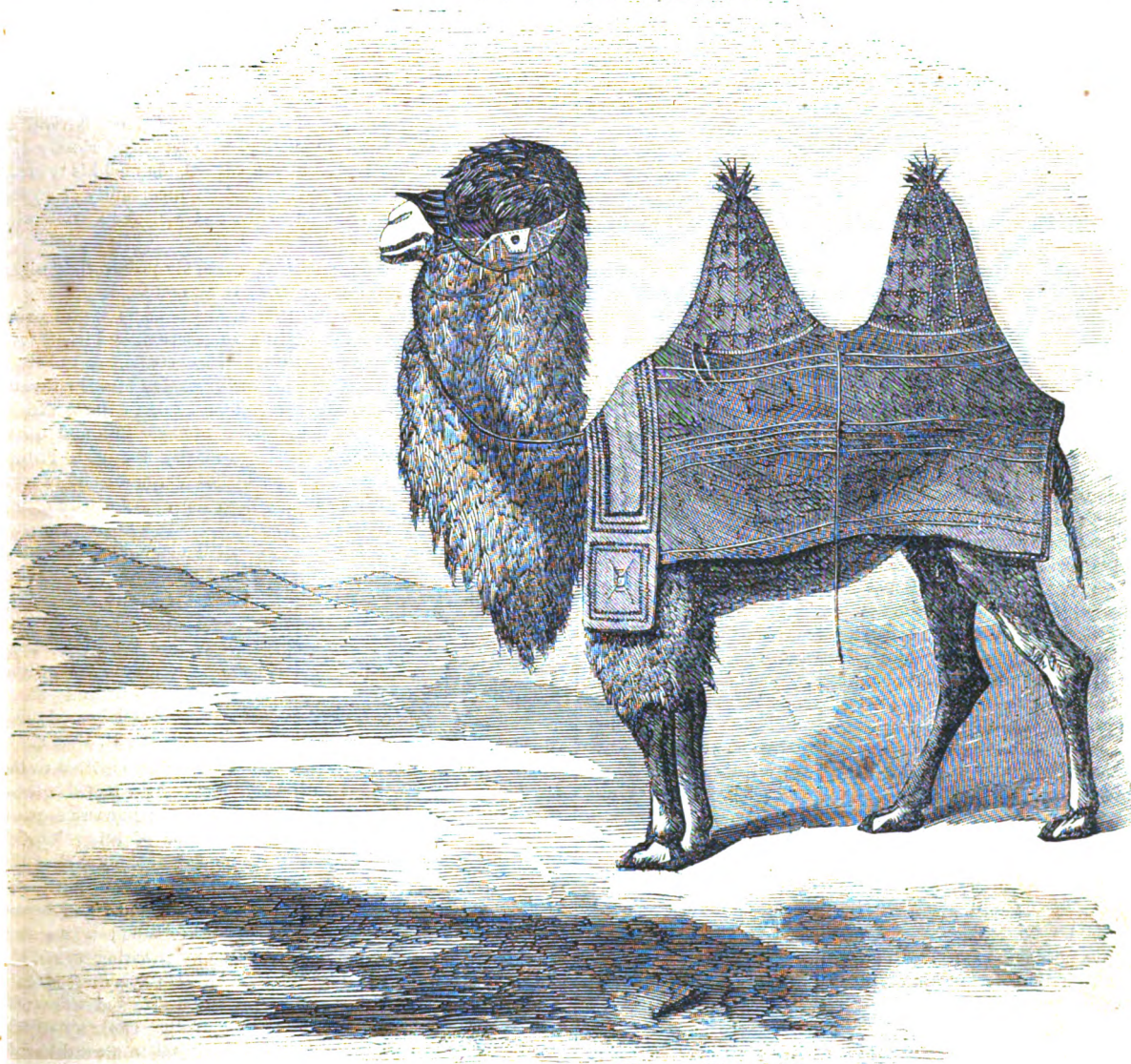
During the minute or two my host was engaged arranging the shrubbery that formed the *cheveux-de-frise* of his little fortress, I discovered that I was in a good-sized cavern, lighted

with a single candle, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket handkerchiefs of the light-heeled picadores.

"If it wasn't for the smoke being seen," said Barney, on his reappearance, "I'd light a fire, for yer honor must be wet and could; but that ould thief Ginger is always prowling about the mountains—bad luck to him."

"And it wouldn't do," said I, laughing, "for him to find a king's officer conspiring with such a notorious defrauder of his majesty as yourself, Barney."

"Niver fear, yer honor," said my host, bringing a tug from



BACTRIAN CAMEL, BLANKETED, FROM CENTRAL ASIA (MALE).

from the top by a hole that answered the double purpose of a window and a chimney. The still was not at work but the various implements scattered about, and the almost overpowering odor of poteen that pervaded the place, left no doubt on my mind as to the unlawful occupation of the proprietor. My conscience was not altogether easy at thus becoming an accomplice of Mr. O'Toole's; but I quieted my scruples with the reflection, that it was no part of my duty to discover stills, any more than it was a barrister's to collect evidence, or a physician's to mix medicine. All I had to do was to administer the *coup-de-grace* when the excise-officers pointed the game, in the same way that a terrier snaps up an unfortunate rat that the ferrets have frightened out of his hole, or to use a more digni-

ficant simile, as the velvet-clad matador gracefully severs the spinal cord of a wretched bull after he has been worried to a stand-still by the squibs and red pocket handkerchiefs of the light-heeled picadores.

"And as for being wet," I said, "I have been so accustomed to it since I came to Ballyblanket, that I am rather afraid of getting thoroughly-dry, for fear I should catch cold."

"Here's something that'll prevent yer takin' cold, yer honor," said Barney, pouring a yellowish fluid from the jug into a cracked teacup. "If I can't warm yer one way, I can another." And he presented the cup with the grace a duke's butler might envy, and stood watching the expression of my face as eagerly as an artist scans the countenance of a connoisseur examining his picture. "Try that, captin."

I did try it; and liked it so much, to Barney's great delight,

that I tried it again. There is no necessity for me to specify what the jug contained. It is sufficient to say I found it possessed all the comforting qualities ascribed to it by my entertainer; and I gratefully acknowledged that, with such a heating apparatus at his command, a fire became a ridiculous superfluity. At my request, he warmed himself at his portable stove; but he did not seem to care much about it—I suppose on the same principle that grocers hate figs, and pastrycooks are not partial to bull's-eyes. For more than an hour I remained Barney's guest, and found him a most agreeable companion. Under the influence of the jug, he became quite confidential. I found that he had been a soldier in his youth, but had purchased his discharge—(I was not rude enough to ask to see the document)—on the death of his father, who had left him his stock in trade—(here he indicated the furniture of the cavern, including the tub on which I was sitting)—and a secret recipe that was a heirloom in his family, and had enabled them to command the best price in the market for many generations. He explained to me all the mysteries of his profession, till I believe I could have brewed some uncommonly good whiskey myself; and kept me in roars of laughter when he described the various shifts he was occasionally put to in supplying his numerous customers without detection.

"Well, Barney," I said, rising, after the jug had been emptied, and I felt exceedingly warm and comfortable, "by the look of your skylight, the rain must be over; so, with many thanks for your hospitality and shelter, I'll go on with my shooting."

"One little drop more, captin," said Barney, going to replenish the jug, "just to steady yer aim."

"No, thank you; I am as steady as a rock," I replied, stumbling over my tub in a most unaccountable manner.

"Hould up, captin, the place is very dark," said Barney, handing me my gun. "Faith, it's myself that's thankful to yer honor for not being above sittin' down with a poor fellow like me. It's a proud day for Barney O'Toole when he recaves a frindly visit from a rale gentleman like yerself."

"I sincerely hope, for your sake," I said, "I may never have to make one in an official character, Barney."

"Ah, yer honor," said he, "I know yer heart's not in the work."

"That may be; but I've nothing to do but obey orders."

"That's true, captin; more's the pity."

After he had seen the coast was clear, and assisted me through his subterranean passage, which appeared more intricate and studded with sharper rocks than before, Mr. O'Toole and myself parted, with the expression of mutual good wishes.

"Good-bye, Barney," I said, staggering a little—I suppose at coming so suddenly into the light—"your secret's quite safe with me."

"Thank yer honor, kindly. I wish yer good sport; and," said he, as he disappeared into his hole, and dragged the bushes into their place, "my blessings follow you wherever you go."

The most extraordinary part of this affair, however, remains to be told. On leaving Barney, I walked to the spring; but whether the light affected my eyes, or the tears were still in them from laughing at his stories, or whether the smell of the whiskey affected my vision in some way, I don't know; whatever it was, the little Jack snipes, there were two of them, strange to say, this time, went off as lively as ever, wagging their tails contemptuously at me, in the middle of a cloud of shot. They must have borne a charmed life, because I took particular pains about my aim, and fully expected to bring them down right and left. Should any one hint that the portable stove might have had something to do with this, I can only say that Mr. O'Toole assured me that the contents of the jug were "as mild as milk;" and who ever heard of milk affecting one's eyesight?

About a fortnight after this adventure, Father Patrick and I were spending our evening as usual, with a chess-board between us, and a steaming tumbler of punch at our sides, wherewith we occasionally stimulated our strategical talents, when I received an intimation that my services were required to assist in destroying a still, of which information had just been received. Much against my will, I turned out of the priest's comfortable parlor, just when I could have checkmated him in half-a-dozen

moves, and started off with my party, under the guidance of the man who had brought the intelligence.

It was pitch-dark, and for more than an hour we toiled silently after him till within a short distance of the doomed distillery. Here we halted, and by the direction of our guide, whose voice appeared familiar to me, we surrounded a large rock, which, on approaching, I recognised as the one containing Mr. O'Toole and his fortunes. Poor Barney, then, had been discovered at last. I was very sorry; but had no alternative but to enter with the excise-officer, who, being rather stout, was a good deal mauled in navigating the narrow channel which led to the interior. I was delighted to find that the proprietor was not at home to do the honors of his establishment, although a cheerful turf-fire smouldering on the hearth showed that he had not long vacated his subterranean residence.

The still was not at work, and no traces of spirit were to be found; so, having destroyed poor Barney's patrimony, which, from its age, must have belonged not only to his father, but to a long line of ancestors, we started home. On our arrival at the entrance to the town, our guide, who had mysteriously disappeared during our search in the cavern, claimed his reward, and vanished without my having had an opportunity of seeing his face, which I was anxious to do, as I wished to know who Barney had to thank for his ruin.

I confess I did not lay my head upon my pillow that night without serious misgivings as to my future fate. Happening so soon after my visit on the mountain, Mr. O'Toole would naturally associate me with the night's transaction, and in his fury imagine that I had taken advantage of his confidence to betray him to his enemies. So far, with the exception of a few threatening letters, written in blood or red ink, I don't know which, and rudely illustrated with facsimiles of my coffin, and other cheerful devices, which I had occasionally received—Father Patrick had shielded me from harm; but no amount of excommunication, I thought, would prevent the angry distiller from taking the usual description of vengeance upon me for my supposed treachery. My time was evidently come, and the senior ensign would get his promotion without purchase.

I should be brought home some day on that exclusively Hibernian mode of conveyance for wounded gentlemen—a shutter; or I should quietly disappear, like the exciseman; and be dug up in future ages, and exhibited in some Antipodean Museum as a specimen of a petrified Briton—probably about the same time as Mr. Macaulay's New Zealander takes his seat on London Bridge, and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's.

Days, however, passed without my becoming entitled to the privilege of being carried on the shoulders of six British grenadiers to the tune of the Dead March in Saul; nor was I qualified for the somewhat questionable honor of being handed down to posterity as a fossil. I concluded, therefore, that the ruined spirit-merchant had given me credit for good faith, and had revenged his wrongs on somebody else; and I had ceased to think of him, except to pity his misfortune; when soon after, on my attending a fair held in a neighboring town, the first person I met was Barney O'Toole. He was dressed in a bright blue coat with brass buttons, and a sprigged waistcoat, and looked altogether the very reverse of the bankrupt-trader I had expected to see. He had evidently taken a considerable quantity of refreshment, and was in the highest spirits. On seeing me, instead of the vindictive scowl I had anticipated, a delighted grin lit up his face, and he rushed up to me, exclaiming, "Hurroo, it's the captin! And how has yer honor been this long time?" he said, doffing a new hat and giving the accustomed kick with his leg, on which the haybands had been replaced by smart blue worsted stockings.

"Pretty well, thank you, Barney," I replied. "I'm glad to see you looking so blooming."

"Niver was better, thank yer honor," he said, cutting a caper.

"And what are you doing here?" I asked, wondering what had put him into such a good humor.

"Why, yer see, captin, havin' a thrifle to spare, thank God, I'm ather buying as swate a little pig as ivir yer clapt eyes on," he said, still in paroxysms of delight.

By this time he had followed me to a room in the inn; and having shut the door, I said:

"I'm glad your affairs are in so flourishing a condition."

"I'm a made man," said Barney, snapping his fingers.

"I'm delighted to hear it," I said. "I was afraid that unfortunate business the other night"—here Barney grinned from ear to ear; and concluding he was tipsy, I continued gravely—"that unfortunate business had crippled you for a time; and I wished, when I met you, to offer you any little assistance I could afford to set you up in some more legitimate occupation."

"Yer honor's a good friend and a kind gentleman; and I'd like to see the man who says he knows a better," said Barney, quite fierce.

"I hope, however," I went on, "you don't suppose that I took advantage of the information I gained on the mountain to bring—"

"Be my sowl," said Barney, interrupting me, and flourishing his shillelah at some imaginary depreciator of my honesty, "if any one else had hinted sich a thing I'd have raised a lump on his head that would have previnced the blaguard from wearing a hat for a month o' Sundays—so I would. No, no, captin, make your mind aisy. I know the man that informed against me." And he winked facetiously.

"And who is the rascal?" I inquired sternly, for I was annoyed at what I considered his untimely mirth.

"Would you like to know his name, captin?" said Barney knowingly.

"Yes, I should," I replied, "very much; for I tried to catch a sight of his face that night, but it was too dark."

"I'll tell you," said Barney, beckoning me close to him, and putting his mouth to my ear; "his name is—are you listening, captin?"

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently; "go on."

"His name is—Barney O'Toole."

"Barney O'Toole!" I exclaimed, staring at him, while he seemed to enjoy my amazement. "Are there two Barney O'Tooles?"

"I nivir heard of another," he said waggishly. "Whisper captin"—and he looked cautiously about him to see that no one was near—"I gave the information myself!"

"Then it was you, was it, that turned me out of Father Patrick's parlor at twelve o'clock at night?—bad luck to you!" said I, remembering our guide's sudden disappearance and anxiety not to be seen. "I thought I knew the voice."

"I was sorry to give yer honor sich a could walk," said Barney, looking anything but distressed; "but—"

"O, never mind that," I said. "I'm glad you're going to give up your evil practices and become a respectable member of society."

"Well, I don't know about that," he replied, grinning again from ear to ear. "I shall be glad to see yer honor again in the ould place."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled more than ever.

"I mane, yer honor, that the tubs and things were ould and worn out."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed that."

"I got five pounds for giving the information," he went on, his eyes sparkling with fun at the astonishment depicted on my face.

"Well?" I said smiling, for I began to suspect the *dénouement*.

"Everything's bran new. I'm hard at work agin; and we'll finish another jug, captin dear, whenever yer come my way." Here he could contain his merriment no longer. He danced a *pas seul* round the table, and I went into a roar of laughter at Mr. Barney O'Toole's notable device of turning informer against himself.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

THE generation who knew anything of John Henderson—an extraordinary man in his time—are now rapidly passing away; and whilst a few of them are yet left, it seems desirable to col-

lect and preserve the little that may be remembered of him. With this view, I send some particulars relating to his last illness, which I took down nineteen years ago from the lips of a highly respectable inhabitant of Bristol, since deceased, who knew one at least of the parties concerned, and I believe all of them who were resident in that city.

John Henderson had a relation named Mary Macy, who lived on Redcliff Hill; she was a very extraordinary woman, and had a sort of gift of "second sight." One night she dreamed that John Henderson was gone to Oxford, and that he died there. In the course of the next day, John Henderson called to take leave of her, saying that he was going to Oxford to study something concerning which he could not obtain the information he wanted in Bristol. Mary Macy said to him, "John, you'll die there;" to which he answered, "I know it."

Some time afterwards Mary Macy waked her husband, saying to him, "Remember that John Henderson died at two o'clock this morning, and it is now three." Philip Macy made light of it; but she told him that she had dreamed (and was conscious that she was dreaming) that she was transported to Oxford, to which city she had never been in reality; and that she entered a room there, in which she saw John Henderson in bed, the landlady supporting his head and the landlord and others surrounding him. While looking at him, she saw some one give him medicine; after which John Henderson saw her, and said, "Oh! Mrs. Macy, I am going to die; I am so glad you are come, for I want to tell you that my father is going to be very ill, and that you must go to see him." He then proceeded to describe a room in his father's house, and a bureau in it—"in which is a box containing some pills; give him so many of them, and he will recover." Her impression of all in the room was most vivid, and she even described the appearance of the houses on the opposite side of the street. The only object she appeared not to have seen was a clergyman, who was in attendance on John Henderson.

Henderson's father, going to the funeral, took Philip Macy with him; and on going to Oxford, Philip Macy told him the particulars of his son's death, which they found to have been strictly correct as related by Mary Macy. Mary Macy was too much interested about John Henderson's death to think anything of his directions about the pills, yet, some time afterwards, she was sent for by the father, who was ill. She then remembered her dream; found the room, the bureau, and the pills, exactly as had been foretold, and they had the promised effect, for Henderson was cured.

YOUTH RESTORED.

A SHORT time ago we read an account of an old lady more than eighty years of age who had cut her third set of teeth, and her features, it is said, have now the juvenescence of thirty years. Many such facts could be collected. We are therefore bound, perhaps, to give credence to certain good authorities when they assert that such natural changes have occurred in the entire body, that the powers of youth have been restored to persons with whom they have been familiar.

"Valescus de Taranta (let us by all means cite authorities) relates that there was an abbess in the nunnery at Monviedra, who reached the great age of a hundred years, and was then very infirm; but the lost powers of nature unexpectedly came back to her. Black hairs sprouted from her head, and the white hairs were thrown off; all the teeth returned into her mouth; wrinkles were lost from her face; her bosom swelled, and she became at last as fresh and lovely as she had been at the age of thirty. Many flocked to see this marvel, and no doubt paid for the privilege; but the abbess did not readily suffer herself to be seen, for she was ashamed (she said) of the recollections that her restored beauty awakened."

It is also asserted that there are means in nature of restoring youth. In *Household Words* it is said that there is a fountain in the Island of Bonica which restores youth to those who drink its waters. Certain of the inferior animals are also acquainted with herbs that restore youth to them; the stag recovers it by eating snakes, and the snakes recover it by eating fennel.

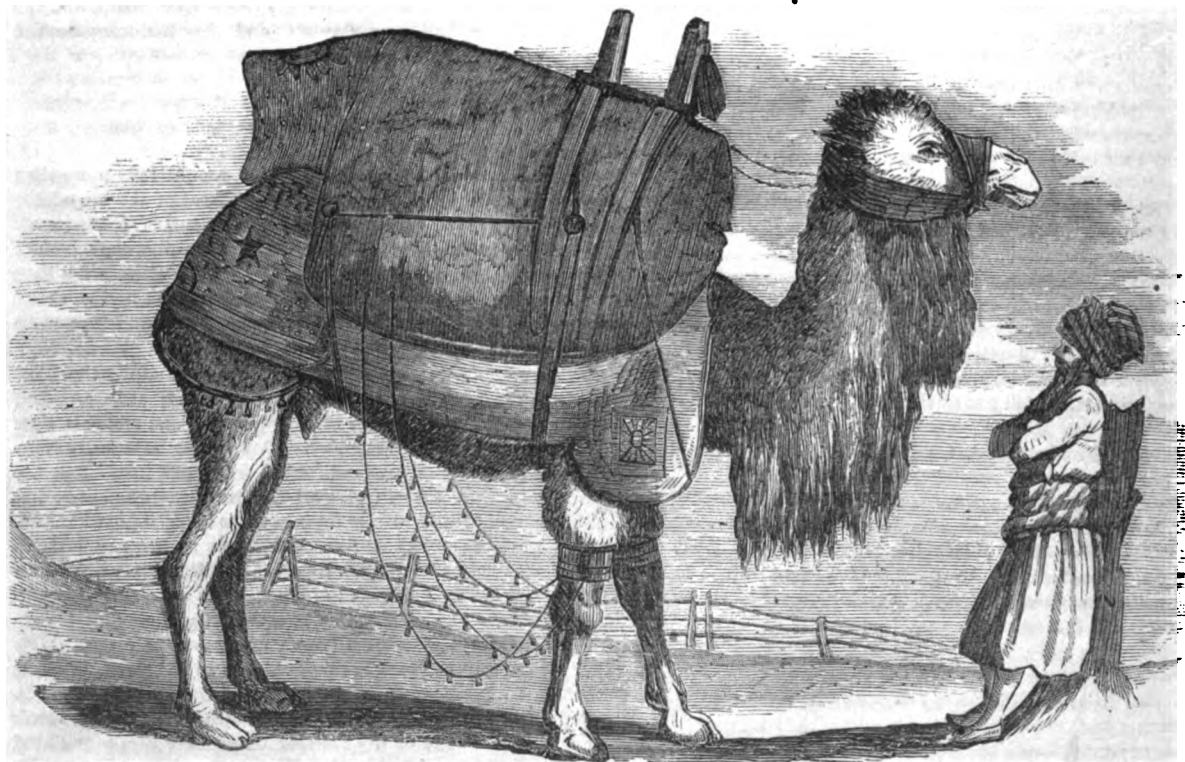
Italian ladies used to eat snake-meat, in order to retain their freshness and youth. Johnston, in his "Chemistry of Common Life," says, "Before a Circassian beauty is sent to the seraglio at Constantinople, she eats about an ounce of a very choice and peculiar description of manna (the Sinai manna), every day for eight or ten weeks. This has the effect of imparting *embonpoint*—or rather, of beautifully rounding all the angles of the human frame; and without the least exaggeration the result is a form as beautiful as a living Venus de Medicis. This manna is also much esteemed in Syria as a remedy for affections of the chest." Roast hare is also said to be a great preserver of beauty.

Several well-authenticated instances are likewise recorded of rapid change in the color of the hair. By an inscription on a tombstone at Breslau, it appears that one John Montanus, who was a dean there, recovered three times the color of his hair. It is next to impossible to deny the great age of the patriarchs—of Methuselah, of Cainan and of Enos. That they passed into age at the ordinary period of life familiar to us, and then continued with the same appearance of age and decrepitude for the remainder of their days, is not probable; far more reasonable is it to suppose that they recovered their youthful powers at certain periods, like a plant that putteth on youth every spring. In our "seventh age" we not unfrequently again become "childish." Does it therefore appear incredible or impossible that man may occasionally, after his threescore years and ten, again exhibit the powers and physical qualities of youth?

BITTERS.—Thoughtless people would have the world made up of sweets; they would expunge bitter substances as useless. When, however, we look into Nature's laboratory, we see that bitters have not been made in vain. The consumption of bitter substances by the human family is so great that it can only be compared to the demand for sweets. Bitter substances, like sweets, can be extracted from a great variety of plants growing in different parts of the earth. The purest bitter principle is yielded by the quassia tree, so called after a negro named Quassi, who used it with remarkable success in curing a malignant fever which prevailed at Surinam. Nearly all the bitter plants are called *febrifuge*, from their power to cure fever. It is not, however, in ill health that bitters are solely used, but in ordinary

beverages which are not absolutely essential to support life. The principal bitter used in England is well known to be derived from the hop plant; in Germany it is from wormwood; in Italy it is from absinth. In the latter country we see men smoking their cigars, and if leisurely conversing they drink "bottled absinth," which to our palate is so bitter as to be perfectly nauseous. In the Levant they eat a sort of gourd or bitter cucumber. Some of the Biblical interpreters think that this is the plant spoken of in the Second Book of Kings, chap. iv., verses 39—41; on tasting which for the first time the people exclaimed to Elisha "there is death in the pot;" but on being mixed with meal, "there was no harm in it." In Scotland they dry and chew the roots of the bitter vetch; these roots are also put into their whiskey. The bitter vetch is reputed to have the power of allaying hunger and thirst for a lengthened period; but with us, the "evening toper" drink bitters in the morning to stimulate the appetite. There are a great many other bitter plants used in various parts of world. In Sweden the marsh sedum or wild rosemary takes the place of the hop; and in Canada they have a plant called Labrador tea, which affords a more bitter infusion than the China tea used here. Among the other numerous bitters we must not forget the camomile, the bitter of which is said to be the only remedy for nightmare. Marmalade, turnip-tops and many other things are included among the bitter food which we eat and relish. It is not a little remarkable that "young people" have a dislike to anything that is bitter, while those in years generally prefer bitter things. This is just as it should be; for as life advances our spiritual self would seem to require a sort of grease to the wheel—a resin to the bow; and this is well supplied by bitters.

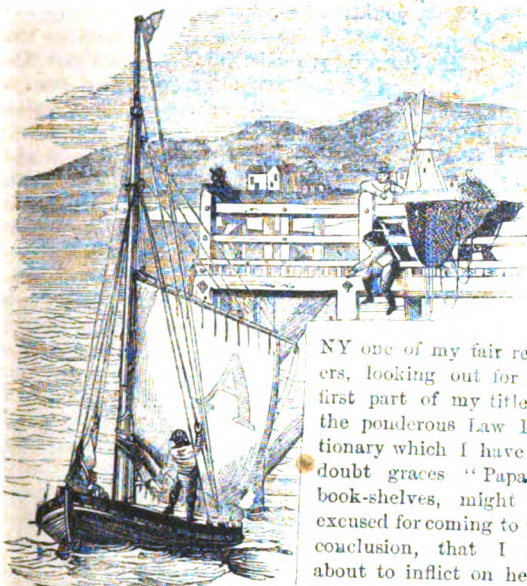
SOME merchants went to an eastern sovereign and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them and bought them; he moreover gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humor, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why? He replied, "Because you intrusted a lac of rupees to men you didn't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then (said the vizier) I shall erase your name and insert theirs."



TULU, HYBRID (MALE).

NE EXEAT—A STORY ABOUT A THAMES HATCH-BOAT.

CHAPTER I.



NY one of my fair readers, looking out for the first part of my title in the ponderous Law Dictionary which I have no doubt graces "Papa's" book-shelves, might be excused for coming to the conclusion, that I am about to inflict on her a dissertation on the nature

and origin of this very useful but extremely disagreeable process. Fair Ladye! I have, I hope, too much respect for your sweet self, and too much reverence for the "eternal fitness of things," to dream of anything of the sort. One of my man-of-the-world readers the while glances at the second half of my title, and is pooh-poohing me down with "Merely a vehicle, I suppose, for exhibiting some abominable statistics the writer has picked up about the number of oysters and other shell-fish brought into Billingsgate per season—number of boats, men, boys, &c., &c., employed—average of wages, and all that. It's been done over and over again, we know all about it, or, which is the same thing, know exactly where to refer to find out all about it." But my man-of-the-world reader is for once out also. I am merely going to relate an adventure of mine, in which both the legal and nautical machines above named played no inconsiderable part.

I had known Marian Railton from almost childhood. When I was a blue-jacketed youngster, cribbing, by favor of a maternal petition to my old schoolmaster, and much to the disgust of the more correctly disposed of my schoolfellows, a week's extra holiday at the sea-side in September, I there first met Marian—a pretty, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, sunny child, for whose special edification I erected sand castles and fortifications on the beach, and extemporised premature aquavivaria out of pickle bottles that had formed my mother's property, and cast-off toilet mysteries of my elder sisters.

How fond I was of Marian then and thenceforth; how we set ourselves down as little man and wife; how, as we grew up, all our old maid and tittle-tattling young man acquaintance endorsed the bill our sanguine imaginations had drawn in each other's favor; how they were all wrong; and how they all stared when she married Singleton Bowles, I am not now going to relate—it is not the business of the present story. I may perhaps take the opportunity of saying, that though Singleton was a very brilliant, showy fellow, infinitely admired by a very large coterie, considered to be capable of anything he chose to take in hand, possessed of extraordinary talent and infinite resources—yet I was against the match. As Marian's oldest and most confidential male friend, I undertook the ungracious task of dissuading her from it, having no confidence in the character of the man, believing him to be merely dazzled by her very rare beauty; and, in point of fact, very earnestly doubting the existence of any principle at all in him.

To be sure, it is all very well to say thus much about him

VOL. III., NO. 1—3

now his follies are notorious and his faults exposed; and I at once admit, that when my readers have finished (if they have patience to do so) the following account of his most notorious escapade, they will be inclined to accuse me of taking credit to myself, by an *arrière pensée*, for a vast deal more penetration than I really possess.

To any such readers I am willing to exhibit certain unmis-takeable passages in my diaries of the time, from which they will gather that I held the young gentleman in remarkably small esteem—remarkably, because I stood alone in my unfavorable opinion. The old maid and tittle-tattle young man clique afore-mentioned were unanimous: even the sage elders pronounced him "a most promising young man;" and poor dear Marian, we nearly quarrelled about him, and I was fain to make my peace by promising to hold my tongue for the future.

When all was arranged, she wanted me to seal my tardy adhesion by becoming a trustee of her settlement: this I declined, and, instead, drew the document. Singleton, who enjoyed an hereditary mercantile business of great reputed income, had "sunk all his capital in the business," but insured his life to a reckless extent. Marian's fortune—about fourteen thousand pounds, the bulk left her by an old aunt, and the remainder coming to her under family settlements—passed into her trustees' hands on her marriage. A very pretty settlement it was, though I drew it myself and committed the extravagantly un-lawyerlike act of kissing the "lady" on the occasion of all parties meeting at my office to sign, seal and deliver. By the way, I on the same occasion "hung out" an equally un-lawyerlike "*déjeuner*" from Fortnum and Mason's (that at fifteen shillings a head, exclusive of champagne, vide their advertisements). The only thing I was discontented with was, that whereas I had settled to insert as Marian's trustee a hard-headed, matter-of-fact, and (if I must admit it) most-unpleasant-tempered friend of the family, I at the last moment had "received instructions" that he had very mysteriously (I found out how it had been managed afterwards), declined the office in favor of an easy, good-tempered creature, whose facility of character may be gathered from the fact that he was surety for no less than nine friends for loans from insurance offices. "Oh! Goodchap will be one of course," they all said, when debating whom they should apply to, to endorse the transaction. He was the last man I should have selected, he was so very slovenly in all matters of business; never looking beforehand, but ever contenting himself, when a gross blunder was discovered, by the frank declaration, "Well! my dear fellow! it was my fault, and of course I must make it good." However, *diis aliter visum*, and so Goodchap became Marian's trustee; the other was a poor puppy friend of Singleton's.

For eighteen months after the marriage all went smoothly enough. Mrs. Bowles's parties were quoted as models of comfort, good taste and brilliancy. Certainly, at his own table or in an evening party, Singleton shone and shone grandly: no man had such a flow of wit, of anecdote, of ready small talk on every subject. The women idolised him; the men thought him the most agreeable, clever, amusing fellow in the world; and his beautiful little bright-haired wife, the centre of all that was merily and good-hearted, really lighted up with a sort of joyous brilliancy her own or any rooms she was in. No wonder they were the popular pair for two seasons—no wonder people manœuvred in all sorts of ways to get invitations.

To be sure, now and then I heard disagreeable reports in the city about Singleton. It was rumored that he spent less time than he ought at his counting-house; was absent many days together at a time "excursionising" with his wife; left the business too much to clerks, and so on: this was unpleasant, but nothing to the supplementary rumor, that he sought by feverish efforts in the way of speculation to repair in a few hours the neglect and slovenliness of weeks. I made it my business to investigate the correctness of these latter reports, and ascertained too unmistakeably that he had "gone largely" into four or five speculations of that extremely doubtful character which end in a fortune or a "smash."

A confidential call from a client of mine, a silversmith at the

West End, who merely wished, in the quietest way in the world, to know what I thought of Mr. Singleton Bowles, as he had a very heavy account with the house, and so far no cash had been forthcoming, served to sharpen my vigilance.

The Bowleses gave a grand evening party of a musical, scientific and literary sort, a few days after my interview with the silversmith. Both the trustees of the settlement were there; and whether it was that my suspicions being aroused I saw everything through green spectacles, or that there was really something in the wind, I could not at the time quite determine; but it struck me most forcibly that I was the object of Singleton's constant surveillance that whole evening, and I remarked the result was, that the moment I entered into conversation with either of those gentlemen—by the way, they both looked somewhat coldly on me—he was sure to come up with some proposal, however absurd and ill-timed, which had at any rate the effect of separating me for the time from them.

I left early; but before I had got three streets off, remembering something, a piece of music, I think, without which I had not meant to come away, I returned. I reached Bowles's door just as it was opened for the two trustees to pass out. Bowles was "seeing them to the door"—a very unusual thing for him to do, even with ladies, for a man I had never seen him do such a thing before—and I caught the parting words, "Well, then, to-morrow at my counting-house, at one—both of you, mind."

What could he want with them? My mind misgave me. I felt an immediate conviction that something was wrong, and leaned against the railings for a few minutes, to turn over the whole matter in my mind. After all, the circumstantial evidence was so vague; nay, my answer to my own inquiry, "Evidence of what?" so undefined, that I was almost disposed to be angry with myself for lighting on what after all might turn out to be a mare's nest.

"If there really be anything going on, I'll ferret it out to-morrow," I mentally resolved; and so, having recovered what I sought, returned home. Rash calculation! Four o'clock brought a sharp ring from an Electric Telegraph boy, and five found me rushing down the South Western Railway on a special engine, obedient to a summons from Hampshire.

A wealthy old baronet there—who had been making his will for the last four years, and for whose inspection I had prepared sixteen successive documents, varying in the names of the legatees and amounts of the legacies according to the condition of the numerous family feuds and the violence of the baronet's gout—had suddenly found his insidious foe stealing from his legs into his stomach, and by the advice of his medical men had summoned me to put the finishing stroke in the few short, wild hours of a death-bed, to the lucubrations and vacillations of years. I was not released till the next day after; for though my client lived but a few hours after my arrival, I found my hands so full, what between a lazy executor who considered himself appointed to the office merely for the purpose of leaving everything to the man of business, and a fussy executor who himself aspired to that title, that it was near midnight on the ensuing evening ere I reached home.

The following morning, however, I had resolved to devote to unravelling all mystery about Marian's husband; and this is the way I set about it.

First of all, I proceeded, at the earliest hour at which official convenience would admit of its issue, to arm myself with a wonderful little document, any professional explanation of which I have no intention whatever of inflicting on my readers, but the general power of which was to lay an embargo on Marian's fortune, and to prevent any dealings with it unknown to myself. With this document, I at once repaired to the bank; and sorely as my suspicions had been aroused, ominous as many circumstances had of late appeared, I confess that I was nevertheless quite taken aback by the discovery that I was too late. The whole fund, some fourteen thousand pounds of stock, had been sold just two days previously.

I confess, that in spite of the natural and necessary imperturbability of my profession, I was for a few moments utterly overwhelmed—though I hardly accused Bowles of any intentionally dishonest act, I could not help foreboding the mixing-

up of this fund (so mysteriously and improperly withdrawn) with some of his mad speculations, and so looking on poor Marian's all as in imminent peril, if not already past recovery. However, the first shock over, the necessity for immediate and decisive action of course presented itself next. In three minutes I was in Goodchap's counting-house.

"What have you done with Marian Bowles's—," I began at once.

"Ah! Singleton said you'd be in a precious way when you found it out. But you need not alarm yourself; Muffling and I have made ourselves perfectly safe. We made him lodge scrip with us to treble the amount, and insure his life, and—"

"Of course, you're aware you have committed a gross breach of trust, if (as I gather) you have lent this money to Mr. Bowles—"

"Of course—of course—my dear sir, you are talking to a man of business; and I may at once say, my colleague and I have maturely weighed the matter, and are satisfied. If any loss should occur, which is next to impossible, Muffling and I are of course responsible, and shall take care to make it good."

"May I ask the nature of the speculation?"

"Faith, my good sir, you may; but, indeed—ha, ha—you'll hardly credit me when I tell you, that I know no more than that stool you are twirling round upon, and will soon break, by the way—favor me by exchanging it for a chair, and by not looking so utterly dismal and ghastly. It is your own fault entirely (excuse me) that we don't know; for Singleton said, if we should be able to tell you anything about it, you would immediately begin to pull it to pieces or pick holes in it—frighten us and spoil all; but I can tell you it is something stunning; for Singleton, who is the keenest man of business and longest-headed chap I know, let out he should treble the amount in six weeks."

My heart grew more and more sick.

"One question more—where is Bowles?"

"I don't quite know. I think he's off somewhere for a week."

Another five minutes, and I was in Bowles's counting-house. There was a look of confusion and distress on the faces of all the clerks, and Mr. Ledgerall, the gray-haired, respectable old gentleman who had been identified with the "house" for forty years, and was now head clerk, was standing in the middle of the counting-house talking eagerly in an undertone to two gentlemen whom I recognized as city men of considerable standing, old friends of Bowles's father. As I entered, they were turning to go, and I caught the parting words, "Well! we'll see what we can do, but it's a bad job," and they left.

"Come in Mr. —, come in," said old Ledgerall, who knew me well; "step into the inner office, I should be glad to have a word with you. Do you know," he continued, turning and shutting the door as we entered an inner room, "do you know, sir, you are just the sort of man I want to see at this moment. You see one daren't say too much even to our most intimate city friends for the sake of the credit of the house—but you're not a city man, and you are, I believe, a good friend of Mr. Singleton's—at any rate you are of his dear good lady's, and I have heard you speak plainer to him than any other man—and that looks as if you were his friend as well."

"I wish him most heartily well," I interrupted.

"I know it. Now sir," dropping his voice, "to you, as what I may call a family friend, I may mention that Mr. Singleton's carelessness is getting us into a serious scrape. Here he left town two days ago for a week's run (as he calls it); three heavy bills due to-day besides calls to pay—altogether, to the tune of some four thousand five hundred pounds. I reminded him of 'em before he went, and he told me he was going to receive a large sum, and would remit me in due time. He has not done so, sir; he has not done so. We are short at the banker's; he has been drawing like a madman lately; bills presented—no effects—dishonored; the bills of Bowles, Son & Co. dishonored, sir!" exclaimed the little man, his voice rising and the tears standing in his eyes. "Never was such a thing heard of—never. I've been round to the holders explaining, and I sent for Sir Sugar Bags and Mr. Indigo Warrant, as you

saw, to ask them to keep things up till Mr. Singleton's return; but somehow, I am sorry to say, what with his speculations—hang the lot of 'em—and his gaieties, and one thing and another, people don't look so friendly on the house as they have done. Now, sir, if you had not called in, I think I should have sent for you. You're just the man. Goodchap's an ass, and Muffling's in Yorkshire. You have common sense and firmness: will you, for the sake of Mr. Singleton, of his wife, of the house, find him out, and tell him—tell him," he gasped with excitement, "we're on the edge of a volcano! The only thing to save us is—he must return to the city by to-morrow. I'm best here. You'll find him out—you will, I am sure"—and he looked piteously at me.

"If he's above ground, I'll ferret him out to-night," I replied earnestly, thinking many things the while which I did not choose to tell the good old man. "But have you no clue to where he is?"

"Not the least; that's his way. He never will leave his address when he goes away; but I'll bet a guinea Mrs. Bowles knows, though she pretended she didn't, when I called this morning."

"One thing more, Mr. Ledgerall. I want to be shut into this room with pen, ink, and paper for exactly ten minutes. At the end of that time I shall want your porter to carry a packet to my office." Ledgerall looked puzzled, but obeyed. Of course, what I wanted to do was, to send up directions for setting certain formidable legal machinery in motion, so that no time might be lost whilst I went round to see Marian.

CHAPTER II.

Two minutes after I had despatched my messenger, I was in Cornhill, hailing a very dapper-looking Hansom, whose horse any given bagman might have envied.

"Cabby, I take you into my pay, to go anywhere and do anything, at half-a-guinea an hour."

"Any veres and at any pace, from Jerusalem to California, at that rate, sir. Veres to, first of all?"

"Grandison-square, number forty." As I was jumping in, some one caught me by the collar—

"The very man! the very identical man! How lucky! I've just been to your office, and was as mad as a March hare to find you away, and your return uncertain. You must give me half an hour, for here's the most unexpected——"

"My dear fellow, I'm on a business next door to life and death. You must really defer——"

"Defer? You're a wise man and a crafty. Why, my ship's gone down to Gravesend this morning, and I sail to-morrow, or next day at latest. Defer! quotha! why, I must join this evening, and in eight-and-forty hours may be in blue-water. But, look here! If you're in a hurry, why can't I jump into the cab with you, and talk as we ride?"

"That will do." We jumped in. My untimely friend was captain of a fine emigrant ship, bound this voyage for Melbourne; and, as he now began to tell me, had been suddenly called on at the last moment to furnish some "confounded executorship accounts" by a litigious gentleman, who had married an interesting young legatee. On this bothersome matter he proceeded to consult me, as we rattled through the streets. I may observe, parenthetically, that I never had a business of really overwhelming importance in hand, but some one was sure to turn up at the most inconvenient moment with a piece of business of almost as great importance or (which is the same thing) which he or she considered so. Whether great businesses, like great crimes, run in pairs or groups, or whether it is we merely notice the second more on account of its interference with the first, I leave to the philosophers to decide.

My cabman, with true professional zeal, seemed determined to exhibit, at once, his skill in driving and his knowledge of by-ways; for he twisted through the most extraordinary maze of out-of-the-way streets; some of them swarming with vendors of vegetable, fish—cooked and raw—sweets, oysters, looking-glasses, books, and every imaginable thing a basket or umbrella will hold, standing in rows along the gutter. In one of these streets—leading off Barbican, I think—a stoppage occurred, occasioned by a playful altercation between two gentlemen, the

respective drivers of a coal-wagon and a dust-cart. It was a question of precedence, and afforded room for a vast display of very forcible elocution, but was in no other way distinguishable from ordinary altercations of the sort. But to me this accidental stoppage was (as it fell out) the turning point of my labors.

For, as we patiently awaited the termination of the "difference," my attention was drawn to a man who emerged somewhat cautiously from the sidedoor of a corner public-house close to us. He was rather remarkably dressed in a foreign fashion, high steeple-crowned, broad-brimmed drab hat, a profusion of red beard and hair, and baggy trousers, gathered tight in at the waist. But it was not so much his dress and appearance that riveted my attention—an undefinable something, akin to the strange apprehension of impending evil felt by some people—seemed to draw and concentrate my whole powers of penetration in the direction of this man. Our eyes met, and, spite of his false hair and foreign costume, I recognised in an instant Singleton Bowles.

One plunge and I dashed, unluckily, not out of the cab, but—confound those Hansoms!—into my hat, which coming violently in contact with the blind at the top, was at this critical moment crushed down on to my nose. By the time I could get out of both hat and cab, the foreign-looking gentleman was nowhere to be seen. He had, no doubt, seen me, and "bolted" up one of the innumerable alleys impinging on the main street.

My companion had been laughing so heartily at my misadventure, that it was some moments before he recovered the use of his speech. His first inquiry then was—"I say, do you know that fellow?"

"What, the man in the felt hat and the beard?"

"Yes."

"I rather think I do—but why? Do you know him?"

"He's one of my passengers, and a queer fish he is—a sort of German Yankee, or something of the sort—speaks good English, too; but has the oddest ideas—would I call for him at Plymouth—no—then, would I pick him up in the Channel, if he were to lie off. I've agreed to do that—but hullo! old fellow, what's the matter? you look like a dying gudgeon. Here—hie—hold hard! pull up at that tavern, cabby! I'll get you a glass of brandy—or something."

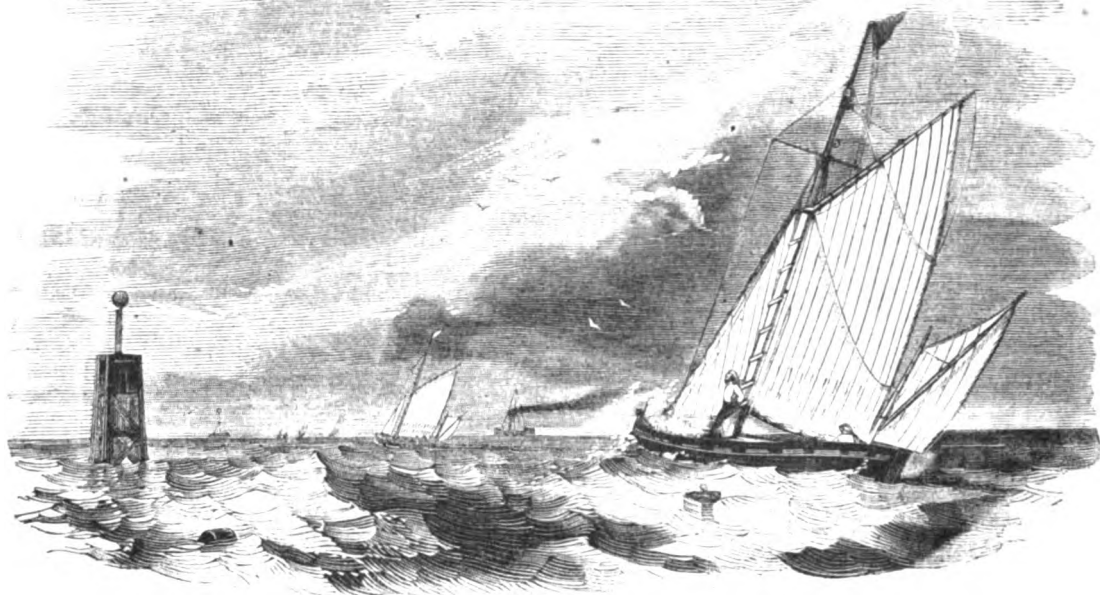
It was true enough. I had been a little overworked for the few preceding days, and very much over-excited by my morning's disclosures; and this last double discovery, by which in one moment I had found out the extent of the rascal's villainy, and that I had in my grasp the power to prevent or punish it, was a little too much for me—(people may gather from that absurd luncheon-cum-settlement affair, that I'm a soft-hearted fellow in some matters)—and, but for my companion's rough and ready remedy, I dare say I might have made an ass of myself.

However, I was soon to rights; informed him of the whole affair, and arranged with him that I should, in the course of the afternoon, arm myself with the necessary legal assistance, go down to Gravesend, and place myself and officer on board the *Amersley*—(the good-natured fellow would have given me up his cabin, but I would not hear of it, being accustomed to roughing it, especially at sea)—and so, he ready with an unexpected greeting for the absconder, when he came on board; and, in spite of our vehement indignation and the serious aspect of the affair, we could neither of us help laughing, as we pictured to ourselves the looks of the German Yankee as he should be introduced to his unexpected messmates.

By this time we had reached our destination, and leaving Goldstone in the cab, I went up to see Marian, who was I found at home.

She looked startled and anxious at so early a visit, and scarcely allowed the ordinary salutations to conclude before she eagerly inquired to what she was indebted for such an early call; was not there something wrong in the City?—she had been fearing so for some time—would I tell her all about it at once?

I had resolved how to frame my announcement, and begging her not to worry herself, explained simply thus much—that her husband had left town without providing for some bills coming due during his absence—which I had no doubt he had forgotten



THE SWIFT CHASING THE SAUCY SWALLOW.

—(Heaven forgive me for that lie!)—and that it was of the greatest importance that Singleton should return immediately, and be in the city the following day.

"Oh! then," remarked Marian, much relieved, "it is not any of those horrible speculations of poor Singleton's—those dreadful mining shares and railway schemes and patent concerns, about which he is always in such a fever. I declare, my life has been miserable for the last three months—but what to do now?"—and she mused, with her eyes fixed on the carpet and the point of a pretty kid slipper playing with the tassel of a footstool. "You want to see him and tell him about this sad *contretemps*—how could he be so careless?—and make him come back at once."

"And I want you to tell me how I can find him out quickest," I broke in.

"That is the most difficult part of the matter. To be frank with you—when Singleton started, he made me promise (he does so hate to be pestered with letters forwarded on any business when he is out on an excursion), that I would not give anybody a clue to his whereabouts."

"But he never could have anticipated, when he made you give him that promise, what has actually come to pass."

"No! But the worst of it is, if I gave you the clue, you would find yourself almost as far off your point as you are now."

"Marian, every moment's delay is fraught with peril. I do assure you, solemnly, that I consider the crisis so momentous, that I must, at any risk and expense, set myself on Singleton's track without a moment's delay."

"Then the matter is more serious than you would have had me believe at first; and those dreadful speculations——"

"I believe in my heart, and that from actual inquiry—to tell you the truth at once—they are utterly valueless, if not worse. Remember, I may be wrong here, and things might take a favorable turn; but I should be unkind not to say I think the whole set of the chances is the other way."

"Poor, poor dear Singleton!" she murmured, deeply moved; for her first thoughts were still for him, not for herself, and for a moment she gave way, as woman must do, to her feelings; then, starting up, "Of course, now I see—you must seek him

out without loss of another moment; I am sorry I have kept you here so long as it is, but you should have told me more at first. Now, the worst of it is, the only clue I can give you is this—Singleton is gone on a cruise down the river somewhere; he said he should hire one of those—what do you call them—the boats he is so fond of sailing in down to Whitstable and Margate?"

"Hatch-boats?"

"That is the name!"

"One more question—do you know the name of the boat he has hired?"

"Something Swallow."

"Good-bye, Marian! and if mortal energy can do it, I'll have him in London to-morrow."

I was through the door, when I heard her light step behind me. She laid her hand on my arm. I turned to meet a gaze more anxious, more piteous, more haggard than ever I had seen before.

"Tell me the whole truth," she said, in a voice scarcely audible from suffocation—"Is Singleton—is—he—ruined?"

"My dear girl," I cried, "God bless your loving heart, and sustain you in all trials. The exact extent of the disaster I can not yet tell—no one can; but I am sure things are very, very bad. Keep quiet; don't worry yourself, it can do no good; and you shall soon hear more."

"Oh! tell Singleton," she exclaimed, joyously, as a smile flitted over her wan face like a gleam of sunshine over an April cloud, "tell him, if he loves me, to come back at once; have done with all these dreadful speculations; sell the house and furniture—everything—and we can go down into some quiet country place and live so happily and contentedly on my own income. Why, in the country it would be quite a little fortune."

I could stand no more, and muttering I know not what, broke away.

By a series of manœuvres familiar to my legal friends—but which I mean to keep, as I hope they will ever continue to be, a sealed mystery from my general readers—by the superhuman exertions of certain unfortunate clerks and law-stationers, by the energetic assiduity of a learned counsel, by the kind atten-

tion of a good-natured Vice-Chancellor, and by some little contempt for the ordinary trick-track, I became possessed, in the course of the afternoon, of certain documents of extraordinary and mystic power, having various minatory, compulsory and restraining aspects in the direction of Mr. Singleton Bowles and the trustees of the settlement—a small corps of soldiers of the law, bound on an expedition of ominous import to the territories and persons of the three gentlemen in question; the chief of the band being a vigorous young document, whose intent and purport was to mind that one Singleton Bowles left not the kingdom until he had answered certain charges of a grave character. To these mute but powerful myrmidons of Themis I allied a living creature, likewise an emanation from the same source—a gentleman, who though if you asked him his profession he would tell you he was an “offisher,” was, in fact, neither in the army nor the navy. But I must devote a line or two to Judas Creepeley.

He was a wonderful man—in his line; small and unremarkable in person, pale and unhealthy in aspect, his small eyes rendered still smaller by a habit of keeping them ever half shut, his immovable mouth and hanging under-jaw, and incorrigible stoop, gave Judas the appearance of a dull, timid man. On this deceptive appearance he traded largely and successfully. No naughty debtor, no absconding bankrupt, hiding in parlors of obscure and dingy public-houses in back streets and holes “a thousand miles from everywhere,” ever suspected, until he had become familiar with Judas’s person, that the quiet, stupid looking man who slipped noiselessly into a vacant corner, called in an under-tone for “four penn’orth of gin-hot,” and fumbled over the *Morning Advertiser* of the day before, was in fact a keen observer, actively engaged in “reckoning up” every other occupant of the room. Heavy bets have been lost and won on this man, who is well-known to the profession. I have known him sent into a room full of twenty or thirty people he had never seen before, and, after ten minutes, come out again and give an accurate and minute description of every one of them, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and from the mole on his cheek to the missing button off his waistcoat.

Mr. Judas Creepeley and I found ourselves stepping on board a Gravesend steamer at four o’clock in the afternoon. I had been too excited and eager to think about the needful sustentation of the physical powers, and felt so little inclination to eat now, though a cup of coffee—which brought away the skin of my palate—was all the breakfast I had taken, that I believe I should have withstood all the blandishments of the civillest and most persuasive of stewards, but for a quiet hint conveyed to my ear in an under-tone by Judas. This was to the effect that the best way to get through work well and prosperously, was to “take your meals regularly,” and that irregularity in that particular had a tendency to impair the energies, &c. This one word for his neighbor and two for himself, delivered in a phraseology of his own, was the prelude to our descending into the cabin.

Here, on a long table composed of a series of small ones placed side by side, and running down one-half of the cabin, was laid out a banquet of no mean order. The guests consisted of a group of “regulars,” who, herded together at one end of the table, confined their conversation to their own circle, and called the steward and his assistants by their Christian names—a group of pilots, returning from taking ships up to the docks, who evidently looked on dinner in something the same light as René d’Anjou did, and would by no means hazard the accurate performance of the solemnity by any undue levity or unnecessary conversation, and a sprinkling of cockneys bent on an excursion in search of a little fresh air and diversion—both which objects are, according to the creed of Cheapside, attainable, it would seem, chiefly by an inordinate share of a sumptuous entertainment in a close cabin, and next by an equally liberal course of questionable cigars and bottled porter after.

We had ploughed our way steadily through half our task, when one of the pilot guests, who had interrupted himself occasionally in his serious avocation to half rise from his seat and glance through the ports to see what was going on, on the river, exclaimed:

“What’s Tom Marks about this afternoon, I wonder?”

“Saucy Swallow goin’ down?” inquired another.

“Yes, there she goes, with Tom at the helm. Excursion, I expect. Leastways, there’s a queer-looking swell with a beard on board; one of the cockney-yachtsman tribe, I guess.”

I started to my feet with a plunge which sent my stool spinning between the legs of one of the waiters, and, peering through one of the ports, caught sight of an object which made my heart bounce up into my throat.

Close to us—so close that I could have tossed a biscuit on board of her—one of the larger-sized Thames hatch-boats was hissing along, with all sail set to a briskish N. W. breeze, steering the same course with ourselves; and though ours was reckoned a fast vessel, even on that playground of fast steamers the Thames, holding her own well with us, which, by the way, from her position she was sure to do for a while, on principles familiar to frequenters of the river, but which I never yet heard satisfactorily explained by philosophers. Besides her master and usual complement of hands, she carried—as the reader has already guessed—the identical German Yankee whom I had met in the morning, attired at all points as then, save only that he had exchanged his felt broadbrim for a glazed rowing hat.

“Judas,” I eagerly whispered, “the strange-looking passenger on board that vessel, now smoking a cigar, is our man—take notice of him.”

Judas’s mode of receiving the intelligence was remarkable.

“Never could see no fun in it, sir,” he said aloud, as though replying to my observation. “Please to pass me the salt. Here, steward, don’t take my plate away. I’m only going up-stairs for a moment;” and he lounged carelessly out of the cabin.

“Up-stairs,” remarked the pilot who had first spoken, with unspeakable contempt; “it is plain that young man of yours ain’t been much at sea, sir.”

“Why not?” I inquired.

“Most people calls it goin’ on deck, not up-stairs—up-stairs, indeed!”

The rest of the pilots grinned as Judas returned, and, reseating himself, merely observed to me in an under-tone, “Beard and mustashers is a get-up from Nathan’s, I take it;” and resumed his dinner with the utmost tranquillity.

After we had concluded and paid, I went on deck and sought to propitiate my friend the pilot by the sacrifice of an unexceptionable Havannah.

After the few stereotyped sentences of dialogue appropriate to the transaction, I ventured to remark:

“Remarkably fast some of those hatch-boats are.”

“I believe you, sir. Look at that vessel we passed in Galions. Why, I’d back her for a long run in any weather; and a long run, such as I call a real long ‘un, is—say from London Bridge to Eddystone Light and back; for that I’d back the Swallow and Tom Marks against most any craft that leaves the Thames—yacht-clubs not excluded.”

“The Saucy Swallow is reckoned fast, then?”

“A 1, and no mistake. And I guess Tom Marks don’t make a bad thing out of her, neither. Why, Tom gets all sorts of out-of-the-way jobs all along of her character and nothing else. ‘Twasn’t two months ago come next springs, that he bagged a twenty pun’ note for landing a runaway couple on the coast of France, spite of a steam tug the pursuers had chartered, but which Tom—the wind being abeam and the sea high, you see—dropped many a mile a-starn.”

“Of course, so fast a steamer as ours will easily beat him?”

“It’s calling at so many piers that beats us. Let’s see—whereabouts is she now? Oh! there she is, just roundin’ into the Rands; and we’re not half way down Long Reach yet. She won’t be ten minutes a-starn of us at Gravesend now.”

All too short for the project I had been forming ever since I had caught sight of Singleton in the hatch-boat—namely, to obtain some further assistance at Gravesend—for I suspected he might make a fight of it—and board him as he passed. I therefore started a fresh idea.

“Surely there must be something else on the river as fast as the Swallow.”

“Well, we reckon Charley Wolf’s Swift about a match even

for the Swallow—now, a run between them over the course I've mentioned already—good tobacco this of yours, sir—a run over that course, I say, would be a sight better worth seein' than all this year's yacht-club matches put together."

"Where is the Swift—do you know?"

"I saw her lying off the Town Pier, as I went up; but why do you want to know?"

"I had some thoughts of taking a run out to sea for a day or two," I returned carelessly.

"Well, you couldn't have a better vessel under you than Swift; nevertheless," he added, taking a glance at the sky; "I doubt you'll have but a greasy sort of a night of it, if you put to sea this evening: it looks queer all round—and, if you'd take my advice, you'd sleep ashore to-night, and see how matters look in the morning."

"I don't mind a bit of sea," said I valiantly.

"It's not a bit of sea, but a great deal of sea, I'm thinking you'll have—but if you are bent on it, ask the cap'n to hail Charley Wolf as he passes."

I did so, and the result was, that within two minutes of our getting alongside the long black barges moored against the columns of the Terrace Pier, I was in conversation with Mr. Charles Wolf—a fine, bluff, red-faced John Bull-looking fellow, who wore a claret-colored dress coat with an alarming velvet collar, and an accurately brushed hat of wonderful nap, and could not keep his hands out of his trousers' pockets.

Now, the Annersley was lying in the stream, and I knew full well that I had only to step on board her and accompany her down channel, to secure my prize; but during my run down the river, several considerations had occurred to me, which made me anxious, if possible, to attain my object in some other way; the principal one, of course, was the publicity—the unavoidable publicity—which must attach to the arrest of a man on the deck of an emigrant ship, in the presence of some scores if not hundreds of people; and as by way of *dernier resort*, I could always do as Singleton proposed to do, board the Annersley in the channel, if the Swallow should prove too fast; and as (to confess the truth) I began to wax chivalrous and romantic over the scheme of pursuing the runaway in his own way, and beating him with his own weapons, I had resolved to try the scheme of a chase, with a view of bringing the enemy to a parley where none but the few "hands" who managed the hatch-boats, and any stray fishes near the surface, were likely to be cognisant of our meeting.

"Mr. Wolf," said I, "time is precious; you see that hatch-boat coming round the point out of North-fleet Hope?"

"Saucy Swallow, sir."

"I know. She's going down Channel. Can you catch her? Mind, we may have to chase her to Land's End and further. And what shall I have to pay you?"

"Can we? Nothin' I should like better than to try; but we must get summut on board first, and look sharp too. Will ten guineas hurt you, sir?"

"Twenty—"

"Here, Villain, you run up to"—but no matter for the orders given—suffice it to say, that ere the Swallow had reached Coalhouse Point, which marks the beginning of the next bend of the river below Gravesend, the gallant little Swift was, by a miraculous effort on the part of her master and crew, manned and victualled for a week's cruise at least; and as ready and eager to bound on her course as a grayhound in a leash when puss is sighted.

There was something behind, however. Wolf's broad, honest countenance had more than once been turned with a doubtful expression on the unmistakably Israelitish features of my companion. Just as all was ready, Wolf took me aside with a mysterious air—

"Excuse me, sir, nothing in the Bum Bailey line this 'ere, I hope; your young man's—excuse me again—a queerish-looking sort of a chap."

"Look you, Mr. Wolf, if a young lady, say a daughter of your own, had married a cunning rascal—had trusted every sixpence she had in the world to him, in faith that he would do what was right and manly by her—and if you knew he was bolting to Australia with that sacred deposit, and had hired

the Swallow to put him on board ship in the Channel, and so evade pursuit, what would you—"

"Set your fores't, Villain! Now, young man, look alive;" and we jumped into the cockle-shell of a punt, and in another minute were on board.

It was striking seven by the Gravesend clocks when we hauled the Swift clear of the surrounding craft, oared her out well into the stream, got sail on her, and laid our course "as high as we could fetch" (Charley Wolf,) for Coalhouse Point. The Saucy Swallow we could easily see working through the Lower Hope, but standing so carelessly and so needlessly over to the Kentish shore that Wolf began seriously to doubt whether she would weather the Blighe flats without making a board—a proceeding which (for the benefit of our non-nautical readers) I explain, resembles the doubling of a hare; and in the present case would have the effect of most materially shortening the distance between us. Suddenly I observed the Swallow luff close up to the wind, steer a steadier course, and, as was evident from the increased tension of her sails, take an extra pull on her sheets—which being interpreted is—so arrange her sails as to keep much closer to the wind than before.

"What's the meaning of that?" I inquired of Wolf; "do you think he begins to smell a rat at that distance?"

"Don't you go to be angry, sir," replied Charley, very deliberately. "Ve has our customs on this 'ere river, and ve respects 'em under any circumstances; ve've undertook to do the best for you as lays in our power, and ve'll do it, never fear; nevertheless, customs is customs, and as such must be respected."

"Now what, in the name of wonder, does all this mean?" I inquired.

"Just this, sir. You've engaged us for to ketch the Saucy Swallow. Good! Ve'll do it if mortal man can; and I think ve can; but all that 'ere don't perwent the usual customs of the river, which is fair warning, which I've just give Tom the signal, 'I'm arter you,' that's all."

"Oh, I see! Then, Mr. Thomas Marks may be considered at this moment as perfectly wide awake?"

"Werry."

From this moment the chase assumed an interest which, to a mere landsman, was almost intelligible. Here were the two crack craft (of their kind) on the river, under the guidance of two of the ablest and most experienced captains—each master of his business—engaged in a trial of speed and skill than which no regatta ever furnished one more exciting.

I had not observed the signal in question, and to this day have not a notion how it was made; but that Tom Marks had seen and thoroughly understood it, was pretty clear. The Saucy Swallow, with her sails as flat as boards, hugging the wind as close as she possibly could, was doing her utmost to weather the extreme corner of the flats I have mentioned, and which were now nearly dry, the tide being at low ebb. This point turned, a glance at the map will show the reader that the Swallow had a straight run before her, down Sea Reach, past the Nore, and (if she pleased) straight away to the coast of Holland, or anywhere else almost. This, with a good two miles start, which it would give her over us, would render our chances of catching her but small.

Meanwhile the prognostications of my friend, the river pilot, were being rapidly verified. The sun was fast going down through a lurid, wild-looking mass, composed of equal parts of cloud and London smoke and smother; a dirty, ragged drift whirling through the air high overhead; and ever and anon an eddy of wind driving downwards out of the rack above, would catch our sails and lay us over for a few seconds with ominously resistless force. All the notice, however, which Charley Wolf took of these or any other symptoms of the impending bad weather was an occasional rapid glance upwards to windward, accompanied, when the gusts caught us, by a slight alteration of the helm, just enough to bring the vessel close to the wind, and so moderate its effects on the sails, without deadening her way for a yard. With these exceptions his attention, as well as that of the rest of us, was riveted on the Swallow, which was now close on to the point, the mode of turning which was to

Make or mar her quite.

Suddenly she heeled over till the end of her gaff seemed almost to dip in the water, at the same time turning nearly half-round—broaching-to, as it is called.

"He's touched the pint," ejaculated Charley, chuckling immensely; "he's touched the pint—I thought you was a runnin' of it a leetle too fine, Master Tommy. Now scrape her across if you can," he added, as we could spy the hands setting to work with the great oars, as well as poling and pushing with everything and anything that came handy.

"But the tide is running down still," I suggested. "He'll not get off till it turns."

"It's a running down still, sir—but it won't fall no lower. This ere's all clear country water a comin' down now. Tom 'll scrape over, never fear; he ain't one to run a fisk of that kind; he knows what he's after, does Tom; but whilst he's poling we're sailing—that's all."

And sure enough, after a few vigorous tugs at the oars and some see-sawing and working of the poles, and, above all, after a heavier gust than had hitherto struck us, the Swallow slid over the tongue of the bank, and was in deep water again. The delay, however, had enabled us to gain a good half mile on her, and so we entered Sea Reach.

"Aww now we're in for a stern chase, which every fool knows is a long chase," said Mr. Wolf. "So, open one of them 'ere bottles of porter and look out for squalls, Master Villain."

As we scampered down the Reach, the scene ahead was a study for a painter. A background of dark lead-colored clouds piling and clambering and hurtling along, one over another, in the wildest confusion, over the dark, roughening line of the seaward horizon, now becoming rapidly indistinct in the deepening darkness; against this gloomy background, the sails of the Saucy Swallow, catching what light the vanishing sun still sent over our heads from the west, looked like a rose pinned on a black curtain; whilst in the foreground the crisp water was seething and hissing in a fussy fidgety way, as though working itself up for the bustle that was coming.

"Mr. Wolf," said I, after a more than ordinarily careful survey of the heavens, "will you be so good as to detach your lips from that mug of porter, just long enough to give me your candid opinion on one point. What sort of a night are we going to have?"

"In my humble opinion, sir, which I may say it's a certainty, as nigh anything can be, in this 'ere world, it 'll be blowing a gale o' wind afore three o'clock to-morrow morning, from nor'-west or thereabouts."

"And do you consider the Swift is able to hold her own through a northwester round the Foreland?" I inquired.

"Is the Swift able to—here, Villain! come aft and tell the gentleman our adventure. He'd beat a parson at 'javin', sir, would Villain. Our adventure the time the gale took us up on the north coast o' Scotland; he'll tell you wot the Swift can do. Tell the gentleman the adventure."

Villain, though I cannot compliment him on his powers of relation quite so highly as Wolf did, certainly managed in the course of a curiously interwoven story, which lasted to South-end, to impress me with a very exalted opinion of the ducklike qualities of the Swift; and my confidence in that vessel's powers, and in the safety of our position generally, was finally established by Wolf's corollary to Villain's proposition.

"And after all, sir, mind this 'ere! first, we've got the Swallow afore us—where she goes we can follow, I think. Next, if it should come on us too cruel at last, why we've got Margate this side, and Broadstairs and Ramsgate t'other side the Foreland to run for, when the worst comes to the worst—but let's see Swallow run first. While she lives we can live—when she runs we'll run, and for the same port. Tom Marks, as I have told you afore, sir, knows what he's about, does Tom Marks, and wot's more, he's a family man, and I know he ain't insured his life."

All this time Judas remained a perfectly passive spectator and auditor. What we were about was now no business of his, his time was to come, and like a wise and thoughtful man he was husbanding his energies for the occasion. My speculations on the weather, and Villain's tale of thrilling interest, alike fell unheeded on his ear. It is true he now and then cast a keen

glance in the direction of the Swallow, as if to assure himself that his scene of action was still in sight; but with this exception he was a mere inactive, unimpressible log, reclining on one of the rough benches which ran along the sort of well-hole in which we sat. Our cut-water—stupid piece of dead wood though it was—as it hissed and swirled and hustled through the water, was a lively animal compared with Judas. Wolf had eyed him once or twice in the same half-puzzled, half-contemptuous way in which one may picture a mastiff sniffing at a rattlesnake.

At length Judas seemed roused to thought and action. After a consultation with a turnip-sized and shaped machine doing duty for a watch, he remarked to me in his usual confidential whisper,

"How about tea?" This was absolutely the first word he had spoken since we left Gravesend.

"Wot's wrong with the young man?" inquired the watchful Wolf.

"He wants his tea," I explained.

"His tea!" repeated Charley, with unutterable contempt. "Do you know what a —, but o' course he don't, how should he? Here, Villain, bile some water and make the young man a sup o' cocoa—it's the highest thing we got."

Villain dived, and in an incredible short space of time produced a steaming biggin of cocoa, with which and some biscuit Mr. Creepeley seemed well satisfied.

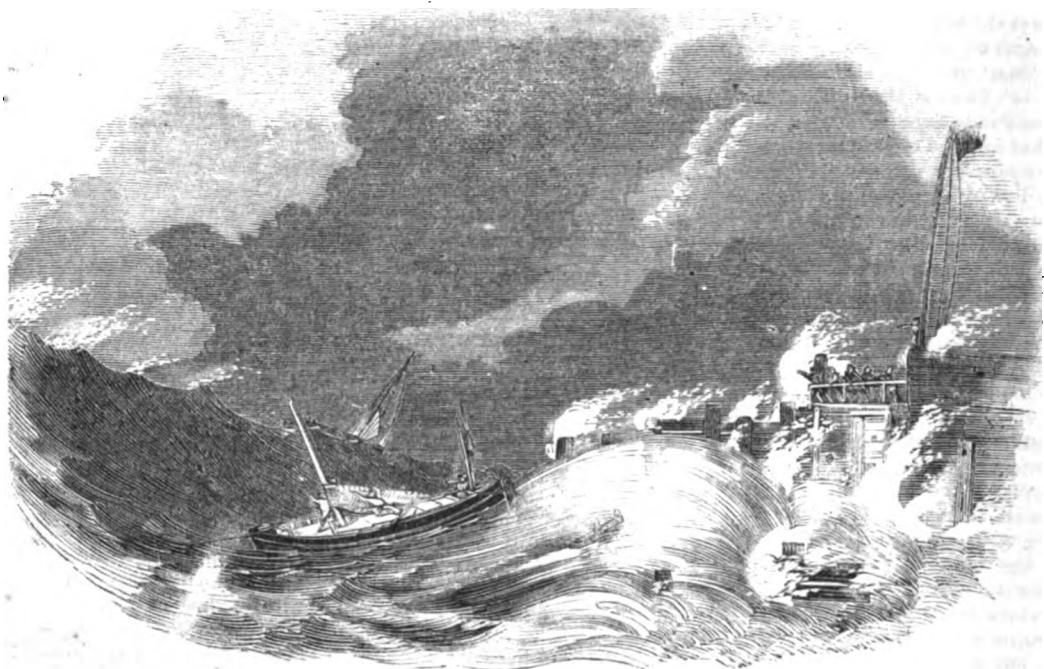
So we jogged on. At length, after a somewhat longer look to windward than I had yet seen him give, Mr. Wolf summoned the anecdotal Villain to take his place at the helm, and diving into the low cabin, emerged in about a couple of minutes metamorphosed in a marvellous manner. The well-brushed, long-napped hat had given way to a sou'wester, with a fan spreading extensively over his broad shoulders; a large garment, like a black bed gown, made of canvas, and dressed by a water-proofing coloring and varnishing process, peculiar to pilots and others, and the valuable recipe for which I possess, supplied the place of the smart mulberry coat; whilst a pair of fisherman's boots, drawn over gigantic gray stockings, encased his lower man.

Casting his eye over my own garments, as he rejoined us, he made some inquiry about my means of resisting rough weather, and finding me totally unprovided—for the excitement of the morning had driven every idea but the leading one out of my head, he offered me sundry "haps" (as the Scotch call them)—spare ones of his own—equipped with which I bade defiance at once to the elements and to any attempt at recognition on the part of my most intimate friend.

Mr. Creepeley was given his choice; to roll himself up in a sail or ensconce himself in one of the queer little shelves five feet six by two feet nothing, on which Messrs. Wolf & Co. were supposed to woo sleep in the cabin, "dirty weather comin' on," as he was informed. He chose the latter alternative, after a parting glance at the Swallow, and a confidential one at myself, and I may here add, was seen no more that night, though occasionally heard in paroxysms of woe, which would almost have led one to believe that the spirit of Judas was taking a reluctant leave of its earthly tenement; or, as Wolf maliciously expressed it, "as though he know'd wot was afore him, and was dyin' proportionate hard."

"It's coming now, sir, and no mistake," suddenly exclaimed Wolf, in a much sharper and louder key than he had hitherto used, "we'll have the mains'l down, Villain; jump about now and be sharp. Sam, you young scamp!" (this to a hobbadehoy of whose presence I had a general impression, but who never seemed to be anywhere in particular), "stand by, to help him get it in, and be smart, d'ye hear!"

Our principal sail was speedily hauled down and secured; and all eyes now turned to windward, where, in front of, and relieved in an almost distorted manner by the dark, slate-colored background of cloud, a long wide mass of grayish white vapor, in shape not unlike an enormous bolster (I can compare it to nothing more apposite), appeared sensibly climbing the north-western sky, and thit at a sweeping pace. I looked around to see whence the unnatural light came which made it so brilliant, for the sun had quite gone down now, and the



THE SAUCY SWALLOW IN GRIEF.

heavens were black with clouds. Far away down on the eastern horizon, the broad disc of the moon was ploughing its way up amid the most extraordinary jumble of whirling clouds I ever beheld, spreading a pale hazy light through the whole atmosphere in general; but, as it peeped between the scraps of dirty scud, illuminating the long mass of vapor I had been watching with an almost unnatural brilliancy.

There was a lull too in the gusty wind; and long before the storm caught us, we could hear far up in Essex the trees literally screaming as they bent to the blast.

At last we got it. "Come down like the side of a house, didn't it, sir?" was Mr. Wolf's poetical description of it afterwards. For myself, I must confess that, although I had resolved to note with great accuracy all the phenomena of the gale, and though I was far from unused to rough weather, yet, after holding on for a minute or so to the weather gunwale, which seemed suddenly elevated almost perpendicularly over the other, and being sensible of nothing but a hurricane of sharp, driving, misty spray, which stopped my breath and blinded my eyes, I fairly dived under the lee of the gunwale aforesaid, and there covered till the first rough blast was over.

I am not going to bore my readers with a "log" of that most exciting night's cruise. Suffice it to say the first onrush of the gale was repeated with a terrible sameness all through the night; blinding squalls of wind (rain there was none; the drenching showers which flew over us being but the driving spray), succeeded by comparative lulls, made up the whole account of the night's weather; and Wolf explained to me that in all probability the gale "wouldn't settle to his work regular" until this gusty business had continued for some hours longer. So we whirled along, past many a heavy ship, riding bravely with a couple of anchors down, and none can tell how many fathoms of chain out, and glancing past us like a phantom mammoth in the half light; past many a tight fishing-smack, snugly lying-to, and caring as little for a gale of wind as a barrel of herrings; past—most wonderful to me of all—many a lumbering coasting-lighter, sturdily breasting the rising sea and throwing it off in clouds of spray from its broad flat bow, and now and then hailing in tones utterly incomprehensible to me some sister craft, caught like ourselves in the hurly-burly.

Once or twice when the squalls came down upon us with terrific violence, Wolf lay-to under the lee of one of the innumerable sand banks which (as any nautical map will show) form an almost inextricable labyrinth between the North Fore-

land and the Nore; and once, during a down rush of wind which seemed to bid fair to tear the mast out of us, Wolf contrived to run his vessel in under a bank which we could see was but just covered as yet, and there let go his anchor till the fury of the squall had passed over.

During this manœuvre he had been straining his eyes through the darkness in search of the chase; and as soon as a partial clearing-off admitted a stray moonbeam through the scud, he turned to me with his usual self-satisfied chuckle.

"There she is, sir—there she is. I thought he'd do it too. Now, it's a curious thing the way these two vessels has been managed since we came out. I has my ideas about steering a vessel, you see, and Tom Marks has his'n; sometimes we has our differences—wot wonder? But, notwithstanding, here's him and me been out so far in a matter of some seven or eight hours of the most tryingest weather I reckon, and so far we've been managin' these 'ere two craft as tho' they was wun—wen I run he runs—wen I luff he luffs—wen I lays-to he does the same; and now wen I let's my anchor go there he is a ridin' too—it is wonderful—arn't it? and to a man who has that respect towards Tom Marks as I entertains, gratifyin', I should say. Here, Villain, open a bottle o' stout, I'm dry."

Morning—such a morning! broke as we rounded the North Foreland. The Swallow still held her own, or if anything, perhaps we had slightly gained on her; but the sea was getting up fearfully; we could see the waves plashing up the chalk cliffs on shore, as though they would climb into the corn fields, and one or two "doers," as Mr. Wolf called them, and which to me bore a strong resemblance to being suddenly and forcibly dragged through a cold bath, began to carry conviction to the sturdy mind of even Mr. Wolf.

"I'll tell you wot, sir," he said suddenly, at last, "Tom must run—that's my opinion; run for Broadstairs, I think—Ramsgate, at any rate—it's getting too hot this 'ere; and Tom's a born lunatic if he perseveres—which he won't, I'm thinking."

"And if he carries on?" I inquired.

The honest fellow seemed to be making vast efforts to swallow a bullet, and at length with a most woful countenance managed to growl out only these words: "Won't do."

We were nearly abreast of Broadstairs, when a squall came down on us more fierce and crashing than any we had yet met with; for some minutes even the rag of sail we carried seemed likely either to bear us down into the bowels of the waves or

carry us off bodily, parachute fashion, into the interior. However, by dint of superhuman exertions and most dexterous management on the part of Wolf, Villain and the hobbadehoy, we soon began to right; but had scarcely done so ere a shout from Wolf startled us.

"By —! Tom's got into grief at last. It's all up with the Swallow, or I'm a nigger. Poor Tom!"

We looked in the direction in which he pointed. The last squall had carried away the Swallow's mast about eight feet above the deck; the broken half of the mast, with the rigging and half the mainsail were hanging over the side in the water, and banging and bumping against the vessel at every heave of the waves, threatening to knock no end of holes in her side. Mr. Marks had let go his anchor (his only chance), and, we were near enough to see, was himself actively engaged, axe in hand, in cutting away all that remained of mast and rigging. But he was alarmingly near the back of the pier, towards which he had drifted in the squall, and on which a surf was breaking, which we could hear above all the din of the gale, and which we could plainly see sending showers of spray right up the face of the cliff and into the garden and windows of the coast-guard station above.

All this we had a speedy opportunity of observing more closely, for Wolf's determination had been taken the moment he spied the catastrophe; and the Swift was now dashing straight for the harbor mouth. A few terrific heaves on the cliff-like waves near the shore—sundry hoarse directions from excited figures on the pier, which seemed quite comprehensible to Wolf, but sounded to me like nothing but "Bow wow, wobble bobble, bauw wauw," or something of the sort; some hurling of ropes and scrambling; and we were safely riding in about three buckets full of water (the tide was low) inside the harbor.

This was not a moment, however, for us or the Broadstairs boatmen to think of anything about ourselves or the Swift. We scrambled on the pier without a moment's delay (Judas emerging from his lair for the first time, limp and woe-begone, but otherwise very little altered), and ran down to the nook at the back, where it was now too evident the poor Swallow must soon lay her bones.

For though it would have been a positive insult to Mr. Marks, and gross injustice besides, to suppose that the Saucy Swallow was not "found in" the best of everything, and so that, *inter alia*, the cable at which she was now tugging with all her might and main was not sufficient to hold her, yet it must be remembered not only that this was a gale which for force and fury had not had an equal in the memory of that respected mythical person, the "oldest inhabitant" of Broadstairs, but that (and this was the worst of it) the doomed little barkie had let go her anchor at so short a distance from the shore, that there was no room, or hardly any, to veer out any more cable, and she was all too short as it was.

The only question, therefore, was how long it would be ere the inevitable catastrophe should take place, the Saucy Swallow be ground into firewood against the chalk rocks and the groins, and Mr. Thomas Marks, his crew and passenger, roughly hurled into the arms of the forty or fifty stout fellows who stood, ropes in hand, ready to rush into the surf to their rescue.

We had to wait longer, however, than we anticipated. The gallant little vessel seemed to cling to her post as pertinaciously as though she were well aware that a couple of hundred pairs of eyes were on her; and conjectures were even beginning to be hazarded about her riding out the tide.

Meanwhile I had leisure to look after my companions. Wolf, his sturdy, bluff features lit up with unnatural excitement, was moving rapidly about among the boatmen, suggesting this, pointing out that, and in a perfect fever lest any precaution should be omitted which might by any remotest chance contribute to secure the safety of the hatch-boat's crew when she came ashore; and though the local boatmen knew better than he did what to do, and he was as well aware of it as they were, yet on the one hand he could not help fidgetting about and telling them twenty times over what they knew right well long before, nor could they on the other hand refrain from giving a sort of half-contemptuous, half good-humored assent to his

suggestions, fully sympathising in the fellow-feeling which made him so anxious about his neighbor and rival.

Mr. Creepeley had taken up a position at once sheltered and commanding, under the lee of a building devoted to the storing of masts, cordage, &c. &c., so placed as to give a clear view of the only path from the beach to the back of the pier. Here this judicious functionary had gravely seated himself, and was discussing with much nonchalance a meal of roll and butter, coffee and bloater, brought for his especial behoof from the neighboring inn.

The crash came at last rather unexpectedly. As the Swallow lifted for the hundredth time to one of the huge waves which rolled in with giant force towards the beach, her cable suddenly parted, so sharply that the broken end—it having gone but some ten or twelve feet from the bow—flew up into the air, and fell back in-board, narrowly missing Mr. Marks' head, who, however, deftly dodging it, began kicking off his big boots and divesting himself of all superfluous clothing—a proceeding in which he was as quickly followed by the rest of the crew, Singleton alone, whom I had watched all the morning with intense interest, sitting still in exactly the same position I had first spied him in, apparently lost in stupor. We could seek Marks shaking his shoulder, bawling to him, and pointing to the shore, but he did not appear to heed it, and the moment had now arrived when the word must be "every man for himself."

How the Swallow melted away from our vision, I am quite unable to say. All I know is, that at one moment I saw a trim neat vessel all complete save a stump of a mainmast, riding buoyantly on the crest of an enormous wave, and that the very next moment there was swept up to my feet, as that wave thundered down on the beach, a confused jumble of seething foam, bits of broken wood and struggling men. Of the poor Swallow this was the last that was ever seen.

We were all ready ashore—half-a-dozen strong ropes had been made fast to good holdings, and as many strong men held on to each ready to dash into the surf on the slightest provocation; and so, as the gigantic wave swept back, it left the whole crew of the Swallow safely lodged in the not over delicate gripe of four or five pairs of hands each.

Marks won his way above the reach of the waves with very little assistance, but Singleton hung like a log on the hands of the men who had seized him, and who had to carry him along altogether; they bore him so up the short path to the back of the pier, and oddly enough laid him down at the feet of Mr. Creepeley, who hung fondly over him, muttering something which sounded very much like, "I arresht you," but perhaps I was mistaken, for the wind was noisy.

I had Singleton carried to the inn, undressed, and put into a hot bed as speedily as might be; but finding the stupor not yield to the remedies I applied, I sent for medical assistance.

Meanwhile my faithful myrmidon was near falling a victim to popular fury. It seems that Wolf, who had, it will be remembered, expressed some repugnance at the outset to Mr. Creepeley's calling, and to whom I had been obliged to explain some part of the story, had kept a sharp eye and ear for the Israelite's movements all through, and had overheard the same expression which I had. This information, hastily communi-



THE NORTH FORELAND.

cated to the congregated boatmen, had roused a smouldering fire, which, on the chambermaid's casually mentioning that Judas had been searching the gentleman's pocket (which was perfectly true) whilst I was putting him to bed, burst out into an open flame. So just as Judas had seated himself snugly at the bed's head, grasping with a complacent air a pocket-book (which by the way contained the whole of the missing property and some thousands more), the door of the room swung roughly open, and I, jumping up to meet the doctor, ran into Wolf's arms, who, with an inflamed countenance, and backed by a whole lobby-full of infuriated boatmen, fiercely demanded that the "— Jew who could play his — games on a poor half-drowned —, just dragged out of death's jaws," should be then and there handed over to the summary justice of himself and friends. I did not at all like the looks of these rough administrators of fair-play; but Judas didn't seem to think much of it.

"Itsh the vay they allus treatsh us offishers," he muttered; and then sidling up to me, strove to slip the pocket-book into my hand, whispering, "Take holt o' dish 'ere, mind."

"None o' that now," roared the excited Wolf, "no pickin' o' dead men's pockets—you wrecker." And he made a rush at Judas, who dodged him round the small table; a hoarse growl from the mob below, expressive of a desire to witness the "terrific descent" of the Jew from the window, seemed to goad Wolf to fresh exertions; and in spite of my entreaties to regard the sufferer, affairs were fast coming to a crisis, when fortunately a

Vir pietate gravis,

in the shape of the parish clergyman—who was also a justice of the peace—made his appearance; and with his assistance articles were soon drawn up, and an armistice agreed on. Creepeley was to remain in the room with his prisoner, but was to refrain from approaching or molesting his person, and the pocket-book was handed to the parson, and sealed up by him to abide further proceedings.

Weeks, however, elapsed ere these further proceedings could be put in train. The violent excitement had brought on the culprit a stern brain fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave, but from which he arose at last a sadder, a wiser and a better man.

Who nursed him through it all? Who but the ever-patient, ever-affectionate Marian? I had her down at once, and contrived—the parson kindly conniving—to keep the real state of the case from her altogether; and though some things her husband let drop during his wanderings puzzled her not a little, she never guessed the truth.

Meanwhile the trustees were changed and the money was reinvested. Bowles's violent illness old Ledgerall and I traded on so successfully in the city, that we actually got matters straight for him, and though he lost cruelly by his speculations, yet we pulled something out of the fire for him, and so managed that on his return to the city, he found his legitimate business—to which he has steadily stuck ever since—but little injured.

A strict sense of moral justice obliges me to add, that all this was a hundred times better than he deserved. Poetical propriety, too, would, I think, have killed him of that brain fever, and married me in due time to the pretty widow whose property I had saved. But I fear, both moral justice and poetical propriety must for once give way to fact; at any rate, it is but fair to Singleton to add that he was a genuine instance, though the only one I ever met with, of a man so far gone in utter scampism, completely and permanently reformed; and I have good reason for believing that the anniversary of that "awful night," as he always called it, was with him ever after a season of real "humiliation and thanksgiving."

Six months after the adventure I have described, we went in great state down the river to assist at the launch of Mr. Thomas Marks' new hatch-boat, built at the sole expense of Singleton Bowles, Esq., and which, though we all suggested should in name as well as everything else be a legitimate successor of the Saucy Swallow, Mr. Marks, with pertinacious gallantry, insisted on calling the "Marian," and so Marian named her with the assistance of a bottle of Mr. Wates's best port.

THE TWO PICTURES.

BY G. W. THORNBURY.

In a lonely church at Florence,
Dusk and quiet and increase dim,
With a stillness only broken
By the rarely chanted hymn,
There's a chapel steeped in twilight
(Windows sable red as wine),
With a shadow only lighted
By the silver altar's shine.

You may hear the dusty olives
At the lattice crisp and shake,
With a sobbing, as of sorrow,
Winds lapse through them, and a wake
Of gray whiteres's follows after,
Violets purple all beneath;
There I found the famous picture—
"The Mary of the Lily Wreath."

This side of the silver altar,
Where the tapers stand in rows,
Slender, tall, with flowers of yellow,
Veering as the soft wind blows;
Above the tomb with crimson crosses,
Where knells the willow hour by hour,
There hangs the other solemn picture,
"The Jesus of the Balsam Flower."

Painted by a monk, they told me,
Far up in old Fiesole,
Where the prison'd vines and olives
Watch the Arno seek the sea
It was a sunset of the summer
That he finished—then he slept.
When the bell rang out for vespers,
Still the weary trance he kept.

Drop! p'd the palette dropp'd the brushes,
Still at matins he sat there;
Then the angry abbot, chiding,
Smote the sluggard in his chair.
He was dead!—his long work finished.
Now he rests this stone beneath.
That's "Jesus of the Balsam Blossom,"
This, "Mary of the Lily Wreath."

There they hang—the dead man's pictures—
All but immortal with their dyes,
Stolen as from summer twilight,
Or from blue April's morning skies.
And there below, the foolish tourists
Squint and gape and show their teeth,
Smiling at the "Balsam Blossom,"
And at the "Virgin's Lily Wreath."

Ah, still they hang—those solemn pictures—
Where the brown monks pass and bow;
In his golden cope the abbot—
Hark! the dead men hailing now,
Sings the nightingale beneath.
Hymns to the Jesus of the Balsam,
And Mary of the Lily Wreath.

THE BOURSE.

"THE Purse" is literally the name of the handsome edifice which serves as the Stock Exchange of Paris. A building of the Corinthian order of architecture, as simple in its plan (a parallelogram) as elegant in its proportions, and isolated in a square that bears its name, is the national theatre wherein dramas of unrivalled interest, and farces of tragi-comic power, are acted daily, Sundays and *fête* days excepted. As soon as the clock strikes one, the curtain rises on a multitudinous *dramatis personæ*, who are actors, audience, supernumeraries, directors, claqueurs, critics, either all in one, or respectively by turns. The Bourse is perhaps, at this moment, the most vital element of Parisian life. It is here that the heart of the Gallic capital throbs most energetically; and the reason is plain. Expensive habits strike deeper root from day to day amongst the upper ranks of French town-society; incomes that sufficed twenty years ago suffice no longer. The Luxury of the Age is as fair a topic now for poetical censors as it was two thousand years ago for the classical authors, from whose tirades grammar-schoolboys

derive the inspiration of their weekly themes; and that able censors are not wanting, is proved by Messieurs Ponsard and Alexandre Dumas, Fils. See for instance, *L'Honneur et l'Argent* and *La Bourse* of the former, and the *Question d'Argent* of the latter writer.

The men of the day, who float with the current, and think they must do as others do, are thus driven to search after the means both of increasing their revenues and receiving them punctually when the sun rises on quarter-day. The public funds, the shares of railways, or of Credits, Foncier and Mobilier, pay their interest when the clock strikes the hour that it is due, and never ask for delay nor for a lowering of their rent, like backward farmers or mortgagees. Consequently the Bourse has put landed property out of fashion. Shares bought for five hundred francs each may suddenly run up to two thousand; but no estate, purchased at a fair price per acre, is likely thus to quadruple its value by any galvanic influence of prosperous times. Therefore, mortgages are a drug; and the notary and the estate-agent have to abdicate their rank in the moneyed world to the stock-broker as to a superior potentate. Wealth is the one thing honored in modern France; and every one rushes where wealth may be made the fastest. It matters not that there also fortunes may be dissipated as speedily as at the gaming-table; no heed is paid to the numerous unhappy wretches who grasp at great riches, only to fill their arms with destitution and ruin. The Bourse continues equally attractive to the prodigal spendthrift, to the respectable substantial family man, to the ambitious aspirant, and to the sordid miser. The foregoing sentence is not a rhetorical flourish written for antithetical effect, but is really true. Mammon is the god before whom the Parisians of the present day fall down and worship. The Legislative Chambers may be shut, the churches interdicted, the theatres closed; no matter. If the Bourse be open, all the rest will count as nothing.

The Bourse absorbs the thoughts of thousands and thousands of men and women born with reasoning faculties, to the exclusion of other subjects of interest. It supplies never-failing allusions in every-day talk. A lady appears dressed with unusual splendor; of course the remark is made, that her husband must have succeeded in some lucky stroke at the Bourse. Young dandies are observed to be taciturn and grave; their thoughts are supposed to be occupied by the sorrows, not of love, but of speculation, whose course does not always run smooth. And the excuse is admitted as valid and good. Wit-cisms endless spring out of Boursean tendencies. Thus great bankers, like Monsieur Mirès, become proprietors of daily papers in order to convert them into financial organs. Hence it has been suggested that a good motto for the drop-scene of a drama inveighing against Bourse transactions would be, "*Castigat ridendo, not mores but Mirès.*"

"What has become of Tournesou?" was asked by an inquiring friend. "I have not seen him in the Bourse to-day. Has he bolted?"

"He will not be here. He has lost—"

"On the Credit Mobilier?"

"No; his mother."

"Ah! In that case I need not be uneasy. We shall see him to-morrow."

Not long since, at an evening-party, everybody was talking about Bourse affairs. The lady of the house entreated them to change the subject, so the conversation modulated out of money into politics. An eloquent description was being given of the terrible cannonade of June, 1848. In the midst of it (the description) an ex-captain of the National Guard sighed deeply, and sorrowfully said:

"Ah! if at that time I had but had the courage!"

The revolutionary orator continued his narrative of the battle of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

"O!" repeated the retired hero, "if I had but had the courage then!"

"Well, tell us what you would have done, if you had had the courage. I suppose you would have charged the mob at the head of your company."

"No," replied the gallant officer; "that's not what I mean. If I had but had the courage, I should have bought up the

Cinq at fifty-two francs, and I should now be twice or thrice a millionaire."

What is most extraordinary in Paris is, that little and low people mix themselves up with Bourse transactions quite as much as great and middle-class people. The *hausse* and *baisse*, the rise and the fall, are to them what the excitements of the betting-shop are to the lowest London gamblers. French stock-jobbing is of no rank. The waters of Pactolus are boldly fished by mighty adventurers, whose nets are strong enough to catch a whale; but the banks of the golden stream are likewise haunted by wretched anglers, whose tackle is no better than a willow-rod and a bent pin. Almost every Parisian passage witnesses every night some vulgar sanhedrin of financial nightmen, of rag-pickers of stray shares, of brokers of all sorts of monetary marine stores. Very lately there lived in Paris, in the Quartier Popincourt, a little man who was better known as Le Petit Vieillard than by his real name. He was forty-six years of age; but his grisly hair, his lean figure, his sordid dress, and his stooping shoulders, made him look much older than he really was. He occupied a small chamber in the topmost story of a house in the Rue Menilmontant, and appeared to be in a condition nearly approaching to want. He was constantly complaining to his neighbors, and expressing his fear of dying by starvation; for he said he had nothing to live on but a scanty income which a former friend of his family allowed him. Nevertheless, it was remarked that he took great interest in the fluctuations of the funds, and of the different shares quoted at the Bourse. Every evening he used to take his station close to a news-vender's stall, imploring either a chance purchaser or the newsman himself to favor him with a sight of the financial bulletin. One evening, the Petit Vieillard came home at seven o'clock, in a state of such agitation that the porter remarked it.

"What is the matter with you to-night, monsieur?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the other, "it is frightful! The public distress is on the increase. To-day there is a fall of fifty centimes (five-pence English)! What is to come of me in my old age, I should like to know?"

He mounted the staircase muttering and cursing. Next day he did not make his appearance as usual; and the porter, alarmed, knocked at his door. No answer. The commissaire of police was sent for; the apartment was forced open; the little old man had committed suicide by suffocation with charcoal-fumes. Great was the surprise of every one when on opening a drawer in an old commode, in expectation of finding the papers of the deceased, it turned out full of gold and silver coin. A minute search of the room was then made; and the result was the discovery of forty thousand francs, partly in specie, but principally in shares, vouchers, bills, and other negotiable papers.

It is evident that moralists, satirists, and even statesmen, may declaim in vain against a passion so ardent and wide-spread as that of Bourse speculation. They will be listened to as congregations listen to popular preachers: the preacher is followed, and so are the sins he denounces. To pretend to reform or correct frequenters of the Bourse, is an imitation of Xerxes' whipping the sea. You may stir up a little froth and foam with the tips of your rods; but the immense deep sea ebbs and flows as if nothing had happened. The Bourse is neither a corporate body, nor a national vice, nor a fashionable folly, whose abuses you can correct; it is a grand integral part of the social Cosmos, like the atmosphere or the ocean which envelop our globe. It bears on its buoyant bosom the French world and its fortunes; into it all the affluent streams of riches discharge their contents, which are emptied therein, deposited at the bottom, or volatilised into vapor. If we only substitute gold for iron in the tale, the Bourse is the loadstone-mountain of the "Arabian Nights." Whether the frailest skiff or the mightiest merchant-man comes within the sphere of its attraction, every tiny nail or trifling Napoleon, every heavy anchor or solid estate, flies away straight to the magic mass, leaving the unhappy Sinbad to float as best he may on his raft of boards, or the wreck of his fortune.

It is no more than just and candid to allow that the Bourse derives its attractive power quite as much from the spirit of the

times as from the selfish propensities inherent in all mankind. We live, not in an imaginative, but in a businesslike age. We have isthmuses to cut through, new discovered countries to clear and plant, antipodes to join together by a bond of steam, and continents to animate by a nervous and circulating system composed of railways and electric telegraphs. For all these enterprises capital is required; but as the petty capitals of individuals would be unavailing, aggregate capital must be recruited throughout the land to form by combination a resistless agent. The Bourse stimulates the innate avarice of the human heart; it draws from its secret hole the hidden hoard; it makes men gaze at their possible profits through a wondrous multiplying-glass, called Credit; and the Bourse is thus the parent and guardian of many a project of great public utility which could never have been accomplished without its support.

The institution which we now call Bourse arose from the necessity of putting a restraint on the wild stockjobbing which continued to exist after the fall of Law and his system. The government declared null and void all transactions that should be made without the intervention of persons commissioned by authority. A certain supervision was thus maintained over the excesses into which commercial gambling might rush. Such was the origin of the Parisian Bourse, and of the corporation of *Agents de Change*, or stockbrokers. The present edifice of the Bourse is a child of the first Revolution. Business having been transacted for a time in the church of the Petits-Pères, it was resolved, after the restoration of public worship, to instal the Bourse in a monumental building worthy of a great city; and capitalists and merchants were provisionally accommodated in the old scene-room of the Opera. The state possessed, in the heart of Paris, an immense extent of land, which had been occupied up to 1790 by the convent of the Filles de Saint-Thomas d'Aquin. A portion of this ground was granted to the city of Paris, on condition of building at their own expense a magnificent palace. The work was begun in virtue of an imperial decree, dated March 16th, 1808, and was not completed till 1827, although the inauguration took place on the 3d of November, 1826. Its leading features are an external colonnade, exceedingly lofty, but of so little depth as to afford no shelter against either sun or rain, and a vast central hall, lighted from above, in which a want of air is always felt, and which at certain times of the year is gloomy and damp. Forgetting these defects, it is a magnificent temple, which the ancient Greeks might have worthily dedicated to Mercury—their God of commerce and of theft.

Till the close of the past year, admission to this cathedral of speculation was gratuitous; but the throng was so enormous, and often so inconvenient, that it was determined to check it by demanding a franc from every visitor who should not compound for his admission by a monthly or an annual subscription. What the numbers must have been when there was no pecuniary impediment to their ingress may be guessed from the fact, that, after the impost, the various persons who came to take part in the operations of the great money market amounted to upwards of 11,000 daily. Such an innovation could not be allowed to pass without its paying the tax of a joke.

"Why do they make you give a franc before they let you enter the Bourse?" asks a juvenile speculator of an older practitioner.

"Because they know that when they let you out of the Bourse you will not have a franc left to pay with."

You deliver, therefore, your tenpenny toll, and you enter the vast area, which is paved with gold and with utter destitution and misery. You look around you, and exclaim, "What a fine palace is this!"—just the remark the sprat uttered when he turned up his eyes towards the roof of the whale's mouth. You may sow your money on that soil, and you may reap deceptions. A more pictorial, as well as a safer point of view, is the upper gallery, which runs round the grand hall. Thence you behold a noisy mixture of melo-drama and pantomime, in the midst of which it would seem impossible to add up a milk-score, or to bargain for a dozen herrings. And yet millions may change hands in a minute or two, and a shoal of small fortunes may have deserted their former owners, to assemble in the maw of some keen shark of the Bourse.

The central hall serves as the exchange both of merchandise and the public funds. It is open from one to five o'clock; but the sale of public effects is closed at three. At the further end of the grand hall an enclosure, called the Parquet, separated from the body of the building by a breast-high palisade, is reserved for the *agents de change*. In the centre of the Parquet is another circular enclosure, called the Corbeille, or basket, on which the *agents de change* lean in a ring, offering to each other the stock they have to sell. Every time that a sale *au comptant* alters the exchange, the price is audibly announced by a crier. At the end of every day's transactions the *agents de change* meet to state, by their syndic, the course of stock and exchange. The *courtiers de commerce* assemble in like manner to fix the price-current of divers merchandise.

The *agents de change*, meeting in their Parquet, are principally occupied with transactions in the public funds, whether French or foreign, in railway shares, and in those of the bank, the Credit Mobilier, and so on. They receive a commission of a quarter per cent. Their number is limited to sixty; but in defiance of the law, they have almost all of them three or four associates, or partners, who are vulgarly called thirds or quarters of *agents de change*—as we call a tailor the ninth part of a man. The price of their places (which are purchasable, like commissions in the English army) varies from six hundred thousand to a million francs, besides other heavy charges in the shape of caution-money, licence, sureties and similar imposts. Notwithstanding which, they handle such enormous sums, and their chances of profit are multiplied to such an extent, that they commonly make a clear income of a hundred thousand francs, and sometimes double that sum. In spite of their title, the Parisian *agents de change* have given up the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange, as well as the practical business of money-changing. The latter service is performed by shopkeeping *changeurs*, of whom there are thirty-five, designated by name and address in the *Annuaire de Commerce*.

The intermediaries recognised by the law for the commercial operations transacted at the Bourse are styled *courtiers*. There are courtiers of merchandise, courtiers of assurances, maritime courtiers for the freight of vessels, and *courtiers gourmés*, or epicurean courtiers for wines. The first, who amount to sixty in number, have the sole right of conducting the purchase and sale of every species of merchandise at the Bourse, by auction or otherwise, and of officially announcing the price-current. But their office, which costs from sixty to eighty thousand francs, would bring in only a moderate income, if they stuck to their part as go-betweens in serious transactions; but the majority of these gentlemen disdainfully abandon to the *courtier marrons* all articles which are not subject to stock-jobbing, confining themselves to articles of speculation, such as eau-de-vie, soaps and oils, since they reap from them a larger profit, in consequence of the perpetual recurrence of fictitious operations. The courtiers of assurance against loss at sea, of whom there are but eight, make larger and more legitimate profits; their place is therefore worth the sum of from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, or from four to five thousand pounds sterling. The courtiers who confine themselves to the negotiation of *valeurs industrielles* usually charge an eighth per cent on the amount of the transactions effected, when the price of the *valeur* reaches five hundred francs. For inferior *valeurs* the charge is generally fifty centimes *per titre*; but business may be transacted for half-commission when it is important and continuous. All business done at the Bourse is generally settled after Bourse, that is, from three to five o'clock of the same day, or the next day before Bourse, from nine o'clock till noon.

The Parquet, the stage of the grand theatre of the Bourse, has also its side-scenes, or *coulisses*; whence the name of *coullissiers* given to the various speculators who hang about the off-kirts of the Parquet. A certain number of these are persons who manage to interfere in stockjobbing transactions without being regularly commissioned to do so. They are also designated *marrons*, or "chestnuts," the word also meaning "runaway slaves;" why, is not clear; the etymology is obscure. The *agents marrons* and the *courtiers marrons* owe their position entirely to their own intelligence, to their activity, and to the

confidence of their clients, and also to the want which the public experiences of agents for the negotiation of property which is despised by those great personages the *agents de change*.

It will have been already perceived that the Bourse has expressions of its own, to which no French dictionary will give the clue. They are technical terms, whose meaning cannot be given in a short definition, but demand each a brief treatise to explain them. To buy *à découvert*, to buy *à prime*; to vary the same act by performing it *au comptant*, *à terme et ferme*, *à terme et à prime*; *lever sa prime*, *abandonner sa prime*, and other phrases for which there is no English equivalent, would require more space for their clear interpretation than can be allowed for the whole of this article; and they demand almost as much study for their thorough comprehension as is sufficient for passing a decent mathematical examination.

It is a characteristic detail of etiquette that the *agents de change*, within their Parquet, remain uncovered. They are at home, as it were, and are doing the honors of their mansion to the public. The courtiers, scattered over the area of the hall, are also uncovered; they make a point of observing the same politeness as the *agents de change*, and likewise, perhaps, of showing that they belong to the establishment. Another curious fact is, that till lately the Salic law was in force at the Bourse; ladies were excluded during business-hours, not only from the floor of the building, but even from the gallery of the first story, from which they were turned out by a former President of the Tribunal of Commerce. It required a no less powerful influence than that of the Revolution of February to effect the re-admission of females to the gallery, which they boldly stormed as soon as the opportunity occurred, and have maintained firm possession of ever since.

CENTRAL HEAT OF THE EARTH.—The fact that the temperature of the earth gradually increases towards the centre has attracted the attention of philosophers for more than a century. Evidences of a central heat are to be found all over the world; the boiling springs of Iceland, the volcanic mountains of Naples, and the hot water wells of Clifton and Bath illustrate them. The greatest depth at which experiments have been conducted are 1,713 feet in Mexico, 1,584 feet in England, and 1,300 in Germany. At a depth under the surface of the earth not in general exceeding fifteen yards, the thermometer is perfectly stationary, not being affected by the seasons; but at greater depths the temperature gradually increases; fifteen yards has been assumed as the average depth, which corresponds to an increase of one degree, which is about 116 degrees per mile. Admitting this rate of increase, we should have at a depth of thirty-one miles below the surface a temperature of 3,500 degrees, which would melt cast iron, and is amply sufficient to liquify the lavas, basalts and other rocks which have actually been erupted from below in a fluid state.

ANCIENT USES OF CORK.—There are some substances in the use of which we have not made much progress, partly from the fact that other materials have been discovered to supply their place, and partly from the substance itself possessing such palpable peculiarities that its earliest discoverers must have seen at once for what it was most applicable. This is the case with cork. The Romans used it as soles to put into their shoes, to keep their feet warm and dry; and as there were no high heels in those days, the ladies used it to make them appear tall. Camillus swam the Tiber with the aid of a cork jacket; fishermen used it as floats to their nets and buoys to the anchors; and Pliny tells us that it was employed as stoppers to vessels of all kinds. The old Spaniards lined the walls of their houses with cork, because it kept them warm and prevented dampness; and lastly, the Egyptians manufactured coffins with it, which, being lined with a resinous composition, preserved their dead from decay. The method employed in Portugal, in cutting the bark and burning the outside, is the same to-day as it was one thousand years ago; so that altogether we cannot say that we have done very much with cork that has not been done before. It is quite time that we made a start and discovered some new uses and appliances for this cheap and plentiful material.

LINES AND SONNETS FROM PAPERS ENTITLED HOME AFFECTIONS.

TO MY WIFE.

My fond, my early, only love—

Passion's first fancy—reason's choice;

Could I but tell thee half I feel,

How would thy gentle heart rejoice.

Did it but know how to its virtue I

Am debtor for this deep felicity

I was all wild and wayward in my youth,

Till I knew thee—but then the hope to win

Made me, to merit and deserve thy love,

For virtue's tattered garb leave well clothed sin.

And now I look into thine eyes, and bless their power,

Whose light was beacon to my steps in danger's hour.

THE REPLY.

You rate too high what merit I possess,

My all indulgent lord, and tender friend;

'Signing the promptings of your own true heart,

To worth of mine—which should itself amend!

You do me wrong when you yourself decry,

And wrong yourself me thus to glorify.

If you to me a debt of love do owe,

O how much more must I your debtor be?

Who brought you nought, save an unchanging truth,

While you have given home, love and all to me;

My eyes from yours have borrowed all their light,

When yours look cold, mine will no more be bright.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEQUEST.—A GHOST STORY.

BY CHARLES KING, M.D.

I WAS in love once, reader. Without shame let it be confessed; though she is wedded to another now. All men must love such girls as Mary Lee, wherever and however met.

Describe them we cannot; fair moonlight faces, floating curls, sweet blue eyes, such as smile in all the dreams of youth; and small white hands that rested once in ours trustingly. No matter in whose hands they are resting now, no matter how age has shrivelled them, they were young once, and fair and ours!

Without much pretence to wisdom, Mary had a mind as fair and well proportioned as her outward form. So after I had, for the hundredth time, compared her face to all that was beautiful, her spirit to all that was pure, after we had sat silent hours gazing into each other's eyes, she asked me one evening when by her father's fireside—we were watching the old year out—as if every day did not end a year of happiness for us—she asked for something more.

It was a simple question, but a sorry one for me; it rang like a refrain through all subsequent interviews.

"Yes, I know—at least you've told me that my eyes are bright and soft and blue, and smiling and divine; and that my face is moonlight and heavenlight; and that youth and love makes Paradise of earth. Now, tell me something more."

"More! Why, Mary, all speech lies in that word, love; it is the keynote of all wisdom, human and divine."

"The keynote is essential to the symphony, but is not the symphony itself. I've struck the note, now give me music."

"Like what?"

"Oh, like yourself, your present life, your past experience; some bright, sad, strange incident, or some sweet scrap of romance."

"As that I fell in love once with a moonlight face."

"That will do, if the face be not labelled Mary."

"But it is. Do you suppose that loving you so well, I could ever have cared for any other woman?"

"Oh, yes;" she said these things in such a simple, wise way; "Oh, yes, you young men gather love-fancies everywhere, just as we girls pick flowers in the fields of spring. I am not sure but I would rather you had loved before we met; in all arts there's the tiresome apprenticeship; in love, doubt, misunderstanding and the like; now you are master of the art, or our love would not run so smoothly."

The rapids and the whirlpool came, alas! but not then. Our singular freedom from jealousy, and her loving interest—so removed from mere vulgar curiosity—made me very candid. I turned my heart inside out, and we read its pages together, and together travelled back through all the dusty and dim paths of memory. Over what slight events we pondered, upon what slight foundations built fair castles of romance! And what an exhaustless mine we found that memory, that past!

One episode I had shrunk from repeating, because perhaps of its seeming improbability and actual truth. I could not think of it myself without a secret horror. But nothing could escape the eyes of Mary, gentle as they were.

"You often speak," she said one day, "of times when you lived in affluence, of your travels, your servants, and the like; how happens it that we are waiting now till you can accumulate enough to—"

I finished the sentence for her in such love-like style, that any other woman's attention would have been diverted. Not hers.

"Now, where has the money gone? This story of wealth must open to fresh fields and pastures new. I long to hear; and besides, Charles—"

"Well?"

"What is that about the tomb in Greenwood Cemetery? Before we even met, I heard some tale which I passed by as fable; but your hints at wealth, and now this mystery, makes me remember. Do not shrink from speaking; if you have sinned—though I don't believe it, I forgive before the hearing, if you were only in love—why you're in love now—and I do not think the worse of you."

Thus urged, I told the story which had never passed my lips before, which has never been repeated till this hour; and knowing her sweet eyes may rest upon the record, I dare not alter or equivocate:

"I have told you, Mary, of my early exile, my education at Edinburgh, my return to find home, parents, sisters—gone. Few relations remained to me, and those distant by birth, uncongenial by nature. Yet at times I was driven in my loneliness to seek them out. How I searched their cold faces in hopes to detect some family trait. How I listened to their speech in hopes to catch some tone of dear familiar voices that were silent in the grave!

"Among my kindred was a great-uncle on the mother's side, one Jacob Klang, a miserly old fellow; but to be forgiven for his hoarding, since the world said he had once been wealthy, and now was poor. At infrequent intervals I visited this uncle, partly because I pitied him, partly because I pitied myself, partly because I had heard some legend of a pretty daughter shut up in his house as in a convent cell."

"Here comes the romance!"

"Not too soon. More than once I went before catching a glimpse of the girl; or rather, before it dawned upon me that the shy little maid who busied herself about the old man's kitchen was my cousin, Lily Klang. I watched her then with interest; but whenever I tried to draw her into conversation my uncle became so uneasy that I took the cue, and seemed now and then oblivious to her presence."

"Waiting for an opportunity all the while!"

"Yes, and it came. I found her toiling up the hill one day in summer, with a water-pail that was heavy for my strong arm. Almost by force I took it from her, but the little maid only thanked me with a frightened word or two and fled into the house."

"Expecting you to follow, or she wasn't a woman."

"Versed in womanly arts she was not. I doubt if she ever spoke to any man except her father and myself."

"The more fascinating then in her simplicity. How did this cousin look?"

"I was not so nice an observer then as now. I remember she had a pretty, pensive face; an air of refinement, and a dress of the roughest sort. If you ask for the shade of her eyes and the proportion of her features, truly I cannot tell. Her hands were rough with work, her heart was sad for want of sympathy. Her days were dreary, and my boy-heart pitied her."

"I can believe that, Charlie. And once acquainted with this sweet cousin, Lily, you went oftener to see old Jacob Klang."

"If I say yes shall you blame me?"

"Rather if you say no."

"I went again and Jacob sat alone in a corner of his kitchen. He seemed glad of my coming for once, he talked more freely than usual, and at last I ventured to speak of Lily, to plead in her behalf, to offer such small assistance as I could in providing the poor child with some opportunity for education. He heard me in silence, and then with a half sneer said, 'Your charity, like most of its kind, comes too late.' I did not understand and told him so. 'She has pined for a week or two: the girl has been rational lately, but she's quiet now.' 'Great Heaven! do you mean that Lily is dead?' I asked. He opened the door of the little cell in which she was sleeping her last sleep now. There hung her coarse dress on the wall, there lay her little shoes; her small hands had the work-stains on them still, but one still grasped a flower."

"You gave it to her?"

"I thought so. I had given her flowers, and it was natural the child should cling to any token of a friend. Poor girl, I thanked my God he had taken her home!"

"And the father?"

"Congratulating himself that I had come, for his old hands were feeble, Jacob begged me to help him dig a grave behind the house and linger until my cousin should be buried."

"And not a word of prayer?"

"No prayer, or shroud, or coffin. 'Dust she was' he said, 'and might return to dust.' It was frightful to witness the old man's indifference beside his dead child. I thought misfortune had made him stolid; he would not listen when I offered to provide more decent burial. 'Let the money it would cost be given,' he said, 'to keep the living from starvation; shroud and coffin could not keep dead bodies from decay.' I gave the money which he craved, and as his hand closed over my coin, he promised in return that I should have my way about Lily's interment. But when I spoke of delay—for the child had hardly grown cold yet with death—old Jacob would hear no such word; he dared not trust a corpse alone in his old house, it was overrun with rats, they might tear the flesh from her bones. Oh! it was awful to hear the cool, calculating voice in which the miser spoke! I led him to her room once more, thinking the light of that sweet, sad face might make some feeling in the father's heart. But he only pointed at a large striped, tiger-like cat that, clinging to the headboard with his claws, was glaring with hungry eyes upon the dead. With one spring I seized the wretched animal by his neck and strangled all his nine lives in that grasp. Old Jacob groaned, Tom was his last companion and a useful friend; even the money which I once more doled forth, though more than Jacob asked, seemed hardly to console him for the loss of Tom. It was already dark, and I resolved to remain by my cousin's pallet during the night. As darkness deepened, and old Jacob fell asleep, silence and mystery gathered about the little bed. Two worlds seemed mating in that wretched room; two lives, the poor starved earthly life, all pain, and the celestial one, all peace. I had grown accustomed to the footsteps of the house rats scrambling across bare rafters overhead, to the shriek of the night wind through a broken window-pane, to the tapping of restless boughs against the cottage roof and the groans which came from Jacob in his sleep. No troubled sleep for Lily! Removing the sheet from her face and gazing as if that still countenance were an open book, I seemed to read the record of her sad and lonely life; and I am not ashamed to tell you, Mary, that tears and kisses both fell on the face of the corpse. 'Poor child! poor child!' I sobbed, 'why could we not have met more freely, why might we not have comforted each other; both so young, so lonely, so longing for companionship!' For the first time I detected a resemblance to my mother in the marble forehead and the silent lips. I bent to kiss—not Lily this time, but my mother, when—my blood chills now to think of it!—those cold lips slowly, as if death were hard to conquer, slowly parted to return my kiss."

"She lived?" asked Mary breathlessly.

"I must leave that for you to judge. I warned you that the tale was wrapped in mystery. I started, but her cold hand clung to me, and her eyes—Lily's own eyes—looked up with a smile. I faltered forth some exclamation. 'Hush!' she answered in such a deep, mysterious voice, it seemed to breathe out from some other world. Then rising—"

"What, the corpse!"

"Yes, Lily moving slowly and with difficulty, as her lips had moved, she rose and moving toward the door, she beckoned me to follow her."

"And you dared to follow?"

"Could I fear to follow where that gentle child should lead? I hurried across the wide old kitchen. I can see her small bare feet now treading the carpetless floor! She pointed to the corner where old Jacob lay asleep, and murmuring, 'Hush!' again, slid a rough panel aside and revealed a staircase, down which she descended, and I followed still."

"With no light?"

"In utter darkness. It was all so weird and dreamlike I can only tell you that I stood at length on an earthen floor, in a damp earthy atmosphere, blinded by darkness, feeling that the corpse stood by my side. Her hand—that cold hand—sought my own; and leading me some paces she breathed once more in her unearthly voice, 'Now gather.' I stooped and gathered—money; the floor was strewn with coin—coin was heaped against the wall, it clinked under my feet as I stepped. Here, then, old Jacob Klang had buried the wealth he pretended to lose; and but for his wretched hoarding, who knows if poor Lily would have pined into her grave!"

"Then you believed her to be dead?"

"Nay, not believed, I only felt. In this strange darkness understanding was of no avail. Grown desperate with doubt, I turned, and when Lily once more whispered, 'Gather,' dashed the gold aside and clasped her to my bosom. 'This let me gather,' I whispered; 'thy love, poor, desolate child. Let us go hence, let us fly from the home of yonder unnatural old man, let me find friends and home for you.' You understand me, Mary—I see it in your eyes—there never was purer pity, never affection more free from stain than that which filled my heart so suddenly, but ah! I was clasping a corpse, cold and rigid! Lifeless hung the poor arms that had helped to toil for this accursed gold; and as if she had not heard me, Lily murmured, 'Gather,' in a tone I could no longer resist. I heaped myself with coin. I found small bags in which it was closely packed. I should not have discovered them, but that cold hand once more guided me; and when we re-ascended the stairs, Lily pointed to the closing panel, all the more closely concealed by its roughness, and murmuring, 'Again! again!' passed on before me. When I reached her room the corpse lay stretched upon its pallet as if it had never stirred."

"It was all a dream!"

"How then can you account for the gold in which I revelled afterwards? And see!" I opened a secret spring in a locket containing my mother's hair, and Mary looked with a face half awe struck, half incredulous, upon a wild rose browned and crisp with age—the flower which had been shut within my cousin Lily's hand that morning—which had fallen from the hand of the corpse when we passed through Jacob's kitchen, alone, that night!

"Well, finish your strange story."

"Cold and rigid with the death-damp on her forehead, Lily lay till morning. In vain I watched for the faintest sign of life, in vain I pleaded for but a word or token. Once I thought a reproachful look overspread her face, as if she would say, 'I have given what token I could, and are you not satisfied?' I can only account for the events of this awful night by the fact, that as our fated family circle grew less and less, mystery seemed to guide and encompass us. Not one of our number but could relate, from personal experience, some story of somnambulism, presentiment or second-sight; I will not say so wonderful as mine; but strange enough to make the blood creep in the listener's veins, and unnatural enough to make us look in each other's eyes for proof of insanity. Whether the Evil One, disguised as an Angel of Light, with a show of good

intentions led me on, I cannot tell; but it seemed I had not done with Jacob Klang, hateful as his sight had now become to me. On the following morning we buried my cousin decently. At night I stole away the treasure, which, with eyes riveted on Lily—for I did not know what those vile vermin in the house might dare—I had thrust through the broken window-panes. During the day some rose bushes of my cousin's planting had hidden the gold. Poor child, she seemed even in life to have foreseen my need! I had gone to my uncle's house with a light, free heart, rich in the charity which I intended to bestow; I went home a mourner, without having realized what it was to love, and very poor with my ill-gotten gain."

"No, but," persisted Mary, "the money was yours; poor Lily had a right to give what she had earned with the very laying down of her life."

"It seemed so in the beginning," I answered, "yet I could never enjoy that wealth; it was the price of tears and weariness, of death and mystery and horror. I never touched a coin but Lily's cold hand seemed in mine once more, nor invested in any luxury but I felt how she had been cheated for my sake of life's necessities. And after all, the law made my uncle's savings his rightful own, and would accept no such excuses as your charity may give. I had no legal claim to the mysterious bequest, and yet again and again I found it so easy to slide the secret panel in Jacob's kitchen, when his back was turned!"

"And venture into that pit again, alone! Oh, Charles, how dared you!"

I was but a wild boy then; and besides, we medical students become familiar with death. At Edinburgh I had been accustomed to enter my chamber every night, through an apartment in which men, women and children lay dead and awaiting dissection in the hospital."

"But there was so little inducement—this money brought so little satisfaction!"

"True enough, little satisfaction; and therefore I squandered it so carelessly that, before I was aware, my lavish habits of expenditure had fastened themselves upon me. I had been wealthier with the little pittance and the good habits of economy which my mother left me, than now with untold riches and unmeasured wants. As I told you, I had not done with Jacob Klang. Hard-hearted though the old man was, he was Lily's father and my relative; so I kept an eye upon him, that he might endure no other suffering than his own miserly spirit made inevitable. Upon one of my visits, I found, as I approached the house, that the little garden in which my cousin was buried had been ploughed for planting. Jacob himself was at that very moment guiding the harrow over Lily's grave!"

"What dreadful people you were!" was Mary's involuntary exclamation.

"Be human enough not to confound us all together; my mother, Lily, even I myself, had little real relationship with Jacob Klang. Of course I expostulated in very plain words, but to no avail. 'Potatoes,' my uncle said, 'were a more profitable crop than graves, and he was poor—they had a sightlier look besides.' To do the old man justice, I think this last was the genuine reason for his cold-blooded deed; he could not bear that, day and night, the grave of his neglected child should stand there as witness, so near his heaps of gold. But it was strange and pitiful to hear him moan about his poverty, and lift his ragged sleeve as proof of the lie. It was strange to hold forth myself his own hard-earned and often-fingered coin—and with this, as with a magnet, draw him into his house, and keep him there praising my generosity, and coaxing me for more! I was only bent upon keeping the grave of Lily safe until another dawn. Jacob, I knew well, was superstitious; he had told me of shadows flickering over the wall, of creeping sounds in the little bed-room since Lily's death—and better proof still, I found since that event, that his hidden treasure had been untouched and probably unvisited. A company of fellow-students, whom I had intended to meet at a party in the neighboring village, would, I knew, on their midnight return pass Jacob's house; and I now resolved to watch for their coming and secure their help in removing poor Lily's dust from the reach of its unworthy guardian. First relating to Jacob all the ghostly

stories which my memory would furnish, that fear might chain him more securely in the house, I at length bid the old man good night, and stretched myself upon the little pallet, on pretence of drowsiness.

"Alas! the associations connected with Lily's room were not such as to bring pleasant dreams, were they sleeping or waking ones. Perhaps the moonlight made me restless, perhaps it was only the house-rats that scrambled across the bare beams overhead, but all the mysterious shadows and creeping sounds which Jacob had described seemed to pass now before my disturbed senses. It was too dreadful; in vain I laid my hand upon the shadows, and listened boldly for the dull, unearthly sounds.

A sense of mystery my spirit daunted,
That said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

"I sprang to my feet, I shattered with a blow the crazy casement, and stepping out into the moonlight, saw a shadow bending over Lily's grave."

"A white shadow? Had the lily planted there sprung up to blossom again in Jacob's garden? I don't think God would be so cruel as to send her back to him?" said Mary, thoughtfully. Any other woman might have screamed with affright at my story; she only had drawn close to my side, and kept my hand more closely clasped in hers.

"It was no lily, but one of the tares of the adversary; it was old Jacob himself, driven out I suppose by his unquiet conscience, or it may be, by some of our family presentiments which whispered my plan to him. Whatever the cause, there he stood with his harrow and his rawboned horse, at work on Lily's grave. He saw me, and his wrinkled face grew dark with shame; but I pretended to be walking in my sleep. Unrest had made me pale enough to help the illusion, and the miser, glad of any escape from detection in his broken promise, seized my arm, and trembling led me to the house. His superstitious fears were all alive again, he did not know but I was dead, and after watching over Lily's life my spirit had come back to watch her grave. The empty pallet re-assured him. I lay down with a groan that frightened the rats on the rafters, and must have chilled the old man's blood if it were not too cold already for any additional chill. And Jacob returned to his own bed, resolved, I felt sure, to tempt neither ghosts nor somnambulists again that night. As soon as I had heard him breathing heavily I was effecting my own escape once more. Just in time as it proved, for I heard the voices of the students as they hurried home, beguiling the way with songs we had learned together, but which grated harshly now upon my mood. I hastened to meet and quiet them, a task more important than easy; for while Jacob had the ears of a lynx, they had been drinking wine and were wild with merriment. We had besides to ransack the premises for spades, to provide a bier, in short, to endure the hundred detentions that arise in such emergencies as this. It seemed to me that we made noise enough in our preparation to awaken the dead from their graves; but no light or sound came from the old black house. And we dug on in silence; it was tedious, tedious work, for the grave was deep. At length there in the moonlight lay all that was left of Lily—no heavy weight for young arms and ardent hearts like ours. How it tortured me to have my companions in their wild mood touch the sacred burden. They positively refused to give me any farther help unless I would lift the coffin-lid from the glass which concealed her face: Jacob might come upon us at any moment, and I reluctantly consented. I could not have devised a better expedient for quieting them; at the first sight of the pallid, lovely countenance they were subdued and silent. In silence and sadness we bore Lily to my own house, whence she was afterwards as silently conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery."

"And Jacob Klang?"

"Lily safe, I naturally felt anxious about her father, now doubly my victim. I went to his house, and all was barred and silent. I forced the door and found the old man by his threshold, seemingly asleep, it was a sleep from which he never woke—the miser was dead. I fear that indirectly I was his murderer."

"Charles, do not say so."

"Appearances in the empty house convinced me that my uncle had witnessed all our movements at Lily's grave. These must have led him to reflect—to discover that I had not treated him with candor—to lead at once to the loss of his treasure, and fly to assure himself of its safety. And he must have found it almost gone. I do not know how much he had saved, nor how much I had squandered, nor where he buried what was left."

"Then the treasure disappeared?"

"Entirely. After I had buried the body—but not in Lily's grave—it was some time before I could persuade myself to revisit the vault."

"And then?"

"I threw it entirely open to the daylight; razed the old house to the ground, feeling that Jacob's gold had rusted there too long, and resolved to apply it to some excellent purpose now. But it was gone. Doubtless the miser's first impulse had been to secrete the remainder of his property, and the strain which this hurried labor wrought on his physical strength, the agitation and bitter regrets which followed, were quite enough to break his little thread of life. And it was my work! Many good lives, and valuable ones, I hope to save in the practice of my profession, Mary; but you must learn to forgive me for having, this once, taken life away! If it had been difficult before to enjoy my uncle's money, how much harder was it now! A considerable sum was still in my possession, and with this I purchased Lily's monument. You have seen it at Greenwood; every one has seen it; but few know like myself of the romance and mystery which end in that fair marble shrine. All its carved leaves and flowers would stand in Jacob's mind for 'patins of bright gold;' to me they bring back my poor cousin's lonely sighs, her marble forehead and pale, folded hands."

My story was ended; a sad one for the old doubts and miseries which it had harrowed up; but oh, sadder for the change it wrought upon the mind and heart of Mary Lee! She excused my conduct with words, pitied and even praised me for the part which I had seemed forced to take by strange fatality, but I saw too plainly, as time wore on, that a spectre had risen from us which no power could lay.

She shrank from me at times, as if I were myself an inhabitant of the grave with which chance had made me too familiar. In the midst of those bright confidential talks which we once enjoyed together, she fell now into mournful reveries. She did not repulse, but I saw that the sweet girl clung to me from pity, not from love.

And I released her. I pretended to have grown cold, and she, always frank, did not conceal her satisfaction when the parting was proposed. We bade each other farewell by mutual consent—she never knew the rest. But Heaven be praised! her after life was not doomed to be a lonely one, like mine.

Reader! beware of ghosts, hate mystery; beware of a miser's gold, and hate deceit; beware, beware, of accepting mysterious bequests!

IMAGINATION.—Thomas Fuller relates a curious incident which is truly characteristic: A gentleman, he says, having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and jointly cried to him to carry them; which, because of their multitude, he could not do, but he told them he would provide them horses to ride on. Then, cutting little wands out of the hedge, as nags for them, and a larger one for himself, they mounted, and those who could scarce stand before, now, full of mirth, bounded cheerfully home.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, being a very nervous man, usually suffered torments of apprehension on the first representation of any of his pieces. A brother dramatist—remarkable for his successful specimens of "fair adaptation or imitation" from the French—on one such occasion sought to rally the trembling scribe by stating that he himself never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "Oh, my boy," said Douglas, "but then you are always so sure of success! Your pieces have all been tried before!"



OUR PICTURE GALLERY—MOLIERE.

It is at once an evidence of our great practical wisdom that America has not, despite her century of excitements, produced a great dramatist. What renders this the more extraordinary, in a common point of view, is the undeniable fact that all young nations have commenced their poetry with the drama.

Without going into the Grecian or Roman epochs, we may name that the root of English drama was the mysteries of the ancient mummeries, although the flower was Shakespeare, and thus by slow degrees has the religious symbol of one age become the fact of the next.

Thus the world progresses step by step. Life itself is but a succession of infinitesimal doses of thought, sensation, labor and impulse; and what we call poets, philanthropists, philosophers, conquerors and inventors are merely nothing else except the accumulation of these faculties growing too much to be kept longer in the floating atmosphere of the many, and so it resolves itself into one individual, and discharges the scattered electricity of a world-wide utterance through the electric conductor of a Shakespeare, a Molière, a Cervantes or a Dante. It is of that great humorist, Molière, we have to speak.

It has been a common saying that the French have *finesse*, sarcasm, repartee and point, but no broad humor. This is true as a rule, and its exception is Molière, for Rabelais is not a humorist, but a wit. With the exception of Shakespeare and Dickens, Molière is the greatest humorist that ever lived. In degree of genius he is only second to Shakespeare; in breadth of sphere he is superior to Dickens, since he deals more with idiosyncrasies than manners.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin—for Molière is an assumed name, taken after he had become famous as a dramatist—was born on the 15th of January, 1622, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, at a time when his father was valet-upholsterer to the king of France; the duties of which office consisted in attending his majesty in his journeys, and seeing that his rooms were properly arranged. The future Molière was brought up to succeed his father, and so carefully instructed in upholstery that at fourteen he knew more about chairs, tables and the *mise en scène* of furniture, than he did about the alphabet. The world, which he was afterwards so graphically to portray, was then only known to him through the medium of those around him, and which was composed of the occupants of his father's workshop, and the priests and worshippers of the church to which his mother, a very pious woman, used to convey him every Sunday

morning to hear mass, and every Sunday evening to sing vespers. His keen faculty of observation and powers of memory was early manifested, and as he generally exercised them in satirising the clergy, they sometimes cost him dear. One day, after receiving a chastisement for his profane burlesque of those holy men called priests, he said, his eyes still red with weeping, to a sewing girl employed in his father's workshop:

"Can you tell me, Lisette, why they are so furiously enraged with me when I mimic the priest?"

"Certainly, I can," said the damsel. "Your mimicry is too much like him."

The business to which young Molière seemed doomed was so much disliked by the boy, that it only required an accident to render it insufferable, and upon his grandfather taking him to see the theatrical performances at the Hotel Bourgogne, it was no longer possible to induce him to attend to his work. His grandfather consequently got him admitted as an art-scholar to the College of Clermont, then under the management of the Jesuits. At this college Molière remained five years, and was so well treated that, although it did not make him orthodox, he invariably spoke well of it. The superiority he evinced over his companions was so marked that it procured for him the friendship of the Prince of Conti, brother to the great Condé, and many other eminent personages. It also acquired for him the friendship of Gassendi, whose teachings were not of the most wholesome tendency, since he sought to revive the philosophy of Epicurus. Bernier, the traveller, was one of his fellow pupils and a constant companion. His favorite apothegm was that all men and women were Swiss: in other words, that every one had a price, from the king to the peasant, from the queen to the wanton. We must not, therefore, too hastily lay the scepticism of the great French dramatist to the teaching and example of the Jesuits. In 1640, Molière was obliged, in consequence of his father's illness, to attend Louis XIII. as valet-upholsterer to Narbonne, and on his return he was a spectator of the execution of Cinq Mars and De Thou. This spectacle did much to disturb his religious principles, and convince him that man's *summum bonum* is pleasure, and that the welfare of others is a matter upon which men have no time to waste, and for which they only get soundly laughed at and despised. Indeed, so established is this feeling in the human heart, that we question if any one ever does a generous action without incurring the suspicion of having a bad motive for the deed. The loathsome beggar in Lucian was a type of humanity, when he cried, upon a benevolent lady bestowing upon him some alms, "She has given me a golden coin—verily, she must be enamoured of my person!" There is scarcely a man but who, when addressed with more than common courtesy in a travelling car



THE BOY MOLIERE AT MASS

or public audience, buttons up his pocket, and mentally classes his self-introducing acquaintance as a pickpocket.

Upon his father's recovery the young student was again urged by his father to abandon his literary aspirations, and devote himself to his duties as the king's valet-upholsterer. He, however, resisted all entreaties, and joined a company of comedians, which numbered among them the brothers Béjart, their sister Madeline, and Duparc. Thus commenced his career as a dramatist, and when once a man gets into the vortex of literature or the drama, he never can escape from that charmed circle, but goes on eddying in its maelstrom till he is finally swallowed up in its remorseless maw.

Moliere possessed many opportunities of seeing the inner life of a court, with all its artificiality and consequent hypocrisy, and no dramatist has more elaborated the peculiarities of cultivated man. In his *Tartuffe* we have the clergy unsparingly satirized, while in the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* we have human nature exposed in that egotism and vanity which all possess and reveal, but which all delude themselves into believing they conceal. The astonishment so naturally and amusingly expressed by M. Jourdain when he finds he has been talking prose all his life, is one of those delicate sarcasms which are peculiarly French, and which have to be explained to the million. We all live under the harmless delusion of being very poetical creatures, far above the common-place world; indeed, it is a question whether human life were really endurable without the personal intoxication of self-conceit. Few, alas! wake up to realize, or if they do become sufficiently sobered by self-knowledge to know it, have the candor to acknowledge, like the bourgeois gentleman, that they have been mere prose people all their life.

Some have called Moliere the Shakespeare of the French drama, but that nation never can have a writer so broad, bold and varied as the author of the "Merry Wives," and "Much Ado About Nothing." The national mind must entirely change before it can produce or appreciate a humor so unctuous as that which revels in a Falstaff, a Pistol, a Dogberry, or a Gravedigger. Rabelais possessed the nearest approach to that faculty, but he is rather *outré* than humorous, and loses nature in his extravagance.

Nevertheless, Moliere is the most genial of the French comic dramatists. He certainly wrote more for the people than the wits, although he had wit enough for a dozen Voltaires, and an anecdote is recorded of him that gives a better glimpse of his real nature than a dozen elaborate essays. One of his comedies having failed on the stage, Moliere said to the Duc de Grammont, who was condoling with him on the subject, "I was afraid it would not do—Annette did not laugh at it!" This was the name of the great dramatist's servant, who was his maid of all work, and to whom he was accustomed to read the plays as they came fresh from his brain.

It would be as well if some of our modern dramatists not only read their plays to their cooks, but also left the MS. with them to "boil the pot," though an old proverb maintains that genius never yet has achieved that culinary triumph.

Moliere's *Tartuffe* enjoys a sort of occasional galvanized existence on the English stage, under the name of the "Hypocrite," the chief character being Dr. Cantwell; the workmanship, however, is very coarse compared to the splendid finish of the brilliant Frenchman, and can give no idea of what a magnificent satirist Moliere was, when he had a tangible subject to work upon.

Some of Moliere's best comedies would read well in a careful translation, since his ground is more comprehensive than that of other French authors. Still the language of Racine is rather that of wit than humor, and the Anglo-Saxon nature infinitely prefers the latter for their entertainment.

Moliere's death was a remarkable one. He was performing a part in his *Malade Imaginaire*, in which he has to feign death; when the scene was over, the attendants perceived that he was really dead. Some writers say that it is an exaggeration, the real facts being that he burst a blood-vessel on the lungs during the performance, and died four hours after he was taken home. This was in 1673. The marriage of this great comic actor and dramatist was a very unhappy one, having married a woman

half his age, of whom he was preposterously jealous. This possibly enabled him to give such vivid pictures of domestic squabbles. His funeral was the occasion of a dispute between the clergy and the king, in consequence of the former having refused him burial in consecrated earth; this bigoted decree the king overruled, greatly to the disgust of the priests. It must be confessed that no author has more unsparingly lashed the sacred profession than Moliere.

THE ROSY CROSS.

CHAPTER I.—THE STUDENT LOVER.

A soft, balmy night, laden with dews and odors, and lighted up with clear star-fires, had fallen upon the lagunes and towers of Venice: and, standing upon the platform of a broad, square tower belonging to a dilapidated old mansion (an ancient heirloom, whose gray and time-worn exterior made the passers-by hurry onward as though a ghastly reputation tainted it, and spectres of the past alone dwelt within), was a young man of a noble and commanding exterior, who, with a rapt eye, was gazing fixedly upon one luminous orb hung far up among the northern constellations. So large, so bright, so lonely, too, in the midst of that starry sea, as if this indicated some majestic superiority, was this beautiful planet, that if (according to the Rosicrucian theory) it was the presiding destiny of a human creature, he must have been selected from peculiar gifts and a loftier organization, as the exponent of some great type of good or evil, and a page set apart for him in the awful book of destiny.

This was the natal star, the presiding genius of the Count Aureole, who, with calm yet lambent eyes, was gazing on that beautiful planet, watching its dilating light and increasing glory as it flooded upon his pale forehead those rays which had a mystic influence and were interwoven with his own being. At the instant, midnight was sounding forth from the churches of the city.

"Brightening, broadening, culminating, and now its highest noon has come," he murmured. "It is the time, and he——"

"He is here, my son," said a deep masculine voice, with an emphasis that made the young man start.

Turning, he beheld a man of venerable and commanding presence, clothed in a dark and flowing garb, standing before him. The stranger had mounted the stairs and passed by a doorway into the tower unawares. His arrival, however, did not seem to have been totally unexpected.

"Master. I have waited," began the young count.

"And I am here," was the calm reply. "Patience is the first virtue of true philosophy. Or is it," he added, with a gravity which became stern; "is it that the light in Inez' eyes outshines the effulgence of yonder star?" and he pointed upward to the planet which yet was clearer and more dazzling than any lying within its luminous circle.

"Inez!" gasped Count Aureole, in utter amazement and surprise. "You know?—you, whom I have never seen before; who have never seen me—you, whom a mysterious affinity has brought to me on this spot at this hour——"

"What is the use of knowledge, young man, except to know?" said the stranger, with something like equivocal. "Do you imagine that I, who have in Mesopotamia held converse with the masters of Cabala; who have dwelt with the watchers of the sacred fire among the Gebirs of Irak; who have traversed India beyond the Oxus, for the purpose of seeking a sage who has possessed the talisman, and which I bring to you; who know the sigil and the seal; who have ruled your planet and have read your destiny: do you think that I, who have come from the farthest east, and sought and forced my way to where I stand this night, unasked and unquestioned, should not know of this? and that she, Inez, is the only obstacle and hindrance in your path to that full mastery, when you can exercise a power and rule over principalities of air and fire—the means of which I am come to place within your hands?"

Astonishment held the count a moment silent. Then, with evident anxiety, but also with evident reluctance, he spoke: "Inez is an orphan, without friends, family or home; she was

bequeathed to my care. What can she have to do with this?"

"I know that you love this beautiful and innocent young creature, and that in her heart of hearts she worships you—her only living friend. But," and the emanations gleaming from the stranger's wondrous eyes chilled Count Aureole, "she is a great barrier to your success, as if a wall of triple steel held your limbs prisoner, and the lowest, deepest, darkest dungeon of your city were piled between you and the light."

"Our knowledge changes steel to water, and our eyes can pierce the thickest walls ever built!" returned the count.

"Aye, when that knowledge is perfect, and clear from all the encumbrances with which life and the senses environ the spirit. She is of the earth—earthy. What kinship is there, think you, between her and yon flaming essence, which, itself bound by impalpable affinities to the mortal, is only so far so as the subtle essence of the loadstone has kindred with the slumbering vitality that lies within the ore? First, you must cleanse and purify the dross, and then naught veils the spiritual sight——"

"But she, too, has a star—soft, beaming, luminous, lustrous—I have watched it!" broke in Count Aureole impatiently.

"And how long will it be so?" demanded the stranger, his form dilating, and his eyes full of a cold and icy splendor. "Have you looked farther? Have you seen that your orbits cross—that, in the total eclipse to follow, the poor, pale star sinks into Egyptian night——?"

"And re-appears brighter than before," said Aureole.

"Never!" was the solemn response. "In the genesis of new worlds, as they go revolving, coruscating from the moulder's hands, some are lost—absorbed in the greater brightness—fuel to the central star—and so the doomed planet closes its career with the extinction of the race it ruled over."

The count shuddered and was silent.

"Stars shine over Memphis and Thebes to this hour; but those of Memnon and Sesostris, of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, are occulted, dark or interwoven, in the looms of life and fate, with other destinies——"

"And Inez—so young, so beautiful, so trusting and so helpless!" ejaculated the count.

"There must be no conditions. You must surrender all that tie you to the earth—those whom you love—those who love you. The paths you travel through the boundless, eternal space must be traversed alone. The volume and the talisman are alike useless to him whose heart inclines to any earthly weakness. When the spirits descended and wooed the daughters of the pre-Adamites, they began to lose their attributes, and their descendants became the dwellers of cities and surrendered themselves to the sordid cares of mere existence——"

"And yet these stars shine, too," murmured the count.

"And were extinguished, as we extinguish the taper when night and dreams close round us. Have you a thirst, young neophyte," and his voice deepened as his aspect became still grander, "for the higher mysteries of the Cabiri? Would you stand before the august forms of the great Saggi, and learn the final lesson from their awful lips? Well, he who would uplift the veil, as with Isis of yore, and take the final step which places him in the midst of the illuminated circle, must have no divided feeling. No tomb must be closer, no marble colder than his heart. Those Eleusinian mysteries are not for tapestried chambers, nor to be whispered by the voice of love. The world must be dead, life a seeming, that which is, but a shadow, and Inez——"

"And Inez?"

"She must be as dead to you as if she had lain in the grave for centuries, or never had lived. Are you content?" And the stranger paused and bent on Count Aureole his cold, glittering eye, with a fascination he could not withstand.

A chill crept over him; he shuddered. Below him lay the city in all its slumberous and picturesque beauty; above him alone the stars; before him stood his tempter, and he yielded to the thirst he could not quench or quell.

"I am content!" he murmured forth at last.

"It is well!" was the cold reply, though the eyes glittered like those of a basilisk. "I invest you with the symbol and the real. This book will teach the way, this talisman is the

key of power," and the stranger handed to the count a brazen-bound volume and a small, formless object, which, from its dusky exterior, seemed at times to emit strange flashes of ruddy life. "The mark of the order," he proceeded, "of the brotherhood, of initiation, will show itself upon your bosom; the sign of the Rosy Cross will be found upon your breast. Its fires are cold in their perfect purification, and while you are faithful to your pledge. If you fail or hesitate—if you withhold or draw back—you will find it a close and constant monitor. You are accepted, and now farewell. To-morrow night, and just at this hour, we meet, or ought to meet, in the halls of the Ruler of the Spirits." And striding to the doorway of the tower leading to the winding stone staircase, he disappeared, and Count Aureole was alone.

Awile he stood there in reverie, then cast his eyes above him once more, the great star of his destiny now slowly sinking into the arches of clear Arctic twilights, growing more and more dim. A faint star—a solitary eye of fading glory, of waning light—next sank out. That pale star was Inez! His own planet seemed to quiver, to shiver with flashing coruscations, and presently was seen no more. Then he slowly descended the stairs leading into his study, and pored over his marvellous books until the morning broke.

Ere the next midnight came, however, acting upon some perverse or restless instinct, the count had wedded Inez. She answered now to the sacred name of wife. Had the young count surrendered his studies? or of what avail was the magic volume, the potent talisman, or the lambent cross—ruddy as blood, rosy as leaping fire—that was marked upon his breast?

We shall see.

"It pains me, it tortures me, it burns, it burns!" Count Aureole, with a frown of anguish on his brow, would murmur, as he laid his hand upon his breast, and pressed and held it there. And the sweat of pain broke forth upon his forehead.

Why had he wedded Inez in defiance of the stranger's injunction; in open opposition, as it were, to the contract assumed to be existing between them? Had he been touched, in an interview possibly meant to be final, by the youth, loveliness and helplessness of the unprotected orphan, left to his care as the only and last legacy of one whom Count Aureole's father had well and dearly loved? or did he dare and defy whatever penalties there might exist, attendant upon the dread threshold on which he stood? Had he surrendered his studies, forsworn the mystic book and destroyed the virtue in the talisman?

Ere the noon of the next day they were, however, wedded—wedded in the secrecy of her own chambers—a noble suite, lying in another part of the huge, palatial house, in the rear and utter retirement of which Count Aureole himself pursued his hitherto favorite studies, and in which his mysterious tower lay. He was known to be a student of the stars; and the simple name of "astronomer" sheltered and preserved from public notice whatever else was more abstruse, dark and forbidden.

They were married. And when the priest's last blessing was given them, then the gnawing pain in the count's bosom began, and she, his young virgin wife, saw that he was suffering, and, by her gentle caresses, sought to soothe him—to smooth the corrugations on his brow—to wipe the cold dews away that gathered so clammy on them.

He had been to her as a friend, parent, brother. That day had made him her lover and her husband. Why, then, did he look so wan, so haggard and so worn? Had he only pitied her, and bound himself to her for her protection? So the almost child-wife questioned him; but he only evaded her questioning.

She was so fair, so guileless, so trusting, so loving, and so proud of her noble, handsome Aureole! Grave of mood he had mostly ever been. His once youthful gaiety had long, long been changed for the abstracted air of middle age. But this severer expression, which had grown from his secluded habits, probably, added to his profounder studies, had impressed him with an age which far anticipated his real one.

"What ails you, Aureole, my husband—what ails you?" Inez would say.

"I know not, I know not, but it burns—it burns!" was the reply, with the hand still restlessly stealing over the breast.

A month—the tranquil, undisturbed honeymoon of her wedded life—had passed away, and one day, seated in a chamber magnificently furnished, as became his wealth, and her place and rank, she observed that his face expressed more than usual gloom—more than accustomed pain; and tenderly, fondly, she said, as before, pressingly,

"What ails you, Aureole, my husband—my own—what ails you?" and her anxious eyes sought his.

"I know not," he answered moodily; "but it burns—"

"What burns? what mean you?" she asked.

"Here, *here*," and tearing open his doublet, as if to rend away the pain and the cause of his pain. As the jewelled buttons were cast aside, she beheld at once the cause of his intolerable agony.

For there, on his breast, and rather as if within it, playing like a clear and lambent fire, there she beheld the awful sign of the Rosy Cross—the ineradicable seal of his new creed, his new worship. Under the very flesh, yet neither consuming nor destroying it, she saw the awful sigil which told her (who can say how?) that he was her husband no longer. With clasped hand, and a shriek of terror, which brought her attendants into the chamber, she sank to the ground. The count, his face pallid as that of a corpse, and with some unutterable expression, which none dared question, upon his marble forehead, tenderly lifted her up, bore her into her own chamber, and gave her, with a long, fond kiss, as of farewell and eternal parting, into the charge of her handmaidens.

Then, with a slow step, and an inscrutable brow, he passed through the wings of the old mansion, locking every door after him, and sought the privacy of the study he had not entered for a month, and where for hours he now sat alone.

The night came on; the moon was at the full; and again broad, grand and refulgent, his natal star—the planet of his destiny—shone forth. Opening his broad casement at the very top of the tower, and beyond the reach of any human eye—opening the casement which fronted the irradiated and refulgent north—he gazed forth, long and wistfully, at the glorious sky spread before him.

The moon was rising to the meridian. The northern constellations—through which, and beyond them, was his own unclouded planet shining—were like an Auroral illumination. The sense of sublimity, the vast, limitless field of space, the yearning to open the volume and to test the talisman that, in the interim, he had put aside, and the almost unconscious possession of that sign which stamped him of the Rosicrucian Hierophants, became now an intense, ardent desire—almost a delirium—to pursue and follow out his original purpose, and which pointed forth to the halls of the Ruler of the Spirits, where the mystery of the future might be solved.

It was close on midnight. The armies of Heaven were on their solemn march. Noiseless to all but him, there was a music and a measured melody sounding, like distant harp notes, on the strings of the woven atmosphere. Those islanded lights were moving majestically on in their cyclic orbits. All wore an aspect of indescribable beauty and calm loveliness, that came like the memory of a delicious childhood, when life was blissful and nature an Eden. Then he drew back, opened the brazen clasps of the volume, and, turning over its hieroglyphic pages, began to read. At a certain point, he rose, lighted a brazier, cast into the flames some herbs, gathered with care, and selected from a knowledge of their subtler powers; next, in a crucible he placed metallic ingredients compounded after the proper formula; and, with the talisman which he waved in mystic circles over the fumigation and the fuzing, he muttered certain words out of the weird book, and the face of the magnificent sky became instantly obscured and intensely black. No star, no speck of light, shone through the fuliginous gloom. It would have been difficult to believe that, but a moment ago, in contrast to the present ebony blackness, the translucent azure space had been filled with cataracts of light and glory—moonshine and star-fires pouring downward from Heaven's watch-towers far aloft.

Still, with his eyes seeking to pierce the gloom, Count Aureole sat. Still the Rosicrucian, though his heart beat audibly, kept his unwinking look steadily towards the casement. What vision, partaking of sublimity or of terror, of beauty or of some of spectral horror, was to meet his gaze he knew not. The sighing of the night wind (if such it was) passing without, took the sound as of a vast flight of mighty rushing wings, of countless multitudes climbing and trampling upward by an aerial staircase to some region far—so far away that the imagination shrank from the dimensions, and sank under the annihilating sense of distance.

Deeper, more appalling, became the low, muttered growlings that the darkness now yielded forth. And as the count, with a cold sweat upon his brow, waved the talisman and muttered the incantation, something like subdued but mocking laughter was heard to issue forth from without. The darkness did not clear itself away, but changed its aspect. By slow degrees, waving and tossing, it became confounded with floating forms and gliding shapes, as strange as they were unrecognizable. But the strange, cold glare of the million eyes, now kindling into a repugnant life, met his own, and a new sense of disgust, rather than of terror, succeeded in his mind.

"Appear!" murmured Aureole; "show me thy face, dread being, in what guise thou wilt! By the sign I carry, and by the spell in the talisman; by the powers I invoke, more dread, and far greater than thine, show me thyself—appear!"

As by the breath of a freshening breeze, when vapors begin to curl, to whirl, to dissipate, and clear away, so at once this cloudy veil—formed of fantastic phantom shapes, all so shadowy, so filmy, so vaporous, that they might be creatures of fancy alone—began to whirl wildly about until the outline of a face, awful in its appalling ugliness, sublime in the terrors of its tremendous aspect and snake-like, meteoric hair, and making the warm blood curdle at the heart, with the creeping chill of its death-cold, glaring eyes, stood gigantic and colossal as that of the sphinx, filling the whole face of the sky with its indescribable outline. The head of the fabled Gorgon was not more ghastly. And yet, in the midst of this, there was a beauty apparent which was to be felt rather than seen, and acknowledged rather than recognized. It required something of the superhuman courage the count possessed to meet that bold, stony glare without blenching.

"I know thee," he said; "I have looked on thee before, and fear thee not. Why comest thou to the summons for another, thou symbol of death and dreamy terrors? Thou art corruption and decay, as thou art the type of nascent existence of another genesis of other lives, series after series, from the highest scale of being, downward to the lowest thing that vegetates in semi-consciousness upon the sea-washed shore!"

"I am thy fate," said a voice, so muffled that he shrank from it, "thy doom, thy destiny, thy friend—"

"I deny thee—I defy thee—I pass thee and thy kingdom of clouds and sepulchres by. Depart! My eyes long for brightness. Give me splendor for this drowsy gloom."

"The sunless mine shall dazzle thee with its gems and gold. In caves where no light comes, the diamond, self-forming, fills them, as the sun does fill the day. I am thine, to create city and palace."

"Peace, begone! yet, I would ask more—know more."

"What wouldst thou know?" demanded the voice.

"I have a new bond for life now. I have a wife, and a little child may be born to us. A third spirit, fresh from heavenly hands, may be a blessing beyond the knowledge, which may also be unholy."

"Knowledge is not unholy, but it must be gained by an undeviating path. Thou hast broken the compact, weakened thine own power, or not I, but Adonai, had come to thy summons. The talisman is weak. Thou hast read the book aright but thou owest the failure to thyself. Wouldst thou pass a further ordeal?"

"I would," responded Count Aureole.

"Sleep, sleep, follow in thy dreams. Follow, look, listen!" and the count, sinking in his chair, fell into deep slumber.

CHAPTER II.—THE EXPIATION.

CONTINENTS and seas were wrapped up as a scroll, mountains became molehills, the rounded outlines of the globe, with its jagged and jagged edges, lost its features; and the Rosicrucian seemed borne through the woven vestibules of space—where arches of rainbows bowed down over him in all their stupendous splendors, and where stars, like colossal lamps, burned and gleamed around him. The earth he had quitted, reflecting back the rays of the refulgent systems—suns, moons and planets—became a shining planet in her turn, and an unspeakable brightness surrounded him; while heights above, and depths below, expanse upon expanse—endless plains of living light, terminating jasper walls and fleecy cloudlets, moving, waving in sinuities, closed in upon him, and opened before him, and on—on—on, the spirit, as if awhile released by a telestic spell, sped, and the infinite distance and endless space—only opening to other starry saharas and other far-spreading zodiacal plains—developed themselves to the vision of the adept.

Then shadows deepened—grew into level plains of darkness, gathered into tenebrous and awful wildernesses of death and desolation, and utter lifelessness and blank vastness—and he presently swept through armies of rushing worlds, continents of trailing comets, flashing and disappearing, and unutterable quickenings into fiery life; the genesis of orb on orb commencing their existence, and being hurled like a whirlwind into space, and falling into the harmonious march by the force of that central power which preserves the balance of the universe, producing day and darkness, noon and midnight, dawn and purple eve, summer and winter, spring and autumn—filling the land with rivers, and pouring the rivers into the seas, on which the infant generations presently began to launch boat and barque, and to pile up proud cities on the shores of the resounding oceans. Winds were born, tempests beat, rains fell, and system on system became perfect, beautiful, but also awful and sublime!

The blending blaze of suns passing the verge of our solar system smote him, but he blanched not. The sweep of myriad planets would seem to hurl him out of his track, but they hurried by. Twilights, like the eternities in duration, purple and rosy as their dawn, came on, cast vague reflections upon morose, cavernous vasts, and anon they were lighted up as by the glare of an insufferable illumination of suns, like rows of blazing shields suspended on a wall of translucent azure.

One moment he seemed to be descending by spiral stairs of drooping stars, falling into blank oblivion to unfathomable abysses. The next, ascending as to the limitless heights of battlements and towers of constellations corroding into regal cities and forming streets of palaces. Anon, arch and architrave, straight in the plane of the infinite Ecliptic, rose and rose, and became vestibules and starry alleys; and blending hues formed the grateful greenery of waving forests, spanning an arc of Heaven. Waters seemed to flow with a stately breadth and expanse, and wind and turn, and fall in sounding cataracts over mighty ledges, as if one huge sea, having lost its bounds, were falling over the edge of the world!

Conflagrations rose, and blazed, and rioted; and cataclysms seemed to fall, like multiplied Niagaras, upon and amidst, and to extinguish them. Immensity upon immensity! Terror on terror! And through all—pervading all—a stern, stony, nerveless, and appalling face—in all its Gorgon beauty and horror blended—with the glaring, lidless eyes, dwelt upon the adept with an insufferable and familiar proximity which made his driving heart quake and suspend itself in its heavy beatings.

Altitude on altitude, spanning height over height, and meeting in depth below depth—ghostly, gleaming mountain ridges, blending and melting, and startling by incessant changes—new visions, new shapes—other shadows and gathering armies and armaments, passing and filing away in multitudinous array, and to music whose gathering notes went sounding throughout every region, became confounded in wild abysmal tiltings, as if a sudden and chaotic paralysis had shaken every system out of its order, and had cast them in dire defeat across the endless plains, or to be swallowed up in other yawning voids, bursting

afresh beneath his unsupported feet. He felt he was now approaching to the end of his journey.

A vaporous throne, based on clouds and darkness, rose up before him, and the muffled forms of the "Sagani" gloomed upon him with their tremendous brows. Those faces, which ought to have been to him as grand serenities, awed him by their impenetrable veils; and still the haunting face of terror rose between him and the glory he coveted to look upon. With an intense and tender yearning, with eyes full of pitying tears, and lips that seemed to be moving with prayers, or with words that might seek to stay him, and turning back, Inez seemed to be struggling with the dread being, which, like that of Satan in the burning marle, lay "floating many a rood," coil on coil waving in sinuous convulsions, like that serpent in the old Scandinavian mythology belting the great circling sea, and holding the world and its waters in embrace.

"Who is this?" the voices of the muffled Sagani appeared to say.

"The mortal who clings to his mortality—he who carries in his breast the burning symbol of the order which holds converse with you, and has mastered the mysteries of life and death." So the dreadful creature spoke.

"Why cannot he look upon us and behold us?" was asked.

"Inez stands between him and the glory—his wife is his hindrance and the veil which covers your faces! Mortal, wilt thou surrender her? Speak!"

But Count Aureole could not speak. On that fair, spiritual face he looked fondly, yearningly in turn. His heart called her by name, and his lips formed the word he could not speak. Gnashing the teeth, the stony eyes emitting lurid fires, with an expression of venomous hate and fury, of baffled rage and impotent power, the creature seemed to curse him and to give him up to the influence that was greater than his own; and with the sound as of extinguishing worlds thundering in his ears, all vanished from his gaze. He felt himself as one cast headlong downwards, descending steepes and precipices, and finally all was quenched in the dead, still quiet of oblivion.

When the count awoke out of his sleep, he shook like an aspen at the remembrance of his dream. The morning stars were dying, and he sought his wife and knelt before her couch, and prayed to be delivered from the fiend he had conjured before him, and whose eyes were on him still.

Days, weeks, and months now passed away, and Count Aureole seemed to have abjured his dark studies, and to avoid that portion of his house where he had carried them on. He had closed and fastened up every entrance, as one who never meant to seek them more. Silent, pale and melancholy, he was ever beside Inez, who, with an assiduous tenderness, sought to beguile him of his fantasies. The Rosy Cross only burned on his breast at rare intervals, but the pain he had complained of had gradually passed away, until at last every vestige of the sign seemed to have disappeared. Then he began to smile again, to be as other men, to take an interest afresh in life, to see beauty anew in Nature, and to watch over his wife with an infinite love and solicitude, which brought the smiles back once more to her own ingenuous and beautiful face.

A twelvemonth now had passed, and Count Aureole knew the serene and inexpressible bliss of beholding a lovely infant in Inez' arms. The high and holy charm of parenthood was his in all its wordless delight. But if he was tranquilly happy, he repressed all outward manifestations of it—he drank in his great joy with fear and trembling. He knew not yet what the forfeit of his dreaded compact might involve. Those so dear to him might be the victims of his expiation. How did he regret now that he had ever surrendered himself to his terrible art!

But, in proportion as he took a delight in the closer society of his wife and her beautiful infant, so in proportion did there seem to steal over Inez in turn a coldness, a distrust, a kind of dread which she never defined, and which, while he observed it, and watched its growth with a throbbing agony of heart, he never dared to question why or how it arose. Instinct and sympathy he felt had impressed her with a terror of him it was utterly impossible to argue away. Though he had shut up his study, closed his books, allowed the powers he was gifted with to

slumber in desuetude, cast away the key of his secret tower, still it was clear that a vague and undefined fear haunted her—made her pale, restless, feverish, weary, unhappy. The count sadly and sorrowfully noted this, but knew not how to remedy it. To submit—to be resigned to his fate—was all that was left him to do. Fate, he knew, was stronger than he; but it was dreadful to know that the creature he now worshipped with so much sincerity, loved with a multiplied strength of love, shrank from him in silent, secret terror, and might at last learn to hate him. Once or twice the face of the stranger who had visited him in his tower had haunted him in the streets of late. He beheld that malignant smile, half triumph, half hate, play on the sardonic lips. He felt the cold, fascinating glitter of the fearful eyes fasten upon him. But he had made his resolve. From him no appeal to the awful powers under his control should ever be made more. In so far as he could wrestle with the dark shadow of his destiny he would do so.

But the darkness now overshadowing her in whom he had bounl up an l centred every earthly thought, grew daily deeper; her sadness increased, her melancholy became intenser, and the distance increased between them, till he groaned in his secret soul, saying mournfully—

"Oh, my beloved, do not turn thine eyes from me. I am very lonely, and my wife and my babe seem none of mine."

Then would he hear the low, mocking laugh, and the outline of the Gorgon face would grow again before him, as the burning pain came afresh.

Time had passed away; but he knew that an occultation of the stars was now approaching, when his natal star would be in sinister combination or conjunction, and the house of life be invaded, the evil creature in the ascendant standing between him and Adonai, the master of the secret seal.

One day, seated alone with his wife in her chamber, a messenger, with the malignant aspect of the mysterious stranger, yet in other guise, bore him a citation from the office of the Inquisition, requesting him to attend and give answer to certain dark practices alleged to be performed by him.

Inez, listening with pale face and bloodless lips, traced some lines hastily on paper, and quitted the room after the evil messenger.

Count Aureole had given his promise to attend the citation, and, lost in great fear and perplexity, observed not the letter for a long time after. Seeing it at last, and that it was addressed to him, he opened it and read as follows:

"Aureole, my husband, blame me not, seek me not, follow me not. If you practise the unholy arts of sorcery—as I fear you do, abjure them, forget them; for oh, I live in fear and trembling for our child—that little spirit so fresh and holy, and I would not have it given to the powers of darkness, as they say the dreadful compacts were. I go to seek an asylum for my babe—to seek help and succor—for I am living in dread. And I love—I love my husband yet, even while I fear him. Pardon and forgive. I thought never to have quitted your side but with life. I will pray for you, dear Aureole; do you pray for yourself, and forget not, also seek not, the unhappy

"INEZ."

This was all. But the blow of this defection struck him deeper than thrust of sword or stroke of axe might. That same night he lay in the cells of the dreaded Inquisition, and beside him now ever was that loathsome thing—whispering, urging, tempting him to forget, to forswear, to surrender Inez and his child, who had surrendered him—promising to exchange the gloom and horror of the dungeon, the pincers, and the rack, for the glories of the presence he had been blinded with before—to lead him to the circle where the sign of his initiation entitled him to be, but which the sanctity of the tie binding him to Inez and his child now entirely forbade. He shrank not now, but he was blind and deaf; and gnashing its teeth, and tempting him, the dreaded creature in that everlasting darkness still lay by his side.

Then came the examination, the question, the torture, the resolute silence, the defiant denial, and the grand Inquisitor, who, with infernal subtlety and skill, made his very questions imply guilt, and seemed none other than the mysterious stran-

ger of the far, far East. And even the cowed monk, scowling and gleaming at him as he bent over him, exhorting, inventing, twisting and distorting the words wrung out of torture, took the fiendish aspect of the abominable thing which never left him till half mad and delirious, racked with pain, yet never, finding relief in the oblivion of the senses. He knew not, at last, whether all was not a fearful phase of his awful dream in the regions of space, and sometimes came the thought that he had fallen into a sphere of superhuman tortures. Yet lived he and suffered on, and only moaned the name of Inez—only murmured the sweet name of his child.

"Do you still hold out? Do you still cling to those who cannot help—who cannot save?" said the dreaded voice to him one night, of pale and bleeding agony, when the clammy dews of death were on his forehead.

"I cling to Inez—to my child—to those who link me to the highest heavens, and I reject the evil knowledge which I have gained," answered the adept.

"It is useless," laughed the voice. "Fool! to think thou canst hold a divided interest—be pledged to the one and hold to the other, when the antagonism is as that of fire and ice, of hate and love, of life and death."

"Death—death then, and everlasting peace," moaned the count.

"It cannot be," said the voice. "Thou and thine are bound by a compact, and the penalty must be paid."

"Oh, Inez!" sighed the adept, "hast thou turned thine eyes away from me? Oh, my child! wilt thou never pray for me? I have been tempted and have fallen, and the fruit of the tree of forbidden knowledge is bitter—very bitter."

"And the seal, the sign, the cross!" said the voice.

"It burns—it burns!" cried the count.

"Wouldst thou be free?"

"Not at thy price, false spirit; not on thy conditions. Avant! I defy thee, I deny thee, and I trust in Heaven. I shall meet Inez again."

"Inez cannot help thee—cannot save thee. She is dead, cold, still in her warm grave; and thy infant, sleeping like the waters of a frozen lake, lies on its mother's breast," the mocking voice went on.

"Amen," murmured the count, clasping his hands. "So be it. I am glad her pain is over—her travail ended—but I would have looked upon her face again."

"Wouldst thou be free?" again the voice demanded.

"Not with thy help, not at thy instigation, but I will be free, and have no aid from thy abhorrent hands."

As he spoke, thrusting his hand into his bosom, it touched the talisman, which still hung round his neck. Then, as if by an inscrutable instinct, he murmured the formula of the cabalistic book, called on the name of Adonai, and darkness fell upon him, changing, he knew not when or how, into the light of the broadening day; and he found himself as a decrepit old man, and his limbs yet aching with a strange pain, traversing the streets of the city, while dimly, vaguely before him the faint outline of a woman carrying a child closely nestled to her breast, hurried swiftly on.

"Inez! Inez!" he murmured. "Stay—stay! Do not fly me! I will not harm thee. I will kneel at thy feet—implore thy pity—thy pardon, and then die."

"It cannot be! It shall not be!" the mocking echo said.

"Inez—my wife—my beloved! let me look upon my first-born. Let me see but one smile. Give me but one look upon his purple eyelids, and I ask no more."

Still the figure fled—fled like one who has suspicion of being followed by something fearful, and to be avoided—as one hastening from an enemy and seeking for the shelter of a friendly roof.

It was palpable to him, inexplicable as it may be, that this was the phantom of his thoughts—an unreality, yet embodying that principle so deeply implanted in human nature, which dreads to disturb the spiritual world beyond the reach of obvious human knowledge, and which is only to be gained by means that are forbidden by every instinct, human and divine. It was clear to him that all this was an actual and positive

punishment of the aspirations of the adept to follow the flying feet, and know that under the canopy, nothing more terrible could hap than the loving husband and father overtaking the devoted wife and babe. Sleeping as the dead sleep, among the roots and dew, he had an indefinite consciousness that Inez and her child were among the departed; yet on and on the shadowy shape continued to hurry. And now the eve was come.

He found that his feet led him now towards the ancient mansion in which he had sought after knowledge which is forbidden man to know—in which he had nursed innocence and beauty with a gentle, protecting hand—where he had become husband and father, and where he afterwards found every hope in life wrecked and broken up for ever. An awful veil had divided that house in twain. On the one side of it hovered the protecting angels, on the other glared the face of the inexorable! He entered within, passed on, and sank beside the empty chair where his wife was wont to sit—beside the empty cradle in which his infant had slept and smiled. All was very desolate now; and the stricken man, as he felt his heavy loneliness, prayed and wept. The household voices were dumb, but who had stayed their music? He arose and strode through the chambers, and once more pursued his way into his tower.

He stood in the gloomy chamber, with its arches and dim nooks, about the floor of which were scattered his crucibles and instruments of science. He cast open the casement, and let in the twilight with its cooling breezes to fan his feverish forehead. Not having a full consciousness of what he was to do, he gazed listlessly forth and about him, ever and anon pressing his hand on his bosom, for the Rosy Cross burned fiercely upon it, and he sighed heavily, as one oppressed with an unknown weight of pain.

A resistless influence seemed to be prompting him to open the magic book. A mysterious prompting to dare the whole unutterable mystery of the talisman succeeded. The stars in the northern arch were gathering, clustering, leaping into life and light and loveliness, and his own broad natal star shone fairest, fullest and brightest among them, though at times it became dim and obscure, as though it indicated that the great and terrible hour of trial—the crisis of his fate—was fast arriving.

But the sweet, mournful voice of Inez came floating upward from the streets, mingled with the low, plaintive wail of the babe. He fancied it called him by name—

"Aureole! Husband! Be not tempted, beloved Aureole! Follow us—follow us to peace and rest, to tranquil and un-breaking sleep! Follow! follow! follow!"

He descended again, and again wandered through the streets, white and pallid with the moonshine that filled them. Men stood and looked upon him with a kind of awe; for there was that in his aspect and mien which bore some unearthly stamp upon it, and they drew away with a nameless uncertainty and fear. None spoke to or accosted him, and he—he saw them not. Only the flying form, the little child closely clasped, and listening to the voice calling him to "Follow! follow!" and he followed on with a yearning and a breaking heart, if only to look into Inez' eyes. Ah! could he now look into their depths and know the unfathomable mystery of love still lingering there, and then die and be at peace! The hungering restlessness of his mind was torture. Like one in delirium, he still wandered wearily onward till he followed the hurrying form, entering the grounds of the dead, into the place of graves. Green and beautiful lay the grassy mounds in the moonlight. White and still as sheeted ghosts, sitting at the head of the tombs, were the marble slabs and stones in the showering starshine.

He watched the form of Inez as she passed into an alley of yews. Again emerging on the fairest bank, she seemed to sit down with the babe in her arms at the foot of a grave. At its head stood a carven stone, and on it he read her name and that of her babe. And there she sat, as waiting for him; and from her soft, sweet eyes a light—mournful, holy and tender—shone like the lamp of Hope upon his brows. He tottered forward, called forth her name, "Inez!" and sank on his knees before her.

"My wife! my Inez! my beloved!—have I found you?"

And a sweet whispering voice replied, "You have found us. We shall seek our rest now. We shall sleep dreamlessly soon—very soon, now!" and the form vanished.

"My own, my beautiful, leave me not! Take, oh, take me with you! I abjure the wrong, and I pray for light to see the right path!"

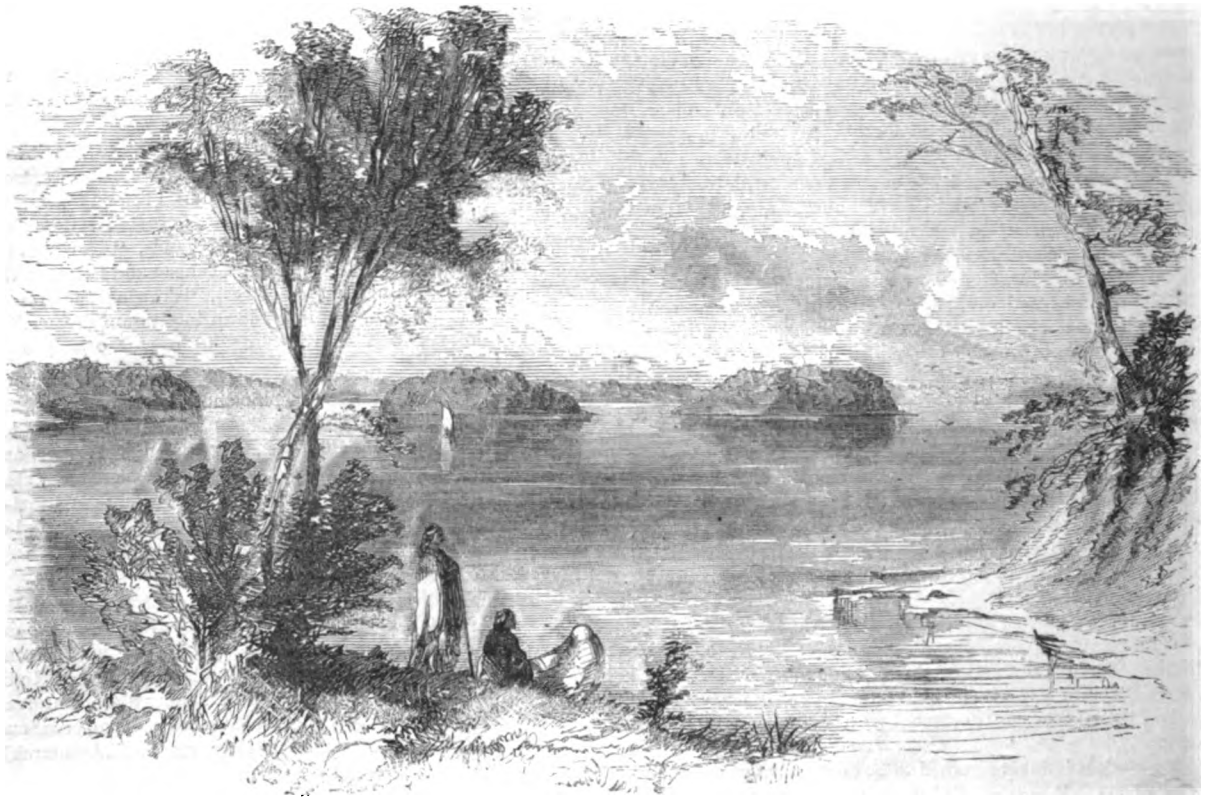
As he spoke, his natal star burst forth for an instant into a flood of such glorious effulgence as he had never before witnessed. Presently a dense, opaque body began to pass before, to obscure, to eclipse him totally. It was Count Aureole's eclipse; for murmuring solemnly and with folded hands, "The heavens declare the glory of God," he bowed his head and fell upon the grave, like one seeking his bed of rest, "drawing the drapery of his couch about him, and lying down to pleasant dreams."

A tradition of a young nobleman who, in the ardent pursuit of science in its highest philosophic and theosophic forms, had fallen into a mild and harmless insanity, from brooding too much upon the unattainable, was long current at Venice, and connected with the name of Count Aureole. It was added, also, that his young and lovely bride had died of a broken heart—finding that he was more wrapt in his studies than careful of cultivating the affections—but that he did not survive her long, and was found one morning lying dead upon her grave.

Insane or not, the boundary line between reason and unreason is of so fine and elusive a character, that it is too difficult to define where the one begins and the other ends—or how the one blends into the other—to allow any conclusive judgment to be arrived at; and the question lies still among those unsolved metaphysics of faith and belief which always have been, and which always are likely to remain among the impenetrable mysteries of being.

THE PIN OF SCANDAL.—Mr. Wilberforce relates that at one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce," in an opposing journal, and the following given as "an instance of his Phariseism:" "He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room, reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the streets to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge or reproach, I began to reflect and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this: I was walking in the Pump Room in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and as I had Horace in my pocket I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than that!

SIGHING.—There is not a more pernicious habit, nor one that grows more insensibly upon a man, than that of sighing. Besides wasting a good deal of breath that we want for something better, it wears out the lungs; it induces irregularity of respiration; it quickens the action of the heart and it depresses the spirits—just as a hearty laugh exhilarates them. With some, too, it is a mere habit; there are even-tempered men who seem to take it as a safety-valve for blowing off superfluous wind from their chest; and so inveterate does it grow upon them that they come out with suspirations at all sorts of queer times and unsuitable occasions; treating, it may be, a whole company who are listening to a witty *raconteur*, or a lively song, with a "heigh-ho!" that is quite appalling. From whatever cause it arises, sighing is a vain, pestilent and profitless operation, to be discountenanced alike by physician, philosopher and friend. If a man is down in the world it will not raise him; if he is sinking it will not float him; if he is empty it will not fill him; and if he is poor 'tis the worst way in the world to raise the wind. "A plague of sighing," says the pleasant old Jack Falstaff; "it blows a man up like a bladder." It does worse, it blows a man off, like froth from a tankard of ale; it blows a man out, like the flame from the wick of a candle.



LAKE MINNETONKA, NEAR ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, MINNESOTA TERRITORY.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

THE newest addition to our Union, Minnesota, is especially distinguished by the number and beauty of her lakes. Hundreds of these have been visited, many enumerated, and a few described; but of the great majority the Indian names alone are known, while in the unvisited western portions of the State even larger sheets of water may exist than those of which our geographers have cognizance. Such, however, as have been visited and sketched, appear to be characterized rather by the peculiar beauties of the lakes of the Eastern States than by the features common to the inland seas of Michigan. They are seldom of great size, but their irregular shape, wooded banks, precipitous islands covered with verdure, and above all, the extraordinary pellucidity of their waters, lend to the scenery a perpetual charm.

Lake Minnetonka, the subject of the accompanying sketch, lies near the young settlement of Excelsior, about twelve miles westward from the Mississippi river. It is reached by a pleasant ride from St. Anthony, over prairies which at this season are covered with grasses of great height and luxuriance, and through woods only partially cleared as yet, of scrub oak, hazel and poplar, which, as the lake is neared, gradually yield the ground to a tolerably heavy growth of walnut, oak and elm trees, taking the name of "Big Woods," although elsewhere than in Minnesota, where timber is comparatively scarce, such a title would scarcely be applied. These woods surround the lake, which is sixteen or seventeen miles in length, but of less considerable breadth.

The lake is most capricious in its course, now embosoming itself in the green shadow of the wood, forming a tranquil bay that scarcely ever a ripple disturbs, now stretching along a straight and narrow beach or receding from a bold and elevated promontory which runs for a considerable distance into the quiet waters. The lake is not very deep, and is exceedingly clear, so that the bottom is almost everywhere visible, and the lazy Indian as he floats in his canoe upon its unruffled bosom, can watch the trout and pickerel as they approach his tempting bait. The lake and the surrounding woods are favorite resorts

for Indian sportsmen, of whom a party are seen upon the bank in our engraving. The twin islands in the centre are thickly clothed with forest trees, among which the sugar maple and the hickory occur.

Civilization is rapidly closing up around this gem of the forest, but the red man has not yet disappeared from the vicinity, although his complete removal from Minnesota will undoubtedly be accomplished within comparatively few years. The Sioux occasionally pitch their tents in this neighborhood, and a large encampment was formed by them a year ago in the immediate vicinity of Lake Minnetonka. The sudden influx of white men, the ringing of the axe in the forest, and the passage of the plough over the plain, appear to fill them with melancholy and well-founded forebodings, and they gradually recede to the unexplored regions of the furthest West, there to melt away and become, as they inevitably must, extinct.

The once powerful Sioux nation is already greatly diminished in numbers, and their position is greatly changed since, thirty years ago, they could boast the ownership of a territory extending more than a thousand miles from north to south, embracing the richest hunting grounds and the most fertile soils in North America. Frequent wars, the use of ardent spirits, and the encroachments of white emigration have largely contributed to their decline. They are very seldom found dangerous neighbors, although greatly addicted to theft, but the massacre of Spirit Lake, perpetrated last year by a band of Sioux warriors, occasioned no small amount of alarm and ill-feeling among the borderers of the territory.

The particulars of this sad tragedy, hardly exceeded in ferocity by the deeds of the Sepoy miscreants shortly afterwards at Delhi, Meerut and Cawnpore, are well known. Some score or two of warriors, headed by the celebrated chief Ink-pa-du-tah, with their women and children, were hunting on the little Sioux river, and in various parts of Clay county. At the settlement of Spirit Lake, after committing depredations at various periods of their wanderings, they fell suddenly upon the inhabitants and slaughtered them in the most cruel manner. The settlement consisted of half-a-dozen families, numbering in all about fifty persons, who were scattered, as usual, in cabins at the distance of several miles from each other.



SMILING MORN.

Early in the spring, a party from the eastern settlements visited Spirit Lake, and found the earliest traces of the massacre. The cabin of Joel Howe was the first which they visited, and on entering they beheld, to their astonishment and horror, the bodies of seven murdered persons, thrown in a heap upon the floor. They had evidently been deliberately butchered, and on visiting other cabins the same sad spectacle met their gaze. Everything was thrown into the wildest disorder, furniture and buildings ruthlessly destroyed, cattle slaughtered, and no human being left to give an account of the catastrophe. Later in the season, however, stragglers came in from the woods, and by degrees a connected statement of the attack was obtained. Blame undoubtedly attached to the settlers as well as to the Indians, but the provocation which the latter received was slight indeed compared with the fearful vengeance which they took. Beside the massacre of a number of the members, others, including several females, were carried into captivity, and remained for many weeks among the Indians until released through the agency of friendly chiefs.

The death of Ink-pa-du-tah has recently been reported, and the retaliation which was instantly made by the border settlers, so soon as the news of this disaster was received, must have taught the Sioux that the vengeance of the white man is swift and sure. But an Indian attack in our north-western States is becoming, at the present day, a thing entirely of the past; and the settled conviction, beneficial to both races alike, that it is easier to be friends than enemies with the white race, has superseded the fierce animosity and bloodthirsty spirit which formerly prevailed among the savage tribes.

"S. S. V. P."—A TALE, IN TWO ADVENTURES.

BY J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

ADVENTURE I.

It happened, that some years ago, while wandering about the pleasant old town of Metz, by night, when the moon was at its full, after gazing at the broad floods of light and deeply defined shadows flung along the wide quays, and admiring the fine old Cathedral—fine in spite of its tawdry Pompadour portal excrescences, that conjured up a thousand fantastic and romantic imaginings, inspired by the goblin-like antics of the full moonlight in the gothic tracery—I found myself in a narrow street of high houses, leading into the upper town.

As I strolled on, in this same street of Metz, my eyes were first dazzled, and then my attention was arrested by two bright brass plates affixed to the door-stall of a house of some stories, upon which were two simple names and designations—"Madame Rose, Sage-Femme," engraved upon the upper plate, and "Mademoiselle Hortense, Couturière," upon the lower. Nothing was more commonplace. But below each name stood out clearly, in the glittering blaze of each plate, the strange letters, "S. S. V. P." As I stood endeavoring to unravel the meaning of this arrangement of initials, visions of Roman standards first floated before my bewildered fancy; but they soon turned out to be very far from the mark. Then thoughts of pleasant invitation cards, politely requesting immediate answers, were instinctively suggested by memory; but they, too, did not come up to the requirements of my investigation, by one tiresome and obstinately positive letter. Suddenly a gleam of truth flashed across my brain—flashed with that conviction, it was a ray of genius, which truth alone can give! The mystic letters, "S. S. V. P." meant "*Sonnez s'il vous plait*." In truth, by the side of each plate dangled a well-worn, dark wooden handle, like a big lace-bobbin attached to a stout wire, the ultimate progress and destination of which means of communication were not clearly revealed to my eyes; and it was evident that these letters requested the passing wanderer, as politely as any of those invitation cards—which as a conscientious man I had all my life made a duty to answer, at whatever expense of time and patience—to pull those bobbins and "Ring if you please."

Now, if only for the credit of my country, I am always anxious in a foreign land to show all possible politeness to all descrip-

tions of men—and especially women. It seemed to me that a request so politely, albeit mysteriously made, required as polite a compliance on the spot. "Ring if you please!" said the hieroglyphics. "Certainly, if it can be any satisfaction to you," replied my instincts of politeness. For a few moments I hesitated—very much like the well-known animal that hesitated between two panniers of hay; "very much like," I dare say many will echo—between the bell of Madame Rose and the bell of Mademoiselle Hortense. But as Madame Rose was clearly the uppermost in the hierarchy of door-plates, it was evident that to her was due the first performance of my obligations in this act of polite compliance. So I raised my hand, and with a bow as low as if Madame Rose herself had stood before me, I pulled Madame Rose's bobbin. Before I had time to proceed to the execution of my further duties in politeness towards Mademoiselle Hortense, I was startled by a sharp sound! a click! the retreat of a well-oiled bolt! The house door had flown partly open!

Before me seemed to lie a long dark corridor. I paused. Not a sound disturbed the silence of that passage, which was evidently still more mysterious in its nature—or seemed so to me in my state of lunar inebriation—than that mysterious door. I waited still. Not a creature appeared—not even a phantom, cold and white-sheeted as the moonlight without. I waited still again. By degrees the conviction crossed me, that, as I had been so politely requested to walk in, although only by a mute yet animated door, and had as politely responded to the summons, I was bound by all the duties of gallantry to inquire next why this politeness had been thus reciprocally exercised. So I groped cautiously forward, not without some apprehension of pitfalls or trap-doors, or some such accessories of mysterious adventures in dark corridors, according to all the rules of romance.

Suddenly, I stumbled, and nearly fell upon my nose. There was evidently no trap-door, however; it was an elevation, not a descent, upon which I had nearly dislocated my ankles. A staircase? Yes, it was a stone staircase. By dint of feeling around, my hands fell upon an iron balustrade on the one side; a rope fixed by iron rings, here and there, against a cold damp wall on the other. These aids to ascent persuaded me that I was called upon to ascend. Ascend I did, step by step, up a staircase which, seemingly, wound spirally to an upper floor. Yes! my foot rested upon a landing-place. Silence still reigned around. Still no one came to meet me. I began to feel my dignity offended. Really, after my repeated acts of polite compliance to the evident request of Madame Rose, it was mortifying to be thus treated *sans façon*. I did not expect a throng of pages with torches to usher me brilliantly to the presence of the fair *châtelaine* of the *donjon*. But a rushlight to save me from another fall, and spare further accident or injury to that trivial excrescence upon the symmetry of which I, perhaps with undue vanity, set some store, was the least illumination I considered myself entitled to be indulged with. Still nobody, nothing!

I had evidently arrived at the first floor of the house. My *amour propre* was so nettled at this utter neglect of all acknowledgment of my civilities, that I positively believe I should have been induced to retreat, had not a faint ray of light suddenly gleamed upon my sense of sight, now rendered more sensitive by the long obscurity—a very faint ray! However, this was another mute invitation, and I again paused. The feeble gleam evidently came from the story above. Again I groped along, mounted slowly another flight of stone stairs, similar in all its accessories to the one below, and found myself upon a second landing-place. Here it was evident that the light proceeded from a partially open door—another clear invitation to proceed. Before, however, I could now make up my mind as to the best means of accepting it, a low gentle voice from within startled me with the words, "Is that you?" Of course it was I! I couldn't say I was not I; how could I? To say that I was somebody else would have been clearly absurd. So I responded, "Yes, it is I." "Thank God!" was then ejaculated.

It was very flattering, to be sure, to be received with so fervent an expression of feeling, so evidently indicating a pious thanksgiving that I was I, and nobody else; and I was about to respond confirmatorily—I don't know what now, when suddenly the door was opened more widely. A dusky female form

appeared, I mean female as regarded the dress; for her form evidently was enveloped in female attire, although of portly dimensions, and features utterly invisible in the only light coming faintly from behind her, and placed an oblong but tolerably large and heavy bundle in my arms. Hollo! what was this? I could not decently accept property, which even in the moonbeam-fuddled state of my intellect I could but feel was never intended for me, an unknown foreigner, who up to that moment had never held any communication upon any matter of business whatever with Madame Rose, or any other fair or foul denizen of the good city of Metz, save my landlord and the waiters at my hotel. So I stammered my expostulations with an indistinct, "But, gracious goodness! what is it?" The answer came with the startling effect of a thunderclap! "It is a fine boy! God bless you!" And the door was shut in my face.

"Oh! this would never do! This return for all my accumulated efforts of civility, this enforced obligation of compulsory paternity upon me, a bachelor, as ignorant of all the mysteries of pap and swaddling linen as I was of Cochín Chinese, this cruel infliction upon my polite, unsuspecting nature, was more than I could bear! I thrust with some violence against the door, thus suddenly closed upon me. No answer! I felt, in the now utter darkness, for some bell, to warn the inmates that, after all, I was somebody else. But my trembling hand could find no appendage, that might have been taken for a bell-rope. But at all events I could again find that bell-handle in the street below, close to that accursed glittering plate, on which was engraved the name of "*Madame Rose, Sage-Femme.*" "*Sage-Femme!*" Yes! it now darted across my brain—Madame Rose was an accredited midwife, and—and—oh! it was too much.

I began cautiously to retreat down the stairs, with my living burden in my arms; it now uttered a little moaning wail, and I quickened my steps at the risk of increasing the wail into a shrill cry, by letting the little creature fall. How I cursed the moonbeams! how I cursed my lunatic nature! how I cursed, above all, those vile delusive hieroglyphics that had lured me on to an adventure, so disagreeable in its issue! "S. S. V. P!" But I would obey their summons once again! This time I would ring, not to oblige you, treacherous Madame Rose! but to please myself. In the politeness of my nature I had interpreted the words, "*S'il vous plait,*" into a conventional and courteous request. In their rigid meaning they ought to be translated "if it pleased me." It did please me to ring again, and this time, as I determined, with a clatter that would rouse Madame Rose to a sense of her error!

I gained at last the outer door, which fortunately, in the eagerness of my politeness, I had forgotten to close behind me. Had I not left it open, Heaven knows how long I might have been compelled to remain, doing futile nurse's service, in corridor and on staircase? And who can tell how far the ultimate destinies of various persons, at that moment unknown to me, but none the less intimately connected with the unwilling service I was then rendering, might not have been affected by my compulsory seclusion! At last I emerged into the street. Scarcely had I had time to descend the low door-step, and look on one side for that same bobbin of Madame Rose on which I was about to vent my spite, when a sudden jerk from behind nearly threw me on my back. In a moment I felt nearly throttled. Garotting is decidedly not of modern invention. Thuggism has existed for centuries in India: and lasso-throwing was certainly in use by Nimrod and his associates—and, there is every reason to believe, for the capture and destruction of two-footed as well as quadruped animals.

It was not until afterwards that I comprehended that a handkerchief had been adroitly flung over my head, and tightened rapidly around my neck, at the same time that I had been pulled backwards. My eyes were flashing with that fire, proceeding from a blow, which the French say causes you to see "thirty-six candles"—though why that precise number should be used to indicate the visual flashings produced by violent external injury, is a mystery to me, and would probably defy all the combined wisdom of the wise men of "Notes and Queries" to unravel—when I heard a voice—which, low as it was, seemed to roar in my ear with the noise of the falls of Niagara—exclaim,

"Now, now, sir! quick!" My living bundle, which I had, mistrusting, grasped more tightly, was torn from my arms by some one in front; I was suddenly released by my aggressor from behind; and, as still confined, still half choked, I recovered myself from the position into which I had been thrown, against the wall of the house, I could see two men running up the steeper part of the street, in evident fright.

Now the loss of the bundle, the burden of which had been imposed upon me, was in no ways to be regretted; quite the contrary! and I ought undoubtedly to have been infinitely grateful, had I been a wise man, to the ravishers of baby, bundle and all, for the intense relief of mind and body they afforded me. But men, and I believe more especially Englishmen—have certain instincts, to which they impulsively give way, before they can call reason to their aid. If they are hit, they hit again. They don't like to be insulted, they don't like to be garotted. They don't like to be violently robbed, no, not even of unknown babies in which they have no concern, and of which only a moment before they may have been anxious to disburden themselves. And when they are insulted and garotted, and violently robbed of babies, their instinctive impulse is to run after the insulters, garotters and baby robbers, and hit them if they can. Consequently, insulted, garotted, and baby robbed as I was, my first instinctive impulse was to run after the two men, and avenge myself somehow or other. I never paused to reflect upon possible or probable results. I ran.

My pursuit was, however, quickly checked. The ravishers were not yet quite out of sight, when I was again grasped by an antagonist, who rushed upon me from behind, and collaring me violently, loaded me with new and unexpected insults. "Wretch! miscreant! assassin! thief!" were among the mildest of the invectives lavished forth upon me. The "Hit him again" instinct was once more uppermost in a moment. I turned and collared my new assailant. I also shook him violently for every shake he gave me, and, his hat rolling off in the struggle, found my face close to that of a dark-haired, good-looking young fellow, distorted with rage. "The accomplice of a villain!" he roared, "from the bottom of the street I saw you deliver the child into his hands." Now it was utterly improbable he could have seen any such transaction, except upon the "stand and deliver" highway robber principle; he evidently labored under an optical delusion, which distance and the indistinctness of night must have favored. "No such thing!" I roared, as loud as my new enemy. "Don't seek to deceive me, ruffian!" he howled again. Ruffian! who was the ruffian I should have liked to know. "Whither have they conveyed the child? Confess!" "How should I know?" was all I could stammer, now almost completely out of breath. "Where are they gone?" was again shouted. I pointed gaspingly up the street, still convulsively grasping my attacker with my left hand. But he tore himself then from my more feeble grip, and, with the last very unmerited oburgation, "Wretched hireling! you are beneath my vengeance, but you shall not escape it!" he rushed up the street in the same direction as my baby-snatchers.

My pursuing instincts had been so fairly or rather foully shaken out of me by this time, that they hesitated to set my legs in motion, as they had done a moment before. But another instinct was quickly called into play—for there is one, just as common to most men, and again, I believe, very especially so to Englishmen: and that is, an aversion to finding themselves a prey to the tender mercies of certain personages poetically called "myrmidons of the law." Without any legitimate fear of such personages before my eyes, I own that I have a particular dislike to come into collision with policeman.

Almost simultaneously with the flight of my last aggressor, my attention was attracted to the appearance of a body of men, coming up tolerably rapidly, from the lower part of the street. A moment's glance as well perhaps as that sort of creeping horror with which some men are said to be affected by the presence of a cat, to say nothing of a bevy of such animals, convinced me that these men were a body of police night patrol, attracted to the spot, probably, by the loud shouts of my late enemy and myself. I stood transfixed for a moment. Then the possible thought crossed me that there I was, disordered in my dress,

I was awake at the earliest dawn. I hastily packed my trunk, paid my bill, slunk like a guilty creature through the street, fearing to meet the smallest *agent de police*, and followed by my luggage porter, I reached the quays. I did not however feel quite composed until I found myself on board one of the Mosele steamers, and on my way to Trèves, vowing that I never would return again to the city of Metz, where I might be involved in a terrific encounter with the police authorities, and that I would never again wander by the light of the moon.

But this was not all. I was haunted in two other ways. I was haunted by a little dirty imp of curiosity, that was for ever whispering into my ear an insane desire to know all the whys and wherefores of those strange scenes of midwifery, baby-snatching, and despair, in which I had been so unexpected and unwilling a fellow actor. I tried every conjuration of reason and propriety to lay the importunate little demon. "Avaunt!" I cried—"Apage Sathanas! What were all these seeming maniacs, and their outrageous actions to me?" And again: "Would it not be an indiscretion of the most indecorous

the attractive force of the spell : to Metz I went.

Instead of experiencing that nervous thrill of horror, for which I was prepared on returning to that city, I felt a most unaccountable glow of satisfaction when I again put foot upon its quays—a feeling evidently not natural to me, but inspired by the triumphant ghostly tormentors that possessed me. I had long since made up my mind that my fears of the police authorities of that sage city had been grossly exaggerated—were, in truth, absurd. Removed from the more immediate presence of my cats, I had begun to treat my instinctive feline horror as a foolish weakness. Was it probable, moreover, that the police gentry, lynx-eyed as they are supposed to be, could have recognised the supposed robber in my expance of back!—for they

had scarcely seen more of my person. Certainly not. I carefully avoided, however, the hotel that had witnessed the return of my pallid face, with its bundana pigtail adornment.

The next morning I boldly trod the streets of Metz once more—once more I joined the throngs upon its sunny quays—once more I studied all the Gothic fantasies of its cathedral. I determined, it is true, prudently to abstain from putting foot into that narrow street which had become the scene of my nocturnal adventure. But what was now any determination of my own will, in conflict with that of the all-powerful little demon of curiosity? I certainly never meant to go into that street—I believe I didn't—that is, I as I; but my other "I" did, somehow—the I, that was no longer I, but a creature given up to influences independent of itself. No! I did not go there; but I found myself standing before that narrow door of that house of many stories, with my eyes again riveted upon those ghostly letters, "S. S. V. P."

The sun was shining brightly; the birds were chirping joyously on the house-top; fair muslin curtains trimmed with pink gleamed invitingly at the first floor windows; pots of gay balsams protruded with bright color from the second floor windows of that delusive Madame Rose, *Sage-Femme*. The door no longer wore the mysterious aspect which it had assumed under the rays of the moonlight; it was a pleasant-looking little door enough. Upon my word, it was altogether as charming an old-fashioned French house as any wandering artist might have longed to sketch in any quaint French provincial town.

The letters "S. S. V. P.," and those inviting bell-handles alone exercised their old power of mysterious fascination. My hand was again raised as on that disastrous night—played with the dangling bobbins—hesitated! What cause have I now, I argued, for obeying the fascination of those letters? Not even that of being fuddled by the moonbeams, as before. It was broad daylight. But then it must be remembered, I was haunted. The imp of curiosity was at my elbow, pushing up that unwilling hand. At one moment, I had positively once more clutched Madame Rose's bobbin; but this was too much for me, even supernaturally possessed as I was. I resisted, struggled, and finally came to a compromise with the little demon. I accepted the bell-wire of "*Mademoiselle Hortense, Couturière*," as a *moyen terme*. The bobbin was pulled. The door again flew open, with that same well-known click and self-acting jerk. I stood again within that passage. The passage, like the door, no longer retained that awfully mysterious air with which the obscurity of night had invested it. I walked along that clean stone passage, with its fair whitewashed walls, and mounted the winding stone staircase, which by daylight no longer appeared chill and damp, to the first floor, as coolly as if I had been at home. The door of "*Mademoiselle Hortense, Couturière*," was standing open. I walked in.

Nothing could be trimmer than the trim ante-chamber into which I entered, except the trimmer person of Mademoiselle Hortense herself, who, as she opened the door of the front room on hearing my footsteps, set before me the trimmest of trim French *couturières*. The jauntiest of caps, which displayed the brightest color without offending the rules of the strictest taste, while it removed the individuality of Mademoiselle Hortense from the lower rank of *griette*, immediately elevated her to experienced eyes into the position of the mistress of the establishment. The neatest of plain dresses, relieved by the purest simple white cuffs and collar, while it set off the plump figure of Mademoiselle Hortense to the greatest advantage, evidenced, by the neatness and accuracy of its "fit," that she was a mistress of her art, and well versed in all the exquisite niceties of those mysteries which are the especial province of the French *couturière*. A bright twinkle of a pair of pretty dark eyes, the ready smile of a pair of somewhat full lips, and even the peculiar elevation of a little nose, showed at once to a physiognomist (a character for which branch of the *flâneur's* art I had always prided myself upon), that she was of a gay, although impressionable temperament, a kindly disposition, and a compassionate, may be somewhat loving, heart. "Would monsieur walk in?—what might be monsieur's desire?" she asked, smiling, with that thoroughly unembarrassed grace which most French women seem to possess, as the most consummate

actresses in the world—not that I mean to insinuate that they are nothing else than actresses—Heaven forbid! Monsieur, of course, walked in—far more embarrassed than mademoiselle.

But a glance around that neat, prettily decorated, though somewhat theatrically disposed room, soon afforded monsieur a ready excuse. Monsieur was anxious to see the last modes of mademoiselle (for the provincial *couturière* is also a *modiste*), the talent and admirable taste of mademoiselle having already reached the ears of monsieur, although only a brief sojourner in Metz. "Monsieur was very kind." Monsieur was returning to his own country, whither he desired to transport an *échantillon* or two of the taste of mademoiselle. "For an *amie*?" was inquired with the archest of smiles. Monsieur only laid claim to a sister. "Monsieur of course knew best," was responded, with an air of provoking doubt, which was intended to be flattering. "Would monsieur look around the room?" Monsieur was charmed to do so. "Mademoiselle was enchanted!"

I was turning over in my brain the most natural means of questioning the fair Mademoiselle Hortense as to her second floor neighbor, Madame Rose, "*Sage-Femme*," without abruptly displaying my real motives, or exciting any suspicions as to my interest in any doings or dealings connected with that same obstetric lady, when I found that Mademoiselle Hortense had very coolly left me to a survey of her gauzy treasures, and was engaged with two other customers in the inner room.

They were a lady and gentleman. The latter stood with his back towards me; the former bent her head, so that her face was at first concealed; and perhaps I had not bestowed a second glance upon the couple, who were now enjoying, in a manner so little flattering to myself, all the attention of the fickle Mademoiselle Hortense, had not the position of the little group arrested my attention. The gentleman, who was standing, held in his hand that of the lady, who, seated in a disconsolate attitude, seemed, by the agitated movements of her head and shoulders, to be weeping bitterly. At a table by their side stood Mademoiselle Hortense, seemingly employed in endeavoring to attract the attention of the couple to a variety of black stuffs and trimmings, which she lifted alluringly with one hand, while with the other she was wiping the corner of her eyes, with an unmistakably rueful and compassionate expression of visage. The gentleman and lady were attired in deep mourning. Decorum immediately whispered that I ought to turn away my head; but there was that impertinent little devil of curiosity still ever at my elbow, and its influence riveted my gaze upon the group. Perhaps, after all, decorum, which has always asserted an imperious sway over my actions—my friends may believe it or not, the fact is a fact—would have struggled with the imp, and actually mastered him under the circumstances.

But the slightest of slight incidents occurred—as tiresome little causes will intrude, in mundane affairs, to produce more or less great effects—to give the little devil the mastery. In truth, somehow or other, it almost always manages to get the upper hand of better influences. There came a knock at the outer door of the apartment—a sharp knuckle knock! The lady started, and raised her head. And a beautiful young face it was!—but oh! how pale, as if from recent illness or deep sorrow, or both causes combined! Do what I would, I could not turn away my eyes! Still less, when the gentleman, startled by the same sound, turned abruptly, and displayed a visage which appeared not unknown to me—it must be the same! yes! it was the same handsome, dark, pale face that I had once seen before, looking almost spectral in the moonbeams—it was that of my second assailant in my night of adventure—of the man who had heaped so many unmerited terms of oburgation on my poor innocent head. It was a striking and unmistakable face. If I had not been convinced immediately, the "hit him again" feeling, which once more darted over me instinctively, would have assured me of the truth of my memory. The observation, the recognition, the impulse, were the feelings of an instant: before I had reasoned upon them, another female personage had pushed open the outer door and entered.

This was a tall, portly middle-aged female, rejoicing in a rubicund good-tempered face, a great development of pectoral

embonpoint, and a flaunting cap of the brightest cherry-colored ribbons, that gave her the look of an over-jolly fire-sprite in a pantomime. "Bon, jour, Madame Rose," said the sprightly little *couturière*, who had advanced at the knuckle summons into the front room, with the ready smile already chasing the late commiserative look. That, then, was the delusive Madame Rose!—that was the portly form, the dusky exuberance of which had been dimly revealed to me on that disastrous night!—that was the enemy, who had overwhelmed me with that mysterious living burthen, in recompense for all my well-meant and complaisant civilities! My adversaries were charging down upon me in force!

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through my brain, Madame Rose had asked mysteriously, "Are they here?"—though why she should have been so mysterious, under the circumstances, was not afterwards to be accounted for, except upon the supposition, that her manner had grown habitually mysterious from long exercise of functions, only too often mysterious in their nature—and Mademoiselle Hortense had answered, with a return of the rueful expression, "Yes, there they are, poor things! Go to them, neighbor: it may comfort them to talk to you." Madame Rose had launched her three-decker, with all its flags flying, into the next room: and Mademoiselle Hortense had closed the door upon the inner group, as if now again aware of my presence, and determined to thwart me, or rather my tormenting little imp, by this proceeding.

Of course, unaided, I could not be expected, in my own individual person, to be any match for Mademoiselle Hortense, *Couturière*, were she inclined to baffle me in any attempt to unravel the mysteries of Adventure I. What man ever is, ever was, ever will be a match in *finesse* for a woman—and that woman a French woman too? Besides, I have always found myself too weak in guile to gain any ends by diplomatic tact. A straight-ahead-going natural disposition—some call it simple—some call it running a muck—has always stood painfully in my way. True! I was now possessed of a devil: and the I, that was no longer I, might give me a chance—a doubtful one! for a French woman, born in *finesse*, bred in *ruse*, and fostered in artifice, might prove a match for any devil, great or small. So I gave myself up from that moment entirely to the promptings of my imp.

Mademoiselle Hortense was now again all fascinating smiles. Spite of the blinding battery thus cruelly poured in upon me, I advanced boldly in my attack upon Mademoiselle Hortense's discretion. What efforts of demon-prompted strategy might I not have spared myself! What a fool I was! The slightest exercise of long-earned experience might have suggested to me at once, that one of the most powerful elements in the character of the French female, particularly in the class of Mademoiselle Hortense, was that love of chattering upon the affairs of one's neighbors, which revels in a good "*caneau*." Upon a very vague allusion to the group I had just seen, and the arrival of Madame Rose, I found my fair *couturière*, in the intervals of her display of her prettiest *gravures de modes*, and her own attractive wares—for "*les affaires avant tout*," is a maxim never forgotten by her species—perfectly willing to tell me all she knew about her customers. The pith of it was as follows:

An old widowed and childless lady, the Countess de B—— (I am obliged to have recourse to the obnoxious use of initials, most of the personages concerned in the story being still living), was a resident of Metz, her legitimist principles rendering a sojourn in Paris, so near the court of the detested citizen-king, in the highest degree distasteful to her. She was possessed of a very large fortune, and had three nephews. The Count Oscar de C——, the Count Alphonse de C——, sons of two brothers, and the Count Louis de M——, the son of a beloved sister—the latter being the gentleman whom I had just seen in the inner room of Mademoiselle Hortense—my frantic assailant No. 2 of my adventure No. 1!

The Count Louis had always been a sickly boy, never expected to reach the years of manhood. The Count Alphonse was of a morose, ungenial and almost savage disposition; and yet, although the Count Oscar was possessed of those bland, winning, and smoothly seductive manners, which rendered him

a general favorite, it was generally supposed that the vast property of the old lady would be eventually divided between these two latter nephews. To the surprise of everybody, to the disgust of the other collateral heirs, at all events of Alphonse, who never spared an opportunity of expressing his disappointment and spleen upon the subject, Louis grew in strength of body, and in favor with his old aunt, as he grew in years. A diversion in the acknowledged preference of the old lady for the young Louis had been effected by the discovery that he had bestowed his affections upon a beautiful girl of humble birth, the orphan daughter of a musician. The knowledge of the probability of a *mésalliance* of this distressing nature had been carefully conveyed to the ears of the now bed-ridden old countess by Alphonse: The wrath of the old legitimist lady was as strongly expressed as her family pride was wounded. Louis was ordered to leave Metz, upon pain of being disinherited. He departed in despair, trusting to time and supplications by letter to his aunt, to modify her first angry feelings. But a secret marriage had already taken place; and the musician's daughter was already the wedded wife of the Count de M——.

The time approached when the young countess was to bear her husband a child. Alone, unprotected, her marriage unacknowledged, exposed to scorn and shame in her husband's absence, she took refuge in the house of Madame Rose. Letters were despatched to Count Louis, urging his secret return to Metz; his arrival had been already announced by himself, when the fearful news reached the poor young wife of his illness in Paris, his danger, his death! Under these afflicting circumstances, it would appear that a discovery of the clandestine marriage had been made by one of the cousin heirs; for anonymous letters reached the wretched countess, now denying her legitimate marriage, now in strange contradiction, calling on her to renounce all her rights to the title of Countess de M——, now threatening that her child, as yet unborn—the "little bastard," it was called—should be torn from her, rather than ever be allowed to assert a right to a share in the heritage of the family.

Under these accumulated blows of fortune, the wretched young countess may have been said to have lived only for her "babe unborn." But an unexpected bliss was in store for her. A letter reached her in her husband's own hand! He had been given over, but was not dead. As soon as his weak state permitted him, he would be in Metz. Spite of his aunt, spite of her threats of disinheritance—spite of all, he would claim her openly as his wife, and recognize his child. He arrived, in secret, embraced his wife, and awaited the hour that should see her safely through her time of trouble. But with the joy of reunion to his beloved, prudential motives again unfortunately arose in his mind. He resolved to convey away his child when born, conceal it, and trust to time and natural tenderness to change the angry feelings of his aunt. He had arrived only at the door of Madame Rose to see his child carried off by the ravishers, whose anonymous threats had terrified his poor wife. Unable to come upon their track, he had rushed to his aunt, confessed his marriage, told his tale of despair, and openly accused his cousin Alphonse, whose enmity to himself and envy of his prospects had been always openly avowed.

Enraptured at the restoration of that favorite nephew whom she had mourned as dead, the old lady had pardoned all. The strictest investigation had taken place, relative to the abduction of the child; but the Count Alphonse, who was more than strongly suspected, had fallen in a duel, excited by a quarrel on political opinions with an officer in garrison, at Metz, the very morning following that event. All trace of the child was lost; the secret of its bestowal seemed to have died with the man who was generally accused of having made off with the possible heir of his cousin Louis, while yet in ignorance of the young man's existence, and supposed by some to have made away with it. Count Oscar had aided in the search, with a zeal that did him universal credit. But all had been in vain; and Louis and his young wife, reconciled to his aunt, with every prospect of fortune before them, now mourned disconsolate the unhappy fate of their first-born.

The mixture of feelings with which I had listened to the

episode-overladen, and diffuse, but perfectly circumstantial tale of Mademoiselle Hortense, might have awakened the attention of any one less absorbed in the pathos of her own eloquence than the fair *couturiers*. It was clear to my conscience-stricken mind that I had unwittingly, and as yet I scarce knew how, aided in the foul schemes of the baby-snatchers. What could I do? Confess all? But would the confession assist now in the slightest degree in the discovery of the child, if still living? I could tell no more than was already known. I had not seen the face of either of the ravishers. I had no new evidence to give.

All these thoughts were galloping in the wildest Der Freischütz phantom-hunt confusion through my troubled head; and I was vainly cursing internally that malicious imp of curiosity, which had plunged me into this fresh moral dilemma; whilst Mademoiselle Hortense was still, in intervals of business, continuing to indulge in episodic ramblings concerning Count Louis and his virtues, and the young countess and her virtues, and Count Oscar their cousin and his virtues, and even concerning a certain Monsieur Larive, who appeared to be the valet and factotum of Count Oscar, and his still greater virtues, in a strain which, spite of my troubled state of mind, forced upon me the conviction that the said Larive could be no other than the devoted admirer, and probably accepted lover of Mademoiselle Hortense herself.

I believe I was endeavoring to recover myself from my confusion of intellect and natural emotion by a little innocent *badinage* upon this tender and delicate subject, when the inner door opened, and Count Louis and his delicate wife re-appeared, with Madame Rose. Mademoiselle Hortense gave me one of those rapid signs of intelligence, so peculiar to sprightly French women, to affect ignorance of her late communication, and advanced to meet her customers. I remained half hidden behind a mass of robes, hung upon a stand of many branches.

What words still passed between the young mourning couple and Mademoiselle Hortense I could not now recollect. The bewilderment of my mind, occasioned by the struggle with myself as to the best course to pursue, made all sounds indistinct to my ears, and almost made every object swim before my eyes—I must have even been unconscious of a summons from Mademoiselle Hortense's bobbin below, and her response; for I was almost startled as a fresh personage entered the room. He was a tall, fair, well-looking young fellow, with the blandest of bland smiles upon his lips. The next words uttered told me who he was.

"Oscar," said Count Louis, hastening to grasp his hand, "what news?" Any discovery? Are you on the trace?"

"All has been vain," replied his cousin, pressing, with pitying affection, the proffered hand. "Our last effort has failed! I fear we must renounce the faintest hope for ever!"

The young countess fell upon her husband's neck with a sob.

Whatever I might do afterwards, I could not, I agreed, remain a witness to a scene of family distress. I made a sign to Mademoiselle Hortense that I would return, and was about to cross the room to the door, with a bow to the strangers *en passant*, when my feet seemed riveted to the spot by the next words spoken.

"Had you been able to discover the miscreant whom you saw, you say, deliver the child into the hands of my ill-fated but too cruel cousin—Alas! I cannot doubt him to have been the instigator," said Count Oscar—"there might be still a chance."

A cold sweat seemed suddenly to burst forth upon my forehead, on hearing this denunciation of myself. I instinctively pulled out my handkerchief to wipe away the clammy moisture. My hand was suddenly arrested—Mademoiselle Hortense had seized it. She must beg monsieur's pardon, she exclaimed, in agitation; but how did monsieur become possessed of that handkerchief? I looked at it. It was my phantom bandana. Again it had maliciously contrived to insinuate itself into my unlucky pocket! "That handkerchief?" I exclaimed. Yes, that handkerchief! Mademoiselle Hortense could swear it was the same she had given as a love-token to Monsieur Larive, Count Oscar's valet. Yes! it was the same—she could swear to it! There were the entwined hearts upon it, embroidered by her own hand! How did monsieur happen to have it?

The moment was critical! In as few words as I could muster in my confusion, I avowed how I had been an unwilling accomplice in the scene of baby-snatching; how the handkerchief had been used to garotte my poor innocent self, and how it had remained about my neck. The scene of varied emotions and confusion which ensued soon outdid my own.

"Larive! your confidential valet—the owner of that handkerchief!" exclaimed Count Louis, turning upon his cousin. "How comes he involved in this?"

"I cannot comprehend—I am lost in amazement—I—I," stammered Count Oscar, now as pale as death, and hurrying to the door.

But Louis flung himself before it.

"You shall not stir," he shouted, "until this mystery be solved!"

Count Oscar sank upon a chair.

"Where is the fellow? Below, probably, with the horses! Summon him! Mademoiselle Hortense," cried the agitated young husband. But mademoiselle had gone off into a fit of hysterics. "May I rely on you, sir," he continued, turning to me, "to see after this man, while I here guard my cousin?"

I complied. Larive was at the door with the horses; and, with Machiavellic caution, I begged him to come up stairs to his master. A *gamin* was quickly found to hold the horses; and the unsuspecting Monsieur Larive followed me to the apartment of Mademoiselle Hortense with jaunty step. The jauntiness of the spruce valet quickly forsook him, however, as he entered the room. The prostrate state of his master gave him an uneasy pang. The sharp examination of Count Louis drove all the blood from his lips. My asseverations made his legs quiver beneath him: and when his accusing yellow bandana, with its blood-red demoniacal eyes, was flourished in his face, he sank upon his knees and confessed all.

Count Alphonse had been wholly guiltless of the abduction. Larive had been bribed by his master, Count Oscar, to carry off the child. He had written the anonymous letters under the dictation of his master, who had learned through him the marriage of his cousin. It had been intended that he should ascend, in disguise, to Madame Rose's apartment, and lure her out on some pretext, while his master carried off the babe; but the plan had been prevented by the entrance of a stranger into the house—my unlucky self. This stranger was judged by his master to be a friend of the young countess, engaged to bear away the child to a place of safety, on account of the menaces she had received. His exit from the house had been watched—he had been attacked—I only too well knew how—and the child torn from him. It was only the next morning his master had learned that Count Louis was still living, and that his wicked plot became without any immediate result.

It now grew painful to me, in the highest degree, to remain a witness to the scene that necessarily would ensue between the cousins—to say nothing of the episodic convulsions of Mademoiselle Hortense, and the repentant anguish of Monsieur Larive. After giving my card to Count Louis, and my promise not to leave Metz until the result of the discovery of Count Oscar's treachery should be decided, I left the room—the house.

The next day, on a visit of Count Louis at my hotel, I learned that the information as to the spot to which the child had been conveyed had been easily wrung from the detected valet, and the babe restored to its parent's arms. To avoid the shame that would fall upon the family, Count Oscar had been allowed to leave the country, unpunished further than by the loss of his expected inheritance, although greatly suspected of having instigated the duel, that had terminated so fatally for his cousin Alphonse, in order to have the chance of ridding himself of a further rival in fortune.

I became a staunch friend with Count Louis de M— (who, absurdly enough, called me the saviour of his child), kissed the hand of his pretty wife, and was honored with several interviews of the bed-ridden old countess. They could all now afford to laugh at my perplexing adventures; but in spite of their happy termination, I don't think I shall have any temptation, on any future occasion, to obey the summons of—"S. S. V. P."

ISTALON.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

I ~~see~~ before me now that stately mansion,
In the bright air, above the woods uprise,
And there below, that quiet lake's expansion
Mirrors the shore and trees and azure skies.

Far in the East the glowing groves of peaches
Wave in the splendor of the pulsing air;
The Brisbane hill, the long and level reaches.
The Highland peaks and dim blue sea are there.

Westward I see the wheat and crimson clover,
Zoning the okro blooms and gleaming maize,
The Height of Ivenvor, and boundless over
Pours the imperial sun's resplendent blaze.

Up from the glow of countless sunny acres,
Out from seristry and court and hall,
I hear the songs of cheerful-hearted workers
With the inconstant breezes swell and fall.

There in the silvery forest's broken vistas,
Mid the broad garden's leafy blooming lines,
I see my brothers and my peerless sisters:
Their starlike glory o'er the landscape shines.

Sweet Inez! Oh, those tender artless graces
Wake my hushed heart to strange forgotten pain;
Time only veils but never more effaces,
The dear fair dream for ever must remain.

Nor ruthless Fate's unchanging stern decision,
Nor the proud glory that I seek and win,
Shrives my lorn heart of that regretful vision,
Of that celestial life that might have been.

O noble Junia, has the noon's full splendor
Brought the fair promise of thy rosy morn!
Has thy great soul one tribute yet to render
To that poor fate whereunto thou art born?

I know by that sweet voice and beauteous bearing,
By the calm greatness of thy deep blue eyes,
Still in its low estate thy soul is wearing
The undimmed birthright of thy native skies.

I half forgot the years and their wise sadness,
Hearing the chimes of romping Ida's voice,
Sure, Heaven comes down to such immortal gladness,
And angels with sweet envying rejoice.

How like a vision's gorgeous shadowy coming,
The white-browed Otta rises on my sight,
How darkly, brightly, those great orbs are roaming!
Oh, that those eyes were boundless as the night!

How fair upon her forehead's pearly whiteness
Winds the dim shadow of her dusky hair!
It darkens not her cheek's translucent brightness,
The crimson waves of life are flashing there.

And one has gone. The blue-eyed grasses cover
Her sweet, green pillow on the oaken glade.
The deep, still summer glow around and over
Shines like the azure gaze of Elferaid.

How eager in the lists of young ambition,
Haroder strives there by Otilia's side!
She has fulfilled the vestal's saintly mission,
And wears the star and crescent of a bride.

These are my brothers. I have found that union
Only with them, where soul may talk with soul;
A segment only of its full communion,
Where shall the longing spirit seek the whole?

The sun from out the cloudless heights of azure,
Low in the heaven holds his conquering way,
O'er the broad West outrolls the vast emblazure;
The earth is purpled 'neath the flaming day.

There joyous crews upon the lake are rowing,
And many a group along its margin strolls,
The lonely cornet down the vale is blowing,
The vying athletes hurl their ponderous bowls.

Along the lawn, among the locust blossoms,
Gay laughing childhood sports, and cheerful age;
The childly games yet warm the aged bosoms;
Their hearts are younger as their souls are sage.

The night has come. The lighted lamps are glowing
O'er the soft splendor of those lofty halls;
The bugle's swell upon the night wind floating.
The joyous household to the dance recalls.

The countless train comes thro' the columned portals,
Bright as the radiant hosts that throng the skies;
In snowy light move by the young immortals,
The mists of sorrow dim my raptured eyes.

There 'neath the vasty dome's refulgent ceiling,
Stands like a sea of light the countless tide;
It sways beneath the music's lofty pealing,
The airy undulations surge and glide.

How noble is this brotherhood, how glorious:
Worthy yon starry heavens that o'er it shine,
Like ye, O sweet eternal stars, harmonious;
Ordered like ye in symmetry divine!

How thro' the long and weary night of ages,
As earth-born, erring, heaven-aspiring man
Lifted his darkened eyes to those bright pages,
Vainly their golden mysteries to scan.

The bells begin their chimes. The Pleiad sisters
Have sunk beyond the mountain's western height;
The winds sigh in the forest's darkened vis-à-vis;
The sea's low moan uprolls upon the night.

THE MAD MISER.

It was a cold, cheerless evening in December, some three or four years since, when the dead silence which reigned in one of the streets lying between Thames street and Cannon street was disturbed by the sharp trot of a pair of dashing grays, harnessed to a fashionable brougham.

But there was one single sign still remaining to show that human life was to be found in the old melancholy street. This was the feeble flickering of a light from the top window of one of the houses, which did not seem to have been converted into a warehouse, like its fellows. There was no name of any firm upon the door; no glaring brass plates or large painted letters, to indicate that business of any description was carried on there. Any one acquainted with the city is well aware that the places of business belonging to some of the wealthiest merchants possess the dingiest possible exterior, and have not received a fresh coat of paint for years. But they are not absolutely in ruins, as was the case with the building of which we are now speaking. Most of the panes of glass in the windows were broken, and allowed the snow free passage into the rooms within. The lower windows only were protected by shutters, which seemed not to have been opened within the memory of any living man, for the iron bars securing them on the outside were almost eaten through with rust, and peeled off in long flakes. The steps leading up to the street door had sunk out of their proper level, and the mortar which had secured them had disappeared. Projecting over the steps was what had formerly been a finely sculptured kind of portico, fashioned so as to represent a large sea-shell, and beneath it some allegorical female figure, in a reclining posture, holding a cornucopia filled with fruit and flowers. But the nose of the figure was gone, and most of the flowers and fruit in her cornucopia vanished for ever, as though they had withered and dried up, like actual flowers and fruit.

It was before this desolate house that the brougham we have mentioned at the commencement of this narration stopped. A gentleman of about forty jumped out of the vehicle, and, running up the crazy steps, knocked at the door. The sounds reverberated through and through the house; as if frantic with delight at having such a vast and unobstructed space in which to disport, they seemed to chase one another from room to room, and then, after having searched every nook and corner, issued forth through the glassless window frames, and went echoing, in mad revelry, down the street.

After waiting some time for admission, but in vain, the gentleman knocked again. Still the door was not opened. At last turning to his coachman, he said:

"James, is not there a light up-stairs?"

"Yes, sir!" was the coachman's reply.

"That nurse must be asleep," muttered the gentleman, on the point of knocking for the third time.

But he was saved the trouble by the appearance of an elderly slipshod woman, who came running up the street.

"Mrs. Trunton," said the gentleman, "you should not leave your patient. I particularly desired you not to do so."

"No, doctor, I know I oughtn't to," replied the woman; "nor more I did—leastwise, not for long."

"But you should not do so at all," answered the doctor, for such he was. "It is essential you should not. You are well paid for your attendance."

"Thank you very kindly, doctor, I am," replied Mrs. Taunton, curtsying low, and nearly losing her equilibrium. "Lor! dear me, there now; I declare I was nearly a-falling. It's all along of the flutter I'm in."

Mrs. Taunton had evidently been indulging in some spirituous stimulant. This the doctor perceived, for he looked sharply at her, and said:

"This will never do. Your patient requires constant attention, and if he cannot obtain it at your hands, I must find some one to supply your place."

"I 'ope as how you will overlook this time," replied Mrs. Taunton, humbly. "I only jest went into the court round the corner, to raise my sperrits a bit and try and pervail on Mrs. Barker to come and keep me company, which I will pay her, I am sure; and I knowed I should 'ear when you knocked; for it is so lonely and so 'orrible up there, that I really am afeard to sit there alone; and that's the truth, doctor."

By this time Mrs. Taunton had pulled out a large key from her pocket and opened the street door. Shutting it after her, she lighted a candle by the aid of a lucifer, and then marshalled the doctor up-stairs.

"Mrs. Barker has promised to come," she continued. "I never could a' stopped another night by myself; it is so lonely. It quite gives one a chill."

There was certainly some truth in what Mrs. Taunton said. If the exterior of the house was gloomy, the interior was still more gloomy. A damp, dull odor, if we may so express ourselves, pervaded the whole place. The massive oak paneling which had lined the passage and the staircase had, in many parts, fallen from the walls. The broad massive balustrade of the staircase had likewise given way, and the grand old stairs themselves, up which three horsemen might well have ridden abreast, creaked and groaned under the weight of the doctor and his companion. The doors, too, of the various rooms, if not actually rotting on the floor, swung lamely to and fro, swayed by the night wind, on their discordant hinges.

At last the doctor reached the fourth floor, and proceeding to the end of a long passage pushed open a door, which offered no resistance to his hand, and entered the room where lay his patient.

The aspect of the room was such as would have justified the repugnance of a person of far stronger nerves than Mrs. Taunton to sit there alone, however well paid her services might have been. Almost all the plaster had peeled off from the ceiling, leaving the worm-eaten, discolored rafters exposed to view. In many places the wet had penetrated through the roof, and was dropping with a dull, heavy sound upon the floor, which was in as dilapidated a state as the ceiling. The place of the glass in the windows—which, like that in the windows below, was mostly broken—was supplied by old rags stuffed in the holes to keep out the biting night air. A wretched fire flickered upon the hearth—for grate there was none. On the solitary table was a tallow candle, with a long wick, emitting but the faintest light, and serving rather to render the darkness visible than any other purpose. The only remaining pieces of furniture were a rickety chair and a miserable bed, on which the sick man lay. Directly behind the bed stood a common elm coffin, of the kind used at workhouses for paupers.

"I always feel in a cold perspiration when I looks at it," muttered Mrs. Taunton to the doctor, as she pointed to the coffin.

"Hush!" said the doctor.

But ghastly as the whole room was, it was not half so ghastly as the patient himself. His face was emaciated in the extreme, and more resembled a skull than the countenance of a living being; so tightly was the skin drawn over the bone. The eyes were sunk deep in the sockets, and glowed like burning coals, with an unearthly fire. His arms lay uncovered outside the scanty coverlid, and were shrivelled up like those of a skeleton.

The living corpse thus stretched upon a bed of sickness had

inhabited the house for about fifteen years. He had always lived alone, and, until his illness, no one but himself had ever entered the place with his permission. At first, it had been supposed that the house was in Chancery, and that he had, by some means or other, obtained possession of the key, and thus surreptitiously found refuge, being too poor to pay for one. But this idea, very prevalent among the inhabitants of the neighboring courts and smaller streets, was soon abandoned. The stranger had never been molested in his occupation of the house, and rumor began to whisper he was not so poor as he appeared. Although wretchedly clothed, and evidently half-starved, he gave away money in charity whenever he met any one he thought deserving of it, and, on some occasions, he had given away large sums. In consequence of this fact becoming generally known, his wretched abode had been one night broken into; but the burglars found nothing, and were, besides, so alarmed at the sight of the coffin, that they fled with the utmost precipitation, and no others ever repeated the attempt. He took no measures to bring the delinquents to justice; but the affair, and particularly the fact of the coffin being in his room, got wind, and furnished all the gossips in the neighborhood with a theme of conversation during many a month. At last, people became more accustomed to his strange habits, and concluded he must be deranged. Having once satisfactorily settled this point, and in consideration of his giving away money in charity to others, while he evidently denied himself many of the actual necessities of life, they christened him the Mad Miser, an appellation by which he invariably went afterwards, for no one ever succeeded in learning his real name.

One peculiarity about him was that he seldom went out, except in the evening. But there were two exceptions to this rule, as the insatiable curiosity of his neighbors in the court subsequently discovered. He left his home—if home it could be called—at twelve o'clock on dividend days, to proceed to the bank, and was always out betimes whenever any miserable culprit was to be hanged. Indeed, not only was he present at every execution in London, but scarcely a single one took place in any part of the country which he did not attend. He generally went on foot, but when the time between the sentence and its being carried into effect was too short, proceeded to the town in which the gaol was situated by coach or rail; at least, such was the statement of various travelling pedlars and hucksters, who had relations in the court, and knew by sight the Mad Miser, as he was denominated. As soon as this last fact was bruited about, the Mad Miser became as great an object of loathing as he had before been of curiosity. He was even insulted as he went along the streets in the neighborhood of his abode.

But he received the insults quietly, and still gave with a ready hand even to those who insulted him. The consequence was, that the loathing died away, and gave place to pity. People concurred in attributing to insanity his strange love of seeing his fellow-creatures suffer.

"Well," said the doctor, approaching his bed-side, "how are you to-night?"

"You must tell me that," replied the patient, in a hoarse, sepulchral voice, holding out his arm to his interrogator.

The doctor took out his watch, and looked at it attentively, while he felt the sick man's pulse.

"Well?" asked the patient, after a short pause, during which he had kept his eyes intently fixed upon the doctor's face:—"well?"

"I think you are better—that is, you are not worse—you— you must keep up your courage," replied his visitor; adding, after a minute or two, "should you not like to see your friends? Have you no friends to whom—"

"Doctor—Doctor Burford!" said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow, and speaking slowly and calmly, with his eyes fixed, if possible, more intently than before upon his companion's face—"Doctor, do not deceive me. No—I have no friends to whom you can break the news. It is to me you must do so. Do not think to frighten me. I can bear all. I am dying—am I not? Speak out. Do not hesitate; that would be cruelty. I am dying?"

"You are," replied the doctor, solemnly.

"At last ; thank Heaven!"

With these words, the patient sank back upon the bed, and covered his face with his bony hands.

"Thank you, thank you, doctor," he resumed, when a few minutes had elapsed. "But you must tell me one thing more—how long will it be before I—how long have I to live?"

"You cannot survive this night," replied the doctor.

"Are you sure of that?" inquired his patient.

"Quite, quite sure," was the doctor's reply.

"There, then, is your last fee," said the sick man, putting a guinea, which he had taken from beneath his pillow, into the doctor's hand. "Do not leave me for a while, however; I have something to communicate, and something to request. Can you spare me half an hour?"

"I can," said the doctor.

"Thank you once more," replied his patient. Addressing himself to Mrs. Taunton, he then added: "Be kind enough to leave us. You need not stay. I feel myself that all nursing is useless. The doctor has spoken the truth. I shall never require your services again while I am alive. After my death, however, close my eyes, and—you know what I would say. Procure what assistance you may deem necessary. Here are the means to do so. Now leave us."

With these words he gave Mrs. Taunton a bank-note, which she took, but did not manifest the slightest intention of obeying his request that she would go.

"Is it not enough?" he inquired, mistaking the cause of her stay.

"Oh, plenty, plenty, I am sure; and very liberal; and I shall do all you want, only—"

"There, you must not talk to him too much. You really exhaust him," interposed the doctor. "Come, Mrs. Taunton, anything more you have to say, you can say to me as we go down stairs. I will let you out."

So speaking the doctor took the candle Mrs. Taunton had lighted in the passage when they came in, and, followed by her, quitted the sick-room. He had rightly conjectured the reason why she had shown no inclination to go. She was too much alarmed. As she subsequently told her friend, Mrs. Barker, "what with the place itself, and the coffin, and the Mad Miser, looking jest for all the world like a living corpse, I was afraid to stay like, and yet I was more afraid to go, leastwise alone."

When the doctor returned to the room, he found the sick man sitting up in bed, holding in his hand a roll of parchment. The sufferer's pale face had become flushed with a hectic hue, and his breathing was short and difficult.

"Oh, doctor, is that you?" he remarked. "Sit down and listen to me, for I have no time to lose; and I must not die before I have told my story. You do not recollect me. I have noted that fact ever since I have been under your care."

"Recollect you?" replied the doctor; "I am not aware we ever met till lately."

"Aye—that I can believe. Misery has done its work. You thought me, perhaps, a decrepit old man. Decrepit I am, but old I am not. You used to look upon Harry Drummond as many years your junior, when we were at school together."

"Harry Drummond!" exclaimed the doctor. "Is it possible? Are you Harry Drummond?"

"Would that I were not!" replied his companion. "But do not, for pity's sake, interrupt me. My strength is ebbing fast. Do you remember on one occasion, when you were a student at Guy's, I called to see you. You invited me to stop the evening. My answer was, I could not. Upon your inquiring the reason, I told you that I was going to a dog-fight. You asked if I really liked such sights, and whether I did not consider them cruel. I frankly owned I did, and said that I should not go, had I not unthinkingly promised a friend that I would; but that, as I had given my word, I felt bound in honor to keep it. You told me that what is oftentimes considered honor is simply dishonor, and that an honorable man would not hesitate breaking such a pledge. You could not, however, convince me, or rather you could not persuade me to act contrary to my foolish idea of honor. Had I listened to you then, I

probably should not have been now dying here, like a dog. But I must be quick, for my moments are numbered.

"I was intended for an artist. I was an only child, as you know, and my parents doted on me. There was no sacrifice they did not make to furnish me with the means of achieving a position in my profession. But I esteemed the suffrages of my companions more than the approbation of my fond parents. Of the latter I was sure, while I had to exert myself to secure the former. I was proud of being thought a fine, dashing fellow—what is commonly called a 'good fellow.' I could never say 'no' to any scheme however wild and absurd that was proposed. The consequence was, I neglected my studies and became seriously involved. Three times did my father pay my debts. On the third occasion of his doing so, he gave up his house and retired into lodgings. This, any one would fancy, ought to have sobered me. I reproached myself bitterly, and resolved to reform. But the first extravagance that was again proposed I joined in. I could not say 'no.' My father refused to help me any more, and the crisis came. I was hard pressed. Money I must procure, by some means or other. I forged an order on a London banking-house, for a trifling sum—it was only for twenty pounds. The forgery was discovered, and, in order to avoid the penalty of my crime—which, by the way, was never brought home to me—I fled to America, working my passage out as purser's clerk.

"On my arrival at New York, I was, it is true, nearly penniless; but I had escaped from the pernicious example and influence of those by whom, through my own gross folly I grant, I had been surrounded. I determined to gain my living honestly at all events. I commenced painting portraits, and though no great artist, I soon found plenty of customers, for my prices were low. At the expiration of five years, not only had I made enough to send over anonymously the twenty pounds to the man I had wronged, but had saved about a hundred besides. I determined to return to England, and did so.

"I took lodgings in a street near the Strand, and for some months lived on the little hoard I had accumulated. At the expiration of that period I began to form a connection, as I had done in New York, and the profits, although small, were sufficient for my wants. I felt happy and contented. There was only one thing which pressed upon my mind. I would willingly have thrown myself at the feet of my fond parents and entreated their forgiveness for the wrongs of which I had been guilty towards them. But I feared to face them. My heart failed me.

"One night—oh, that fearful night! the recollection of it seems to have eaten into my very soul; to have become mixed up with my blood; to be a component part of my being—Ah! I have never forgotten it a single instant—shall I remember it hereafter? One night, after a hard day's work, I entered a coffee-house and ordered a chop. When I had finished my frugal meal, I happened to take up the *Times*. Judge of my astonishment, my joy, on reading the following advertisement:

"If this advertisement should meet the eye of H. D., who has not been heard of by his parents for the space of above six years, and who is supposed to have gone to America, he is earnestly and affectionately entreated to return, or write to them at once. Everything is forgiven, and their only hope is now to embrace once more their long-lost son. His uncle Barnabas is dead. Bexford Villa, Camden Town."

"My feelings on reading the above lines cannot be described. I was almost mad with delight. The object of my most fervent wishes was attained. There could be no doubt I was the person intended; had it been possible to doubt, the mention of my uncle's name, Barnabas—by no means a common one—was sufficient to assure me I was not mistaken. Once more, once more, I thought, I shall embrace my darling mother! Once more shall I feel the grasp of a too-affectionate father's hand. Alas! how delusive are all human hopes."

The speaker stopped for a few seconds, overcome with emotion, while the tears ran down his wan and death-like cheeks. At last he resumed:

"I had discharged the reckoning, and was about to leave, when some one touched my elbow. I turned round and saw a man of about thirty, whom I recognised as one of my associates

in former days. His name was Huxley. I would have given all I possessed to have avoided him, but that was impossible. We had some brandy-and-water at a neighboring tavern, in remembrance, as he said, of olden times—oh, how I hated the words!—and then we left the place together. I will not, I will not dwell long on what then occurred, I will merely give you the principal points; for my powers are waning fast, and the subject racks me when I mention it. He told me he was particularly glad to have met me, because I could be of service to him. From his account I gathered that he had sunk lower and lower since I had seen him last; that he had, in fact, been imprisoned several times in consequence of different crimes. I shuddered as he spoke. He went on to say that, situated as he was, he must either steal or starve, and he did not choose to do the latter. I offered him what money I had with me—two pounds—but he would not take it. He wanted me to render him a far higher service. This was no other than to aid in a burglary he had planned for that very night. I started back with horror, and refused point blank to have anything to do with such a matter. At first he ridiculed my scruples, but gradually became more serious. He told me that the venture involved no risk; and that all he wanted me to do was simply to keep watch while he committed the robbery. There was a large sum of money to be gained without any danger; the house which was detached, belonged to an old couple, who had only one servant, and she slept in the attic. The old gentleman had gone into the country, so that the two females were left alone. I still refused. On this he accused me of the deepest ingratitude. He reminded me that, previous to fleeing to America, after I had committed the forgery, I had found a refuge in his rooms, and that his liberality had furnished me with the little money I possessed when I left. I acknowledged this, and entreated him not to press me further. He perceived I was moved, and urged his request the more strongly. He asked whether I had forgotten having pledged him my honor—oh! how is that word misused, desecrated, defiled!—to assist him to the utmost of my power, whenever I could, in return for the great service he had rendered me. Did I, he continued, forget that sacred pledge? I attempted to reason with him, and—but why defer the horrible truth! I consented; stipulating, however, that he should use no violence. He, in his turn, consented, upon his honor!

"Three hours afterwards we were on the banks of the Regent's Canal. We stopped to gain breath, for we had run most of the distance from the place of the crime. I spoke first.

"What was that scream I heard?" I inquired.

"The old woman," replied Huxley. "D—n her, she woke while I was trying to force open the bureau. She heard me and came down into the drawing-room. I was obliged to use my life-preserver in self-defence or we should have been caught. She would not hear reason. She clutched me round the body—"

"Well, but I hope she is not injured," I continued.

"I hope so, too, but I can't help thinking she is—past all recovery."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in breathless anxiety.

"That she is dead—she must be. I felt the skull give under the preserver. It's a bad job, I am afraid."

"I turned sick and leaned for support against a rail."

"Yes, it's a bad job," continued Huxley; "it is pretty certain I have settled her, and all for what? A bank-note or two and this old medallion. Is it gold, do you think?"

"With these words he handed me the medallion of which he spoke."

"At this moment the moon burst forth in all her splendor, as if it had been the eye of Heaven itself looking down upon this evidence of guilt."

"I gazed for an instant upon the medallion. A cold sweat burst out at every pore of my body. Inside the medallion was my father's portrait."

"Do you know the name of the house?" I inquired, in a voice so husky and agitated as to be scarcely intelligible.

"Yes," replied Huxley, "Bexford Villa!"

"The effect produced upon me by this reply was something horrible. We read in Scripture of men possessed by devils. I seemed to have a legion of them within my breast."

"Bexford Villa!" I repeated with a demoniacal laugh.

"Yes!" said Huxley.

"Bexford Villa!" I again uttered through my clenched teeth, as I drew myself up to my full height, confronting him.

"Yes, I tell you," he replied. "What is the matter with you?"

"The matter is—the matter is," I answered, clutching his throat, "that you have murdered my mother!"

"Let go!" said Huxley, striving to free himself, and with a face pale with terror. "Let go! You are choking me."

"My only answer was to clutch his throat still more tightly than before. Although he was both a tall and a strong man, and I was neither, he was a mere child in my grasp. I swung him to and fro at pleasure, like a cat playing with a mouse."

"Let go!" he ejaculated; "I did not know she was your mother."

"That last word on his tongue seemed to add to the already enormous amount of strength with which my frenzy had endowed me. I stopped still for an instant, holding him as though in a vice, and replied:

"Then you know it now! And you shall pay dearly for the knowledge."

"A fearful struggle ensued. Huxley made one last and desperate effort, but in vain. He was powerless. He was in the clutches of a demon, not a man. Oh! who could ever paint the savage delight with which I increased the pressure on his throat, until I gradually felt his hands relax their hold upon me and saw his face turn livid and then almost black. A few seconds later there was a splash, and the waters of the canal closed over the body of a man hurled with a giant's strength from the towing-path."

"I was a murderer as well as a matricide!"

The unhappy man faltered and paused, overcome by emotion. After a time he continued in a feeble tone:

"Shrink from me—abhor me—condemn me, if you will, doctor; but hear me out. The enormity of my crime seemed to have stifled all feeling in me for the moment. I returned, calm and collected, to my lodgings, and the next afternoon proceeded to Bexford Villa. I was met by my father in the hall. The good old man fancied he was telling me what I did not know, when he said that on reaching home that morning he found my mother, my dear mother, murdered in the room above. The next month I passed in a sort of trance. Huxley's body, with the notes, the numbers of which were known, in the pocket of his coat, was found in the canal. It was universally concluded he was the murderer, and had fallen into the water while endeavoring to escape with his ill-gotten gains. My mother was buried, and I—I—attended her to her grave, which a fortnight afterwards was re-opened to receive my father. Doctor, would you have believed a father's blessing could prove a curse? And yet such is the case. My father gave me his blessing shortly before his death, and, as he placed his hands upon my head, my brain appeared as though scared with molten lead."

"But you have not heard all. Since my return to England, I had won the heart of the noblest, purest—but no matter. After what had occurred, I felt it would be blasphemy to link her fate with mine. Some six months subsequent to my father's death, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of a brain fever with which I had been seized, I informed her of my resolution. She had heard that the large income my father had inherited from his brother Barnabas, a rich China merchant, who had died without children, was now mine. She told me that, under my altered circumstances, my resolution was only natural. This was the last drop in my cup of bitter sorrow. It drove me almost mad. I vowed, I protested that she was wrong, and that my real motives were such as she must never learn. So wild, so frantic was my manner, however, that it caused her to penetrate my real intention—suicide. She charged me with it, and made me swear that I would write to her every year on the 10th of November, her birthday, adding, that the first time I omitted doing so, she should have ceased to exist four-and-twenty hours afterwards, for she loved me fondly and devotedly, and would never be another's. We parted, never to meet again. She kept her word and I kept mine. For fifteen years did she remain faithful to me: a widow, so to speak, without having ever been a wife. For fifteen years, too, did

she receive a letter on the 10th of November. I had written the letter for this year, but alas! ere it was due, her pure soul had fled.

"The last tie that bound me to this world is now severed, and I, too, am about to die. I have sinned greatly; but oh! how much I have suffered! Obligated to live so long, I have endeavored to repent for my misdeeds. The fate I deserved I escaped; but not a single wretched criminal has undergone the last sentence of the law but I have undergone it with him. I have witnessed the dying moments of every culprit who has been executed during the last fifteen years, and, if you could but know my pangs, my agony on such occasions, you would acknowledge the bitter punishment I have voluntarily inflicted on myself. And when I returned to this miserable abode, was it to find forgetfulness of my woe? No, doctor, no! that coffin there, behind my bed, was that in which my mother was placed until the inquest was held on her. Do you see that stain—there—on the edge? It is the stain of blood—of her blood, occasioned by her poor head coming in contact with the coffin, as they laid her in it."

The wretched man shuddered violently; his voice failed him, and it was with great difficulty that he was enabled, after pausing for some minutes, to continue as follows:

"I have left a certain yearly sum for the widow and children of the murderer, Huxley, for they must not suffer for their father's crime. It is the same I have always allowed them, but they must never know whence it comes. I have also specified the manner in which I desire my income to be expended—namely, in gifts to various charities. Since I inherited my father's fortune, I have given it nearly all away. I myself have lived—or starved—on the smallest possible sum that will keep body and soul together. My house has cost me nothing. It is my own. Will you promise to see my wishes carried out?"

"I will," answered the doctor, solemnly.

"One more request," continued the patient, "and I have done. Let me be buried in that coffin—my poor mother's coffin—with this little bag in my hands. It contains the medallion with my father's portrait, and a bunch of faded violets—Clara's gift—her first gift to me."

With these words he took a small, much-worn little leathern sack from his breast, and handed it to the doctor.

"It is the first time I ever parted with them," he murmured; "do not rob me of them when I am gone."

The doctor could make no reply; he merely grasped his companion's hand.

"Thank you, thank you, doctor—thank you, Burford, for—that—grasp," said the dying man. "It is what I have not felt for years and years. It falls—like—a refreshing shower upon my parched soul—and beneath its mild—mild influence—hope springs up again within my soul—it emboldens me—it gives—me courage. Doctor—Burford—do you think—I—I—dare to pray?"

The doctor said nothing, but sank down on his knees beside the bed of his old schoolfellow. The eye of the latter lighted up and he repeated with fervor the grand and impressive form of supplication uttered by the doctor.

A few minutes afterwards his soul had passed away for ever—but it had passed away in repentance and in prayer.

THE THORN IN THE ROSE.

So long as the heart has passions,
So long will life have woes.

A **WINTRY** sun was shining goldly on the windows of a house overlooking a certain square in London. In one of the rooms there was a warm altercation going on, such a one as may be heard sometimes when young people have not been quite true or quite kind in their dealings with each other. A tall dark-eyed girl, whose undeniably handsome features were, however, a little marred by their hard proud expression, confronted a slight fair-haired youth, whose age might be about twenty-two. He had intellectual well-cut features, and a pair of bright blue eyes; and if those eyes spoke truth, they told of as loyal and pure a soul as is often born to a man. But just now he was on

the rack, undergoing the torture, stung to his very heart's core, and scorn and shame were struggling for utterance within him.

"Do you really mean what you say, Pauline; and that after all you have looked and said, that you never truly cared for me? Was it all acting and wretched trickery?"

Pauline turned to him with shame on her face, and anger too; but the anger was for him, and the shame for herself. She besought him almost humbly, "Do not ask me, Basil; be content with my answer. I can never be your wife."

"Nay," returned Basil Wincombe, "I have the right to know from your own lips; and know I will. You shall tell me whether you have been spending your woman's wit to dupe and shame me. Did you ever love me?" And his nostrils dilated as he gnawed his nether lip.

Now for it, Pauline; your time for humiliation and detection has come. And no penitent with sheet and taper ever began her penance with a sharper sense of degradation. She turned very white. "It is quite true," she said, "I never did love you. It was only on account of Robert Hammersley I ever pretended to do so. I feared I had lost him; and I was desperate. And now, Basil, I can hardly forgive you, or bear the sight of you, for having forced this avowal from me."

He turned full towards her, as though not to lose one pang her words inflicted; perhaps marvelling how she could moan over her fretted pride while she was quietly breaking up into fragments his first dream of love. He made one mighty effort, and said quite gently, "I can hardly speak calmly or reasonably about it now, Pauline; but if ever the time comes, and come it will, when you are so miserable you will hardly know where to turn, then anything I can do to aid you I will."

A month after this there was a gay wedding in — square; and after the speeches, and white favors, and toasts, and other forms of gaiety, with which it is our wont to adorn what is sometimes nevertheless a ghastly gala, two young men, well dressed, and stamped with the air of "Young England," left the house; and having lit cigars and linked each other's arms, they proceeded leisurely up the street, and conversed with each other after this fashion.

"Rather Hammersley than myself, Fred. I know Miss Lefroy; and she has a frightful temper."

"That's a bore; I hate temper in a woman," responded Fred, who could not live at home on account of his own. "I always get out of their way, Charley, and advise you to do ditto, my boy."

"I think she has behaved ill to Basil Wincombe."

"So she has. Though any one might have seen she was only playing him off against Hammersley. I told him he had an escape; but he didn't at all believe me." (Here Fred knocked off the ash of his cigar.) "That sort of thing makes a man go either to the bad or the good. Now Basil, I think, will go to the good."

"To tracts or teetotalism, do you mean?" returned Charles, in a paroxysm of disgust.

"No, not so bad as that," said Fred, after a minute's profound reflection. "I think he will take to baths and wash-houses, and old women and almshouses, and reformatories, you know. He had a tendency to that form of insanity before."

"Well," returned Charles, "I dare say he will do a deal of good. At any rate, he will spend lots of money. I only wish I had it," he added emphatically.

And here they turned into the sacred precincts of — Club, where I do not propose following them.

It was some weeks after this that Dr. Hammersley and his wife were at a party in — street. He was certainly a fine-looking fellow; he had gray eyes, black hair, and that mobile play of physiognomy which is the unfailling sign of a sensitive, or it may be irritable, disposition. On her face were still the old hard lines round the mouth of unsubdued and unkindly temper, and on her brow that sort of sleeping storm which a man would do well to let slumber as long as it will. Time never stands still; and where he does not soften or efface, he scores harder and more legibly the ugly hieroglyphics. It was fated that Pauline should be somewhat tried that evening. Engaged in very animated conversation with Dr. Hammersley,

was a handsome fair-haired little woman. She was one of the "dangerous classes." She had no particular business to perform, no children to occupy her; her husband left her chiefly to her own ways; she consequently found for herself a great deal of that work which Dr. Watts affirms is specially provided for idle persons. She sat prattling to Dr. Hammersley in her pretty childish way; for she had already perceived that Pauline had grown uneasy, then grave, then angry, then unnaturally mirthful—and all this was charming to this little lady, who was indeed a sad specimen of feminine nature.

Having succeeded in making Pauline thoroughly uncomfortable, Mrs. Dudley was next so good as to shift her seat skilfully, in order to prevent the real expression of Dr. Hammersley's face being visible to his wife; for that he was not really flirting, or even thinking of flirting, Mrs. Dudley was as perfectly aware as possible. He listened, indeed, with that untiring and polished suavity which is one of the indispensable accomplishments of a West-End physician; but he was really meditating on a formidable case in his pet hospital, and between times on a bitter review which had just appeared on one of his own works, and perhaps devising how he could best shell the unfriendly critic. However innocent the doctor's face was, since Mrs. Dudley's fairy-like person intercepted the judge's view thereof, it availed him not; and Pauline grew each moment more angry and jealous, so that when he proposed to leave, she did indeed consent, but it was with the air of a martyr. As he entered the carriage he inadvertently tore some part of her dress. Perhaps it would have been better had she retorted sharply; but she kept silence, and when he apologised she returned no answer. It is said that it is much easier for a woman to be submissive and silent when she is in the right than when she is in the wrong. I may assume, therefore, that Pauline felt herself in the right, and was determined to let her husband see that she did so. At first he was very much put out; and finally, being fagged and tired, even more perhaps by his polite endurance of Mrs. Dudley's attentions than by his professional exertions, he went to his pillow, and fell asleep without searching further into the matter.

I am not a married man, but I am quite aware that herein he erred; he had better, as matter of policy, have lost a night's rest than have suffered the first quarrel to end in a coolness. It is only postponing a disagreeableness; for it is but a temporary interment, and with the daylight comes the exhumation of the body of the quarrel, and the post mortem; and when a thing has come to an untimely end, the sooner it is looked into the better, for time in such cases only adds to the noisomeness of the subject. The next day, and the next, passed in the same way, though they were unnaturally polite to each other before the servants; but this pertained more to the nature of a truce than to a bona fide peace. The third day they were to have dined out again, and Pauline abruptly refused to go; and when her husband inquired wherefore, the pent-up wrath blazed out; and she accused him, in somewhat intemperate language, of neglect, of indifference, unkindness, changed love, &c., and of paying attention to other women, until she almost wept herself at the pathos of her description.

Dr. Hammersley was not nearly as angry as he would have been had these random charges been true. He first rather indiscreetly tried to laugh away the affair, until he was appalled at the blackness of her wrath and the whitening of her face at his unhappy effort; then he denied them, particularly as regarded Mrs. Dudley, and generally as regarded every one else; finally, he demanded once for all whether she intended to accompany him, and receiving a bitter and contemptuous refusal, he announced his intention of going alone; and this determination he carried out.

Balzac has somewhere said that a wife is that sort of wife, and no other, which her husband chooses to make her; and undoubtedly there is a certain subtle truth in the remark: for if men were to spend half the earnestness and perseverance in striving to comprehend and develop the tenderness and woman-nature of their wives which they use in pursuit of fame and fortune, their chances of thoroughly united happiness would be augmented in a thousand secret and indefinable modes. An habitual respect for their weakness, studious care never to em-

barrass or mortify them before others, flattery in actions rather than in words, an earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes—for these almost invisible benefits woman would gladly barter all the solid advantages of wealth, of costly dress, and uxurious food—and they are not much to bestow.

So Pauline was left alone with sullen pride, her mutinous heart, and her sobbing tears; and finding these grim companions not the most pleasant company in the world, she betook herself for confession and society to the abode of her aunt Madame d'Estarpe, who was in every respect an old lady of the French school, and had been brought up in its principles and fashions. It was not long before Pauline unburdened herself, and told the history of her wrongs and her angry tempers; and then this sort of dialogue ensued.

Pauline, with a mighty effort, "My dear aunt, I own it, I am jealous."

"A very bourgeois vice, Pauline," said the old lady with severity, "and one in which no well-bred woman ever indulges. I was never jealous, though my husband gave me cause." (Here she made a little grimace.) "I shut my eyes to it, my child, as you should do."

"Aunt, I am not jealous of any woman in particular" (this was not strictly true), "but of all women. I am jealous of his thoughts, of his smiles, of his profession, of his—"

"Then you are more horribly *bête* than I took you for, niece. Don't try to be an injured woman—a martyr; it's a poor position at best, not fit for a well-born woman." And she proceeded in the like strain; so that poor Pauline went home with her wounds exposed, but not healed. She was fatherless and motherless; there was no one to say to her, "Humble yourself, my child: how shall God bear with you, if you will not bear with others?" or "How should the tender plant of love blossom in the unkindly atmosphere of mistrust and selfishness and hardness of heart?"

Poor madame had not, indeed, like the Greek sage, given the best advice, but the best she was capable of giving; for on the head of religion it must be owned madame's principles were not tuned to a finer key than might be those of a respectable old heathen. It is one of Jean Paul Richter's quaint conceits, "that the husband should always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon to skim her, in order that the ideal may be ever clear and glittering." But Dr. Hammersley had not studied German philosophers, or at any rate lacked inclination to practise their precepts. I suppose, if any one had asked him, he would have replied that he had not time. And if any one could suppose Pauline performing any office of the kind, her spoon would assuredly have been used rather to stir up than to skim and clear. So things went on from bad to worse. Storms dispersed only to be followed by others, until the sky was never clear for half a day together; and the small sorrows and cares of life lay between them unconfessed and rankling; an icy barrier of cold and mistrust grew up, and each day increased, until it bid fair to become the rock on which their happiness must at length founder. Time crept on, and at last came the anniversary of their wedding-day.

Pauline, womanlike, was fond of keeping anniversaries, whether joyful or sad, and came therefore down stairs in a sort of solemn good humor, intent on commemoration; and the doctor having a long ride into the country, she volunteered her company. He had not forgotten the day, and had resolved on celebrating it in the evening, while she commenced that operation in the morning; but the springs of mutual confidence were frozen up between them; so for want of explanation all went wrong. When they entered the carriage, she leaned back, thinking of that day in the past year, and wondering whether half the caresses and honeyed words which were then lavishly poured out before her would be again offered; and arranging in her own mind how she would first repulse, and afterwards graciously accept them. But, alas! none came; for a fashionable physician must be well up, not only in his own profession, but in the light literature and flying gossip of the day; so he set to work to master a case which bore on the one he had in hand, and she kept silence, sullen and grieving; however.

Men must work, and women must weep.

When he had finished the case, he snatched up a review, and greedily devoured it, skimming its contents with a practised eye. This seemed to Pauline not even to have the shadow of professional necessity to excuse it, and she resented it accordingly. He observed nothing of all that was passing around him; and on his return dressed himself carefully and gaily for dinner. For the sake of the wrongs she had that morning sustained, she attired herself in a negligent manner, and arranged her hair so as to give her a most desolate appearance. She placed in her breast the bouquet of artificial orange-flowers which she had worn at her marriage; with its white lace and silver it looked cold enough. Dr. Hammersley said, "Pauline, my love, how beautifully you have preserved that!"

"It was easy to do so," she replied; "for it is but artificial. Had the flowers been natural, they would have faded and died, as some other things have done since then."

This portentous remark struck gloom into his heart, and the dinner proceeded silently. She bore it as long as she could; and then after a convulsive sob or two left the table, and lay down on the sofa, turning her face in much bitterness to the wall. Then her hair, as she probably intended it to do, fell down bodily in heavy masses on her neck. If her portrait could have been painted then, it would perchance have resembled that of a Magdalen before the seven devils were cast out. Yet perhaps she never looked more lovely in her life than at that instant, haughty, disconsolate, mutinous, as she was. Dr. Hammersley thought so too; and approaching her, was essaying to prove that her sins were not unpardonable in his eyes, when she sprang up, brushed past him; and as the wandering Pleiad was said to have let down her hair in sign of grief, and then turned into a comet, so Pauline flew out of the room, disordered and crying, and disappeared from mortal eyes. Hammersley thundered out to the servant to inquire whether his mistress chose to have any more dinner; and receiving a reply in the negative, he snatched up his hat and went out, closing the front door after him with no very gentle hand. So Pauline went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. That night, about half-past eleven, there was a furious ring at the house-door, and a confused murmur of voices in the hall; then came a light quick step on the stairs; some one tapped. Pauline raised herself up, half-stupified with sleep and the ground-swell of the bad temper, which had hardly exhausted itself, and encountered not her husband's eye, but Basil.

"Pauline, get up. Dr. Hammersley has met with an accident; not a very serious one, I trust," he added, as he saw her face whiten. "But he must be brought up here."

It was true enough. He had slipped on the step of his carriage; and falling with his head on the kerb-stone, had received a severe concussion of the brain. There was not an outward wound of any extent; but for more than twenty-four hours he lay perfectly insensible. Pauline never left him for one single instant; indeed, had her good temper been equal to her faithfulness, this tale need never have been written. At the end of a week he left his room; but his spirits were not the same. He never smiled; an impenetrable gloom fell on him. He would spend whole days speechless and dejected; and used to regard Pauline at first attentively, then suspiciously, and at last with a strange and bitter scowl. Then came the consultation of physicians on one of their own brethren. There could no longer be any doubt that the incubation of insanity was in active progress.

The most profoundly sad feature of that dire disease is, that it does not admit of the consolations of home and kindred. There was no more time now for Pauline to love her husband. She might break her heart with repentance by his side, and it would be unavailing; for the master-instrument is crushed and useless that should respond to tears and prayers and anguish. His mind had passed from her, and was beyond her ken; and for the poor stunted tenderness and little forbearance she had shown to him she could make no amends. Her heart was full of bitter remorse and unrelentless accusations; and in the midst of this the man whose spirit she had most wrung came forward in the hour of black sorrow to perform those offices which were denied to her. Variety of scene, entire rest, were prescribed as possible means of cure; and Basil Wincombe took

charge of Robert Hammersley, and started at once for the Continent.

Days became weeks, and weeks passed into months, and still Basil dragged untiringly about after him this soulless and inert body, borne up in his holy task by his own brave and patient nature. They were for some time located at a small village on the southern shores of France; and I suppose there is hardly a more lovely region than that between Cannes and Toulon. Groves of tamarind and orange and acacia trees grew down to the very edge of that sunny, rippling, heaving sea. A purple shade lay beneath that blue sky, so soft and dim that it seems to melt even as the eye rests on it: and one may discern resting in its shadow the white isles of Marguerite, with their blanchon rocks. There are mirages too—sometimes the red lagoon or silver-tipped sails seem quite near, and again there appears a belt of many a hundred miles of broad waters between you and them. You may see forms, glorious though undefined, which make you dream of the Isles of the Blest. A few moments, and all have vanished, as world-dreams will vanish; and you may grieve over them if you will.

If one thing seemed to give poor Hammersley any pleasure, it was sitting so close to the sea that the waves touched his feet, and the spray flew over his face; but otherwise there was no change in the grim sadness of his features, which were stamped with the strange inscrutable calm of the old Sphinx face; and Basil's spirit began to grow sick and hopeless within him. Then came upon him irresistibly the longing of the heart for home. We have no word in our language which fully expresses the beautiful German *heimweh*; so we have coined one from the Greek, and *nostalgia* is now a recognized malady among physicians. I think we must have all felt it at one time or other, be it ever so slightly. And now the desire of Basil's soul was for his own land; the voice of the Marseillaise boatman in his wild monotonous chant fell on deaf ears; the fair world was seen by dimmed eyes; and kneeling in the sombre aisles of the cathedral—the glory of the stained glass falling on him, and the figures of martyrs, saints and angels looking down on him—there still rose in his heart the clear memory of a little old gray church in a far-off land, and a grassy churchyard and a white-robed priest, and simple responses and poor melody; and he longed his very heart out of him to be again beneath that roof. One morning, as he mixed with the other worshippers, his eye settled involuntarily on one figure—that of a young woman, whose attitude was evidently that of profound dejection. The outline seemed familiar to him. When she rose and turned to leave, there could be no mistake. Yes, it was indeed Pauline; but how changed! Pale, gentle and saddened, the demon of temper had been exorcised by those great purifiers sorrow and suffering.

"Let me see my husband, Basil. I am more fit than I was to be with him;" and a wan smile flitted over her face. "I have learnt patience and kindness in a bitter school. It might rouse him from his malady. Let me see him, Basil."

He could not refuse her. And that day, as poor Hammersley wandered down in his desolate way to his usual place on the rocks, there was seated, with her infant in her arms, his wife, trembling and tearful. He gave one long wistful glance, turned ghastly white, his features worked frightfully, and then he fell to the ground, and the blood gushed from his nose and mouth. The terrible spell was broken, and reason once more dawned.

Those three stood again on English soil; and when next the earth wore its cement of snow, and the waters were ice-bound and every blossom had perished from the visible world, there dwelt pure and warm in the hearts of husband and wife that love which has no fear, that tenderness which is born of suffering, and the "trust of the hands which hold each other and are still."

When the Earl of Dalhousie's father was commander-in-chief in India he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow, and made a point of introducing Lady Dalhousie, which the king did not understand all, and fancied the laird wanted to sell her. After a short time he said to his attendants, "That will do—take her away!"

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO TIE A HANDKERCHIEF ROUND YOUR LEG AND GET IT OFF WITHOUT UNTYING IT.

HOLD the handkerchief by both ends, lay the centre of the handkerchief on your knee, and pass the two ends below, appearing to cross them, but in reality hitching them within each other, as represented in the engraving, which shows the manner in which this is managed. Draw this loop tight, and bring back the ends to the same side on which they were originally, and tie them above. If the loop is properly made, it will stand a good pull. Then, after showing the spectators how firmly it is tied, put your hand under the knot, and by giving it a sharp pull it will come off.

The engraving represents the manner in which the loop is made, but it must be made considerably smaller than it is shown, or it will be seen. In fact, it ought not to be a loop at all, as it should be almost concealed under the fold of the handkerchief. Do not show this in public until you can tie it with rapidity and precision.

THE MAGIC BOND.

Take a piece of string, and tie the two ends together with a weaver's knot, as that holds the best, and arrange it over the fingers as represented in the engraving. Having done so, let the long loop hang loose, lift both loops off the thumb, draw them forward until the string is quite tight, and then put them behind the hand, by passing them between the second and third fingers. Then pull the part of the string that is across the root of the fingers, and the whole affair will come off.



THE OLD MAN AND HIS CHAIR.

Take the same piece of string as in the last trick, hold your left hand with the palm uppermost, and hang the string over the palm. Spread all the fingers, and with the right hand bring forward the loop that hangs behind, by passing it over the second and third fingers. Loose the loop, take hold of the part of the string that crosses the hand, and pull it forwards. When tight, pass it to the back of the hand, the reversal of the movement that brought it forwards. Loose the loop, insert the fore-finger and little finger of the right hand under the string that encircles the left fore-finger and little-finger, and pass the two loops to the back of the hand, as shown in the



cut, fig. 1. Tuck both loops under the cross-string at the back and your preliminaries are completed. Then begin your story: "There was once upon a time an old man, who stole a pound of candles. Here they are." You then hold your left hand as at the commencement, hook the right fore-finger under the cross-piece at the back, and draw it downward until it is long enough to be passed over the second and third fingers to the front. Pass it over, and draw it slowly upwards, when the similitude of a pound of candles hanging by their string will be seen. (See fig. 2.) "The old man, being tired, hung up his candles," you then hang the long loop over your thumb, "and sat down in his high-backed chair, which you see here." You then hitch the right fore-finger and middle-finger under the two loops that will be found hanging behind the left hand, bring them to the front, raise them perpendicularly, and the chair will be seen as in fig. 3. The thumb must be raised perpendicularly, and brought as much as possible into the centre of the hand, or the chair will be all aside.

"When the old man was rested, it began to

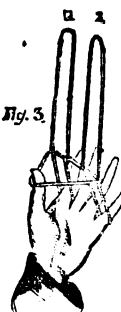


Fig. 1.
1. Right fore-finger.
2. Right middle-finger.

become dark, and he took a pair of scissors to cut down a candle for himself. Here are the scissors." While you are saying this, you slip the loop off the thumb, and you get fig. 4.

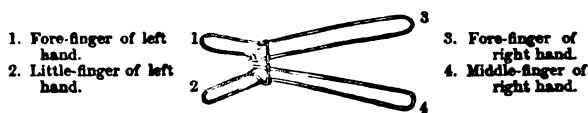


Fig. 4.

Move the blades and handles of the scissors, as if cutting something with them. "Just as he had lighted it, in came a policeman, and produced his staff, saying, You are my prisoner." Now let go the little finger of the left hand, and the loop will run up the string towards the right hand, producing fig. 5. "The old man in vain tried to resist, for the policeman called a comrade to his assistance, and they tied a cord round the old man's arms, in a tight knot, like this,"—slip the right middle-finger out of its loop, and you will obtain fig. 6,—“and carried him off to prison.”



Fig. 5.
1. Right middle-finger.
2. Right fore-finger.



Fig. 6.

TO TIE A KNOT ON THE LEFT WRIST, WITHOUT LETTING THE RIGHT HAND APPROACH IT.

Take a piece of thick pliant string by each end, and with a quick jerk of the right hand cast a loop on it as in fig. 1. The jerk must be given upwards and towards the left hand, and its impetus will cause the loop to run up the string until it falls over the left wrist, as in fig. 2. The moment that the forward jerk is given the right hand should be drawn back, so that the loop is drawn tight directly it has settled on the wrist. Both ends should be let fall when the knot is firm.



Fig. 1.

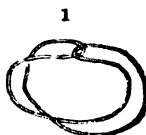


Fig. 2.

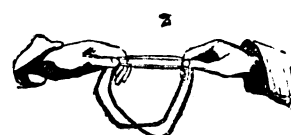
This is a very nice little sleight of hand to practice in the intervals between more showy tricks, and, although rather difficult to learn, is soon acquired.

THE CUT STRING RESTORED.

Tie together the ends of a piece of string, pass one hand through each end, twist it once round, and put both ends into the left hand. Draw the right hand rapidly along the double strings until you come to the place where the strings have crossed each other, as seen in the engraving. Conceal the junction with the thumb and finger of the right hand; hold the strings in a similar manner with the left hand, and tell some one to cut the string between them. You show that the string has been divided into two pieces, and say that you will



1. The twisted string.

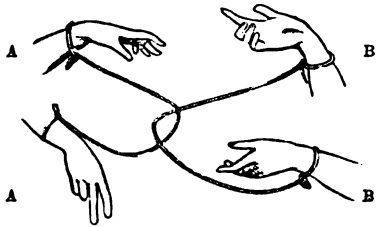


2. The manner of holding it.

join them with your teeth. Put all four ends into your mouth, and remove with your tongue the little loop that has been cut off. When you take the string out of your mouth, the spectators will not notice the absence of so small a portion of its length, and will fancy that you really have joined them.

THE HANDCUFFS.

Let two persons, A and B, have their hands tied together with string, so that the strings cross, as represented in the engraving. The object is, to free themselves from each other without untying the knot. It is executed in the following manner.



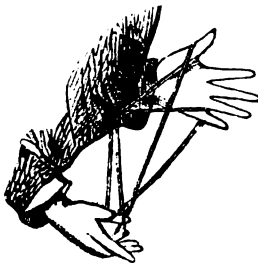
Let B gather up the string that joins his hands, pass the loop under the string

that binds either of A's wrists, slip it over A's hand, and both will be free. By a reversal of the same process, the string may be replaced.

TO PULL A STRING THROUGH YOUR BUTTON-HOLE.

Take a piece of string about two feet in length, and tie the ends together. Pass it through a button-hole of your coat; hitch one thumb at each end, hook the little fingers into the upper strings of the opposite hand. Then draw the hands well outward, and the string will look very complicated, as in the engraving.

To get out the string, loose the hold of the right thumb and left little finger, and separate the hands smartly, when the string will appear to have been pulled out *through* the substance of your coat. It is an improvement of the trick, if, immediately on loosing the hold of the right thumb, you change the string from the right little finger on to the thumb.



THE GORDIAN KNOT.

Take a silk handkerchief, and lay it on a table. Take each of the corners, and lay them across each other in the middle of the handkerchief which will then be square, as in the cut,



fig. 1. Do the same with the new corners, and go on until the handkerchief is reduced to the size of your hand. Then with your left finger and thumb take hold of the centre, taking care to grasp all the four corners that lie there, and with the right finger and thumb take hold of the outer layer of silk, and pull it towards you as far as it will come. Then turn it a little on your left hand, and repeat the operation until it is all screwed up into a tight ball, as is represented in the engraving, fig. 2. No ends will be then perceptible, and a person who is unacquainted with the mode will never be able to untie it. Of course



you must prepare it previously. When the person to whom you give it has failed to untie it, you take the ball in your hand, and holding it behind your back, you reverse the method by which it was tied, and when it is loose a good shake will release it.

THE KNOT LOOSENED.

This is a very amusing deception. You ask any one for a handkerchief, and tie the ends firmly together in a double knot, allowing him to feel it, or pull the ends as tight as he pleases. You then throw the centre of the handkerchief over the knot, and ask the person to hold it tight between his finger and thumb. You ask him if the knot is still there, to which he will answer in the affirmative. You then take hold of any part of the handkerchief, and direct the holder to drop the handkerchief at the word "three." You count, "one, two, three," at which word he looses his hold of the handkerchief, and there is no vestige left of the knot.

The method of managing this trick is as follows: Take the



handkerchief and tie the ends in a simple knot, keeping *one end tight*, and the other end loose. We will call the tight end A, and the loose one B. Keep A *always* in the right hand, and on the stretch horizontally, and the handkerchief will look as in the cut. Do this when you tie it the second time, and draw B tight, which will then form a double tie round A, but will not hold it firm. When you throw the handkerchief over the knot, you draw out A with the finger and thumb of the left hand, and the knot will apparently remain firm, although in reality it is nothing but a double twist of silk, which of course falls loose when the handkerchief is dropped.

TO PUT NUTS INTO YOUR EAR.

Take three nuts in the left hand, show them, and take out one of them between your right finger and thumb, and another between the first and third finger. This latter is not seen by the company. You then put one of them in your mouth, and retain it there, unknown to the spectators, while you exhibit the second as the one that you put into your mouth. This second one you carry to your ear, as if you meant to insert it there, and on replacing it in your left hand only two nuts will be left instead of three, the third of which appears to have gone into your ear.

TO CRACK WALNUTS IN YOUR ELBOW.

Conceal a very strong walnut in your right hand, and take two other walnuts out of the dish. Place one of them on the joint of your arm, and say that you are going to break it by the power of your muscles. You will now have one walnut in your arm, and two in your right hand. Close your left arm, and strike it an apparently violent blow with the right hand, at the same time clenching the right hand violently, which will smash the second walnut in it, and the spectators hearing the crash will be sure to fancy that it is caused by the demolition of the walnut in your arm. Then open your arm very gently (for fear of dropping any of the fragments, you must say), and, when pretending to take out the walnut which you had placed there, you substitute for it the broken one from your right hand.

TO TAKE FEATHERS OUT OF AN EMPTY HANDKERCHIEF.

Procure at the military clothier's four or five large plumes, such as are worn by officers. Take off your coat, and lay the plumes along your arms, the stems being toward your hand. Now put on your coat again, and the feathers will lie quite smoothly and unsuspected. Borrow a handkerchief from one of the spectators, and wave it about to show that it is empty. Throw it over your left hand, and with the right draw out one of the plumes from up the coat-sleeve, at the same time giving it a flourish in the air, which will loosen all the fibres of the feather, and make it appear much too large to have been concealed about the person. Wave the handkerchief again, and repeat the operation until all the plumes are gone. You can carry enough plumes under the sleeve to cover a table with, and if you prepare a board or an ornamental vase full of holes, you can place the plumes upright as you take them out.

A COURTIER who boasted that he would "put down" Beaumarchais, originally a watchmaker, but afterwards the music master and favorite of the royal daughters of Louis Quinze, stopped him one day in the midst of a large group of persons, when he was just coming out of the royal apartments in court dress, and presented a superb watch to him.

"Sir," said the courtier, "since you know all about watch-making, would you be kind enough just to look at my watch: it is out of order."

"Sir," quietly replied Beaumarchais, "since I have given up attending to watches, I have become very awkward."

"Pray, sir, do not refuse to oblige me."

"As you will; but I warn you that I am very awkward."

On this he took the watch, held it up, under pretext of examining it, and let it drop on the floor; then, making a low bow to the other—"Sir," said he, "I warned you of my extreme awkwardness," and passed on, leaving the other to pick up the fragments of his broken watch.

THE DEATH OF DUPUYTREN.

DUPUYTREN, the celebrated French surgeon, was eminently a man of action; in him one had far less to admire the genius for inventing theories than the wonderful facility he possessed for their application.

Few men passed a life of such incessant labor as Dupuytren; he was indefatigable. Winter and summer he rose at five; at seven he was already in the hospital, which he did not leave until eleven; then he went his round of visits, returning home at a certain hour to receive the patients who came to consult him; these were so numerous, that although he dismissed them with almost brutal rapidity, he was frequently detained till after nightfall.

One day that these consultations had been prolonged to even a later hour than usual, Dupuytren, exhausted by fatigue, was about to take some repose, when yet another visitor presented himself at the door of his study. It was an old man of very diminutive figure, but whose precise age it would have been difficult to guess, for his round and ruddy face, on which the razor certainly had never had occasion to pass, was dimpled and almost infantine in expression. When younger he must have recalled to mind that type of fat-cheeked cherubim, whose heads, set in a pair of white wings, float around the glory of the Virgin Mary. In the midst of a quantity of slightly-indented wrinkles stood out a small, finely-chiselled aquiline nose and a little mouth. His hands and feet, like his whole person, were in miniature. In his blue eyes, in the expression of his face, in his movements, there was a gentle timidity, an air of exquisite goodness delightful to behold. The very sight of the calm and peaceful countenance of this little old man seemed to make one better and nobler. It was impossible not to be attracted towards him—not to feel a desire to love him. In his right hand he held a walking-stick, and his little body was rigorously attired in a suit of black. On taking off his hat he disclosed the shaven crown of a priest.

Dupuytren fixed a stern and icy glance upon him.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked, roughly.

"Doctor," replied the priest gently, "excuse me that I seat myself; my poor limbs are getting rather aged. Two years ago I had a swelling in my neck; the medical officer of the village of which I am curé told me at first it was not anything of consequence; but it went on getting worse, until at the end of five months the abscess broke of itself. I kept my bed a long time without finding it do me any good, and then I was obliged to get up and go about, for I have four villages in my charge, and—"

"Show me your neck."

"It is not," continued the old man, as he prepared to obey, "it is not that my good people did not offer to go to D—— to hear mass; but they have a hard life of it during the week, and Sunday is the only day upon which they can take a little rest; so I said to myself, 'it is not right that all should be put out of their way for you'.... And then, you know, there are the first communions, the catechism: however, the bishop agreed to send some one to help me in my duties, and my parishioners would have me come to Paris to consult you. It took me some time to make up my mind to this; for travelling is expensive, and I have so many poor amongst my flock; but at last I was obliged to do as they wished me, so I got into the coach. This is the place, doctor," said he, turning his neck towards him.

Dupuytren examined it attentively. It was an abscess of the under maxillary gland, complicated by an aneurism of the carotid artery. The wound was gangrened in several places. It was such a terrible case, that Dupuytren was quite astonished to see the sufferer able to stand before him. He pressed the wound open to examine it thoroughly, causing pain enough to make a man faint; but the patient did not even wince under it. When this scrutiny was finished, Dupuytren, who held the little priest's head between his hands, turned it roughly round, and looking him in the face said, with a sinister tone of voice,

"Well, monsieur l'abbé, there is no help for you; with such a wound you must die!"

Without uttering a word, the priest took up his bindings, and began arranging them about his neck: when this was done he drew a five-franc piece, wrapped in paper, from his pocket,

and placing it on the mantel-piece said, with the sweetest possible smile:

"I am not rich, doctor, and my poor are very poor; forgive me that I am unable to pay more liberally for consulting Dr. Dupuytren. I am happy to have had your opinion on my case, at least, now I shall be prepared for what awaits me. You might, perhaps," he continued, with a still softer expression, "have told me this great news with a little more precaution. I am sixty-five; and at my age one wishes so, sometimes, to live! But I bear you no ill-will; your intelligence did not surprise me; I had been looking forward to be told this for a long while. Adieu, doctor! I shall go home to my parsonage to die!" And he went out.

Dupuytren, who had never taken his eyes off him, remained for a few moments absorbed in thought. This soul of iron—this mighty genius—was utterly subdued by the simple words of a poor old man, whom he had held, weak and suffering, in his huge grasp, thinking to overcome him utterly by his terrible communication. But in the frail and delicate body there beat a heart that was firmer than his own—a stronger and more determined will than even he possessed. He had met with his superior.

Suddenly he rushed out on the staircase. Perhaps he would not yet believe himself vanquished. The little priest was slowly descending the stairs, supporting himself by the balusters.

"Monsieur l'abbé," cried the doctor to him, "will you come up again?"

The priest did so.

"There may, perhaps, be a possibility of saving you, if you are willing to let me perform an operation on you."

"My good doctor!" cried the abbé, hastily putting down his hat and stick, "that is the very thing I came to Paris for: operate, operate as much as you will!"

"But it is by no means sure that this will save you, and the operation will be long, and very painful."

"O! never mind that, doctor; I will endure all that is necessary."

"Well! go then to the Hotel Dieu, in the St. Agnes ward; you will be quite comfortable there; the good sisters will not let you want for anything. You will rest yourself well to-night and to-morrow; and then, after to-morrow——"

"Very good, doctor; I am infinitely obliged to you."

Dupuytren wrote a few words, which he gave the abbé, who immediately proceeded with it to the hospital. There he was overwhelmed with attentions from the whole community, and was speedily comfortably installed in a clean and pretty bed.

The next day but one the five to six hundred students, that regularly attended the doctor in his visits through the hospital, were scarcely assembled when Dupuytren arrived. He went at once to the bed that was occupied by the abbé, followed by this imposing *cortège*, and the operation was commenced. It was one of the most painful that can be conceived, and lasted twenty-five minutes, during which Dupuytren had used, in turn, the knife, the scissors and the saw; but the patient had not so much as frowned under the torture. Only, when all around drew a long breath of relief simultaneously, and Dupuytren said to him "It is over!" the abbé looked rather pale.

Dupuytren himself dressed the wound.

"I think now," he said kindly, "all will go well. Did you suffer very much?"

"I tried to think of something else," was the reply, and then his eyes closed.

Dupuytren gazed at him intently for a minute, drew the curtains round the bed, and went to his other patients.

The priest was saved!

Each morning when Dupuytren arrived, contrary to his usual custom, he passed by all the first beds, and began his visits by his favorite patient. Later on, when the little abbé was able to get up and move about, Dupuytren would return to him, after he had been the round of the hospital, and taking his arm in his, and accommodating his steps to those of the convalescent, would make the tour of the ward with him.

For those who knew the harsh indifference with which Dupuytren was accustomed to treat his patients, this change of

conduct was inexplicable. When the abbé was at length able to travel, he took leave of the good sisters and the doctor, and returned to his anxious parishioners.

Some months afterwards, Dupuytren, on arriving one morning, as usual, at the Hotel Dieu, was surprised to find the little priest waiting for him in the St. Agnes ward. As before, he was dressed entirely in black, but his clothes were covered with dust, and his large buckled shoes were quite white; he appeared to have made a long journey on foot. On his arm was a large osier basket, with the lid firmly fastened down, though it allowed a few ends of straw to peep out. The doctor received him with the greatest cordiality, and, after inquiring if the operation had not had any bad consequences, asked him what had brought him again to Paris.

"Doctor," replied the priest, "to-day is the anniversary of the one on which you performed the operation on me. I could not let the sixth of May pass without coming to see you, and I thought I might bring you a little present. Here are two fine fowls from my hen-roost, and some pears from my garden, such as you cannot find in Paris. You must promise me to taste them—will you not?"

Dupuytren pressed his hand affectionately. He wished to make the good old man remain to dine with him; but this, much to his regret, he declared he could not do, for his minutes were counted, and he was compelled to return immediately.

For two years longer, on each sixth of May, this visit was repeated, and the same present brought to Dupuytren, who experienced a singular emotion each time that he welcomed the little priest.

It was at this period that the doctor felt the first attacks of a disease, before which all his science, great as it was, was compelled to give way, defeated. The whole body of the faculty counselled his proceeding to Italy, which he did, though without any hope of being restored. However, on his return to France, in March, 1834, his health seemed to be considerably improved, but Dupuytren himself felt the improvement was in appearance only. He knew that he was dying—he had calculated the number of days that remained to him.

In proportion as he approached the grave, his character became even less expansive than before, and his manner more sombre and stern. But perhaps in his last sad hours, when he was brought face to face with death, this moral solitude, this complete isolation, that he had so cruelly prepared for himself, gave him a solemn warning, and one not to be disregarded.

All at once he called M—, his adopted son, who was watching in a cabinet leading from the doctor's room.

"M—," said he, "write:

"To the Curé of the parish of —, near Nemours (Seine-et-Marne).

"My dear Abbé—The doctor, in his turn, requires your aid. Come quickly, or you may be too late. Your friend,

DUPUYTREN."

The good priest delayed not a moment, on receipt of this. On his arrival he remained closeted with Dupuytren for a long time. None ever knew what passed between them; but when the abbé left the dying man's room his eyes were moistened, and his countenance beamed with pious exaltation.

The next morning Dupuytren sent for the Archbishop of Paris. It was the 8th of February, 1835. On that day Dupuytren expired.

From early morning, on the day of the funeral, the sky was covered with dull gray clouds. A fine and incessant rain mingled with snow, fell drizzling and cold on the immense and silent crowd that filled to encumbrance the Place of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and the vast courtyard of the house of mourning. The church of St. Eustache was scarcely large enough to contain the funeral cortège.

When the burial service was concluded, the doctor's pupils carried the coffin on their shoulders to the cemetery.

The little priest followed the procession weeping.

THE brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.

A MEETING ON HUNGERFORD BRIDGE.

A TRUE STORY.

An old Moorish garden in the South of France; the twilight fast closing in; the air scented with grapes and oleanders; a merry mixed party of Germans and English; snatches of old songs coming through the lime-trees; straggling sets of three and four wandering through the old garden-paths, and clambering over a ruined wall in search of the rich purple flowers of the opening caper-plant; my little favorite Janet, whispering with her tall Scotch lover, and listening to the sweet songs of the foreign land where he was born (rounds in which he joins with his full manly voice), or tender love-strains which he chants half-silently to her. Then the scene changes, and duty comes between my Janet and her love; the troth-plight is broken, and the rings returned, and the lover goes away in anger; for passion is with him stronger than duty. For a time Janet droops like a broken lily; then come lonely night-watches, and her woman's heart grows strong in scenes of sickness and of death; one by one she buries her beloved; father and mother lie in the foreign cemetery, and she returns to England an orphan and desolate.

I thought of all these things and many more as I sat, one evening, in my shady corner in a certain drawing-room, and watched my god-child as her fingers wandered over the piano-forte keys, in accompaniment to a gentleman singing. From well-known English song he changed to German, and still Janet's fingers moved on in unison.

In spite of changing fashions, she still wore her hair in the old way; and though the long brown curls might hide her face from others, they could not conceal it from me, who from her babyhood had been familiar with its every line. A year after her birth I lost my wife and baby-daughter; and she, somehow, with her tiny fingers, helped to heal those wounds made by the death of my darlings; and thus I came to look on her as my own child, while her father and myself were like brothers. So this same evening, though her face was still and quiet, and the shadows that passed over it were only visible to me, I knew that her thoughts were going back to the time when she was Dugald's affianced bride; and that the old songs were calling back to her mind those happy dead-hours, and the happier dead who slept so far away.

I could see, too, the looks with which he who stood beside her sung her lover's song: with the hope that, some day, she would regard him as such; and still her thoughts were far away.

Wenn ich komm, wenn ich komm,
Wenn ich wieder um komm,

Mr. Grant still went on humming; even after Janet rose, and walked mechanically to the sofa. I noticed the expression of pent-up feelings on my Janet's face, and as she turned her head towards my arm-chair, saw the two large tears she tried to hide. So I lifted her curls and kissed her sweet face—an old privilege which I earned long ago.

"Too bad, too bad," was the cry of her youthful admirer, whose attention was suddenly diverted from the music; "you will make us all jealous, Mr. Bowering."

But with a little laugh, Janet held up her face for another; and then, quietly clasping her hand in mine, sat by my side the remainder of the evening.

The party had all dispersed—some of the household were no doubt fast asleep—when I, who had long sat musing by my bed-room fire, and wanting to refer to some book, returned to the drawing-room to fetch it. The door was on the jar, and within I heard sobs, and by the fire-light I saw my child kneeling by the sofa, her face hidden on her arm, and one hand convulsively clasping a little case, which I knew to be Dugald's likeness.

I would not disturb her; for she hid her grief sacredly even from me, and in quiet cheerfulness appeared happy—nay, I believe, *was* truly so; for duty ever brings happiness. So I left her, and noiselessly crept back to my room; but the long night

through, my thoughts were full of her, and I bitterly reproached the man who could so soon forget my darling. Yet I am an old man, and my gray hairs warned me how ill it became me to judge another: how could I tell what the man was suffering, even then?

I brought Janet to England, where her parents died; for I was with them in all their foreign travel, and watched all the child's devoted love and care of them; saw her, too, move about in angel-like beauty through wearisome night-watches, and days of hopelessness. I saw her cheek grow pale, and knew the secret cause of its pallor; and so did her dying mother, when she said—

"God bless my Janet, and give her her heart's desire!"

She went to live with an aunt on her return to England; and as my home was there, as much as elsewhere, I could still watch over my god-child.

On Sundays I used to coax her to sing that beautiful song from *Elijah*, "Oh! rest in the Lord!" And any one who heard those words as sung by her, could not fail to know that the sweet singer's desire was the rest of which she sung.

Some months had passed away, and Janet, without any direct ailment, was weak and languid. She would not confess to any suffering; but the doctor who attended her said she wanted change, excitement and amusement; so a series of parties was begun, and a foreign tour was again projected. It was in the beginning of May: at her aunt's were to be an evening-party and dance.

Flowers were wanted for personal and other adornment; so Janet sallied forth to Covent Garden. Her home was in Kennington, and her route lay across Hungerford Bridge. I, too, had business in the city that morning, and having terminated it, was slowly sauntering back to Janet's aunt, Mrs. Grey. There were but two other passengers on the bridge besides myself: the one—a lady—was advancing towards me, and though I seemed to recognize her walk and manner, I could not see her face, as her eyes were bent on the ground; the other was an officer in the Highland costume. Tall and brawny, he appeared to rejoice in his strength, and repeatedly paused, and shook the rods of the bridge, as if to test his power and theirs. In the course of their progress, he and the lady met. Suddenly I heard him exclaim—

"Great God, Janet!"

And in a moment her little figure was lifted in his arms, and with a stifled cry, she was clasped to his breast. The great city, the broad daylight, the eyes that might scrutinize and wonder, were nothing to them—all was forgotten but their own meeting.

I did not stay to pry into their secret, or to mar the rapture of their mutual forgiveness by the presence of a third person.

The party at Mrs. Grey's came off all the same, with the addition of the tall Highlander. In a few weeks, Janet and he were married. But not till the other day, when I was playing with Janet's first-born, did she know that her oldest friend had witnessed the meeting which ended so much sorrow, and was the commencement of years of happiness.

SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS.—A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health, and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot. Whereupon the patient set out on a journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was at length rewarded with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative. "Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy." Most gladly would I accede to thy request," replied the cobbler, "but—" "Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the

man of wealth; "any sum that thou mayest name shall be thine." "I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—" "But what?" "The—the truth is—I have no shirt."

LETTER SUPERSCRPTIONS.—Formerly a direction was an academy of compliments. "To the most noble and my singularly respected friend," &c., and then, "Haste! haste for your life, haste!" Now we have banished even the monosyllable to! Henry Conway, Lord Hertford's son, who was very indolent, and had much humor, introduced the abridgment. Writing to a Mr. Tighe at the Temple, he directed his letter only thus: "T. Th., Temple," and it was delivered. Dr. Bentley was mightily flattered on receiving a letter superscribed, "To Dr. Bentley, in England."

AN HONEST QUACK.—Mengin, the most celebrated and the most successful charlatan of Paris, the itinerant pencil seller, and immortalised by Albert Smith, is just dead, and has left behind him a fortune of 400,000 francs. No one can have passed many days in Paris within the last ten years without having observed on the Place de la Bourse, the Place du Châtelet, the Place de Madeleine, or some other open space, the conspicuous figure of a tall handsome man, with a brass helmet and plumes, and a beard—the very model of that of Hudibras, "in shape and hue most like a tile"—standing on the box of a light cart, and haranguing a crowd. He wore a costly mantle of green velvet embroidered with gold, and on the fingers of his white hands were many rings of great price. Behind him was a squire who from time to time blew a trumpet to attract public attention, and whose garments were only less splendid than those of his master. The only end and aim of all this pomp and circumstance was the sale of lead pencils at two sous a-piece. "Why," he would say, "do I fig myself up in this ludicrous costume? I will tell you candidly; because, going about in this dress I sell a great many pencils, and if I stayed at home in a warehouse coat I should sell very few. I am a quack, I admit, but I am an honest one, for I sell a good article; and if you want a pencil, I doubt whether you will get as good a one anywhere else for the money." He was a remarkably healthy-looking man, and could not have been more than forty years old, but he was carried off by a fit of apoplexy.

POVERTY AND SUCCESS.—"I have never fought a good battle," said a celebrated prize-fighter, "after I had a fifty-pound note in my pocket." This feeling may explain the event of success of some very learned and scientific men. Commence your profession without a shilling is a very disagreeable prescription, yet to be poor to perfection is oftener a surer road to fortune than either wealth or connection. It holds good in law. Old Eldon once truly remarked, "All our Chancellors come from the garrets."

PREVENTION OF SEA SICKNESS.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson in his "Three Weeks' Scamper through the Spas of Germany and Belgium," remarks that "the priests of old sold charms to dispel sea-sickness, and these charms, which were cabalistic figures written on parchment, were bound tightly around the person: their success appearing to depend mainly on their close pressure against the trunk of the body. It was to illustrate this experiment that I now set myself, thinking that my proneness to sea-sickness would give it a fair trial. In the absence of a belt, I tied a shawl tightly around my trunk, making strong pressure from the hips upwards to the middle of the chest, and then sat down on one of the benches to observe the result. I further fixed my heels against the deck, and, crossing my arms on my chest, resisted with all my power every movement of the vessel. I escaped without a feeling of uneasiness, while several around me, and in the cabin, were extremely ill; there was a good deal of motion in the vessel, but not much rolling, and the passage could not be termed rough. On my return passage, I did the same, and with an equally satisfactory result; but the experiment was doubtful, from the sea being calm and the transit short. I leave it to others to give the plan a further trial, which it deserves, as being correct in principle, even if it fail to be universally certain in practice."

"ADVERSITY," said El Hakim to the Knight of the Leopard, "is like the period of the former and of the latter rain—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose and the pomegranate."

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

The month comes round and brings with it our pleasant duty of gathering the waifs and estrays of Wit, Anecdote and Humor, that we pick up by the wayside, or are floated to us on the tide of social intercourse. We enjoy the work, and we trust that our readers share our satisfaction. From many we receive contributions and suggestions, and we are always glad to hear from those with whom we hold unseen communication every month. A certain amount of discrimination should be used in every action of life. Be sure that it will tell not only upon oneself but upon others.

The late Colonel McClung, of Mississippi, once got into a dispute in the office of the Prentiss House at Vicksburg, with a rowdy, when, to end the matter without delay, he took the rowdy by the "nape of the neck," led him to the door and kicked him into the street. The kicked picked himself up, walked away, and here the matter ended. Some weeks after, McClung was in New Orleans, and when walking up St. Charles street, saw the fellow he had kicked out of the Prentiss House, kicking a third party out of a drinking saloon. McClung walked up to his old acquaintance, once kicked but now the kicker; and after scanning him closely, said: "Look here, my fine fellow, are you not the man I kicked out of the Prentiss House the other day?" "Softly, softly, colonel," replied the rowdy, taking McClung by the arm, "don't mention it—I'm the man—but you and I know whom to kick!"

EVERY one to his taste. We are all supposed to be elected to some occupation or the other, which some follow as long as they live whether it pays or not, and some do not. Our friend the Dutchman gives, we think, the most unanswerable reasons for not following a certain business to which he had been elected:

"Weegates. Mr. Shon; how you was dis morning?"
 "Putty better, how are you yourself?"
 "Goot. Vot ish te newz?"
 "Oh, noting; I don't hear de newz now."
 "Vy is daus?"
 "Vell, I don't run mit de vire macheene no more."
 "Mein himmel! Vy for you give up?"
 "I tells you. You know Shake Skiffers un Nilly Rennet un Pully Hickens, un all the vire boys, used to come down in my saloon after de vires un drink segars un lager, un play tominoes."
 "Yaw."
 "Vell, von day Shake speaked to me. 'Shon, vy don't you be-long mid de vires?' 'Vy for?' I asked him. 'It makes you better pizness,' he say."
 "So it dood."
 "Nein, nein, I be darn vot it dood!"
 "How?"
 "Vell, I goed von efenin mit Shake down to de macheengine house, un after dere vas a meeding, propozed me as to be a member. Shake he dells dem dat I vas a good veller, un I keeps so better lager un I gifts drust. Un dey dakes a fote. Shake he say dem all you do be in favor of my gompany was to say 'yes,' un all dat don't been in favor of mine gompany and vants deir heads poked to say no."
 "Daus is right."
 "Vell nobody don't say no; now Shake he dells me I was 'lected; den I ax him vot I shall do mit mineself, un he say: 'Dreat he gompany.' So I dreats de gompany, un den I gets de slate un I marks down mit de drust a next tra trink to dem all, un two to Shake. Vell, after ve drink some time dey goes home, and I was now a vire-man. Dat night I goed to bed, un I dreams all night pout houses on vire un I dought I vas breaking de windows, un smashin de tings, un samin everybody, un in de morning ven I gets up I vines mineself lyin on the vloer. vere I valls off a ladder in mine shleep. De next-day ven Shake comes into my saloon, he dells me I vas vined vifty cents, for I don't been out of mine house. So after a leedle he spain to me vot I vas, dat I must pay vifty cents, so I pays it, un I make up mine mint dat I don't misse de vires no more."

"Daus vas pesser."
 "Vell, the night before las, dere vas a vire in the Bowery, un I goed up mit me macheengine, un ve gets to vork, un de macheengine-plays on de vire, so den de foreman of de gompany he comes to me un he say 'Shon, dere's a woman in de upper story, you go up de ladder un hand her out.' So I goars I gets in de window, but dere vas no woman dere; I looks all around, un I calls for de woman, but she don't come, so I dinks I better go out so soon as I can. I goes to the window un—Mein Gott in Himmel, de ladder vas gone. I puts out mine head to call somebody to bring him back, but shast den a stream of water from de hosegine comed right in my vace un drew me right on mine pack."
 "Dunder un blitzen!"
 "De vater keeped comin, un de shmoke vas putty nigh drowned me too. I couldn't shepeak, for ven I opened mine mout the vater villed it up. Virst I vas mad, den I shveared, un den I getted skeert, un I prayed, un at last I feels putty bad mit mineself, un I dinks I vas dead. Shust den somebody shumped rite in the middle of de vloer, un it vas Shake; he daked me up to ax me vat I was doing dere, so I feels shamed, un I dells him I vas lookin rount to save somebody, un he says, 'You tam fool, come along un save yourself.' So I vollerred him out, un dere vas de ladder; he putted his legs around it un shlided down; den I dreed to do de same, but ven

I comes down half de vay, mine legs cotched one in de oder un down I dumble, rite pon top de heads of pout a dozen vire vellers. I prokes mine pack up so far as mine boots. I vas all over so plack un blue as blood color, efer since, un I don't run no more with the macheengine."

NEVER brag that you can do anything until you are acquainted with what is desired of you, or you may be "sold" as emphatically as was the doctor in the following:

The doctor was at a neighboring village lately, boasting that he could remove from any horse, ringbones, spavins, and everything of that nature—in short, he could take off anything nature had not placed on the beast.

"I have a horse in the stable," said our friend, "and he has something upon him I have been trying to remove for six months past, without success, and if you remove it, I will give you ten dollars."

"I can do it," said the doctor, "and if I fail I will give you twenty dollars. Show me the animal!"

The two started, followed by a crowd of wits expecting an explosion. The doctor was shown a horse worth \$350, without a blemish. He examined his hoofs, legs, head and every part of him, and raising himself up to his full height very confidently declared, "Nothing ails that 'oss, as I can see!"

"No," said the wag, "nothing ails the horse, but you allowed you could take anything off of him that nature had not put there."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I can or I will forfeit \$20! Show me the defect!"

"Here it is," said the joker. "It's a chattel mortgage for \$150!"

The doctor could not take this off, and was, of course, "sold."

The difference between a lawyer and a gentleman was settled in Texas the other day by a counsel who was defending a case against the plaintiff who argued his own case. The gentleman says:

I am no lawyer, but a few days ago I had a suit before Squire Goodwin, which I undertook to manage without the aid of counsel. In the course of the examination I asked a witness an out-of-the-way question, when Mr. Jones, the lawyer on the other side, objected to the question; and, rising, addressed the court as follows: "If it please your honor, that question is altogether out of place. I have heard lawyers ask such questions in court, but this is the first time I ever heard such a question from a gentleman!"

Little children should only speak when they are spoken to, for fear of the awkward truths that slip out through their unguarded innocence:

A clergyman in Connecticut was reading to his congregation the beautiful and poetic Psalm of David where he said:

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

At this point, a little girl in the assembly manifested great interest, and whispered to her mother,

"That's as true as you live. I saw Righteous Hill kiss Graces Peabody behind the smoke-house, but how did the minister know it?"

We have read many good stories which the late panic gave rise to, but we think the following is among the best of the very best:

A run was being made for gold on an Irish bank, by the peasantry of the surrounding counties, and crowds of clamorous frieze coats might be seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in L—. The ——— Bank enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon. I had a few of their one pound notes, and as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe it apprehended, I thought it would be prudent to save myself; so I mounted my nag, and trotted with my bundle of notes into L—.

On arriving at the bank door, the babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and women tugged and struggled for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There you have torn the coat off my back, making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a pack load of ten pounders you had."

"Oh me, oh me!" shrieked a woman who affected to faint, in the vain hope that they would let her nearer the door.

"Arrah, ye'll be all served," cried out a droil fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction pointed to, and sure enough I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, one of the directors of the bank, who had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag in his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall be served." The crowd gave way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the door.

"Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out, and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hands: "didn't I tell you the counsellor would

settle it! There they are at it hard and fast as tallow chandlers on a melting day—making sovereigns 'like winky, and they're shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot," and he blew again upon the sovereigns, and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there sure enough was the gold, warm, as if from the crucible.

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted the crowd, who now really believed that the counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing—you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks lading out hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might pick up roast chestnuts.

They say the ruse was not a new one, but it was not the less successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged heating the sovereigns on fire shovels, and, rushing out, with red faces, and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with hot curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back parlor.

The ruse, which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and he thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold, in the imagination of a simple people.

The doctor who made the remark we quote below had to quit his business and accept a place in the Custom House, and we think it served him right, for any man who would so deliberately libel one of the gentle sex is only fit to—hold an office under Uncle Sam:

A doctor was recently walking with one of his friends, when they perceived a pretty woman before them. The physician crossed the street to avoid her. His friend asked him the reason.

"I attended her husband," answered the doctor.

"Did you have the ill luck to let him die?"

"On the contrary, I saved his life."

An Irish friend of ours gave it as his opinion that there were two ways of keeping a bargain, and one of them was breaking it. We heard of a stranger case, where a man proved that he kept a bargain by breaking it:

A notorious character in our city hired himself to a steamboat captain, got pay to the amount of a few dollars in advance, and disappeared. Some months afterwards the captain, happening to meet him, cursed him for his roguery.

"Stop, captain," said Jerry; "what was our bargain?"

"Why, you were to have twenty dollars a month and found."

"Well, did you find me, captain?"

If half the cleverness exhibited in petty swindling were only diverted to purposes of honesty, our list of successful business men would be largely increased. But the poverty that sharpens the wit blunts the moral sense, and rogues glory in their skilful subterfuges:

Three ragged, wretched toppers stood shivering upon a street corner. They had not a penny between them, and neither had drank a drop—within half an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass; after many impracticable suggestions one of them said:

"I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink."

"Drink!" replied his companions, "that's easily said; but who's to pay?"

"Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining rummery and called for whisky skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman. After he had waited on his customers and while they were enjoying their orthodox beverage at the counter, in walked toper No. 1.

"How are ye?" to the Dutchman.

"How do ye?" said the Dutchman.

Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at toppers No. 2 and 3, and beckoned the proprietor aside.

"Do you know these men?" he asked mysteriously.

The Dutchman stared.

"I know no more as dat dey call for de whiskey skins."

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.

"Sir! I not take money for the whisky skins," said the astonished landlord.

"No; they are informers!"

"Hey! informers!"

"Yes; they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."

"Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman. "Dey not catch me. Thank you, sir. You take sometin?"

"I don't object," and toper No. 1 took a swig with his companions.

"What's to pay?" quoth No. 2, putting his hand into his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor. Me keeps it for my friends."

And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the supposed anti-informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not at all decline the invitation.

VANITY assumes a thousand curious expressions, but the vanity of imitating personal appearances is the weakest kind of all. It is a compromise for the shadow of a substance beyond our reach:

An erratic poetical genius about town, was highly delighted the other day by the editor's telling him he resembled Lord Byron!

"Do you really think so?" asked the moon-struck sonneteer in an ecstasy; "pray in what respect?"

"Why, you wear your shirt-collar upside down, and get tipsy on gin and water!"

We once knew a man who offered a heavy bet that he could walk a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, if he could keep awake! A green one present took up the bet. The trial commenced, but after six hours' walking our friend fell fast asleep. On being aroused he claimed that he had won his bet, for he could not keep awake. Green one could never make out how he lost, or why he paid the money. The following case is almost as bad:

Dick of the mill bragged one day he could grind anything, no matter what they'd bring to him.

"I'll bet ten bushels of taters agin a hundred of meal, that I'll bring ye a grist ye can't grind," said Uncle Enoch Waller, a rich old farmer living a mile up the road.

"Done, Uncle Enoch. I'll take that bet; bring on your grist."

The next day down came Uncle Enoch with a cord of dry hickory wood.

"Oh, yes, Uncle Enoch, I can grind that beautiful, only you'll have to wait a few days for I'm very busy now."

"Wall, Dick, I reckon I kin wait;" and Uncle Enoch pitched the wood off.

Before night Dick had a Dutchman to saw it up and divide it, carrying half into the mill and half to the house. Two big stoves and two fireplaces are sad devourers of dry hickory, and ten days afterwards when Uncle Enoch came after his grist it was done. Dick had sent word to the old farmer to bring the potatoes, and he obeyed orders.

"There's yer taters, Dick, and now let's see my flour."

Dick trundled along a barrel of ashes.

"It's mighty good flour what there is of it, but dry hickory don't turn out very well," remarked Dick.

"No, I shouldn't think it did, or paid very well either to pay ten bushels of taters for grindin' a cord of hickory, and only git a barrel of ashes out'en't."

The force of education is a wonderful thing; habits early enforced become almost a part of our nature. As with man, so with the lower orders of creation. We relate a curious instance:

Joe Phelps, who, by virtue of a long and painful residence in Jersey, has a face sprinkled with freckles, the result of the sunlight on the sunny soil of that monopoly domain—is, and has been, and always will be—a dog fancier. His house is a perfect menagerie of dogs of every variety known to man. His greatest pleasure consists in teaching the young canine idea how to shoot; and the laziness of two brindle, crop-eared, bow-legged, big-headed, hair-lipped bull-terriers, which he calls his favorites, is sufficient evidence that they are indefatigable "setters."

Joe keeps a tavern a few miles in the rear of Camden, upon a dismal sort of a by-road, which, by virtue of crossing the Camden and Amboy railway several times in its zigzag course, is sometimes called the "Short Cut to Eternity." The sitting-room of Joe's tavern was large, airy and comfortable; and there was an old-fashioned fireplace, which occupied an entire side of the apartment. The two terriers, in cold weather, were continually roasting themselves at each side of the hearth—scarcely ever stirring unless tempted by hunger to hunt a bone or two. One evening a stranger stopped for the night, and after his horse was cared for, Joe ushered his guest into the sitting-room and went out to "do up the chores." The stranger drew a chair to the centre of the hearth, and then noticed for the first time that he was the object of an intense scrutiny from two ugly looking canines, one on each side of him.

Presently the stranger gave vent to a violent sneeze. At which, to his astonishment, both dogs bolted clear through the window. A moment after, Joe came in.

"Hallo, stranger, where's them dogs of mine?"

"I don't know, sir; I don't know. I sneezed just now, and it must have frightened them, for they started off instantly."

"That's it, I spected you had sneezed. I always whip the dogs for sneezing."

The mystery of the sudden departure of "them dogs" was now explained; each dog had thought that it was the other that had sneezed; so both bolted, mentally thinking of the "strapping in perspective."

It has become a sort of fashion to say that we have no integrity upon the Bench, but we think the candor and honesty of Judge W—— will silence all such remarks for ever :

A DISCRIMINATING JUDGE.—The police court of the thriving town of B——, in Maine, which boasts a bay rivalling that of Naples, is presided over by one Judge W——, who is something of a wag as well as a lawyer. On one occasion, while enjoying a post-prandial "feast of reason and flow of soul" with some of the jolly fellows of that region, the judge was summoned to the court-room to try an Irishman arrested for drunkenness. Having heard the testimony, which clearly proved the crime, the judge asked the accused :

"Have you any friends?"

"No, your honor."

"Have you any money?"

"No, your honor."

"Then," said Judge W——, "if you have no friends and no money I must proceed to pronounce the sentence of the court, which is, that you be imprisoned for thirty days in the House of Correction—and may God have mercy on your soul."

How broad is the distinction between humor and wit. The first is genial, the offspring of pure and good humor; the second is too often a brilliant malice, which stings and glitters at the same moment :

A SUFFICIENT REASON.—Boswell observed to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland. "I believe, sir, you are right," said Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but from the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

An Irishman's opinion of the great wealth and extreme extravagance of the South—in which there is a joke :

An Irish gentleman had occasion to go South some months since. When he returned he remarked to a friend that the Southern people were very extravagant. Upon being asked why so, he remarked that where he staid they had a candlestick worth eleven hundred dollars!

"Why how in the world could it have cost so much?" inquired a friend.

"Och, be jabers! it was nuthin mor'n a big nigger feller holdin' a torch for us to ate by!"

CHILDREN do say many curious things; their fresh, unsophisticated minds do not penetrate beyond the mere objective. Still, there are big babies, who, emulating the innocence of infants, say infinitely as foolish things. We are inclined to think the following an overgrown babyism :

"There, now," cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there, now! grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles. What will he do?"

And shortly afterwards when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips.

"You goin' to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Goin' to Heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are grandpa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

A SOUTHERN white joke is somewhat of a rarity, at least to us. But that it does exist, the following, which we do not vouch for, would seem to confirm :

The law of the State of Virginia prohibits marriage unless the parties are of lawful age, or by the consent of the parties.

John M——, a well to-do farmer in Virginia, was blessed with every comfort except that great desideratum—a wife. John cast his eyes around, but unsuccessfully, until they fell upon the form of Betty—daughter of John Jones—one of the prettiest and nicest girls in the county. After a courtship of six weeks, John was rendered happy by the consent of the fair Betty.

The next day, John, with a friend, went to town to get the necessary documents, with the forms of procuring which he was most lamentably ignorant. Being directed to the clerk's office, John, with a good deal of hesitation, informed the urbane Mr. Brown that he was going to get married to Betty Jones, and wanted to know what he must do to compass that desirable consummation. Mr. Brown, with a bland smile, informed him, that he, after being satisfied that no legal impediment prevented the ceremony, would, for the sum and consideration of three dollars, grant him the licence. John, much relieved, handed out the necessary funds.

"Allow me," said Brown, to ask you a few questions: "You are twenty-one years of age, I suppose, Mr. M——?"

"Yes," said John.

"Do you solemnly swear that Betty Jones, spinster, is of the lawful age (made and enacted by the Legislature of Virginia), to take the marriage vow?"

"What's that?" said John.

Mr. B. repeated.

"Well," said John, "Mr. Clerk, I want to get married; but I

joined the church at the last revival, and I wouldn't swear for a hundred dollars."

"Then, sir, you cannot get married."

"Can't get married! Good gracious, Mr. Clerk, they'll turn me out of the church if I swear! Don't refuse, Mr. Clerk, for heaven's sake. I'll give you ten dollars if you let me off from swearing."

"Can't do it," Mr. B.

"Hold on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear. I couldn't give up Betty for ten churches. I'll swear may I be damned if she ain't eighteen years old—give me the licence."

He got it.

Boston is a great place for providing pleasant vices and prohibiting their use. Their sale is legalized and their use forbidden. We have heard it called Boston logic. It is the poorest kind of rule, for it does not work both ways :

Apothecary.—Smoking is not allowed here, sir!

Customer.—Why, you have just sold me the cigar, and I have a right to smoke it.

Apothecary.—We also sell emetics here, sir, but we don't expect them to be taken on the premises.

A BURNT child dreads the fire, they say. Our countryman, having once gained New York experience, made preparation for his next visit and caught a cunning fish :

I remember a country friend of mine had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and was grievously annoyed. He regarded it as a species of reflection upon his own vigilance. Determined to be revenged upon some of the pickpocket tribe he procured fish hooks, and had them fastened into the pockets of an old coat with the barbs downwards. He, thus accoutred, sallied forth into Broadway in the dusk of the evening. Amid a crowd at the City Hall he felt a hand in his pocket, and giving himself a jerk, as he said, to get the hooks well into the rogue's flesh, he moved on with his prey closely following. He then quickened his pace, giving every now and then another jerk. In this mode, affecting not to feel the fish he had hooked, he led the knave clear of the crowd to a by-street.

"Now, my fine fellow, I have you; don't fish in my pockets again."

He unbuttoned his coat to slaken the pocket, but in vain did the thief endeavor to extricate himself, the hooks were too deep in the hand, so my acquaintance took out his knife and whipped off the skirt of the old coat he had used for the trap, and bade the pickpocket walk off to a surgeon, as he thought he had been tolerably well punished.

The following have crowded in entirely against our wishes. We are not responsible :

"Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his *gait* is broken and his *locks* are few."

What is the difference between a ship and a hen? The hen lays one egg, and the ship *lays to*.

Supposing a cow to be suddenly endowed with the power of verbal remonstrance while being uncomfortably milked by a herdsman named Richard, what Scriptural name would she pronounce? *Milk-easy-Dick*.

Who was the greatest chicken butcher according to Shakespeare? Claudius, who did "*murder most foul*."

Which five names in early Scripture indicate the commencement of corporeal punishment?—Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel.

Why is mortar adhesive?—Because it is of a confiding nature, and imagining that every object is a brick, it will attach itself to anything.

An inveterate bachelor being asked why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be *pacific*."

PUBLIC schools and higher colleges have not quite succeeded in banishing ignorance from the mother country. There may be strong exceptional cases, but they certainly are strong :

The popular ignorance of this enlightened age is something astounding. Only the other day, a customer of an eminent silversmith, admiring some exquisite piece of silver chasery, remarked, "How this would have delighted Cellini?"

We shall be happy to show it to Mr. Cellini, any day he will look in," was the polite observation in reply.

To ascend in the scale, we may remark that we have heard of a knight who, on having Runnymede pointed out to him, looked very unconscious that a landmark of history was before him; but on being told that it was the spot where the barons forced King John to sign Magna Charta, exclaimed,

"*Forced* his Majesty! did they indeed? How very improper!"

Let us go a step higher still, and take an illustration from that sprig of nobility who, having failed in a competitive examination, was asked by a good-natured friend how it happened.

"Oh!" said the rejected candidate, "it was all through a fellow who asked me questions I didn't expect."

"What did he examine you in?"

"Oh, history!" answered the young aristocrat.

"Ancient or modern?"

"Ancient or modern!" exclaimed the youth, with an air of the most intense disgust, "oh, ever so long before either; time of William the Conqueror!"

COMICALITIES OF THE SWILL MILK EXCITEMENT.

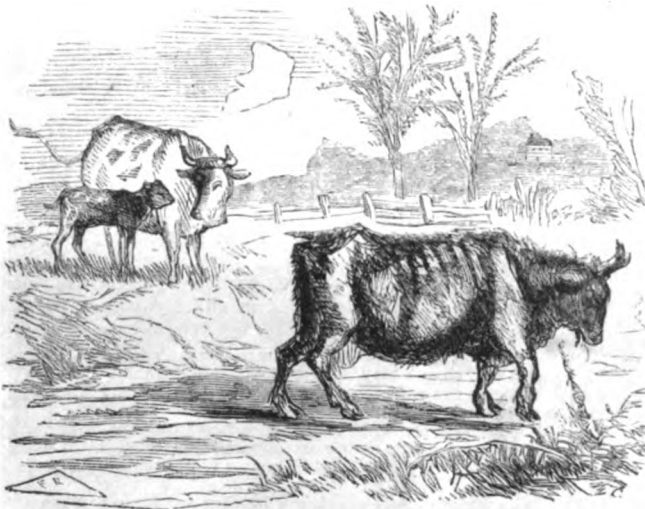


GENTLEMAN—"Milk Punch right away, and plenty of it!"

(Small boy enters with "Frank Leslie's Newspaper," containing pictures of cows, &c.)—GENTLEMAN—"Here, n-ever mind that er-milk punch. I'll take a little brandy plain."



Extraordinary instance of bovine sagacity. A stray swill cow meeting Frank Leslie in the suburbs affectionately embraces him.



COUNTRY COW (to her calf)—"There, my child, you see the awful effects of intemperance and swill."

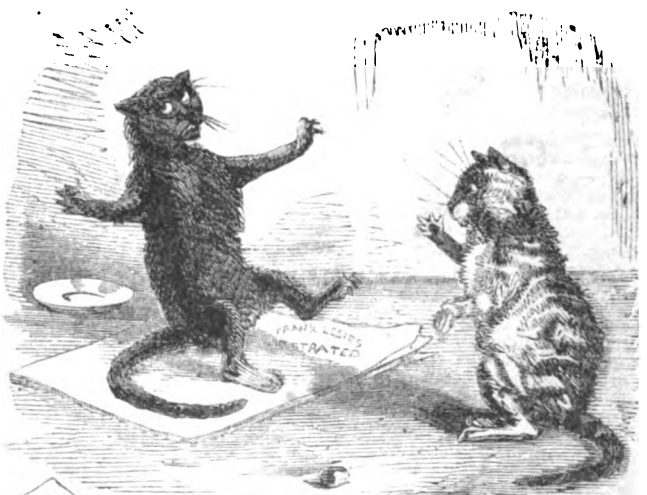


A New York nightmare.



WALKER—"Why, Hookey, what are you going to do with all that chalk?"

HOOKEY—"Well, the fact is, I'm going to make my own milk for the future; these swill dealers adulterate it so much you never know what you get."

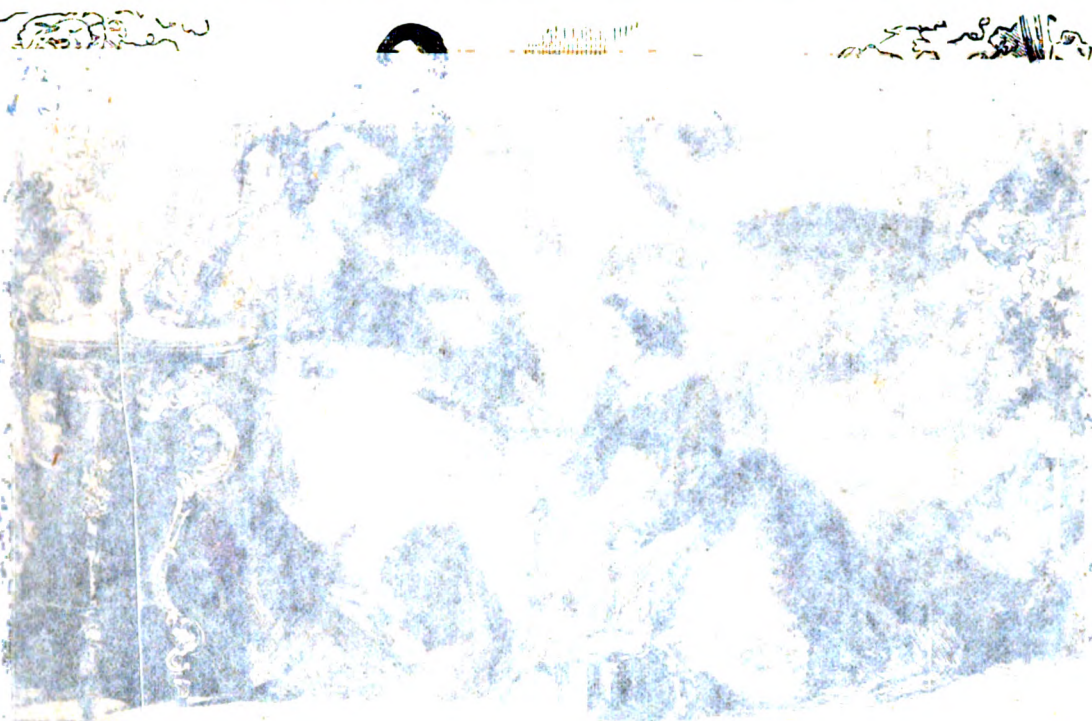


Pussy, after a hearty repast, is supposed to come across the last number of "Frank Leslie's Newspaper."



FASHION'S FOR JULY.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858.



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR 1817

BUY, AND WHITE'S DO
BUY IT.

When there was less communication between this country and the rest of the world, the facility of steam conveyance and telegraphic dispatch had brought the distance of all parts of the world within the reach of a few days, and people who had not time to wait before proceeding on their journey, and newspapers were slow in coming, then the fashions of the world were slow, and conveyed to the water when the tide was out, and on the other. The fashions of the world, now designed by the multifarious press, are so many, and of them were problems only to be solved at last, by the difficulty of the world. Each of these must cry has had new



The world of fashion is a world of change, and the world of fashion is a world of change. The world of fashion is a world of change, and the world of fashion is a world of change. The world of fashion is a world of change, and the world of fashion is a world of change.

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FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JULY.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

FORMERLY, when there was less communication between this country and Europe, before the rapidity of steam conveyance and the wonderful telegraph had brought us within hailing distance of all parts of the world, when people who had anything to leave made a will before proceeding on a long journey, and newspapers were slow as the old stage-coaches, then fashions travelled still more slowly, and only arrived on this side of the water when the idea had been exhausted on the other. Then new patterns in bonnets, new designs in dresses, with all the multifarious questions that grow out of them were problems that could only be solved at long intervals, and with more difficulty than an acute point in Euclid.

Now modern machinery has lent new



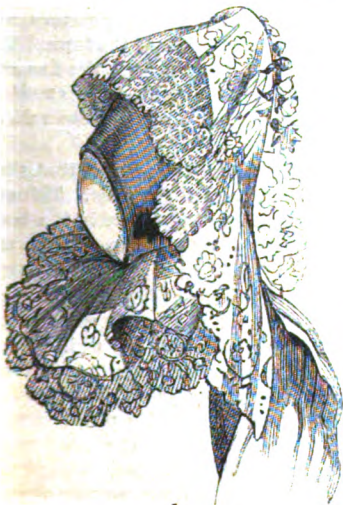
BONNET. PAGE 86.

wings to thought, which travels so quickly as to shape itself into almost simultaneous action here and in Europe. It is not long also since France, the great centre and originator of all that is most beautiful in art was torn by internal convulsions, producing utter stagnation in all the departments of taste and luxury, and paralyzing the young and feeble efforts towards a higher refinement which were in progress in the Western World.

Now the third Napoleon has at least done one good thing, he has given France an Empress whose beauty and taste command the admiration and allegiance of the whole civilized world. A new impetus has been given to artistic effort, especially in the domain of dress and fashion; manufacturers are con-

stantly supplying novelties to satisfy the public demand, and our merchants, whose wealth and importance now compares with the first cities in the world, are on the spot to seize upon any new ideas and transplant them to this formerly rough and unknown soil.

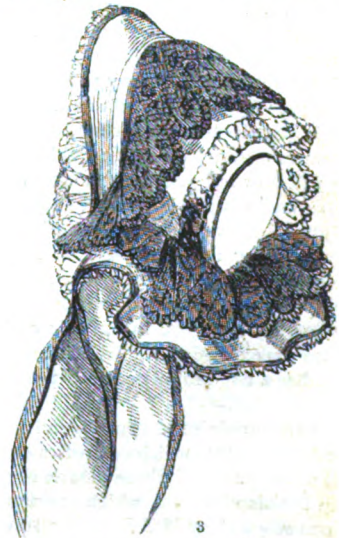
And it must be confessed that, considering our youth, inexperience and former habits, we have made considerable progress in the true idea and appreciation of beauty and comfort in dress. The severe republican simplicity and puritanical plainness which was the necessary result of early position and circumstances, was succeeded, naturally enough, by an exhibition of rather florid taste, during which time an heterogeneous mass of coloring and material obtained the popular vote against all the efforts of a few individuals. But it is time now for



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BONNET. PAGE 86.

VOL. III., No. 1—6



3

BONNET. PAGE 86.

the development of a higher ideal, a purer and more correct taste, and those persons who have means and influence should be careful not to pander to an established but vulgar expression of popular opinion, but set the example of a toilette in rigid and strict accordance with the laws of harmony, health and propriety.

There is no reason why the costume of a lady should not be as musical as one of Thalberg's variations. In the first place, it should be adapted to her style, figure, complexion and position; in the second place, to the season and circumstances under which it is to be worn; in the third place, the colors should be arranged to form the most becoming and striking contrast, or else blend in a series of pretty and quiet effects, so as to steal rather than strike upon the senses.

With all the fuss and newspaper paragraphs about extravagance in dress, we would not advise ladies to devote less attention to it, or be one iota less regardful of their own personal appearance. Of course we do not advise wanton extravagance or an expenditure that is not fully justified by the resources to meet it; but it is getting to be the fashion to constantly abuse women for their so-called wasteful and luxurious habits, and constantly shift the blame of all the evils which result from gambling speculations and shameful dissipation to the shoulders of weak and unfortunate women, who are more frequently the victims of circumstances than the cause of them.

Neither would their yielding in this case be of the slightest benefit. Thousands of married ladies will recognize the truth of the assertion, that personal sacrifices on the part of a wife are generally only held as reasons for unlimited self-indulgence on the part of the husband, and are half the time the cause of the neglect and indifference displayed after the first few years of married life.

We do not believe that young wives commence with any other than an idea of doing the best they can for the comfort and happiness of home and husband; but how many have said to us, "I used to try to be economical and domestic, until I found that it was of no use. All that I saved in a week my husband would spend in one day on cigars, a dinner or a supper at Delmonico's. As for staying at home, I might have done that for ever, but as I found that my husband went, whether I did or not, I determined to go too, and not give him a chance to contrast my unfashionable appearance with that of other ladies of his acquaintance."

This is the experience, in brief, of thousands; pity it is so, but more pity still, 'tis true. Charity covers a multitude of sins, possibly, but so does a fine robe, and husbands will forgive much of those wives who do credit to their taste, and challenge the admiration of their friends. We therefore advise all wives to exercise and develop their taste in dress, cultivate their good looks, and for this purpose go out often, enjoy social life among friends and relatives, buy pretty dresses, and save a doctor's bill by taking a trip to the country in summer; lastly, insist on having FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE every month, which is worth its weight in gold, in valuable information and advice to every lady. This last idea is a purely philanthropic and disinterested one, as any person can see that it costs more than is paid for it, and contains a mass of delightful matter, which is just the thing to render a lounge under shady trees, on some warm summer's day, agreeable.

We will now tell you where to get the cool wrappers for this purpose, and where should it be but at GENIN's, the Gagelin, multiplied by several, of New York? Do you remember the pretty morning robes which your husband admired so much when you were stopping last year at Newport, and the wish he expressed that you would wear them all the time after arriving at home? and that you said, "How absurd, my dear. Why, they are too expensive!" Well, those were bought at GENIN's, and he has a large supply quite as pretty and much cheaper this year.

The summer styles of bonnets and mantillas are exquisite at this establishment, which comprises quite a little city in itself. There are to be found those models of rare and elegant simplicity in Parisian bonnets, which are characteristic of the season. The one selected by Mrs. Hoey for travelling was a Leghorn of exquisite fineness, costing seventy-five dollars before the addi-

tion of a particle of trimming. This however, was very simple, consisting of a simple fold of scarlet velvet round the front, and white silk curtain and plain ruche. Coarse white straw is trimmed in precisely the same manner, with striking effect, at a cost of eight dollars.

We find white crapes trimmed with tartan plaid velvet or scarlet cord, with heavy tassels for full dress, together with chip and tulle, the latter graceful as a snow wreath, upon which has been thrown a branch of the crimson holly.

We find also the pretty short Raglans, now so fashionable as a travelling garment, and the "Hortense," a summer cloak of elegant style and finish in black grenadine richly trimmed. We know of no other house where a full line of girls' over garments is kept, including Raglans, circulars, basquines and talmas, in marseilles, piqué, trikot, tweed, silk and muslin.

What GENIN is in made-up garments, STEWART is in dry goods; extraordinary sales have been made this season of goods in every department, bought at enormous sacrifice during the late manufacturers' panic. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and to large capitalists like Mr. STEWART the panic was quite a special providence, enabling them to lay in a fabulous quantity of the finest goods, and retail them at prices that sound equally fabulous. Rich barege robes, which last year sold for ten and twelve dollars, are now selling at five and seven. The same is true of fine organdies, jaconets, and the various summer tissues, including *crêpe d'Espagne*, *crêpe de Paris* and grenadine.

In lace and embroidered muslin jackets and talmas they have some charming novelties, including a pretty cape *à volante*, of a most becoming and graceful design, just the thing to wear over the low body of a costly silk dinner dress at Newport and Saratoga. The shawl and mantilla department is too well known to require any mention now, but we must say a word of their excellent dress silk department for children, and the "remnant" department, which all mothers will appreciate.

URSDILL, PEARSON & LANE also, than whom none rank higher as importers of the best fabrics of French and British dress goods manufacture, have bought and sold immense quantities of silks, including a pretty summer style of French foulard, with bayadere stripes, and handsome robes of the latest styles, at a "reduction on former prices," which should satisfy even the most inveterate searcher after cheap goods. They have also a fine line of French prints and jaconets for mourning dresses, in peculiar and rare shades of colors and charming designs. The pretty *moulin de soie*, or silk muslin, was imported first this season at this house, where you find also *moulin de chent*, for travelling dresses in great variety, at very low prices.

The princes of the dry goods stores on Broadway will soon, however, have another competitor in the firm of LORD & TAYLOR, whose reputation is coeval almost with the history of the city of New York. Their mammoth establishment in Grand street will soon be removed to a more central part of the metropolis, where they have a splendid marble palace preparing for their reception. There will be seen to great advantage many of the more elegant goods, for which they have become famous, and which hardly seem at home on the east side of the town. The rich Irish poplins, French brilliants and tissues, the fine embroideries and elegant mantillas, aside from their excellent housekeeping goods, which are admirably selected and sold always at moderate prices.

White dresses are so cool and useful in summer, that their universal popularity ceases to be a matter of wonder. This season especially every one seems prepared to rejoice in the benefits they confer, and many pretty varieties in designs and material have been imported.

Among others, at the lace establishment of E. WILLIAMS (successor to Mr. ROBERTS), we find a cool and lovely open-worked bayadere muslin, imported for undersleeves, but which makes charming dresses for the country, either for morning or evening; it is very wide, and only fifty cents per yard. We find here also some superb Spanish laces and exquisite points, besides coiffures, veils and barbes in great variety. There are pretty white silk blonde falls with a worked border, and sprigged with floss silk, just the thing to wear with delicate bonnets of crape and tulle. For economical persons a very perfect imitation of

Mechlin lace was offered at fifty cents a yard, over two inches in width. Narrower styles sold at still lower prices.

One of the most distinguishing marks of a lady is the elegance of her chaussure, to which extraordinary attention is paid this season. We know of only one establishment especially devoted to the importation of ladies' Parisian shoes in all their varieties, and this is Madame HILL, 571 Broadway. For full dress, satin slippers are invariably worn, white, green and peach blossom being the favorite colors. The garniture is no longer of ribbon but garden daisies, roses or heliotropes, set in small beds of blonde. On a pair of slippers of pale green satin were clusters of white daisies, while a pair of white ones were lovely with fragrant lilac heliotrope, nestling in a delicate bed of blonde.

Breakfast slippers are of dark bronze or kid, garnished with ribbon, worked with jet, instead of the colored embroidery which formerly distinguished them. The Oriental slipper, strapped across and fastened with tiny gold buckles, is unexceptionable for dinner, while for the drive there is the boot of black satin with a garniture of silk and jet, and for the promenade the Victoria boot of *chevreau* kid, laced and mounted with Spanish morocco.

But to return to the dress department proper, we stop last at the new retail store of LAMBERT & Co., corner of Mott street. The opening of this establishment marked quite an era in the retail dry goods trade, and exercises a considerable check on the tendency to inflation in prices which was formerly manifested. All the goods, necessarily of the best and latest styles, left over at their large wholesale establishment are immediately retailed with wonderful rapidity at wholesale price, thus affording housekeepers an excellent chance to lay in a stock at small cost, and at the same time disposing of their surplus goods in an advantageous manner. Lawns, jaconets and organdies in the new "odalisque" styles are displayed in large quantities, bayadere de chene and Ristori delaine for travelling dresses, and a fine variety of silk robes.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

WHAT politics is to men dress is to women, a never failing subject of interest and discussion; and so far from losing its importance, its claims are every day more generally acknowledged and more strictly imposed. In Europe, especially in France, ladies of the highest fashion treat the subject as a science whose study is an important part of their duty. Long consultations and grave discussions are held not only upon the minutiae, the dinner or the evening toilette, but also upon the slightest detail, the smallest accessory which can possibly tell upon the general effect; the width, the shade, the texture, the design of a ribbon; the amount of fulness to a fraction required in skirts or crinoline, to produce a precisely given circumference, a standard which, once ascertained, no power on earth could make them depart from until another rule had been ordained, though the antipodes were searched for another breadth.

This doubtless seems very ridiculous to some persons, but still it has accomplished for the French nation what no other people could pretend to assume, absolute authority on matters of dress, and following, as a matter of course, on subjects of taste, etiquette and artistic culture of various kinds. To obtain prominence in any department it is necessary either to be original or to do what others have done better than any one else; and it is no slight praise for the French ladies always to retain the name of being the "best dressed women in the world." We must, therefore, yield to them the palm of superiority so long as they deserve it, or until American women throw off such restraints altogether and assume a true republican simplicity.

Not that it would necessarily make much difference in the time or the attention that is bestowed on the affairs of the wardrobe. The fastidious Quaker will spend a whole day, and search the whole city through for the particular shade of drab or snuff-colored brown that she requires, and which must at the same time be of the finest texture and most lustrous surface. And not less careful is she in the selection of her

close poke bonnet and spotless cap, than a fashionable belle that her French hat is in the latest style.

Speaking of bonnets, it is amusing to see how long it is before a mode, whose convenience and taste insures its adoption at once among European ladies, will work its way before it is acknowledged by our own fair countrywomen. For several seasons the cry has been raised constantly against the small bonnets in vogue, and with much reason, they forming not the slightest protection against the sun or wind, which so mercilessly assails not only the complexion but the hair and eyes, destroying all the brightness and gloss of the former, and giving the latter a red and swelled appearance, which is very annoying and distressing. It is natural to suppose that the desire of preserving their beauty alone would have made the ladies gladly avail themselves of any change for the better in this respect, but on the contrary, while the round hats have been constantly used in England and on the Continent for the past two years, in this country it has been found almost impossible to introduce them even for the country, and for those summer purposes to which they are so well adapted.

Imported bonnets also have for two seasons been growing larger, and entirely changing their shape, projecting greatly over the front so as to form a point, which drops over the forehead, retreating widely at the sides and allowing much more room in the head. The *ensemble* presented is at once so novel and distinguished as to captivate the fancy at least, but in spite of its beauty and comforts, the greater proportion of the millinery establishments still present the same stereotyped idea, high and narrow, and loaded with a variety of trimmings, instead of the simple, careless, yet graceful decorations which characterize the later modes.

As an illustration, we may mention the coarse straws which form the favorite travelling equipment. These are edged with a band of scarlet or plaid velvet, about an inch and a quarter in the width, which extends round the front and curtain, and is edged with a narrow blonde; a plain *ruche* and long wide strings are the only other ornament.

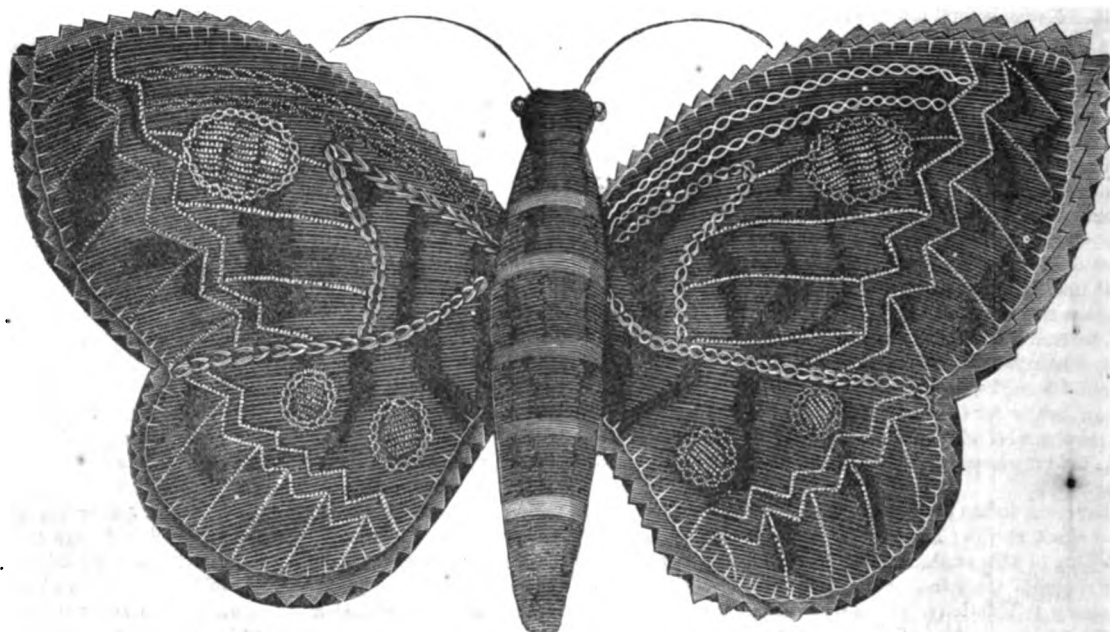
A charming dress hat is composed of white crape, laid plain over the foundation, and edged with a narrow band of scarlet velvet round the front and curtain. A second band of velvet is placed about an inch and a half from the edge, while round the crown was twisted a scarlet cord with rich tassels, which hung gracefully on one side. Plain white blonde *ruche* with bandeau, and wide white strings with scarlet edge completed the most perfect gems we have seen for a long time.

There is quite a passion for plaid this season, both in velvet and ribbons; the latter is especially used for trimming dresses, and for binding circulars and Raglans for summer travelling; the former is placed in decided contrasts with bonnet materials of the most exquisite delicacy, such as white tulle, crape and chip, and is even used upon summer cloaks of white crape, barege and grenadine with dazzling effect.

The novelty of introducing velvet as a summer trimming is one of its chiefest attractions, especially when combined with the charming contrasts it affords. To some indeed it looks "like fall," and they cannot reconcile themselves to the idea, but its exquisite freshness and abandon is quite sufficient recommendation to others.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

AMONG the leaders of fashion a great effort is being made to bring back the *rococo* style for full dress toilettes, as marking the difference more distinctly than any other mode could between the class *aristocratique* and the *bourgeoisie*. The train, the stomacher glittering with gems, the elaborate head-dress and the stiff rustling skirts are less susceptible of imitation than the more modern and moderate styles, and come less within the resources of those persons who try to maintain a fashionable appearance on small means. Already dresses form a demi-train behind, while they are much shorter in front, affording an opportunity for the display of a pretty foot, garnished with an elegant satin gaiter or the fine embroidered hose, and slippers sparkling with jet or blooming with roses set in tiny beds of



BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER PAGE 86.

blonde. The square body and the stomacher also find favor, but we have not yet ventured on the complicated head-dresses which make the toilette of a Parisian lady a work of as much patience and ingenuity to take a part as to construct. Lace and tulle spencers have taken the place of embroidered muslin and lace basques. They are made with a belt and deep frill, and are trimmed with fine puffings, ruches, or sometimes on black with black lace, alternating with rows of narrow velvet. They are also very pretty made of embroidered book muslin, or a new style of white bayadere muslin, imported principally for undersleeves of the full balloon style.

One of the prettiest trifles we have seen for a long time is the "Paysanne," a novelty for breakfast toilette, worn on the side of the head in the present style. It consists of a round crown surrounded by bows of narrow ribbon in three shades of green, with a fine black corded edge. The outer row is the lightest in color, the shades becoming darker as they arrive nearest to the centre of the crown. Worn coquettishly as a "fly cap," it has the jauntiest air imaginable.

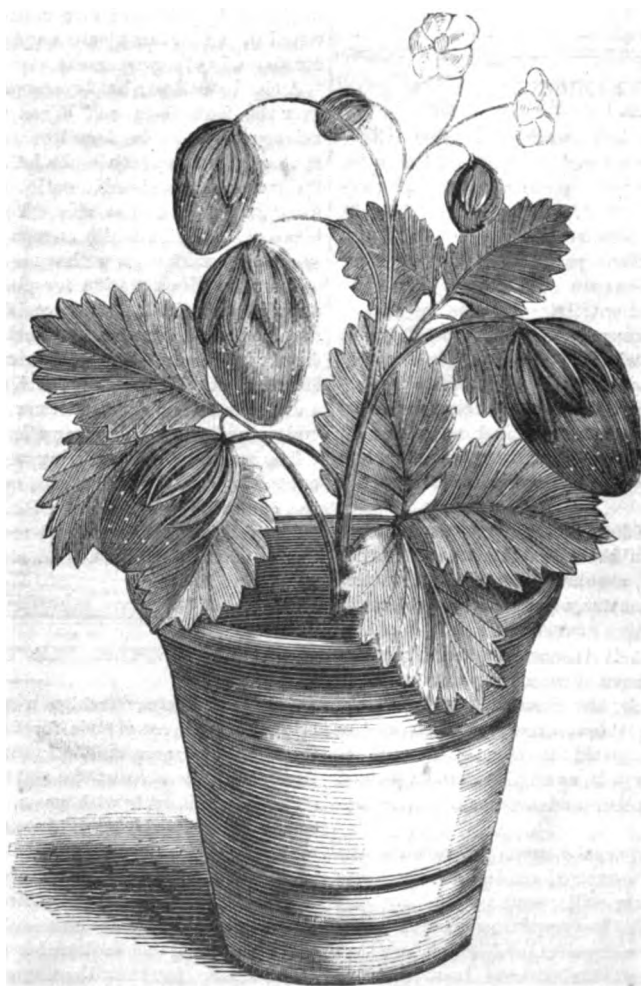
Another pretty and simple head-dress for a *matinée* watering-place toilette, is a coiffure of tulle, ornamented with two fine tulle ruches, garnished

with bows of lilac ribbon. The ribbon is about an inch in width, and the color may of course be varied to suit the taste. This is pretty for young married ladies.

Bonnets have decidedly changed the stereotyped appearance which they have worn so long. Tulle, crape and leghorn are the predominant materials for this month, with applications of velvet in tartan plaid, groseille and scarlet. These are always in the simplest possible form, the effect being entirely dependent on the novelty of the contrast and the uniqueness of the design. A single fold of velvet, an inch and a quarter in width, extending round the front and curtain, and slightly gathered on the inner edge, is all that is required for trimming a straw or leghorn, the velvet being groseille or scarlet. On the inside the blonde ruche is perfectly plain, terminating in long and wide *brides*. These striking contrasts are fresh and enchanting, after the wearisome *mélange* in which our *modistes* have so long indulged.

Extraordinary attention is paid to the chaussure. Satin slippers in green, white and peach blossom are the favorite styles for full dress, and are ornamented in front with garden daisies and white roses encircled and mixed with blonde.

Breakfast slippers are



ORNAMENTAL EMERY CUSHION. PAGE 86.

of dark bronze or black *chevreau* kid, and are no longer embroidered with colors, but sparkle with jet.

WEDDING TOILETTES.

Among recent fashionable bridal toilettes we notice one of rich white *moire antique*, adorned with costly Brussels lace and Brussels lace veil, supported by a wreath of orange blossoms mingled with the leaves, and buds of the white bridal rose.

Another very rich dress was of white brocade, with very low pointed body, ornamented with a pointed tulle *berthe*, puffed and edged with a deep point lace. A large veil of tulle enveloped the entire figure, attached to a wreath of orange blossoms and jessamine. The bridesmaids on this occasion wore dresses of tulle with five skirts, and violet blue trimmings.

Weddings, this season, uniformly take place in the morning, and are followed by a *déjeuner*, after which the bridal robes are exchanged for travelling costume; and the married pair proceed upon a wedding trip.



EVENING DRESSES.

The bridesmaids on this occasion wore charming costumes of fine India muslin with pink trimmings, each carrying a magnificent bouquet.

Another was a superb dress of white corded silk, with Honiton lace flounces and veil of the same, the wreath being composed wholly of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids wore white glacé silk, magnificent mantles of white lace, and white tulle bonnets, trimmed with a wreath of blue forget-me-not.

Another was a dress of white silk, with a head-dress of orange and myrtle blossoms, over which was thrown a large Brussels lace veil. The bridesmaids were dressed in pretty costumes of book muslin, trimmed with blue.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. This presents a novelty in summer robes which is at present in great demand at Paris, and is called "*la Crystale*." The tissue is a sort of white muslin, very transparent and thickly sprinkled with round spots, which are larger on the under skirt, but graduate to a very small size on the two upper skirts, which open in front like a tunic. The plain body is covered with a high pelerine cape, which closes in front, terminating in a flat pink bow without ends. The sleeves are gathered down at the top and surrounded with a band of the muslin, which forms a small cap over a bishop, confined above the wrist by a

and, and finished by a deep frill which falls over an undersleeve of the thinnest tissue. The entire garniture consists of a border of pink ribbon or silk, graduated in width. The collar is of the finest French embroidery, with a Mechlin edge. The bonnet of white chip, ornamented with corn-colored crape, black lace and morning glories.

Fig. 2. Robe of organdie muslin, with a double skirt, the upper one containing six *quilles*. The central ground is white, with a chintz figure, and the *quilles* consist of superb bouquets of flowers on a white ground, with a blue margin. The waist is in the open surplice style, with a border to match the skirt, and a perfect stomacher cut square across the bosom, inserted so as nearly to reach the point of the waist. The sleeves are square, open to the shoulders, and only gathered once across the top, flowing over a short needleworked undersleeve; the arms being left bare to the wrists, which are ornamented with elegant gold bracelets. Head-dress of lace, china blue ribbon and branch of half open roses.

USDELL, PIRSON & LANE are the New York importers of the last robe described.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF BONNETS PAGE 81

No. 1. This superb model is from GEMIN'S BAZAAR, and is charming in its mixture of perfect elegance and simplicity. The material is white crape, with a plain crown and centre of *groselle* silk. A deep fall of magnificent white blonde is thrown back from the front and covers the curtain, constituting the whole of the decoration, with the exception of the blonde *ruche* at the sides, a half wreath of white and *groselle* shaded petunias across the front, and wide strings striped with *groselle*.

No. 2. This novel and unique specimen of art is from the extensive and excellent establishment of R. T. WILDE, 251 Broadway. The design is quite new, and very striking and *distinguee*. The outer edge is surrounded by two rows of black lace, with fine points, which are met by the irregular sections of the large leaf of a water lily, in green crape, which covers the entire centre and crown, and partly descends upon the curtain. Two smaller leaves, which, like the large one, are exquisitely grained and shaded, are placed on one side, supporting bunches of poke berries, containing all the varied tints, from green and dusky brown to a bright red. Inside, a *bandeau*, a *ruche*, a leaf and a few berries are gracefully arranged, and the whole completed by very wide strings, with a chequered edge.

No. 3. This is another of our selections from GEMIN'S BAZAAR, and one of those distinguished styles for which this house is so celebrated. The material is white crape, drawn plain over the foundation, and edged with scarlet velvet. A *ruche* of scarlet velvet is placed around the crown, and about an inch and a half from the front a fall of rich black lace is thrown back and extends upon the curtain. Plain *ruche* and wide white strings edged with velvet.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER. PAGE 84.

MATERIALS.—Black velvet, gold colored, violet and green crochet silk; two ruby beads and a horsehair.

Trace the outlines of the wings within the notched parts on plain paper, with all the lines and spots on them. Prick them with a fine needle, and laying the paper on black velvet, mark the design on the latter by rubbing on the paper with pounce. Buttonhole the edges with the gold silk, and work in the same material, in chain stitch, those lines which in the engraving look like a succession of small eyelet holes, also the outlines of the spots. The spots themselves are worked in a succession of stitches taken close together; these and the single lines must be worked in green or violet; in the large wings in the latter colors, and with green in the others. All the wings should be made of one piece of velvet, the body is of another, stuffed with wadding, and sewed into the proper shape, with the two ruby

beads for eyes, the horsehair for antennæ, and bows of gold silk for wings. It is sewed on, and pieces of cloth of the same shape being cut out and added, serve to wipe the pens on. If these pieces are made of white kerseymere, the butterfly will make a pretty needle-book.

AN ORNAMENTAL EMERY CUSHION. PAGE 84.

In a warm climate, like that of America during the summer, such a design as that we now give for an article so indispensable to the lady's work-table, and at the same time so pretty, must, we think, be generally admired. The materials are scarlet cloth, a little yellow silk, green wools of two shades, wire, green floss silk, a few strawberry leaves from an artificial florist's, a miniature flower-pot in earthenware, and a round piece of lead to fit inside the pot. It must have a hole drilled in the centre. We give the little ornament in its full dimensions in the engraving.

Cut some rounds of fine strong linen of such sizes as will make the fruits represented; run them round within the edge to form bags, which fill with emery. Bend an end of a piece of wire and fasten it securely in. Cut similar pieces of scarlet cloth, on which work yellow spots to imitate those in strawberries. Cover the linen bags with the cloth. For the green part of the strawberry, thread a rug needle with two shades of green wool together, and work the end in long stitches. The berries being all of different sizes, and having each a wire attached, these latter are to be closely wound with green wool, two or three, with appropriate leaves blending into one stem. When all are done and the blossoms added (which may be purchased with the leaves), cut a round of cardboard to go above the lead. Fasten the stems to the latter, drawing them through the cardboard, and fill up with moss, natural or knitted.

CROCHET TOBACCO-BAG. TURKISH PATTERN. PAGE 89.

MATERIALS.—Crochet silk, in green, crimson, maize and black. Three *passementerie tassels*. Green silk cord and two silk-covered slides to match.

Whatever may be our private opinion of the habit of smoking tobacco, we fear it would be of small service to get up a crusade against it. On the principle, therefore, of meeting evils with a good grace, and realizing the proverb, "*Si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*," we oblige the ladies, and earn our merit (are they always synonymous?) the eternal gratitude of the gentlemen, by giving a rich and beautiful pattern for a tobacco-bag; one of the most acceptable presents that can be made to those who have so much use for them. The ground is green; the medallions crimson, outlined with maize, and with black centres; the arabesques black, also outlined with maize.

Make with the green silk 140 ch. Close into a round, and do 6 open rounds thus: 1 dc, 1 ch, miss 1. In the successive rounds do the dc on the ch and vice versa. Then do 4 rounds of single crochet, still with green silk, and begin the medallion pattern, which, occupying 20 stitches in width, will allow 7 repetitions in the round. It will be needful to work from the diagram, the medallion design occupying, as will be seen, 43 rounds in depth; for the two or three rounds of green above are reckoned in 4 rounds of sc already ordered, and 5 plain green rounds to follow the completion of the medallions. Then the vandykes seen in the lower part.

1st. + 2 maize, 6 green, + 16 times, 12 stitches being missed at regular intervals in the round.

2d. + 4 maize (the 2 centre on 2 maize of last rounds), 4 green, + 16 times.

3d. + 6 maize (on 4 of last round and 1 on each side of it), 2 green, + 16 times.

4th. Fasten off the green and join on the black. + 2 black (which must come on the 2 centre of 6 maize), 6 maize. + 16 times.

5th. + 4 black, 4 maize (on 4 centre of 6 maize), + 16 times.

6th. + 5 black, 3 maize (on centre 2 of 4), + 16 times.

7th. + 2 maize (on 2 centre of 6 black), 5 black, to be worked over 6 stitches, ~~that~~ is missing 1 out of the 6. + 16 times.

8th. + 2 black, over the middle, 3 of 5 black, 4 maize, + 16 times.

9th. Fasten off the black and join on the crimson. 2 crimson, on centre 2 of 4 maize, 4 maize, + 16 times.

10th. + 2 maize, on centre 2 of 4, 3 red, over 4 stitches of last round. + 16 times.

Continue to work with the crimson silk, decreasing 8 stitches in every round, until there are only 16 in the round, when fasten off.

THE TRIMMING ROUND THE TOP.—With the crimson silk. 1 sc between 2 green dc, + 10 dc, which are to be worked on the 3d and 4th dc, and the chain stitch between them: 1 sc between the 5th and 6th dc in green. + repeat all round.

2d. Maize silk. — 1 sc on the sc of last round, taking the needle through to the green stitch of the foundation chain. 1 sc on each of the red dc. + repeat all round.

Tobacco bags ought always to be lined with Indian rubber or good buckskin. To complete this one add a tassel at the end, one at each side, and two strings of green cord, the ends of which ought to be concealed in passementerie slides.

PERFUMES AND COSMETICS.

The quantity of costly perfumes used in this country and Europe is yearly increasing. In the south of France over eighty thousand persons are employed in cultivating or extracting the odors of flowers, and in Italy tracts of land are used for the same purpose, each as large as an English county.

This season the essence of magnolia, rose geranium and Empress Eugenie's Bouquet are the favorites, while for gentlemen the Jockey Club and Yacht Club Nosegay are all the rage. For brides elegantly cut crystal bottles are imported, containing orange, lily and spring violet, and are sold in beautiful caskets for bridal presents.

Hungary water is the favorite accompaniment of the bath, and is said to be superior to others, because it alone contains an extract of Rosemary, which according to a popular superstition assists the memory. A fact to which Shakespeare has alluded in the line,

There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance.

Pachouly, with its rocco oriental odor, recently so fashionable, is now almost neglected. The French manufacturers are said to have discovered the secret of its preparation in their endeavors to imitate the Cashmere shawls of India; they succeeded for a long time in everything but in obtaining the subtle odor which always accompanies these costly fabrics, and at length attained that also and gave it to the fashionable world as Pachouly.

An Asiatic lotion has also been introduced, called "Belladonna," which is said to impart peculiar brilliancy to the eye, and is now extensively used in the south of Europe.

The arrangement of the hair in curls, which has succeeded the waved bands, has also done away with pomades to a great extent, it having a powerful adhesive quality, and instead, "Curling Cream" is now used by fashionable ladies whose hair has the misfortune to be naturally straight.

There is a great demand this season for cosmetics and emollients for roughness and disfigurements of the skin. This is partly due to the fact that there is a prevalence of cutaneous eruptions, and partly to the wearing of small bonnets, which afford not the slightest protection from the spring winds.

Elder flower water and Provence rose water are said to be excellent in allaying irritation, and for bathing the face after the promenade or ride. The white of an egg and lemon juice beaten up together is frequently used, and highly recommended for suffusing the face before retiring for the night. It may be removed in the morning by the application of a little refined honey soap, which does not make the skin glisten like most other soaps.

A daily bath of tepid water and bran is used by many French ladies, rendering the skin soft like that of an infant. It is recommended in the lectures of the eccentric Countess of Landsfeldt, who adds that this and all other efforts are of no use unless accompanied by temperance in eating and plenty of exercise. Bromine soap is said to possess all the peculiar and remedial qualities of sea-water; it has the aroma of the sea-breeze, and imparts an exhilarating effect to the whole system. Cem-

mon houseleek juice is exceedingly useful in removing moles, corns, warts and other disagreeable excrescences. They should be thoroughly wetted night and morning with the extract or with the leek, when they will soon disappear.

BATHING TO CLEAR THE COMPLEXION.

It is now generally understood that the use of cold water bathing tends greatly to beautify the complexion, and produce and preserve that firm whiteness in the texture of the skin which makes middle age beautiful. Before eating in the morning is the time when it is most beneficial, and if a plunge bath is not attainable, a quart of water with a sponge and crash towel will effect the desired object. It is a good sign of increased cleanliness, however, that bath-rooms are now deemed indispensable in every well-ordered house, and their daily use not a novelty to shrug one's shoulders at.

To women who take only a small amount of exercise, such a luxury is invaluable, but it should be understood that to impart strength and vigor the water must be cold. Where excessive delicacy renders tepid water a necessity, bran should be introduced in the proportion of a handful to three pints of water, and then washed off with cold water afterwards, and the person smartly rubbed with a proper bathing towel.

Regular habits and temperance in eating also assist much to preserve the purity and beauty of complexion for which young American ladies are famous, but which generally forsakes them before reaching a mature age, a fact due to want of exercise, eating pastry, and a want of thorough personal cleanliness.

COLORS.

CHARMING colors are one of the prominent characteristics of the habiliments of the season. All the fresh and lovely hues in which Nature chooses to array herself have been stolen, and give the appearance of a blooming landscape to the rendezvous of fashion. Violet blue is in extraordinary demand, especially in barege and light tissues, and is associated with wood brown and delicate shades of drab. A pure bright green is also in great favor, and forms a delightful novelty in conjunction with the rare and serene *jaspé*, the tender lilac and paler lavender.

The two shades of one color, as for example two purples, two greens, two browns, &c., which have been so much admired, are still somewhat sought after, but are rather giving place to two contrasting colors, both solid and placed in the most striking juxtaposition.

Nothing is more attractive than this charming contrast, or harmonious blending of fine and delicate shades in the toilette of a lady, and we are glad to perceive that the production of these effects is less a matter of chance than formerly, although there is still much room for improvement.

FETE IN HONOR OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S BIRTHDAY.

THE last ball of the season was given by the British Consul, in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, and was attended by many distinguished Europeans, and nearly all the beauty and fashion remaining in New York. The house of the Consul and the one adjoining were brilliantly lighted, and superbly decorated with flowers and lace draperies, in addition to costly works of art. This charming *fête* was quite a godsend amid the dreary dullness which precedes the opening of the summer season, and gave our wearied belles a chance once more to array themselves in their sweetest smiles and prettiest dresses, a few of which we will venture to describe.

White toilettes seemed to be in great favor, and were prominent in silk, tulle and crape. Among the most costly was one of white crape, with three flounces rucked to the top with narrow white satin ribbon, and each flounce covered with a second of rich, real blonde. The sleeves were composed of one deep puff, rucked three times across the front, over which fell a deep blonde berthe, which also decorated the low body. The waist



SUMMER LAWN ROBE. PAGE 90.

terminated in six deep points, one in front, one behind, and two on each side; and so low was the corsage that a full bouquet of small, dark crimson velvet blossoms, which was placed at the bosom, extended to the point in front of the waist. The head-dress consisted of a *cache-peigne* of dark velvet blossoms and long barbe points of real blonde. A very rich necklace of pearls and diamonds, with bracelet, brooch and ear-rings to match completed a very distinguished costume.

Another lovely dress was of tulle, composed of three skirts trimmed with fine tulle ruches, looped up with branches of the creeping Ceres. The body had little pointed bretelles, ruched and sprigged with leaves and blossoms to match the skirt. With this dress was worn an emerald and diamond bracelet, exactly like one possessed by the Empress Eugenie.

A simple but charming dress was of white grenadine with blue moss flounces, or rather blue and white, arranged in square blocks

and alternating. The effect was exceedingly soft and luxurious, and heightened the beauty of the young lady who wore the costume.

A robe of lilac silk was much admired, with a double skirt, the upper one trimmed up the sides with ruches of lilac satin ribbon, edged with blonde and placed across the dress in the form of a pyramid, the bands becoming narrow as they reached the top of the skirts. The body was high, and trimmed in the military style across the front with ruches and blonde to match the skirt. It was round at the waist, and the belt fastened with a diamond clasp. The sleeves were the "Sultana" square, open to the shoulder, lined with white satin and trimmed on the outside with a ruche of lilac ribbon, and on the inside with a ruche of white satin ribbon. Very full undersleeves of thin mull were gathered into a puffing at the wrist, through which a lilac ribbon was run, finished with a bow and ends. A small



OF DRESS. PAGE 90.



collar of Honiton guipure was fastened with a diamond brooch, and the attire was completed by elegant diamond pins, which formed the only ornament of the abundant hair.

A very unique and costly robe was of silver tissue with emerald ornaments. The head-dress consisted of a bright green wreath, composed of the plumage of tropical birds.

A very stylish brunette, who was reported to be a Cuban heiress, attracted great attention in a dress of amber silk, with an overskirt of rich Spanish lace, sparkling with jet, and looped up with blossoms of the crimson cactus.

The display of crinoline was enormous; over the skeleton hoops flounced tarletane skirts are worn under thin tissue dresses, and flounced haircloth under silks and moire antique, richly embroidered cambric skirts coming next the dress. A profusion of jewellery also was worn, many of the toilettes being really dazzling with gems.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESSES. PAGE 85.

Fig. 1. Robe of sea-green taffetta, double pipe, ornamented with velvet in flat points, two rows of which forms itself into diamonds up the sides, the lower edge of the velvet being finished with narrow guipure

CROCHET TOBACCO-BAG. PAGE 86.

lace. High plain body, buttoned with small acorns down the front, and completed by braces of velvet and lace. "Sultana" sleeves decorated to match, and very full undersleeves of fine French mull, with delicately wrought needlework cuffs. Fine needlework collar, with flat bow of ribbon and velvet edged with lace.

Fig. 2. Robe of lavender taffetta, two skirts, "Eugenie" sleeve, plain body, half high, and finished in the antique style. The garniture is something entirely new, and has a very novel effect. It is composed of heavy silk rope of the same shade as the dress, or contrasting according to fancy, passed around the upper and lower skirt in festoons, and terminating in loops and tassels on one side. The sleeves are simply edged with the rope, the tassels depending from the top of the open front, where it joins the shoulder. The corsage is ornamented in the same manner, and is also decorated in front with loops and tassels. Full undersleeves, finished with Honiton guipure, and a row of the same round the neck of the dress.

SUMMER LAWN ROBE. PAGE 88.

This is a very fine illustration of one of the newest and most fashionable styles of summer lawn robes. The tissue is very transparent, and sprinkled with dots of dark maroon, which are much smaller upon the upper skirt, waist and sleeves than upon the under skirt. The upper skirt also opens in front, and is surrounded with a scalloped border, which

also in a narrower form accompanies the robe as a trimming for the sleeves. The body is high and plain, the waist cut straight across, and surrounded by a brown belt; the sleeves are composed of two jockeys, and flow over undersleeves of mull with round needlework cuffs, ornamented with bow and ends of blue ribbon. Bonnet of rice straw, ornamented with a wreath of leaves and field flowers.

HALF DRESS. PAGE 88.

We present a superb illustration received from Paris, of full dinner toilette. The material is brilliant sea-green silk, the skirt ornamented with three volants of rich French guipure lace, graduating in width, and with a ribbon heading. The body is plain, half-high, square across the bosom, and ornamented with rich guipure lace berthe. The sleeves are wide and open, ornamented with lace, and looped up in front with ribbons of the same hue as the dress.

FICHU. PAGE 92.

This represents a handsome summer fichu, suitable for a lady who has passed the spring and summer of her life. The shape is that of a square pelerine, rather loose at the throat, and the lower margin forming four corners. It is surrounded with deep volants of blonde, between which is a garniture of sky-blue ribbon and black velvet. The upper part is divided into ten sections, separated by bands of ribbon and velvet edged with blonde. The bow in front is formed of four loops and two ends.

HALF DRESS. PAGE 93.

This illustrates a lovely style for handsome summer morning toilette in the country. The robe consists of very fine thin mull muslin, with high body laid in folds, and wide open sleeves rounded up in front, and richly ornamented with needlework and lilac ribbon. The skirt is double, the upper one worked and garnished with ribbon, and the round waist is ornamented with a flat bow and long ends.

A HEROINE IN HER WAY.

ONE winter's evening, towards the close of December 1809, the snow was falling thick in the district between La Chaise Dieu and Brionde, in the department of the Upper Loire. A solitary horseman, who had nothing at all of a knightly aspect, and who looked bewildered, uncomfortable, and disgusted as the flakes fell on his face, was the only human figure to be seen in the dreary picture. The rider bent forward so far beyond his horse's ears, as to give him the air of one anxious to arrive at a cottage in the distance before the steed on which he was mounted.

"If they are savages who live there," murmured he, "they will not have the heart to refuse me hospitality in such weather as this." And therewith, having reached the door, he applied the butt-end of his whip to the panel, and knocked with apologetic hesitation.

"Jump down, doctor," exclaimed a voice from within; "I will take your horse in half a minute. We have been looking for you this hour. You have come too late, but you are perfectly welcome."

The doctor was among the first lecturers on therapeutics in Paris, and had not the least idea that he was known, expected, or welcome, in this part of the Upper Loire. He was on his way to Brionde, indeed, to attend a family-festival, the grand portion of which was a christening. The doctor's brother had been for some years settled in the last-named town, which the professor of therapeutics was about to visit for the first time, for the purpose of standing godfather to a recently-born niece. He had been making a geological tour in the south, and intended to take Brionde on his road back to the capital.

By this time night had succeeded to evening, the snow fell faster and thicker than before; and suddenly a man appeared on the threshold carrying in his hand a blazing pine-stick, which he held aloft while he looked into the dark night.

"Come in, doctor," said he; "you'll find your god-daughter within, and your brother is not far off."

"My good friend," said the traveller, "there is surely some mistake. My god-daughter—"

"Look you there now," interrupted the man, shaking his pine-stick the while to enable him to distinguish the stranger, "I took you for our good Doctor Gerard, who had not only promised to be here for a birth, but to be sponsor for the baby. His brother, the curé, too, engaged to give it his blessing, and to taste our omelette and a bottle of the year '5."

The stranger explained his condition, asked for hospitality, and was believed and welcomed without hesitation.

"It is all one," said the host, taking the bridle of the horse. "Go you in; you will find a Josephine within happier than the poor empress yonder; for she is the mother of a child, and is under the roof of her husband. Go you in: I'll see to the horse."

The doctor felt that he had not arrived at the most opportune of moments; nevertheless he was the most embarrassed of the party in the cottage. Under the circumstances, the hospitality which he received was "princely." The house and the inmates were poor, indeed, but the latter had large hearts. They were all the happier, too, that their child was a girl. "They can't make a conscript of her," exclaimed both the parents, with a feeling which was common at the period when a girl was born.

On the morrow, before taking leave of his kind entertainer, the doctor, placing his hand on that of the mother, observed to her, that he should be well pleased to be permitted to be godfather to "mademoiselle" there, "if—" He was about adding more, when mademoiselle herself uttered a cry so shrill that the speaker paused.

"Pardi!" exclaimed the father, "she agrees, and does not wait for us to give our consent. You shall share the office, sir, with Monsieur Gerard."

This matter being arranged, the Parisian professor bade his hosts farewell. They promised to find a deputy for him at the ceremony of baptism, and to give him news of his god-daughter, or ask his council in her behalf, should occasion arise for either. And therewith he rode away, and very speedily forgot his social obligations and Marie Lucille.

The child grew—a plain child, with a grave look about her. She tumbled through infancy with tolerable credit and countless bruises. When she could run alone and was able to speak, the companions of her age invited her to share their sports. She crossed her little hands behind her back, and sharply and peremptorily refused. Her unpopularity was established "for ever."

She lay about at the cottage door, now in the sun, now in the rain, and seemed to care little for either. She was a dreaming child, hardly conscious of what she dreamt, or wherefore. She had not the love of her fellows, but she won their respect. All the childish quarrels of the neighborhood were referred to her for arbitration. People stood near her on these occasions, amused at the gravity of the little judge in a tattered gown. They never found reason, however, to deny the justice of her award. The tribunal of Marie Lucille was an institution in the eyes of little village litigants.

Hitherto her life had been one of unmixed happiness. She did not know that she was poor; and she felt, without thinking about it, that she was powerful. But she was now placed in a position which revealed to her her poverty, and made her sensible of being in subjection to others. She was sent to work in the fields during half the day, and to school during the remaining portion of it.

"She is not worth her salt," said the farmer who employed her to pick up stones.

"She is a fool," said the schoolmistress: "and is always asking questions above common sense."

The fact was, that in the fields Marie Lucille was studying even the stones. These, the herbs, the flowers, and the grasses, were her books; and when she took them to the school and laid them before the purblind Minerva there, she found the instructress could not read them. Her surprise was extreme. "I can teach myself to read," said she; "but of what use is this woman, if she cannot help me to do what I am unable to do for myself?"

She already saw that there was something imperfect in the educational system. The germ of the reformer was already in course of development in the little person of Marie Lucille.

She remained the only child of her parents, whose ill-health but increased their poverty. The girl, before she was in her teens, labored with an energy beyond her strength in order to aid her honest but almost helpless father and mother. Within two years she lost both: and at the age of sixteen, the reserved, rather plain, but strongly intellectual-looking girl, was left an orphan, with nothing before her but a life of hard labor, and very delicate health wherewith to meet the burden.

"There is nothing else," said Marie Lucille; "let us make the best of it."

She found even this philosophy, however, of little avail. What she could gain by hard and constant work barely sufficed to keep life within her. Her strength daily decayed; and, worst of all to her, she had not leisure in any way to "learn anything new." She was conscious of an insatiate thirst for knowledge, and her very heart died within her as she discovered the impossibility of slaking that thirst.

"Well," said she half aloud, as she stood on the little "esplanade" of the village one Sunday evening, looking at the dancers, but thinking of more serious matters—"well, there is something wrong here. It cannot be God's fault. It must, then, be my fault. I will go to monsieur le curé; he of course will put me right."

Monsieur le curé, however, could not do what was expected of him. A gentle shower of ordinary and well-intentioned platitudes failed to refresh her.

"My child," said the good old man, "it is your duty to be content with the lot which God has assigned to you."

"Monsieur le curé," asked Marie Lucille, "does God always, as you say, fit the back to the burden?"

"Doubtless," was the reply.

"Then," said Marie, without the least awe at finding herself about to beat the curé in argument—"then I am not in the position assigned to me. The burden I carry is intolerable, not because of its weight, but because it does not fit my back. I would labor twice as long as I do, if the work were different from that to which I am now improperly condemned."

The curé looked at her with the aspect of a pope on the point of excommunicating a rebel prince who had defied pontifical teaching. She stood the look firmly; not audaciously, but with the strength born of the conviction that she was right, that she knew more about the matter than the priest, and that Heaven would help her if she only strove to help herself.

"Go and dance," said the curé.

"That is all the comfort that the well-provided ant could contribute to the poor lean grasshopper, who, according to its nature, had passed the summer singing in the grass. I will go to Paris," said Marie Lucille.

The resolution thus expressed astounded not only the curé, but the entire village. She was, however, not to be moved from it. She had a presentiment, she said, that her field of labor was in Paris.

"Where they sow sin and reap tears," was the comment of the curé.

"As men sow, even accordingly shall they reap," rejoined the young logician. "May it be so with me, amen."

There was abundance of weeping when the sickly-looking but stout-hearted orphan turned her face toward the capital, and went on her long weary way. It was a work of many weeks to traverse that long road, and fatigue and want more than once threatened to kill her before she had accomplished her object. At length she glided into the brilliant city, like a phantom. Scared and bewildered, she looked about her for the first time with a feeling of helpless despair.

Her strong mind mastered her weak body. She had not come purposeless, and she was resolved to carry her purpose out. She had long carried about her her Parisian godfather's address. With an instinct which resembles experience, and which told her that an interview would be more profitable than a correspondence, she had walked to the capital, determined to consult him (if he were living), who had promised to give her counsel if

she happened to need it. Marie Lucille discovered her godfather's abode, and was laughed at by the porter when she offered to ascend the stairs which led to his apartment.

The pilgrim had not wandered so far to be rudely turned away from the shrine now that her hand was upon it. She stoutly maintained her right, and an altercation ensuing—particularly loud on the part of the porter—as the one ascended the staircase and the other attempted to obstruct the ascent, the doctor himself, somewhat fatter than of old, appeared at the door and demanded an explanation.

"Monsieur le docteur," said the porter, "this beggar-girl—"

"Godfather!" exclaimed the poor girl, who, hearing the title, concluded that she had reached her desired end, "I am Marie Lucille."

"And who the d— is Marie Lucille?" asked the professor good-humoredly; "who claims me for a godfather?"

The girl could speak well, and, exhausted though she was, a few sentences, spoken without circumlocution and to the purpose, soon enlightened the professor. He led her into his little dining-room with a gentle care that puzzled the wondering porter; ordered refreshment for her, consigned her to his *bonne*, and promised to hear her full story, her experiences, her hopes and her desires, on the following morning.

When that morning arrived, Marie Lucille looked two or three years younger for her repose; and at the conclusion of a long interview with the kind-hearted professor, declared, very considerably to his surprise, that she thought she was best fitted to gain her livelihood in the same way that he did.

The professor burst into a fit of laughter, and looked incredulous. Marie herself blushed, as she always did when she or her situation was misapprehended. "I simply mean," she said, "that I should like to teach."

"What do you know?" naturally asked the professor.

"Nothing," was the reply; "and it caused the doctor to look at his strange visitor most curiously, but with a respectful, an admiring curiosity."

"Nothing!" he repeated. "Do you know, Marie, that your answer does you credit, while it gives me encouragement? I will place you where you will be aided along the first pathways you are eager to traverse. If you answer my expectations future succor, my good girl, shall not fail you."

"I will answer them," said Marie, "God willing. I think I have discovered the position in which He is pleased that I shall be placed."

Marie not only answered, she exceeded the expectations of her godfather. And yet she was not a quick girl. She was much better than that merely. She had intellect, and therewith she had the most abundant patience, the most unflinching perseverance. She was never in a hurry to attain an end, and her object was accomplished all the earlier. Her progress was watched with extraordinary interest by her godfather, and by very many of his friends. It was singular to observe that as her intellect expanded, and her knowledge increased, she seemed to grow beautiful. Her features remained what they had been, save that they gained in refinement; and over all there became spread an expression so exquisite, that it had a hundredfold the charm of mere material beauty. It was an expression made up of content, gratitude and consciousness of being victor in a struggle of long continuance. No student ever worked for honor with such zeal as this peasant-girl labored to accomplish the object of her healthy ambition. At the end of five years of almost unremitting application, there were not many men in the capital who were acquainted with more languages than the poor girl from the Upper Loire, nor who had read to more purpose, although they might have read more extensively. At the end of seven years, the silent worker, the laborious student, was recognised as the most accomplished woman in the capital. She was amongst the most graceful also; for she seemed to acquire grace in proportion as she acquired knowledge.

"You are one of our best scholars," said her aged and delighted godfather to her; "what is now your purpose?"

"To repay you for aiding me to become what I am. I still want to teach, not children, but those who aspire to become

teachers. My happiness is to labor ; that is the labor which will bring me happiness."

Marie Lucille found both to her heart's content. Her establishment for teaching teachers gained so well-merited a reputation, that when a candidate for a licence to become an instructor appeared before the government-board of examiners with a certificate which described her as being a pupil of the once peasant-girl from the Upper Loire, the examination was made all the more rigid, from the conviction of the examiners that the pupil

"Why retire thus early?" said a French prelate to her the other day.

"To give others an opportunity of retiring as early," answered Marie Lucille.

If they who were at Notre Dame on the day of the thanksgiving-service for the downfall of Sebastopol remarked a lady, who was distinguished for her grace, collecting contributions from the faithful, and who was evidently an object of affectionate interest to all, such persons have seen my friend Marie Lucille.

"How," said the archbishop to her, at the *déjeuner* which followed the service—"how happy you must be in the condition in which it has pleased God to place you!"

"And that, monseigneur, because I discovered a truth that is not universally known, namely, that we may be in places which were evidently not intended for us by Heaven."

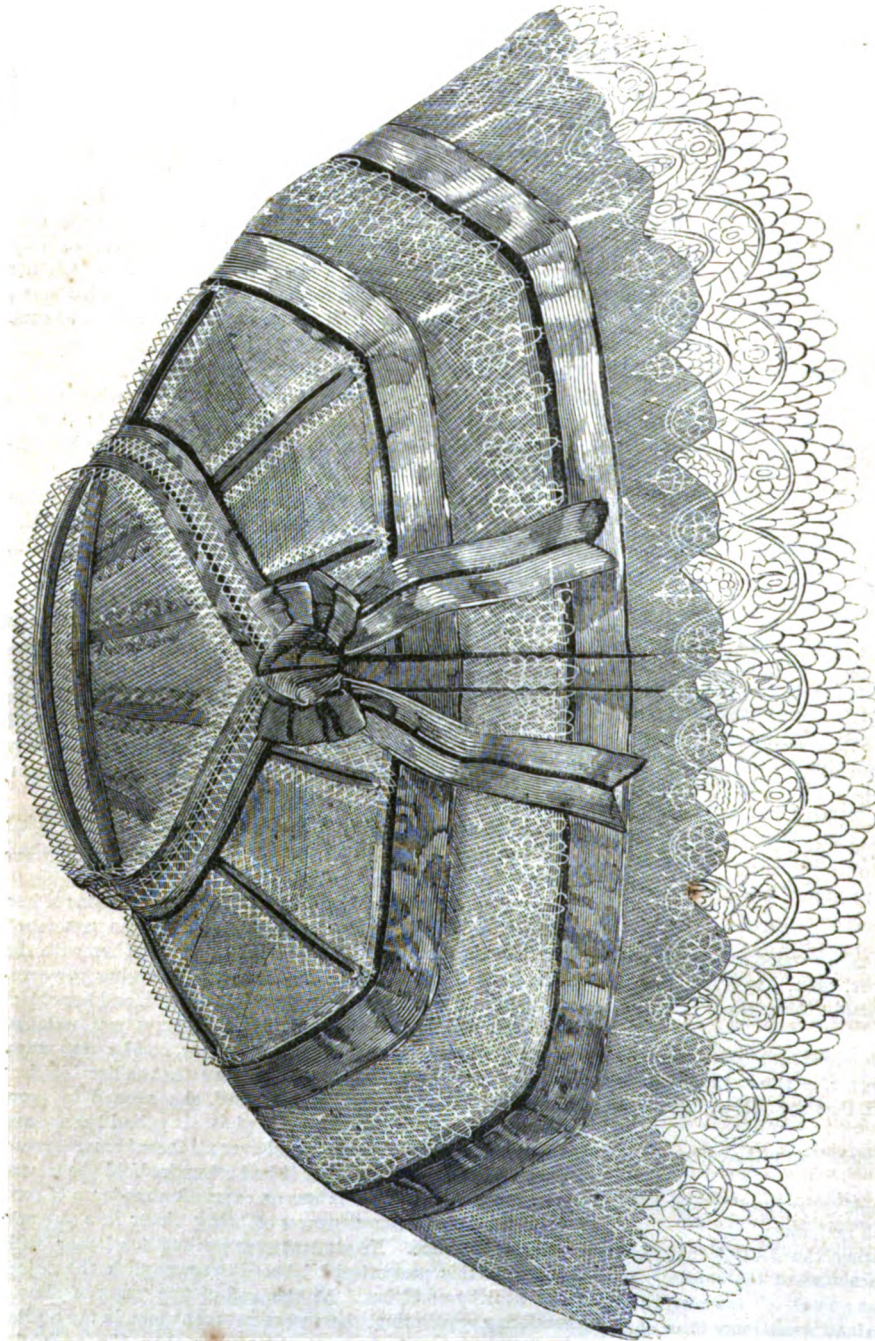
"I hope," said the prelate, with his joyous laugh, "that you are not alluding to me."

"I fancy," remarked an octogenarian gentleman, who had been a lecturer on therapeutics in his day, "that our friend was thinking of a curé in the Upper Loire."

"I was thinking of a poor girl there who once gathered stones in a field for her daily bread, and who has to-day been associated with duchesses in collecting thank-offerings for victory. The place God expressly intended for her was the one she occupied between those two extremes."

The archbishop, by an emphatic nod and a sunnysmile, gave sanction to the sentiment of Marie Lucille.

FIGURE PAGE 90.



could distinguish herself by the brilliancy, accuracy and solid worth of her replies.

Few perhaps have been in the Isle de Paris without having had their attention directed to the fine old cloister-looking mansion in which she whom I have called Marie Lucille labored to admirable effect for rather more than twenty years. In 1855 she withdrew from its superintendence with a fortune which she has right nobly earned ; but not until she had provided a successor whose qualifications gave warrant that the establishment and its objects should not suffer.

CHAPTERS ON WEDDING-DAYS.

LUCY THORNE, OR THE VILLAGE BRIDE.

A lily of the vale was she,
Loving the lowly beech-wood side ;
Yet not less fair the blossom gleam'd
Mid lordly scenes of wealth and pride.

I HAD been wandering during a long summer's day through the upland region of Dartmoor, had visited the ruins of its ancient British town (Grimpspound), and had rambled amongst the

Druidical monuments by which many of its Tors are crowned ; and now, at the close of evening, I was glad to find myself seated in the quaint old inn of Chagford, a village which lies embosomed in hills close to the edge of Dartmoor forest.

As I sat at the open casement-window, my eye rested upon the village churchyard, a broad, sunny spot—where many of the “rude forefathers of the hamlet slept,” and which seemed to be a favorite place of village gossip amongst their descendants, as many a group of talkers paused on their homeward evening way, whilst passing along the pathways by which the churchyard was intersected. In the midst arose the old gray church ; and the sacred enclosure was skirted by rows of venerable elms, athwart whose waving branches might be obtained a far-spreading view of the pleasant country beyond.

Early on the morrow I found myself seated beneath the shadow of the church, enjoying the peaceful loveliness of the scene around me.

Ere long, however, my meditations were interrupted by the approach of the old sexton, who, with a staff in one hand and a ponderous key in the other, advanced with a certain air of official importance towards the church door. I inquired from him whether divine service was about to be performed.

“No, madam,” replied he, “but we are going to have a grand wedding to-day—that is to say,” added he, checking himself, “it ought to be a grand wedding ; but Squire Cleevland, from some proud notion of his own, intends things to be as homely as if he were a village farmer.”

“Cleevland !” repeated I, musing on the name which was familiar to me in my own county, as belonging to an old and aristocratic family there ; “from what county does the gentleman come ?”

“From Warwickshire, madam,” he replied ; “and he is going to marry one of our village maidens who lives in yon farm-house,” continued he, pointing to a low gable-end dwelling, which appeared above the western wall of the church, shaded by a clump of hollies and spreading ash trees ; “and,” added the old man, drawing himself up, “Lucy Thorne is as good and as fair a maiden as ever breathed, fit for the bride of gentle or simple. Always at work in laundry or dairy.”

So saying, he turned the key of the church door and entered the sacred edifice.

The account of the old man had awakened my interest, and I awaited the appearance of the wedding-party.

Before many minutes were elapsed, there drove up to the church-door a plain but handsome travelling chariot, drawn by a pair of post-horses—its sole occupant was a gentleman, who, hastily springing out of the carriage, entered the church, unattended either by domestic or friend. The momentary glance I obtained of him enabled me to recognize the lofty bearing of my old acquaintances the Cleevlands—in whose countenances were wont to be strongly mingled the expression of benevolence and of pride. He seemed to have passed the season of early youth, and I began to wonder whether this could be my



HALF DRESS. PAGE 90.

old playfellow, Montague Cleevland, whom I had not seen since we were both children.

My glance now turned anxiously towards the low archway in the western wall, by which the farm-house evidently communicated with the churchyard. It soon opened, and the wedding-party appeared in sight.

First in order came the farmer, clad in broad-brimmed hat, mulberry-colored suit, and leather gaiters—on his arm rested as fair a creature as ever I beheld. A critic's eye might, perhaps, have detected some irregularity in Lucy Thorne's features ; but there was such mingled purity and tenderness in the glance of her dark hazel eye, so much gentle intelligence in her countenance, and grace in her movements, that I felt the old beadle had judged truly when he said she was not unfit to be the bride of either gentle or simple. She was attired with perfect sim-

licity and good taste. A fine white cambric dress was surmounted by a dove-colored scarf, and over her white silk bonnet was thrown a veil of Honiton lace. Her refined appearance was strangely incongruous with the aspect of her father, who seemed the very *beau idéal* of an English farmer, honest-looking, jolly and independent.

A little behind came the mother—a quiet, kindly-looking dame, whose features bore a very homely likeness to those of her daughter. She was clad in gray silk bonnet and dress, and wrapped in a shawl rich in texture but of sober hue. She leant on the arm of her son, a fine manly-looking youth, rather superior in aspect to the class to which he belonged.

As soon as they had entered the church, I ventured to follow them in, and seating myself in the corner of a pew, watched with some interest the progress of the ceremony.

On the question being asked, “Who giveth this woman to be married to this man ?” the worthy farmer replied, with startling emphasis, “I do !” as if resolved on asserting his parental authority in presence of the grand squire about to wed his daughter. In Lucy's manner there was even more tremulousness than is usually to be observed in brides, and Mr. Cleevland betrayed both in his tone and manner a degree of impetuosity which seemed ill to befit the self-possession of a lofty and refined gentleman. His features were flushed as he walked down the aisle with his fair young bride leaning on his arm, and having placed her in the carriage, he shook hands coldly with her parents, and then, taking his seat by her side, ordered the postilion to drive on. The bridal equipage was scarcely out of sight, when I overheard the farmer saying to his wife, “As proud a dog as ever breathed !”

“He is a very kind gentleman, though,” replied Mrs. Thorne, in a deprecatory tone ; adding, in a lower voice, “I hope he will make my Lucy happy.”

Many of the villagers gathered around the door to offer their congratulations to farmer Thorne and his wife ; and I returned to my shady seat in the churchyard, where I mused awhile on how it came to pass that the aristocratic Montague Cleevland had linked his fate with that of a village maiden.

A little later, I became acquainted with all the circumstances

of the case, through the means of an old and intimate friend of the family.

It was about three or four years prior to the period of which I have now been writing, that a lady of distinguished appearance and somewhat advanced in years, chanced, during a summer tour in Devonshire, to visit the village of Chagford, and was so charmed with the rural beauty of the place, that she took up her abode for a time in the quaint old inn that has already been alluded to. The kindness of her manners and the benevolence of her heart soon made her come to be regarded by the villagers as a friend and benefactress. This lady was the mother of Montague Cleaveland, who, by the recent marriage of her only daughter, and the departure of her son on an extended Eastern tour, had, for the first time in her life, found herself alone in the world, and had come to seek for change of air and scene in the picturesque and sunny region of Devonshire.

Amongst the more wealthy and yet most reverential friends of Mrs. Cleaveland, at Chagford, were the wife and daughter of farmer Thorne, whose acquaintance she had formed while gazing through their open wicket-gate at some splendid roses, blooming within their garden. Lucy, who was knitting in the porch, advanced with graceful timidity to offer her a bunch of roses, and from hence arose an acquaintance, which, day after day, grew more genial to both parties. It chanced at this time that Mrs. Cleaveland's personal attendant became, from ill health, unable to fulfill her duties, and her kind-hearted mistress, unwilling to lose her services, was seeking for a young person to assist her, both by acting as reader, and also by sharing the lighter labors of her office.

Mrs. Cleaveland was so attracted by the sweetness of Lucy's voice, and the refined tenderness and simplicity of her character, that she soon formed the desire to secure her services in the vacant post. She ventured at last to name the subject to Mrs. Thorne, who was delighted at the thought of having her daughter placed under the care of so excellent and nice a lady. Lucy, too, was enchanted at the prospect of residing with her kind friend and benefactress; but farmer Thorne swore that no daughter of his should ever be "at the beck and call of any lady."

However, Lucy's tears and her mother's entreaties soon extorted from him a consent; and before many days had passed, Lucy bade farewell to her cottage-home, and found herself domiciled with Mrs. Cleaveland at her family seat of Oldfield Park.

Here, during the space of two years, Lucy tended the declining age of her venerated friend with all the fidelity of a domestic and the tenderness of a daughter. During many a long hour of the day she sat beside the old lady's arm-chair reading aloud to her, and many an hour in the night she watched over and soothed her broken slumbers.

At the expiration of this time the death of Mrs. Cleaveland's daughter so materially impaired her health, that the powers of life seemed to be giving way, and her medical attendant wrote to inform her son of the precarious state of his parent, urging his immediate return home.

Montague Cleaveland hastened to his mother's side with as little delay as possible; and her life was sufficiently prolonged to allow him for some months the happiness of cheering her latter days. Lucy shared in this labor of love; together they ministered to all her wants—together they watched her dying bed, and together they received the last blessing from her lips.

It was scarcely to be expected, under such circumstances, but that some degree of admiration and affection should be awakened in Montague's heart towards the fair young creature who had been the sharer in all his emotions of filial love and sorrow; but he was scarcely aware how deep and tender was the interest which the village maiden had awakened within him, until he found himself alone in the now deserted drawing-room; and, as he gazed at his mother's vacant arm-chair, and the lighter reading seat placed by its side, he was startled to find how closely the images of his mother and of her young attendant were blended together in his thoughts. He suddenly became sensible how fitting it was that Lucy should now return to her

father's roof; and, requesting to speak with her, he begged to know whether he could in any way conduce to her future comfort, and expressing at the same time his warm gratitude for her devoted care of his mother, he handed her a bank-note for a considerable sum, informing her likewise that he would take care that she should be properly attended on her journey to her distant home.

A deathlike pallor spread itself for a moment over Lucy's features; she trembled with emotion, and then, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears. The crimson glow which suddenly suffused her brow betrayed but too plainly that she was agitated by some more passionate emotion than that of regret for her departed friend. It suddenly flashed across Montague's mind that he had, perchance, unawares won the heart of the village maiden. The chivalry of his nature, together with his own awakened feeling, prompted the immediate offer of his hand and heart.

Poor Lucy, although bewildered at the thought of such unexpected happiness, drew back with an air of hesitation.

"It cannot be, sir," she said; "your mother—my dear mistress—would not have approved of it."

"Yes," he interrupted, "my mother gave you a daughter's blessing on her deathbed, and she would have welcomed you as a daughter had she been alive; and it is now, as if in her presence, that I offer you this first pledge of my fidelity and love."

So saying, he drew her to his side, and pressed his lips upon her brow.

The following morning saw Lucy Thorne on her homeward way, as the affianced bride of Montague Cleaveland.

Great was the joy of her parents on seeing her again, and great was her mother's triumph on hearing of the grand match she was about to make. But farmer Thorne said he would much rather his daughter were going to marry an honest fellow like himself, and gave a very ungracious consent to the union.

Mr. Cleaveland, who wished the marriage to take place as soon possible, paid a brief and hurried visit to Chagford—a period which was alike uncomfortable to himself and to his future father-in-law, so that both were well pleased when the visit was terminated.

Mr. Cleaveland ventured, with many apologies, to send a box of London millinery, for the use of Lucy and her mother, on the occasion of her approaching marriage; saying he thought it probable that the *modiste* of Chagford might not be provided with suitable materials for a bridal *trousseau*.

This present aroused the special indignation of the worthy farmer, who said he was quite rich enough to provide wedding dresses for his wife and daughter. His good dame, however, contrived, as usual, to soften his displeasure; and, as we have already seen, she wore at her daughter's wedding the handsome dress and shawl provided by her son-in-law.

And thus had it come to pass that the aristocratic Montague Cleaveland had chosen a village bride as the partner of his life.

It happened strangely enough that shortly after my departure from Chagford, while visiting a friend in Warwickshire, I was invited to a dinner-party given to the bridal pair. It need scarcely be told that I watched with much interest the entrance of the fair young bride, who bore her "blushing honors" with meek and gentle gracefulness. Neither in her aspect of address was there aught to betray her lowly birth and breeding; but, as it has been well observed, it is oftentimes in the minutest circumstances of life that our defects either of character or of manners are most readily detected. So it was with poor Lucy, for at dinner-time some peas having been placed upon her plate, she unluckily raised them to her lips upon her knife; a moment afterwards, an angry and reproving glance from her husband caused her to let her knife drop upon the plate with a look of conscious guilt, such as may often be seen in a child when detected in a fault for which they have often been reproved. Mr. Cleaveland began to talk hurriedly to his neighbor, while poor Lucy slowly recovered from her confusion.

Later in the evening, on being invited to take some refreshment, she asked for a glass of *lice*, which caused an involuntary titter among some of the younger members of the party, while

Mr. Cleaveland's heightened color and kindling eye marked but too plainly how annoyed he was at the provincialisms of his wife.

I could not help fearing that, with a husband of so proud and sensitive a temperament, many thorns must lie in Lucy's matrimonial path, which her gentle spirit would be but ill able to endure.

Soon after his marriage, Mr. Cleaveland took his young wife abroad, and for two or three years subsequently I did not receive any tidings of them. I then learned from a friend who had known them at Rome, that, during the first year of her marriage, Lucy's care-worn aspect and timid, hesitating manner, betrayed but too plainly the sufferings both of her mind and body; whilst her husband's cold and irritable bearing seemed to deny her the sympathy she so much needed.

On the occasion of the birth of an infant son, Lucy was brought to the verge of the grave, and this hour of peril and of suffering reawakened all Mr. Cleaveland's tenderness for his young wife. He watched over her night and day, and on her recovery she found herself surrounded with an atmosphere of love to which she had long been a stranger. Beneath this genial influence Lucy expanded into fuller loveliness both of mind and person. Animated by the desire to please her husband, she devoted a certain time each day to the acquisition both of solid knowledge and of the more elegant accomplishments of life. My informant concluded by saying that, at the time he left Rome, Mrs. Montague Cleaveland was considered one of the most refined and elegant women in the English society there. The highest earthly motive, that of proving herself worthy of her husband's love, had prompted her to the cultivation of all those powers, which are too often cherished from the mere desire of worldly success and admiration.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland still live abroad; and it is whispered among his English friends, that he exiles himself from the home of his fathers, chiefly with the desire of avoiding any *rapprochement* between his wife and her lowly relatives. This, we may believe, is a source of some trial to Lucy; but, from the accounts which have reached me, I would fain hope that, in the love of her husband and children, she is more than compensated for this prolonged separation from her kindred and her childhood's home.

TO WASH MUSLIN DRESSES.—Delicate lawns and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of finest fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is well to know there is a method of cleaning the most delicate material and imparting to it the appearance of newness. Take about two quarts of wheatbran, and boil it half an hour in soft water. After it has cooled, strain it, and pour the liquid in the fresh water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran-water not only removes the dirt, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the gathers are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better, and will appear when prepared in this way as fresh as a new one.

LAIT VIRGINAL FOR THE COMPLEXION.—The following recipe has been handed down to us from the time of Elizabeth. In an old book by the Court Physician of the period, he vaguely hints that by the daily application to the face of Lait Virginal the "Virgin Queen" preserved her beauty and the volubility of her complexion to extreme age. It is made as follows. Into a phial place one drachm of Benzoin gum in powder, the same quantity of grated nutmeg, and about six drops of essence of neroli obtained from orange blossoms; then fill up the bottle with a wineglassful of the finest sherry. Shake the ingredients every day for a week, then mix the whole with a pint of orange-flower water; strain through fine muslin and the lait virginal, like liquid opal, is finished. The face is to be bathed with it night and morning.

STRAWBERRY WATER FOR THE COMPLEXION.—A very delightful cosmetic, which is said to be very emollient and softening to the skin, is composed of almonds, strawberries and elder water.

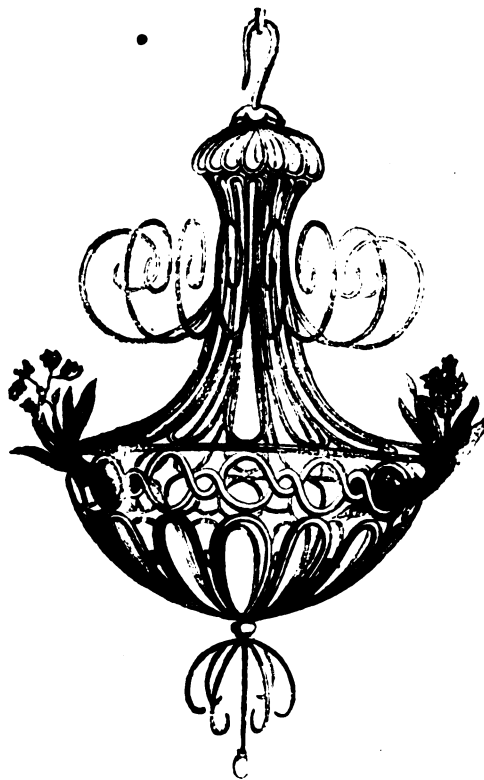
As the French say, it has properties which are *réfrigérant*—that is, cooling; and at this season, when the complexion is likely to become over-florid from crowded assemblies and a heated atmosphere, it is very pleasant to lave the face with strawberry water. It is made thus: Rose water or elder water one pint, sweet almonds three ounces, fresh strawberries three ounces, perfumed with Hungary water, essence of Frangipanni or any other favorite scent, a wineglassful. **Manipulation.**—Grate the almonds to powder on a grater; now tie up the almond powder and the strawberries together in a little bag of unbleached clean calico; put the rose water in a basin, and with very clean hands squeeze and rub the little bag (as though it were a blue-bag making rice water) for several minutes in the water. This operation completed, we have only to add the perfume (which by the way, is used as much to "make it keep" as for the sake of its fragrance), and the strawberry water is fit for use, and is equal to that which the fashionable perfumers sell for three dollars a pint.

HOW THEY MAKE ICE IN INDIA.—Ice-making in India is a very important branch of manufacture, and is attended with no small difficulty. The manner in which it is accomplished is as follows: They dig, on a large open plain, not far from Calcutta, three or four pits about thirty feet square, and two feet deep each, the bottom of which they cover about eight inches or a foot thick with sugar-cane, or the stems of the large Indian corn, dried. On this bed are placed, in rows, a number of small shallow, unglazed earthen pans, formed of a very porous earth, a quarter of an inch thick, and about an inch and a quarter deep, which, at the dusk of evening, they fill with soft water that has been boiled. In the morning, before sunrise, the ice-makers attend the pits, and collect what is frozen in baskets, which they convey to the place of preservation. This is generally prepared on some high, dry situation, by sinking a pit fourteen or fifteen feet deep, lining it first with straw, and then with a coarse kind of blanketing. The ice is deposited in this pit, and beat down with rammers, till at length its own accumulated cold again freezes it, and forms one solid mass. The mouth of the pit is well secured from the exterior air with straw and blankets, and a thatched roof is thrown over the whole. The quantity of ice formed by the method above described depends on a light atmosphere, and clear, serene weather. Three hundred persons are employed in this operation in one place. At first sight this curious process may appear to be an effect of evaporation; but this is not the case, for it is remarkable that it is essential to its success that the straw in which the vessels are placed should be dry, whereas, if evaporation were concerned in the congelation, wetting the straw would promote it. When the straw becomes wet by accident, it is obliged to be replaced by dry straw. The earth is continually losing heat by radiation, and it loses most on clear, starlight nights, when there are no clouds to intercept and send back the rays of heat. The straw, like all filamentous substances, is a good radiator of caloric, and it is in consequence of the heat that is thus given out by it into space on clear nights that the ice is formed. When the weather is windy and cloudy, the effect does not take place.

STUTTERING.—An English lady named Temple has discovered a remedy for stuttering. It is simply the act of reading in a whisper, and gradually augmenting the whisper to a loud tone.

PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

The practice of employing iron for ornamental purposes is becoming yearly more extended, and the most delicate as well as the most massive articles are now alike fabricated from that usefulest of metals. We have scarcely yet reached, indeed, the point of living in iron houses—unless we chance to visit Australia or New Zealand—but a very few years will undoubtedly bring about that result, and already we do our business more and more in iron stores, travel in iron steamboats, walk on iron pavements, and shelter ourselves on rainy days under umbrellas chiefly made of iron. Beside this we are rapidly adorning our dwellings with the manufactured metal. As specimens of the latest application of iron to ornamental pur-



PENDULOUS FLOWER BASKET.

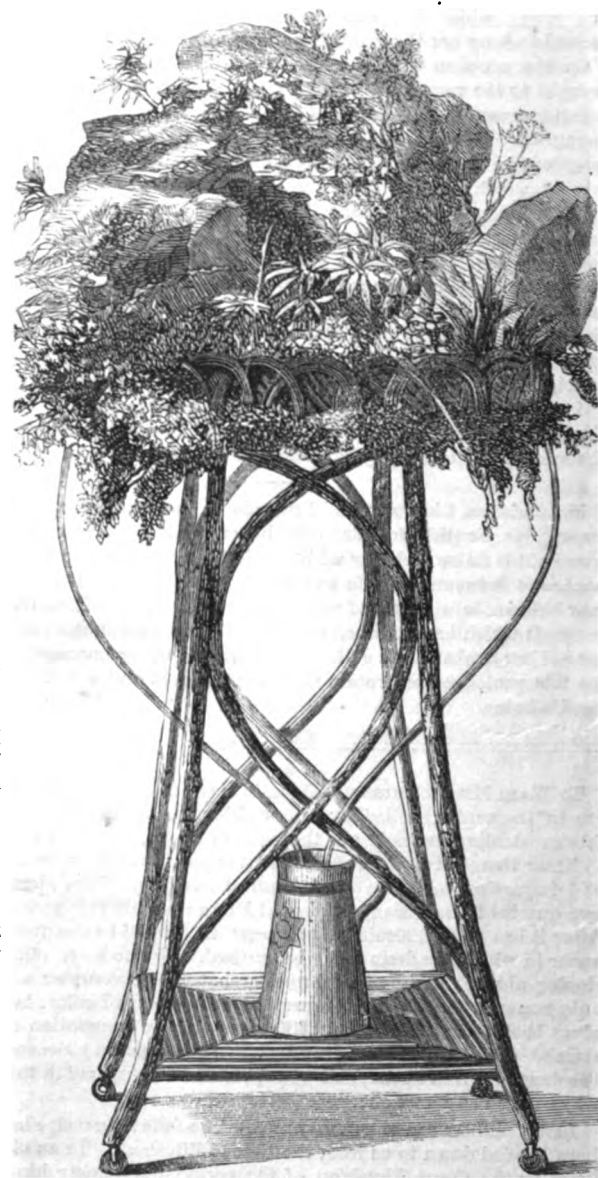
poses, we present illustrations of pendulous flower stands, wrought entirely of that metal, which, by their elegance and cheapness, recommend themselves to every dwelling. The first cut represents the iron work alone, forming an ornament which even by itself adds grace to the apartment, and which,



PENDULOUS FLOWER BASKET WITH FLOWERS.

when filled with flowers, as in our second engraving, produces a most striking effect. The lower part of the basket is filled with moss, which is easily kept moist, and in which creepers can be kept alive for a length of time and trained, as seen in the engraving, over the entire framework.

Another more costly but at the same time more satisfactory form of the ornament, is the large stand of which our third engraving conveys an accurate idea. It is made of iron, but can be wrought and tinted in such a manner as to represent wood, and supports a large basket with two pipes running down into a receptacle for water, by which means all danger of injury to carpets from the moisture around the plants is avoided. The



FLOWER STAND

basket can be filled with mould, and adorned with a variety of flowering plants, or converted into a miniature "rockery," which also can be covered from below with a tapestry of creepers, ice plants, &c.

We hail with pleasure the introduction of these and similar fragments of Nature into our city dwellings. Not a leaf but carries a blessing with it, not a flower but bears embodied sunshine into the dingy dwelling! These floral stands, and the aquaria which have recently been introduced among us, must have great influence in inducing a closer acquaintance with and interest in the wonders of the natural world around and yet beyond us.



MARKET AT PARAMARIBO, SURINAM.



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RAMBLES IN SURINAM.

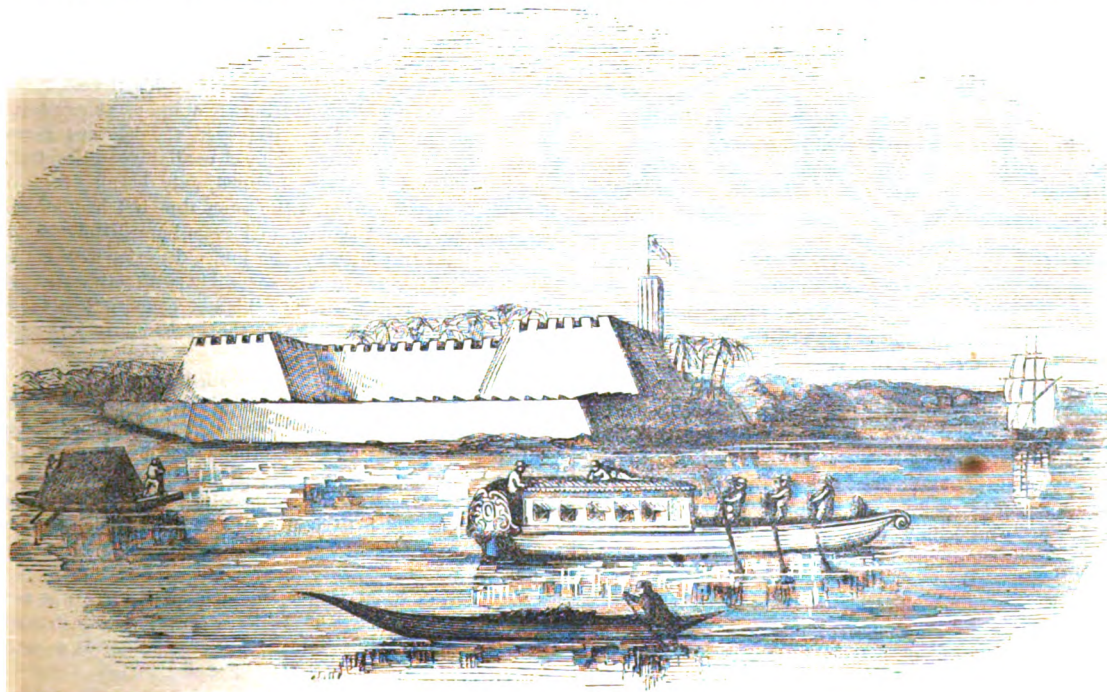
I WISHED to see the world, but more especially some of the tropical parts of it, and finding myself in Rotterdam, and the ship *Alexander* of Rotterdam being ready to sail to Surinam, I took passage in that vessel. We had a pleasant voyage, and the low coast of Surinam was before us, with its mangrove trees rising as it were out of the water. There it was, the land of luxuriant vegetation, of birds with magnificent plumage, of splendid butterflies, of chattering monkeys, of luscious fruit, of myriads of mosquitoes, of poisonous herbs and reptiles, of slavery, tolerance and immorality, and of effeminacy, disease and death.

If I had known Surinam as well at that time as I did after a residence of years in that country, I think I would have preferred to eat grasshoppers and acorns with the California Digger

Indians or drink train oil with the Greenlanders, rather than to adopt a country as my own, where poisonous snakes and lizards, mosquitoes and vampires infest your house; where centipedes and scorpions crawl about your bed, and where the bite of an ant causes fever and swelling of the glands. But there we were, sailing into the mouth of the Surinam river, passing the military station, Bram's Point, where the Dutch drapeau floated to the breeze.

We sailed up the river, which is several miles wide here, and the banks of which were covered with flamingos and white and gray birds with long legs and long beaks, who watch for hours, in an immovable attitude but weary eye, the motions of some inexperienced fish. Thousands of parrots passed over our heads through the air, all in couples, and flying towards the same direction.

We had passed the redoubts Leyden and Purmerent, and



FORT OF NEW AMSTERDAM, SURINAM.

were now in front of the fort New Amsterdam, which is situated on a delta formed by the union of the rivers Surinam and Combewyne. This fort commands the entrance into the river from the sea, and is well provided with batteries and cannons and mortars of large calibre.

This being our captain's first voyage to Surinam, he was ignorant of the usages, and intended to pass the fort with the purpose of sailing up to the city, instead of dropping anchor here and going on shore, in order to have his papers examined by the commandant of the fort. He quickly, however, was made aware of this omission by the bellowing forth of a cannon from the fort. We were detained here for several hours, and at last weighed anchor and sailed up to Paramaribo.

The banks of both sides of the river offer a most beautiful view to the new comer, whose eye meets in every direction large cane fields, graceful palmettos and cocoa palms, which surround handsome dwellings and large sugar mills and boiling houses with tall chimneys. We now rounded the point in the river on which is located the fort New Zeelandia, with its batteries, barracks and sentinels; and but a few hundred yards farther up we dropped anchor in front of Paramaribo, the seat of government of Surinam.

I had never been in the tropics before, and all that met my eye had the attraction of novelty, having been transferred in little more than a month from a country where I might have skated, and amused myself with sleighing, to a part of the world where the natives would listen with astonishment to tales of walking over a river without wetting yourself, or rain showers of which the drops assume the appearance of a feather bed shook out from above.

I landed at the fish market, which is situated under some fine tamarind trees. Anything and everything is sold here, but more especially fruit of the finest kind and in great abundance, and all ridiculously cheap. This is a great temptation for the new comer, who, if not careful, will indulge freely to make up for the privations during a sea voyage, and have a fever a few hours afterwards. Experience is a good thing undoubtedly; it bears, however, occasionally somewhat bitter fruit, as I found to my cost, for soon after I had luxuriated in pineapples, bananas, soursop, alligator pears, cinnamon apples, oranges, and I do not remember what else, I felt a curious sensation creep over me, and if I could have thought that tropical fruit might grow in Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, or in any other part very near the poles, I would have imagined myself to have been transferred to some of those regions, for the sun, although almost perpendicular, lost its power, and my teeth began to chatter hard and regular, in defiance of the Dutch drummer whom I heard at the fort. This was, however, some hours afterwards.

While I was eating fruit I looked around me, and took particular notice of the vendors and buyers, who were composed of all imaginary shades, from the pale white to the blue black, all dressed in the most approved style; the women, from a small piece of stuff reaching from the waist to the knees to a petticoat and jacket; and the men, from the full dress as any other civilized people down to a strip six inches wide and a yard long.

The Digger Indian men of California, who do not come in contact with the Americans, wear absolutely nothing in shape of covering, and the women wear some apology. This is natural, belonging to the most abject and miserable of the Indian race; but that the civilized Dutch should permit their slaves to walk the streets almost in *stata natura* speaks volumes to their disadvantage, and is below all criticism. Their English neighbors in Berbice, Demerara and Essequibo pay much more attention to decency.

I intended to take up my abode at a house in Grave street, which had been pointed out to me as a kind of hotel where strangers, who are, by-the-by, few and rare here, are accommodated with board and lodging for a few guilders a week. The house was kept by a polite Surinam lady, dressed in a jacket and petticoat, and a handkerchief most coquettishly tied round the head, but barefoot and of the mulatto kind. Her name was Missy Teena, missy meaning miss or mistress, which title is applied to every free woman, married or single. When I was installed in a very neat room, and just prepared for a stroll through the town, I was attacked by the above-mentioned

fever, which lasted for several hours, and which compelled me to postpone my walk till the next day. Next morning I felt quite well, and having dressed myself in a linen jacket, linen pantaloons and a broad-brimmed straw hat, I sallied forth.

Paramaribo is principally built of wooden houses, many of which have a very neat appearance, being all painted white with green blinds, but without a single pane of glass. The majority of the streets are straight, wide, and well laid out and adorned on each side with a row of beautiful orange trees, which, when in blossom, perfume the atmosphere throughout the town; many houses have small gardens attached to them which are really beautiful, for vegetation is most magnificent in this country.

Following Grave street, I at last reached at the outskirts of the town a large plain called Galgenveld, which means gallows field, and where I perceived in a distance the horrible object from which this place has derived its name—the gallows. The Dutch are not fond of improvements, which is even illustrated by their gallows, which represented the old approved style. Two posts with a beam across on which are seven pins, and in front of each pin a post with an iron spike, on which the head is placed which is severed from the body of the hanged individual.

I wanted to satisfy my curiosity in all matters, and therefore approached this disgusting emblem of Surinam capital punishment, where buzzards and crows bark and croak and fight for the possession of a piece of decomposed humanity. There were two heads on the spikes, and as I understood afterwards, were those of two negroes who were at the head of a great conspiracy, which was concocted against the white population, and which purported to set the town on fire and murder all the white people, in imitation of the St. Domingo tragedy. It leaked, however, out in time, and was cut short by burning alive the two ringleaders, and branding, "Spanish-bucking" and whipping many others who were concerned.

Retracing my steps through the town I became very thirsty, and passing near a very neat house which was open I stepped in, intending to beg a drink of water. I found the family at dinner, squatting all on a large mat on the floor round some large calabashes, one of which was filled with pudding of the stamped green plantain after being cooked, a dish which is called tom tom, and of which all classes are very fond, and the other with a broth which is called in the corrupted English that is spoken here *blaffoo* or *braffoo*, being composed of almost anything which is handy, as salt and fresh meat, fowl, fish, crabs, sausages, okro, orgambo, green pepper and black pepper in most liberal abundance, and many other ingredients too numerous to mention.

I was lost in admiration at the gusto with which each individual in the most primitive style dug his thumb and two fingers into the pudding, bearing off a lump, plunged it into the braffoo, and from there conveyed the delicious morsel to the mouth. They invited me most cordially and hospitably to partake, which I, however, declined, only begging for a drink of water, begging pardon at the same time if I had committed any indiscretion. A young girl rose immediately and presented to me a tray with a water jug, a decanter with gin and a tumbler, advising me to mix some gin with my water, which she said was more salubrious in this hot country than the pure water. They knew immediately that I had only just arrived, for everybody is known here.

It was near noon, and the sun shed its tropical rays with scorching fury upon my devoted head, and I darted through the street in order to gain my lodgings. At this time of the day no white people are seen in the streets, and but few even of the dark races. Only Africans can bear the violent heat, and brave all the malignity of the sunbeams with impunity. The profuse perspiration in which I was bathed when I arrived home, had a beneficial effect upon my system, as I presume, for the fever did not return.

I sat down to dinner, which in most particulars was new to me, as everything else. There were boiled codfish, fried codfish and codfish balls. Codfish is imported in great quantities, of course salted, from the United States. There were boiled plantains, fried plantains and pounded plantains, with the

eternal bruffoo, which in variety of flavor eclipses the olla podrida and ropa vieja of the Spaniards, which I at that time, however, could not ascertain, because seeing everybody eating the same with so much relish I took a liberal share of it, of which the first spoonful deprived me of all taste, with the exception of that of pepper. It is quite astonishing what quantities of green and red pepper are consumed here by everybody. The new comer is annoyed by finding all dishes poisoned with pepper, as the Spanish do theirs with garlic, but after he is initiated a little he will consider it an indispensable condiment. I gained this experience in person, for after a while I could not eat even a piece of bread without a quantity of raw green peppers, which would have been too much for a dozen or more Americans. In lieu of potatoes, which are sent here from Holland, and not always to be had, we had some excellent substitutes, amongst which are the yama yuka or cassava root, the napy and syer, which latter is a very nice farinaceous root, and is much preferable to an indifferent potato.

After dinner every body takes a siesta, either in a hammock or on a mat made of bullrushes which is spread on the floor. From my window I could see part of the fort New Zeelandia, and could hear the drummer, and having a curiosity to see the fort I rose from my hammock, and after having refreshed my head with some water—which is kept incredibly cool in earthen jugs of a red color, which are made by the Indians and are very porous—I sauntered away down to the plain which divides the town from the fort, and on which the handsome palace of the governor-general is located. Before the palace and over the whole plain runs a beautiful alley of ancient tamarind trees, of enormous height and dimensions.

The fort is surrounded by a moat and a drawbridge, over which I had to pass, and which was guarded by a sentinel. Many colored women were passing to and fro, who, as I was informed, were mistresses of the soldiers. On their heads they carried, wrapt up in white towels, covered plates with their men's dinners, which is taken there at four in the afternoon, for I then heard the drummer beat a gathering; the soldiers, dressed in white linen jackets and pantaloons, shoes covered with white linen gaiters, and green caps with orange bands, fell in; the roll was called, after which all went to the kitchen, where they received their dinner in a tin kettle, with which they returned into the barracks. I followed and saw long rows of green boxes in which they pack their clothes and sit on, eating their dinner.

A Dutch soldier is by no means over-fed, as I noticed, his dinner consisting of a few boiled plantains, with a little fat fried out of salt pork, and a few drops of vinegar added to it. Those who have women, however, fare a little better, for these poor creatures, who think it generally an honor to live with a white man—even if he is only a soldier—and who are mostly all slaves, take, in exchange, for their dainties, the miserable dinner of the soldier home with them, which they considered good enough for poor slaves, as they are. Many of these women stick to their men through thick and thin, although he may be a drunkard and worthless scoundrel, who will maltreat her in a most brutal manner, and even in spite of the Moravian brothers preaching against living with soldiers on account of soldiers having "killed God."

At ten o'clock in the morning the soldiers receive some rice soup, with a lump of boiled salt meat and a pound of good wheat bread.

Having seen enough of the fort, which does not offer anything remarkable, I returned, and while crossing the drawbridge saw a number of negroes, men and women, driven into the fort, who, as I was told, went to the prison-yard to receive a "Spanish buck." My curiosity was excited, for I did not, like most of my readers, understand the meaning of the above term. Not being allowed, however, to enter the prison-yard without a permit or the procureur-general, I had to postpone my visit till some other time.

The sun was near setting, and I met great numbers of promenaders of both sexes, enjoying the comparatively cool afternoon, by walking over the large plain between the fort and town. The women belonging to the middle class seem to be entirely uninfluenced by the change of fashion, for they will

always, without any deviation, wear the short jacket, the petticoat and the most gracefully tied handkerchief round the head. They seldom wear shoes by choice, though it is the privilege of the free creoles to wear shoes, which is prohibited to slaves under severe punishment. The women of the higher classes dress in the American style, and imitate everything new in dress which might have been introduced by some strange lady. The rage, however, of catching at fashions is much greater amongst the men, and no discrimination is used in regard to utility or adaptedness to the climate. I am convinced that if a foreigner arrives here wearing a coat made of a buffalo hide, everybody will try to imitate, in which respect they are after all nothing worse than our own neighbors, for what connection has fashion with utility?

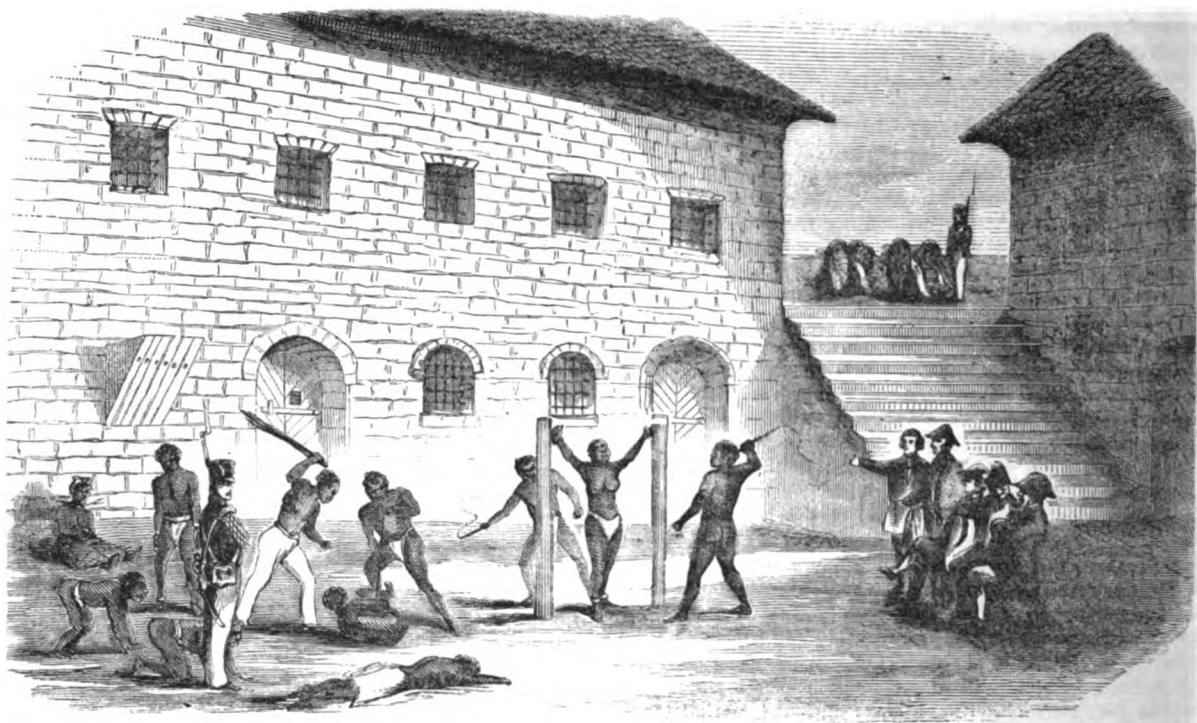
I met some very pretty women amongst the quadroons, who are called there, according to their different shades—mestices, castices and pustices. I advise, however, the new comer, not to scrutinize too closely, for a light breeze will set in motion the lighter drapery, and will reveal to him, oh, horror! the disgusting elephantiasis—a foot or feet and ankles resembling that of an elephant, from which this disease, which is so very prevalent here, derives its name. This is sufficient to chase away all pleasant impressions. I have seen ankles measuring ten and twelve inches in diameter, and enormous feet, full of excrescences and warts of a dark and rough appearance; and what is worse, this is incurable.

The sun had set, and the fragrance of the orange trees, which bear blossom and fruit at the same time, perfumed the atmosphere, and not withstanding the obnoxious miasma which rises from the ground during the night, and renders promenading dangerous to the human system, everybody is on the street at this time, and gives a very lively appearance to the town, which seems to be uninhabited during a large part of the day.

I had several letters of introduction, one of which was to a gentleman who had the administration of several plantations. But few plantation owners reside in Surinam; most of them live in Holland, and have their agents in Paramaribo, who again appoint a director or manager over each plantation, as well as overseers. I intended to deliver my letter to this gentleman—whom I will call Mynheer Van Tromp—on the next day, having a desire of seeing something of plantation life. Subsequently I called at his fine dwelling and found him in his office. He received me with politeness and cordiality, and hospitality being a feature of the inhabitants of this colony, he insisted on taking up my abode in his house. In vain I declined the honor; he was so pressing in his kind proposition, although somewhat pompous, that I at last consented.

He was the very type of a Dutchman, short and fat, in defiance of the heat, which here generally soon melts away all superfluous fat; the long earthen pipe seldom left his mouth, and even his countenance retained its primitive ruddiness, which is a rare occurrence here, where everybody's countenance, after a few years' residence, is changed into a deathly paleness or yellow.

Being rather habituated to the use of that nasty weed, tobacco, I accepted Mynheer Van Tromp's invitation to take a smoke. He whistled for Apollo and Venus, a naked little girl of six years, who brought coals on a brazier; the former, his herculean footboy, in whose exterior there was nothing to answer the description of that heathen god, who is represented white, and wore no clothes; our Apollo, on the contrary, being black, and dressed like a buck of the first water in a fine black cloth dress coat, snowy white shirt, with gold studs, with, of course, the collar sticking out immensely; fine white drill pantaloons, but minus shoes, for a pair of paws were sticking out below the track which resembled those of a Californian grizzly, which I really, in aftertimes, once mistook for a negro. Mynheer, his master, as a contrast, was dressed in a linen jacket and pantaloons of the same description. However, he brought me a pipe and tobacco, and bowed and scraped the ground while he handed these objects to me, so hard and perseveringly, that I would have pitied his feet if the floor might chance to have splinters, although, as I was afterward informed, the foot soles of the slaves, who have been habituated from infancy to walk barefoot, are perfectly callous.



SCENES IN THE PRISON YARD AT SURINAM

Nobody pays a visit here without being offered liquors ; a large tray was consequently brought, on which were displayed decanters with brandy and the genuine Schiedam, also Elixir bitters and loaf-sugar. Existence, without alcohol, is a supremely ridiculous idea in Surinam. My host helped himself liberally, and I began to suspect the cause of that ruddiness in his countenance.

We chatted for several hours, and our conversation turned from Surinam and Holland to the United States and its inhabitants, the merits of which Mynheer appreciated fully, denouncing, however, in unmeasured terms the abolitionists, and accusing the slaveholders of too great a leniency towards their slaves. With the promise of returning on the next morning with my luggage, I left with a very favorable impression of Mynheer Van Tromp's kind disposition and joviality.

I had accepted his invitation with the proviso that he should not trouble himself about me, telling him that I was very much addicted to rambling, and he promised me that he would leave me alone ; and did this, undoubtedly, with a secret satisfaction, for being somewhat heavy built, like the vessels of his country, he would have found it a hard task in being my companion.

Strolling through the town I passed a fine building, which I ascertained to be the temple of the Portuguese Jews, of which sect there are a goodly number in Surinam, as well as German Jews, who have another temple and differ somewhat in their religious observances from the other sect. The Portuguese Jews came from Brazil, or, at least, their forefathers, who were persecuted by the religious fanaticism of the Catholics, and found an asylum in Surinam, where they were received kindly. All the rest who profess the Hebrew religion are called German Jews, no matter if they are born in Germany, Holland, England, France, Russia or Poland.

The Jews here are very influential and powerful, the most wealthy in the colony being Jews, several of which are members of the colonial council, which sits with the governor-general as president. Many are public functionaries, and a majority of the commerce is in their hands. When the English were in possession of Surinam, the Jews had to leave the city and located themselves in the interior, on a fine and elevated spot on the banks of the Surinam River, and which was called the Jews' Savannah, which name it bears to the present time. When Surinam was ceded to the Dutch again, the Jews returned from their banishment

I do not believe that there exists a people in the known civil-

ized world which can eclipse those who live on this little spot, on the map, in regard to tolerance in religious matters. I know a family, the members of which belong to seven different religions and sects. The father is a Portuguese Jew, and the mother an African from Mandingo, who believes in her fetish ; the eldest son, who is also a Portuguese Jew, has married a German Jewess ; the second son is a Roman Catholic, and has married a Lutheran girl ; the third, who is a daughter, belongs to the community of the Herrnhuters, or Moravian Brothers, and has married a man belonging to the Reformed Church. The greatest harmony exists amongst them, and neither interferes with the other's creed.

More than fifty years ago, the Dutch parliament enacted a law by which marriages between the different colors was declared lawful, and there are several individuals here who have taken advantage of it, although, generally speaking, marriage seems to be considered here quite a dispensable ceremony, and morality is on such a low scale, that mothers sell their young daughters publicly to voluptuaries ; which act is accompanied with such a degrading vulgarity, derived from some African tribes, as to render a description of it entirely out of question.

The inhabitants of Surinam reason thus : Slaves, which we acknowledge to belong to the human family, cannot marry ; but it is excused, and even encouraged, that men and women live together as man and wife ; but if this is excusable, marriage in general is not a holy institution, and we will likewise dispense with it. This sophistry, by which they bemanle their immorality, is one of the many evils arising from the institution of slavery.

Next morning I left Missy Teena's house, and, according to promise, went to Mynheer Van Tromp, who was expecting me, smoking his eternal pipe. A pleasant room, opening upon the garden, was allotted to me, and I made myself at home. At the dinner table I informed my host of my desire of visiting the prison of the fort, principally with the object of seeing some of the modes of punishment which the Dutch inflict upon their slaves. I mentioned that I was informed of the prohibition to enter without a permit of the procureur-general ; but Mynheer Van Tromp, being one of the nobles, assured me that nothing was easier than to get a permit ; adding, that he would manage to get advised whenever there would be an execution, and would then accompany me.

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, he told me that there would be several slaves "Spanish-bucked" and whipped, and

having a permit we set out to the fort. At the gate of the prison yard was the jailor, who received our permit and bade us enter. I had fortified myself as well as possible against the impression of the sight of human misery, before I entered, hearing horrible cries and cracking of whips, like pistol-shots. The first that met my eye were several judges, with stolid countenances, Dutch all over, dressed in old-fashioned laced coats, tights and stockings, with knee buckles, as also shoes with silver buckles; a straight dress sword hung almost horizontal by their side, their heads being covered with a high liced cocked hat, with the orange cockade attached. A woman was seized up between two posts, her arms extended by ropes and her ankles fastened on the ground by iron shackles. Two strong negroes were striking her with long whips, which went at every blow twice or three times round her limbs, taking away the skin each time and causing the blood to ooze out.

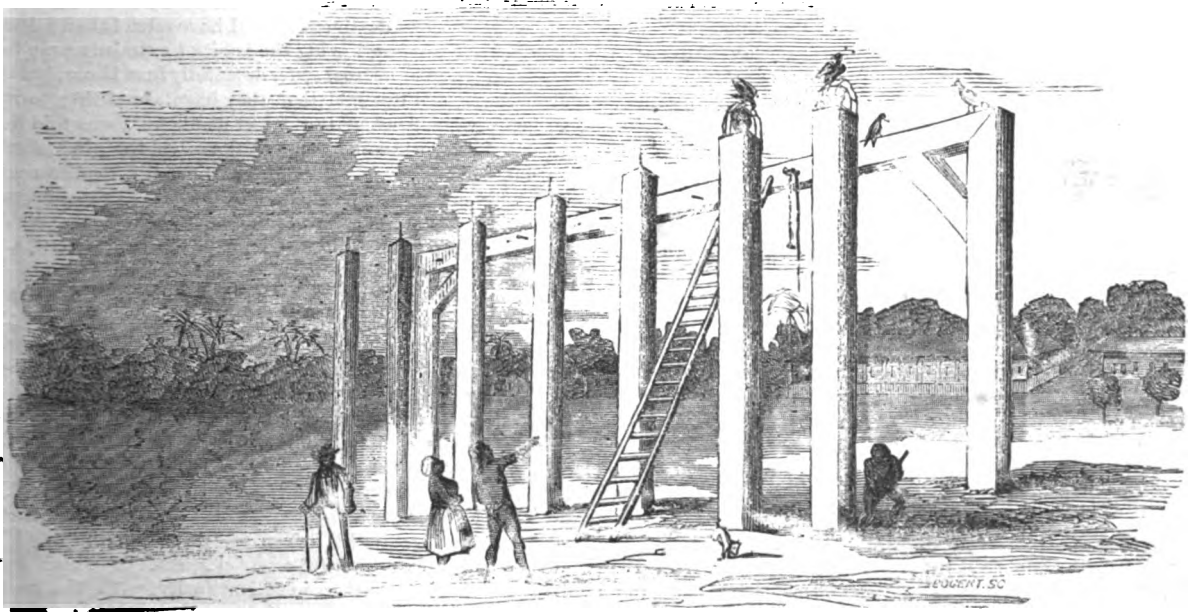
A man was receiving the favorite punishment of the Dutch, the "Spanish buck." To many readers this may be something new; they may know, especially those who were in the Mexican war, what "bucking" means, but not the term of Spanish buck. The negro is made to sit down on the ground, with his knees closed and drawn up to his face. His hands are tied at the wrist, and his arms are then forced down round his legs in such a manner as to cause the hands to be in front of his shins. A long stick is then pushed between the knee-joints and arms, by means of which he is thrown down on one side and prevented making any motions. A negro, who has a large bundle of knotty tamarind-sticks, of about four feet length, beside him, takes two at a time, and applies the same with all his might upon the posterior of the victim. When a hundred or hundred and fifty blows have been dealt out, the sufferer is turned on the other side, an assistant always holding the stick which pins him to the ground, and he receives the same quantity on the other side. When the sticks, which are very tough, are worn away, by striking, to about two-thirds of their original size, fresh ones are taken. It may be imagined what a horrible raw and bloody mass the castigated ~~man~~ represents; the ground around is sprinkled with blood. After this punishment, the sufferer cannot walk straight, and it requires some time before he is cured, leaving indelible cicatrices.

I had seen enough of barbarity, and desired to leave. Mynheer Van Tromp, who saw disgust depicted in my countenance, laughed, being well initiated in such practices, and called me chicken-hearted; and told me that formerly the master might kill his slave almost with impunity, nothing but a fine of two hundred guilders being imposed for such a murder; and how

ever stringent the law at present may be, in regard to treatment of slaves, it is circumvented daily, and numerous cruelties committed. For three guilders any slaveholder can get his slave "Spanish-bucked" at the prison yard, by sending a letter stating his desire, and enclosing the money to the jailor. The victim is often the bearer of his own doom.

I had been two weeks at the house of Mynheer Van Tromp, who treated me with much kindness. Our mode of life was uniform enough, for there are no shows and no excitement here. Our time was divided in eating, drinking, smoking, promenading and sleeping, everything in a luxurious style, and I began to get rather tired of this inactivity.

I had told my friend that I had a great desire to see something of the plantations, and business at this time calling him to some of these estates, which were under his administration, we prepared for the journey accordingly. A large boat, beautifully painted and gilded, received us, the hind part of which was fitted up like a cabin. Six stalwart negroes, dressed uniform, in white trowsers, white shirts, red sash and white straw-hats, rowed, and such rowing I never saw before. At every intended dip with the oar, they rose from the benches and fell down again on the same at every pull. The boat shot along, and Mynheer Van Tromp not being stingy with his sopy, that is, rum, with which he had the rowers, who were bathed in perspiration, liberally supplied, we soon rounded the point on which fort New Amsterdam is located, and leaving the Surinam river ascended the Combewync. This river has a rapid current when the tide flows out, and boats are unable to ascend till the flood tide comes up. Every six hours, therefore, we had to stop; more than two days were necessary to arrive at our destination, and this would have been tedious work for me, had not the continual change of scene amused me. As for Mynheer Van Tromp, he was in his element, lying on his bed, with ginstoup and pipe at hand, and, if not sleeping, beguiled the time with conversation. We stopped at several splendid sugar plantations, where we were entertained very hospitably, my friend being known to most of the managers. The higher we ascended the narrower became the river, which was bordered by a continued impenetrable forest, alive with monkeys and all kinds of game. I beheld a novel sort of a hunt here: The forest being too intricate to hunt with any convenience or advantage, negro boys are sent into the same with dogs, which start the game. These denizens of the woods, when thus frightened, have a natural instinct in seeking the opposite bank of the river, into which they plunge. The huntsman, standing in the forepart of a canoe,



THE GALGENVELD, OR GALLOWS FIELD.

which is paddled by one or two boys, watches the river with a harpoon in his hand. When he perceives any animal in the river, they make towards it, the canoe running very swift. The animal is then harpooned and dragged on shore, or lifted into the canoe. Firearms are not used, for the reason that the animal would sink after receiving a mortal shot, and would be lost.

We met, also, canoes with Indians, who were painted very red, and were fishing, or rather hunting fish; for they killed the same with their arrows, in which they showed an astonishing expertness.

We had six hours more to travel; night had set in, and such beautiful nights they have here. The moon shone bright over the glossy, mirror-like surface of the river. The nights are much more pleasant here than the days, and more adapted for travelling, because the fiery equator sun is visiting our antipodes. We took, however, good care not to approach too near the shore, for the myriads of mosquitoes which inhabit the forests and swamps would have thrown themselves, *en masse*, over us; and, once in the boat, it is not an easy matter to get rid of them again.

The perfect stillness of the night was sometimes interrupted by the melodious voice of some negro who paddled along in his canoe, relieving the solitude with singing some native tune or improvisation, which sounded most harmoniously from a distance. Now and then one of our rowers would sing, keeping time with the strokes of the oar. We went along beautifully, and I felt pleased with everything. Mynheer Van Tromp, however, seemed to become fidgety in his corner; he had been the ideal of patience during the journey, but he began to grunt and turn over constantly in his bed; for, having slept nearly all day, he could not sleep during the night, which annoyed him. I did not wish to sleep, in order to be able to enjoy the beautiful sight, but my companion saw no attractions in the beauties of Nature, and sleep, the gin bottle and the pipe, were the only consolations while travelling.

"Travelling is a tedious work," he said to me, yawning. "Hollo! there, you scoundrels!" he said to the rowers; "It seems that you are sleeping. Pull hard, you rascals, and let me out of this infernal tub. Pluto," he continued, addressing one of the men, "here, hand round the dram bottle; but if you get drunk, you vagabonds, I will have you whipped all round, when we get on shore. Especially you, Rhadamanthus, and you, Minos, I ought to measure it out to you, for when you get the stoup before your jaws you don't know when to take it away again."

The dram bottle was handed round and returned empty, as Mynheer Van Tromp had expected. It had, however, considerable effect upon our progress, for the boat shot along rapidly.

"You have some of the most illustrious personages of Tartarus on your boat," I observed laughing; "and if our steersman can pass for Charon and you for Cerberus, I am in proper company while passing Lethe, which would prove a Lethe to me if I was to get drowned."

Mynheer Van Tromp grunted his acquiescence, though I perceived that, understanding little of his own religion, he knew infinitely less of that of the ancients or of their mythology. If I had asked him how much rum might be distilled from a hundred gallon copper with cane juice, he would have answered that question quickly and correctly to a gill.

Morning dawned at last, and Tromp's Hope—this was the name of the plantation we intended to visit—lay before us. We landed; the manager, a gentlemanly mulatto, received us and took us to the dwelling-house, which was a good-looking building, and very neatly kept by the numerous young slave girls which I saw about the house.

We sat down to a breakfast which was a feature. There was no bread, but in lieu of it, we had green plantains roasted in hot ashes, broiled and salted codfish and ham, and last, but not least, the famous Surinam peppercorn, which is unique. The principal ingredient is caseripo, the poisonous juice of the yuca or bitter cassava root, which latter is one of the most useful vegetable productions in the American tropics, south as well as north of the equator. The root is rasped fine on large tin graters, pressed out in a long specie of an elastic tube, made of

the bark of some shrub, and thus separated from the poisonous juice, which drops from the press into a tub, and is there left to settle. Being poured off, it leaves a residue of a very fine white flour, which is the purest and best starch known. What is left in the press is the well-known manihoc, which after having been dried and hardened, is pounded and strewn on an iron plate placed over the fire, on which it forms immediately a crisp and wholesome cake, which is the almost exclusive food of the Indians. The juice is poured into a large copper, where it boils for more than twenty-four hours, after which process there may be left of it a few bottles full. It has the appearance and consistency of syrup or somewhat thinner, has lost by evaporation all its poisonous qualities, and is an excellent condiment to anything in the shape of meat or fish, the same as our cat-sups. The pepper pot is a large dish, with cover of delf-ware, and contains some of this caseripo, into which scraps of meat of all kind is put after meals, and even fish, and not omitting plenty of green pepper; it imparts a pleasant taste to everything, and after a while it renders tough meat soft and tender. Before each meal, the pepper pot is put near the fire to get slightly warm, and is seldom cleaned out.

After breakfast, the postboy announced that the "creoles" were before the door. By creoles are understood all those who are born on the plantation, but more especially the children who do not go to work in the field yet. They are under the surveillance of some superannuated women, who must keep them clean, attend to them in sickness, and keep their feet free of the sandflea or jigger, a great plague in this country. When the word of command is given, they must, like soldiers, make different motions with their body to prove that they are sound; and dance round, that the manager may convince himself that there are no sores or jigger-holes on their feet.

Although that most annoying little insect, the jigger, is known to all who have visited the tropics, it may not be amiss to give a short description of the same. The jigger here in Surinam, called seeka, is the exact counterpart of a flea, but somewhat smaller, and quite black, and jumps like the flea. It bores itself into the tender part of the feet, especially into the toes under the nails, and frequently even into different parts of the body. If not immediately extracted with a pin or any other pointed instrument, it causes an intolerable itching, and in a few days collects round itself a bag or bladder of the size of a pea; if this bladder is broke, a great number of minute white eggs of an oval shape appear, in which is the germ of the future jigger. If left to itself, the young ones will leave the eggs, and bore themselves into the skin likewise. The bladder being removed, a round hole will remain, which is often troublesome and tedious to cure. There have been cases where mortification of the affected part and death ensued. I have often taken a dozen or more out of my feet, having the habit of examining my feet every morning. The negroes suffer dreadfully from them, but the Indians never, and it is said that they have something to rub their feet with, and which the jigger dislikes. I was told that the ashes of a beautiful and slender palm called the pina palm—the trunk of which is splitted and used in building the negro cabins, and the leaves serving to cover the same—creates jiggers, for which reason this wood is never employed as fire wood by the natives. I doubted this till I made the experiment, and quickly saw myself covered with jiggers.

The climate of this country is unfavorable for breeding horses, and there are hardly any kept on any plantation. All the travelling is done by water. The Dutch, wherever they are found, will have their canals, in which most useful enterprises they are extremely patient and persevering. The land being low and liable to inundations, they have on all plantations dug a great number of canals of different dimensions, by which means the land is drained, and the cane transported to the mill.

Mynheer Van Tromp not being fond of exercise, I took a walk with the manager along the bank of the principal canal, by which the water-wheel is driven.

We passed through beautiful cane fields, some of which were only just planted, and others in full maturity, with the flower at its top. Unlike Louisiana, the cane culture here is not dependent on the seasons, and therefore left to grow till it is fully ripe, for which it requires about fourteen months.

There were many acres covered with plantain trees, the fruit of which serves as the daily food of the slaves, who prefer the same green, making a variety of dishes of the same. The allowance is for one week, two bunches of this fruit. With the yellow or ripe plantains hundreds of hogs are fattened. The government has seen fit to enact a law by which each plantation owner is compelled to plant a certain number of acres with plantains, according to the number of slaves, in order to prevent famine, which has visited this country in former times.

We arrived at a little negro cabin, in which was living a leper, as the manager informed me. He was a young man, horrible to look at, and appeared far gone, and perhaps in the last stage of this dreadful and incurable disease—he had sores and blotches of a lighter color than the skin over his body, his ears and nostrils were swelled much, and his eyebrows had fallen out entirely. He was unable to step on his heels, and several of his toes were missing. The manager told me that there were four more scattered about through the fields, serving as watchmen, and were not allowed to mix with the other negroes. He said that there are some on almost every plantation throughout the colony. When a leper shows himself in the streets of Paramaribo, he is arrested by the policemen and sent to an establishment in the interior named Batavia, where are hundreds of lepers of all colors, and who never see their relations or friends any more, being compelled to live and die here. Swelled earlaps and nostrils, the absence of wrinkles on the finger joints and blotches on the body, which are of lighter color than the skin in negroes, and of darker color in white persons, indicate the presence of leprosy. A pin may be stuck into the blotches without causing any sensation of pain.

It was nearly noon and the heat intolerable; we therefore returned and found dinner served. My friend Van Tromp was complaining of the heat, and well he might, because the cool sea breeze which blows nearly all day in those parts which are near the coast is not felt here, on account of the dense forests, which prohibit the free current of air. He threw immense quantities of lemonade down his throat, which only had the effect to make him perspire extremely.

After dinner, a large flat boat, roofed like a house, arrived to load molasses for an American vessel from Salem. There are always some American vessels here, mostly from Boston and Salem, which import American provisions of all kind, but especially salt pork, salt beef, salted codfish and tobacco, and take away molasses and rum.

We went to the boiling-house, and saw the molasses dipped out of the cistern and put into barrels. The molasses that runs from the sugar barrels is conducted by a gutter into the cistern, which is under ground, and swarms with roaches and rats, many of which are found dead in the molasses, by which they are preserved from putrefaction. I could not help thinking that this country would be an Elysium for Chinamen, for they might feast here on their favorite dish—rats—abundantly, and molasses cured rats into the bargain. I do not know if the molasses which is imported into New England is used for anything else besides distilling rum; it is certainly not fit for table use, for besides the above-mentioned abominations, it is handled by the negroes in such a filthy manner, that a description of it will disgust everybody with the same. The molasses is dipped out of the cistern with large copper spoons, to which are attached long handles, but when the majority is removed those spoons cannot be employed any more, on account of the quantity of sugar which has settled at or near the bottom, imparting a great toughness to the molasses. Some negroes have to get down then into it, dipping it out with large gourds, and it reaches often over their knees. Cleanliness is not observed, and their feet and legs are generally covered with jiggers and other sores. If our delicate ladies and gentlemen only had an idea of the manner in which many of our imported niceties are handled, they would surely abstain from the use of them. I once saw a dog fall into a copper in which cane juice was boiling intensely; he was nearly done when the negroes succeeded in getting him out. It happens sometimes that a negro who sits on the mason work into which the coppers are imbedded, slips into the foaming syrup, while dozing, and is boiled to death instantly. In neither case the syrup is thrown away, for it will granulate all the same, and nobody is the wiser for it.

There being an Indian camp located a few miles from the plantation, and having uttered a wish of visiting the same, Mynheer Van Tromp, obliging as ever, offered to make an excursion to it; we might have gone there on foot, but my friend's superfluous fat obstinately rebelled against such an outrage, and we concluded to go by water. We accordingly took our seats in a large canoe made of one piece, and nearly four feet in diameter. We were paddled along by four boys, and quickly reached the landing-place of the Indians. We had provided ourselves with a three gallon jug of rum, as a present for the Indians, knowing that this above anything else would insure our visit welcome, for the Indians in Surinam have the same partiality for strong drinks as all other Indians. There was only one cabin or lodge, on all sides open, and roofed with leaves of the *parimacca* shrub, under which an Indian was swinging in a hammock made like network; two women, one of whom was good-looking, sat on the ground, and an old crone was making cassava bread on the outside. Some boys were amusing themselves with shooting at small birds with arrows.

At the moment of our arrival a number of men and women also arrived, who belonged to the same family, and had been to some neighboring plantation.

The Indians are not partial to white people, and although they visit the same frequently, they do not court the visits of the latter. But when they saw the boy carrying the rum jug, their countenances, which were besmeared as well as their whole body with red paint, called rookoo or orlean, lost its sullen expression, the fierce and small black eyes twinkled with delight, and hands were shook all round. They immediately proceeded to gulp down a considerable quantity of rum, and offered us cassava bread and pineapples. The men carried bows and arrows, each of the length of five or six feet, in the use of which they are most expert, acknowledging, however, the superiority of firearms. Besides bows and arrows, they use in war a club, called haboodoo, which is made of a very hard wood, about two feet long and held by the middle. The ends are thicker than the middle, and generally square with sharp edges. They often go to the neighboring plantations to borrow a gun, which they can handle tolerably well, and never omit to return the same accompanied with some game.

They are very peaceable and honest, and I never of a theft committed by any of the same. They hate negroes, and whenever they catch a runaway are sure to deliver him to the authorities. They make very handsome and air-tight baskets for sale, but seldom take anything but rum in payment for it, with which they will leave for a short distance in the woods, sling their hammocks on the trees and lie down, drinking all the while, and continue in an uninterrupted state of intoxication till not a drop is left, when they start for home. The women, as amongst all Indians, are beasts of burden, and have to do all the hard labor in the field and at home, while the men are swinging in their hammocks or are hunting.

One of the two tribes, the Aravaccas, seem to be inclined to make a step towards civilization, and hire themselves out occasionally as rowers, for which they are utterly despised by the other tribe, named Caribis, and said to be descendants of the Caribbeans who inhabited the West India Islands, but were compelled to seek refuge on terra firma to avoid being made slaves of by the Spaniards. Men and women walk naked, with the exception of a small piece of cloth tied round the waist. The government occasionally distributes amongst them clothing and rum, in order to keep them in a good humor, and keep alive their enmity against the runaway negroes. They are in average of the middle height, but well built, have extremely small feet, and I never have observed sores on their legs and feet, although they invariably walk barefoot, in which they differ much from the negroes, to whom they think themselves infinitely superior, and, in fact, equal to the whites, in whose houses, when visiting the same, they make themselves at home, imparting to everything with which they come in contact some of the paint that adorns their bodies. An Indian, however passionately fond of alcoholic drinks, will disdain accepting a dram offered to him in a cup cut from a small calabash out of which a negro drinks, but demands a glass. They always pitch their camp on a sandy soil where the cassava, pineapples



INDIAN LODGE IN THE FORESTS OF SURINAM.

and green pepper thrive well, which is all that they raise. They never eat beef. I tasted a piece of the cabbage palm which one of the Indians had brought with him, and which really resembles the cabbage in flavor, being the heart of the crown of a palm which reaches about a height of thirty or forty feet. We returned home, leaving the Indians collected round the rum jug.

Next day we received a visit of a number of independent bush negroes, men and women, with two of their captains. They brought lumber for sale, which they cut farther up in the interior near the rivers, where they have their haunts. The forefathers of these independent bush negroes were slaves, but a great famine having visited the colony, their masters were unable to maintain their slaves, allowing them to go into the woods in order to take care of themselves as well as they could. After the calamity had passed, the owners who had abandoned their slaves to their fate endeavored to regain the same, and the slaves having, as a matter of course, refused to return, were hunted down like wild beasts; the majority of whom, however, retreating into the vastness of the almost inaccessible swamps and forests, united themselves for the more effective resistance against their white taskmasters. The government now took the matter in hand and sent a battalion of soldiers against them, but with no avail. The negroes knew their advantage, being on their own ground and accustomed to hardships and inclemencies of the climate, to which the white men were entire strangers, and whose feeble nature soon succumbed to the miasma and the balls and poisoned arrows of their enemies, who fought for liberty. There was no alternative.

After a war which lasted several years, similar to some of our Indian wars, but accompanied with much more hardships and disadvantage for the white men, peace was made and the negroes declared independent. The government promised yearly presents, and appointed captains for the same. At present they can muster several thousand armed men, and are formidable neighbors to the Dutch colonists, who keep but a small and entirely insufficient force in the country, and which is scattered about in all directions, and would, in case of an invasion, be altogether useless.

The period is not distant, I fear, when those negroes will make themselves masters of the whole colony. Their exterior is much superior to that of the plantation negroes, being gene-

rally tall and good-looking. They occupy themselves in raising rice, pinda, peanuts, and cutting lumber, which they square and float down the river, selling the same to the intermediate plantations. They are extremely superstitious, and their religion consists in worshipping a large tree called cancan-tree, the alligator and the boa constrictor, bringing sacrifices to the trees in the shape of cooked victuals, rum, wine and even money. Their captains, which are appointed by the Dutch government, are furnished with a kind of uniform consisting of a laced coat, laced round hat with an orange cockade, and a drum-major's baton, on which is inscribed the name of the tribe over which they rule, and the name of the captain. Over all the tribes a governor is appointed, who sways considerable authority, and is called by them Granman; the present governor's name is Quassy. The government keeps residents amongst them similar to our Indian agents.

Several weeks having passed since my arrival in Surinam, I imagined I had seen everything in regard to the culinary art, but was much surprised at finding two entirely new dishes on the dinner-table, the one consisting of a plate of fried grubs and the other of a dish of stewed lizards. Mynheer Van Tromp endeavored to persuade me to receive some of the former on my plate, against which I protested seriously at first, but overcoming my disgust by my curiosity, I tasted one of them and found the taste excellent. After dinner I was shown some living ones, the sight of which made me shudder with regret at having eaten of such an abomination. They are of a yellowish color, and have a dark brown horny head, are about an inch in length, and as thick as the little finger. In order to obtain the same a certain species of palm tree is cut down, after which a number of holes are cut into the trunk deep enough to penetrate to the marrow. A large species of beetle soon makes its appearance and drops its eggs into the holes, from which spring those grubs. I have seen them afterwards frequently offered for sale at the market in Paramaribo. Amongst the creoles it is considered a great dainty.

The dish of stewed lizards was excellent, and in my opinion superior to chickens. There are two kinds of lizards eaten here, one being called Leguana and the other Sappacara, which are said to be male and female, but much unlike in appearance. They are of a green color, and grow from three to four feet long.

I saw here the Dutch style of settling an account with a slave who has not finished his task, which will seem rather heathenish in the eye of those who have a conception of the holiness of the Sabbath. Every field hand, man or woman, receives his or her task in the morning for the day. If any part of the tasks of the passed week is not completed it must be done on Sunday, and many a poor woman and feeble man I have seen receiving a severe whipping on Monday morning for failing in accomplishing their heavy task. Mynheer Van Tromp's plantation did not differ in this respect from others, and on Monday morning the echo of the whip and the cries of the culprits sounded agonizing in my ear for more than an hour.

The manager being anxious to show me, as a friend of his employer, all that was interesting and new to me, proposed a fishing party in the Surinam manner. I accepted, and even Mynheer Van Tromp consented to accompany us, in spite of his aversion against bodily exertions which were in prospect. We therefore set out one morning early for the woods, taking along with us half a dozen negroes who carried eatables, spades, baskets, cutlasses and calabashes. After a few miles' walking we arrived at a small creek in the shape of holes or pools, which communicated with each other, the water running very gentle. The negroes immediately proceeded in selecting one of those holes in which was a continual motion perceptible, threw a dam above and below it with their spades, cutting it off thus from all communication. Two of them went down into the hole, the water reaching near their middle, and began lustily to bail out with their calabashes. In the course of an hour the hole was nearly dry and no fish were to be seen.

Not being acquainted with the habits of Surinam fish, I considered the work and time expended in vain, but Mynheer Van Tromp and the manager were of a different opinion, and told me to have a little patience and I would see. One of the negroes now cut a long pole, which he thrust into a small hole under the roots of a tree. I heard a rumbling noise, and soon saw an incredible number of fish bursting to light, which were dipped up in baskets. When other holes had been sounded with similar effect, they thrust their arms into some black soft mud on one end of the holes and drew forth fish after fish. I determined to take a share in this amusement, and slipping into the hole imitated the negroes; but although I touched fish

enough, succeeded to catch but few, the slippery things escaping from my hand before I had closed my fingers upon them. "I have a large eel," I exclaimed; but when I drew it forth it proved to be a short thick snake, which fortunately did not bite me, being benumbed by the mud. My horror may be conceived; I threw it away, and had enough of this kind of sport. In one of the holes under the roots was an alligator, for when one of the negroes thrust his spade into it he could not draw it back for some minutes, the alligator having taken hold of it with his jaw. When the spade was at last withdrawn scratches of the animal's teeth were visible. We stood ready to shoot him if he might make his appearance, but he thought it more prudent, probably, to remain in his retreat. We caught in this manner over two hundred pounds of fish of three different species, the largest of which measured about eighteen inches.

The negroes now selected another hole, which they dammed like the first, having previously searched for and found a wood which winds itself parasitically round the trees, and has an odor similar to garlic. They beat the same with the edges of their spades, having reduced it into short sticks of two or three inches' diameter. When crushed a soaplike foam was produced. They then threw the wood into the holes, stirring the water with poles. After a while fish after fish made its appearance, belly upwards, and in less than a quarter of an hour the surface of the water was covered with fish seemingly dead. Having been collected they were thrown into a small hole of water, where they might be easily caught, and soon came to life again. By the above-mentioned wood, which has a narcotic property, the fish is benumbed till he is thrown into pure water, when his torpor leaves him. Having enjoyed myself exceedingly in witnessing this novel mode of fishing, we returned home, having about as much fish as the negroes could carry.

We now prepared to return to the city, where my friend Van Tromp was called on urgent business. Before we set out, however, we received a visit from an old Dutch planter, who came from the city with his family, intending to pass the new year, which was close at hand, on his plantation, which was situated on the Warappa Creek, which is one of the best settled parts of the colony. He invited all of us to accompany him and pass the holidays on his plantation. Mynheer Van Tromp could not accept on account of his business in Paramaribo; the manager



DUTCH SOLDIER ATTACKED BY A BOA

had to attend to his own plantation, during that period being assisted only by one overseer; but I, being entirely at liberty and in quest of novelties, accepted his cordial invitation.

I then parted for a while with Mynheer Van Tromp and the manager, and entered the tent-boat of Mynheer Van Krayenhoff—this was my new entertainer's name—where we found his lady, thoroughly Dutch in appearance, fat, fair and forty, with a smiling countenance, full of good humor and kindness. A little boy of about ten years of age, the counterpart of his mamma, was with her. After my introduction to this lady by her husband, in a somewhat pompous manner, refreshments were produced in the shape of gin and cakes, cups of "sopy" were distributed amongst the rowers, who took to their oars with a will, and the boat shot along under their tremendous strokes, dipping the oars into the river standing, and while pulling falling down backwards on their seats.

Keeping near the bank of the river, under the shade of the branches of gigantic trees which hung over our heads, I observed twined round a branch a snake about four or five feet long, called here parrot snake, on account of its color, which is entirely green. This snake is very poisonous, and met with very frequently. Different species of monkeys we encountered continually skipping from branch to branch over us, chattering and hiding and looking from behind their place of concealment. I felt inclined to shoot one of them, and while standing ready to pick out one of the nearest, they suddenly uttered terrible yells, and rushed down from the trees on the ground. None of us could comprehend this strange manoeuvre, and feeling much curiosity to behold the cause of it, the boat was stopped, and we perceived a condor descending as swift as lightning from amongst the branches of the trees, falling upon one of the monkeys, which he seized with his strong talons. I then fired and killed him, after which one of the negroes went on shore and fetched him as well as the monkey, who could not escape being mortally wounded by the talons of the bird, which had been buried deep into his belly. The condor measured nearly nine feet from one tip of the wing to the other. I regretted not to be provided with the necessary ingredients for the preservation of the skin of the bird. The monkey was killed by the negroes, who, when we arrived at the plantation, singed his hair off over a fire, when it resembled a little child, and having roasted it devoured it with great gusto.

During our whole journey I heard a continual roaring, which Mynheer Van Krayenhoff informed me was caused by the baboon or musical monkey, of which I at last perceived some, swinging by their tails from the branches of the trees, making an abominable noise, which resembles the roaring and squealing of a pig, only much louder, and is produced through a natural enlargement or crop of the throat. They are of hideous aspect and of a foxy color.

We arrived at last at the mouth of the Warappa Creek, which is a tributary of the Combewyne, on which we had been travelling, and entering the creek we were less dependent on the tide, and passed on both sides a great number of handsome looking cotton and coffee and cocoa plantations. We arrived at last at our destination—the coffee plantation Munnikendam. The sun had just set, and myriads of mosquitoes and sand-flies made their appearance. The mosquitoes a person can fend off with a branch or a handkerchief, but against the sand-flies there is no defence. They are small insects, barely visible, and not perceived till they have stung, causing a swelling and an intolerable itching, worse than what is caused by the sting of the mosquito. They will creep even into your hair, searching for the skin that covers the head. We therefore quickly went up to the house, the manager having welcomed us at the landing.

The negroes, who had returned from the field, were all before the door receiving their sopy, and saluted their master and mistress with bows, scraping the ground with their feet at the same time. The drivers made their reports, tasks were given out for the next day, and all dispersed for their cabins. We sat down to supper, and would have enjoyed it, if the mosquitoes and the other plague had permitted it. A number of young mulatto girls who waited at the table were then set to work in driving the vermin out with cloths, after which the windows

were shut, by which experiment, although incommoded by the warmth, we were at least freed of our tormentors.

The manager was a Dutchman named Van Tol, known amongst the planters for his qualities necessary for good management and his rigidity in the treatment of the slaves, the latter part of which I found verified during my sojourn on the plantation, only I am inclined to substitute the word "cruelty" for "rigidity." He acted entirely independent of the proprietor in his management, whom he did not allow to interfere in any matter that regarded tasks, punishment, &c.

The next morning after our arrival, I felt inclined to take a stroll into the woods; I took my gun and left, with the intention of staying away till about noon, and therefore did not take breakfast.

I met the largest centipede that I ever saw in my life. The animal was about eight inches in length and half an inch broad, being dirty white underneath and reddish brown on its back. It moved quickly with its numerous feet over the dry leaves, causing quite a stir amongst the same and a rustling noise. They are said to be venomous. After I had proceeded a few miles I saw a sloth, who moved lazily amongst the branches of a tree. I riddled him with balls, but although dead, he held on to the branch, and wishing to get his skin I climbed into the tree, where I at last succeeded in shaking him to the ground.

Some little bark of the tree having fallen into my shoe, I sat down, took off the shoe and sock with the intention of shaking the annoyance out, when suddenly I felt an excruciating pain under the instep of my bare foot, where I perceived a large ant of a black color and slender shape, about half an inch long, and armed with large nipperers. I shook the insect off, but the pain continued to be almost insupportable. It felt as if a red hot iron was thrust into my foot, and I rolled on the ground, groaning and wondering at the venomous property of such an insignificant little insect. In fifteen minutes or less a burning fever took possession of me, and for more than an hour I lay there, waiting for the abatement of the paroxysm. When I rose on my feet I could not walk straight, for the glands in the groins had swelled and were very painful. I succeeded at last in reaching home, where I served as a subject of merriment and compassion.

The fever had passed, and my appetite being unimpaired, I sat down to the dinner-table, which was provided with all the dainties which the land affords, and we were served by six mulatto girls from twelve to fifteen years of age, without a particle of clothing. My astonishment may be imagined at this shocking outrage on modesty, but was informed that this was the custom amongst the Dutch planters. The girls who are too young to work a task in the field are kept at home, where they do odd jobs and serve in the maintenance of immorality and licentiousness.

Although the slave trade is prohibited in regard to importation, I observed a number of original Africans on the plantation, who spoke but little of the language of the country as yet; they informed me that they came from Cormantyn, Ybo, and Mandingo, Congo and Loango. Most of the same were horribly tattooed. Some had over each cheek three large perpendicular cuts, others had large cicatrices on the temples and forehead, seeming to have been caused by a heated iron; others again were tattooed over different parts of the body. I spoke to Mynheer Van Krayenhoff about those negroes, and he told me, with a sly wink of his eye, that however stringent the law against the slave trade might be, smuggling could not be prevented entirely, and related to me several anecdotes which illustrated the corruption of the Dutch officials. The Warappa Creek connects the river Combewyne with the ocean, and is guarded at the mouth by only two soldiers and a corporal. These men, who are all habitual drunkards, are easily corrupted with money and ardent spirits, and a cargo of negroes landed in safety.

A horrible case of cannibalism happened on a neighboring plantation soon after my arrival at Munnikendam; a little girl six years of age had been missing, all search after her was in vain. Two old women lived together in the same cabin, one of whom perceived one day, in the absence of the other, a smell as from putrid meat; it seemed to proceed from the cabin floor,

which was covered with loose boards. She lifted up one of those boards, and found a keg, in which were pickled some of the parts of a child's limb. She reported her discovery to the manager, the other woman was examined, and confessed, after some resistance, the murder of the missing child, which she had pickled, and eaten part of it, adding, that this was quite a regular proceeding in the country from which she came. She was sent to the city to be tried.

The negroes are extraordinarily superstitious. They believe in all kinds of ghosts and hobgoblins, but what they dread most is the "asema," or bloodsucker, and it is to be pitied that even many of the Dutch share in those ridiculous beliefs and fears, of which I will give an instance, which occurred under my own eyes.

One morning—it was the day before Christmas—a negro woman came to the manager with a complaint against another and very old woman, that was employed in feeding the pigs, accusing her of being an asema, and of having sucked the blood of her the complainant's child, which would not grow fat and was very weak and sickly; also, that the same woman was sucking the blood of the pigs, and other such nonsense. The manager sent for the accused, and interrogated her about the crime of being an asema, which she of course denied. The manager, however, sent for two drivers, who stripped her of all clothing and gave her over one hundred lashes with their terrible whips. She was nearly seventy years old, and died, as I was informed, about a month after the infliction of that cruel and unjust punishment.

It is incredible with what obstinacy the inhabitants of Surinam in general are sticking to this ridiculous humbug. They are inexhaustible in their fund of anecdotes and incidents, in order to sustain the existence and fearful propensities of this phantom of the brain, this bugbear of the timid and ignorant. They say that the person who is addicted to act the asema, and who is generally of the female gender, strips herself of her skin and flies through the air in a luminary capacity, being perceptible therefore from a distance. All the creoles pretend to have seen the same, and mule-like will not listen to any natural solution of this chimerical phenomenon. They are aware of such a thing as *ignis fatuus*, and also know of the existence of an insect called the lantern-bearer, which, flying through the air at night, illuminates all around him by a phosphoric light that issues from the peculiarly shaped elongation of its head. They prefer believing in a mysterious and supernatural cause, and many a Dutchman who has pretensions to an enlightened education follows in their wake.

By different persons, and in different parts of the colony, an anecdote was related to me which is in general circulation, and which has the tendency of confirming the existence of the dreaded asema, at least in their limited conception. The story runs thus: An old slave woman was suspected to be an asema, and she was watched by her master during the night. She contrived, however, to elude his vigilance for some time. One night, however, he found a human skin behind the door, which he turned inside out, after which he salted the same, and then replaced it behind the door, in its former condition. In the morning, when all the slaves had to go to their occupation, the suspected old woman could not stir, being very sick and feeling a horrible pain all over her body. This being an undeniable proof of her culpability she was whipped till she confessed the crime of being an asema. Can anybody conceive a greater absurdity?

They believe in any amount of sympathetical nonsense, by the application of which they pretend to benefit or hurt their friends or foes, and all wear amulets or "obea" suspended round their necks in little bags, for success in love affairs, as a preventive against danger and the revenge of their enemies. Every individual, of whatever color he may be, is inoculated, or "cut against the bite of poisonous reptiles." There are plenty of charlatans here as well as elsewhere. Here they pretend to be in possession of the powder which renders the bite of a snake harmless, or deprives the same of the inclination to bite at all. The quack makes small incisions, skin deep, into the joints of his dupe, into which he rubs a black powder, which is said to be prepared of a burnt snake head and other ingre-

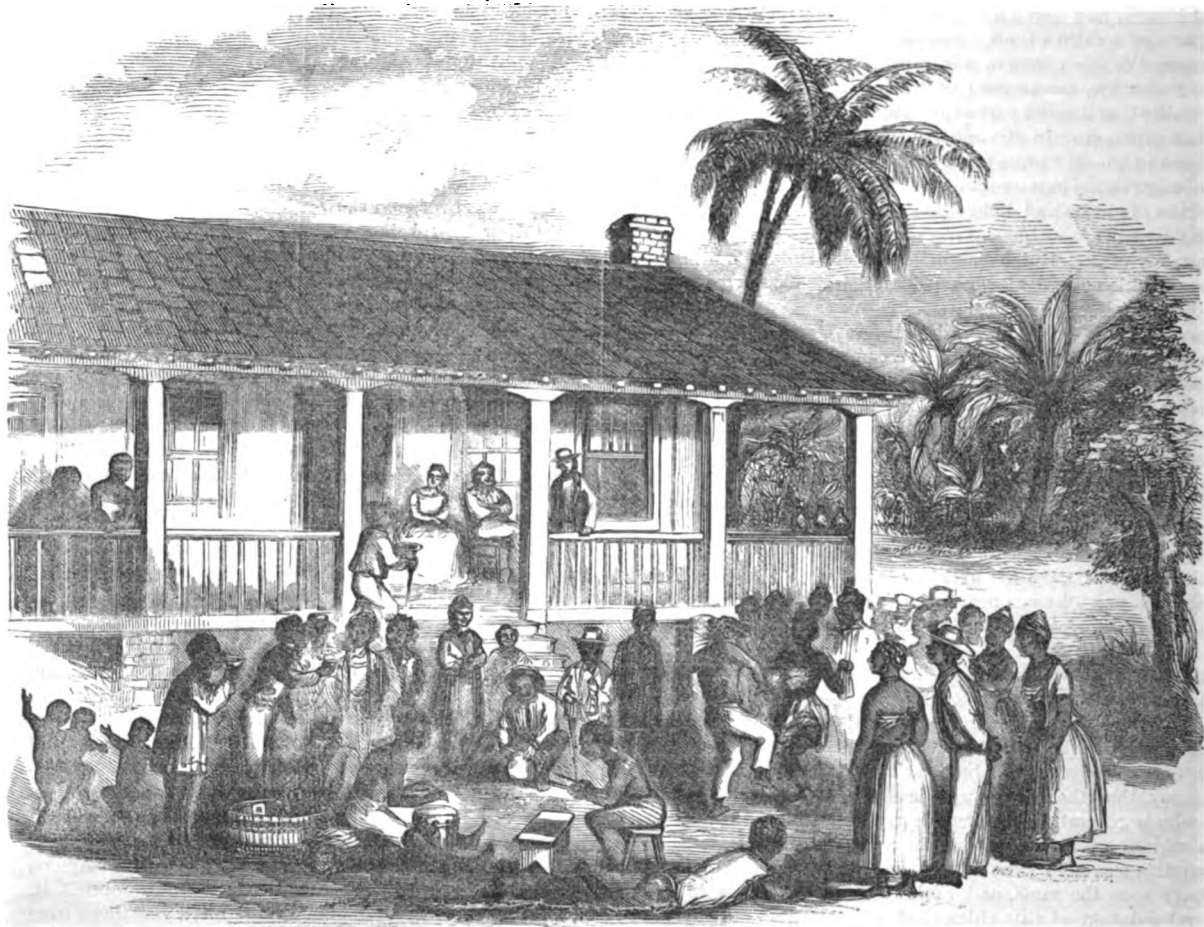
dients that are unknown. Their belief in the efficacy of this inoculation is immovable, and I confess that I am almost inclined to believe in it myself, having seen a Dutch soldier, at three different times, handling different notoriously poisonous snakes with impunity. He tossed the same with the intention of exciting them to bite him, but only one of the three bit him, causing a little swelling, which, however, subsided a few hours afterwards. The bite of one of those very same snakes nearly cost me my life in aftertimes.

Christmas was over, and the festivity commenced; the whole week, till New Year, being set aside for the recreation of the slaves. Great preparations were made by the manager's housekeeper, which means wife here. Everybody has a housekeeper in Surinam, with the exception of the few who are married, and even those who never keep house. They stand in relation to each other as man and wife, and are as respected as if legally married, and only at the *fêtes* of the governor-general the unmarried housekeepers are not admitted. Most of the military and civil officers live in this style, and frequently with African slave women who, belonging to the government, never will be free; the children which issue from this connection being also doomed to slavery for life. This ought to be a horrible thought to those who have been thus imprudent, and a warning to others. The major and commandant of the artillery and topographical engineer, who commanded at the fort New Amsterdam, had a housekeeper, an African woman, a government slave, and of a cannibal tribe. She lived with him many years and had two very interesting little girls by him, who received a most liberal education. While the father lived, mother and daughter had, of course, a powerful protector, but suddenly he died. His exertions to procure their liberty during his lifetime had been abortive, notwithstanding his great influence, and when he was dead, mother and daughters returned to the degrading position and menial occupation of slaves. Such instances are very numerous here, and are much to be lamented.

Visitors, invited and uninvited, dropped in gradually, who were all received with the most unlimited hospitality. Among the invited guests were an English gentleman, Mr. John Dent, M.P., proprietor of several plantations, on a visit here from England, and a captain of topographical engineers, named Guisthondt, with his suite, who had been sent from the Dutch ministry, with the purpose of making a map of Dutch Guiana, in pursuance of which he was surveying in the neighborhood.

An enormous fire was lit in front of the manager's house, and the slaves commenced to gather near it, some dressed in their best attire, others nearly naked; some with the much desired prospect of getting drunk with impunity, others with the intention of dancing with all their might, but most with the expectation of enjoying to satiety, for once in the twelvemonth, both the above-named pleasures. One negro came with a hollow piece of wood on his shoulders, over the end of which was fastened a piece of calfskin, forming thus a drum; another brought a smaller one; a third sat down before a small bench on which were placed candles, which he lit, and then practised on said bench with two sticks; a fourth brought an old hoe, hanging on a string, against which he tried his hand with a piece of an iron hoop. At last the racket commenced in chorus and true African style. The drums were beaten by the horny fists of the drummer, the rattling on the bench and tinkling of the hoe accompanied it, creating a deafening noise, and can only be compared with the music made by the Chinese; this, however, having the advantage of keeping perfect time. The women while waving their handkerchiefs and keeping their bodies in continual motion, without leaving their place, accompanied the music with a monotonous chant, which they repeated hundreds of times, without getting weary of it. One pair danced at a time, in the manner of a jig. A few yards from the crowd, under a tree, stood two tubs, one filled with "rum straight" for the men, the other with rum punch for the women; small cups, cut from calabashes, swimming in them, which were handled with amazing alacrity, and caused the same quickly to get aground, after which the tubs were replenished again.

When we had amused ourselves for some hours, in looking at this African *soirée dansante*, we were invited to enter a saloon, which had been fitted up like a ball-room. A negro with a



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT SURINAM.

violin and another with a clarionet, welcomed our entrance with harmonious screeches and squeals, which I, after much perplexity, made out to be meant for the Dutch national anthem, "Wien Nederlands bloed in de Adern vloeit." We sat down on chairs and benches, which were placed all round. The dance commenced, and the beautiful conglomeration of shades in the dancers might well cause an American to stare. The colors of the rainbow would be a foolish comparison, for here were from the blue black to the snowy white, and surely many of those between the two could not tell for their lives what they were. However, they were dancing, commencing with quadrilles and country dances, which ended with waltzes and galopades, under the effect of the champagne and numerous other wines, as well as liquors, which were placed on a table at one end of the saloon, and to which everybody helped himself *ad libitum*. The musicians, also, were very dry, and swallowed bumper after bumper. The clarionetist's lungs became stronger hour after hour, and the fiddler beat the time with his foot louder and louder; the skips and hops of the dancers got higher and higher, and the enthusiasm of tolerance reached its climax. Here was a member of parliament gliding along in a galopade with a brown miss, without shoes, in a short jacket, petticoat and a very coquettishly tied handkerchief round her curly head. Then followed a brown "masra"—who, being ashamed of his peppery hair, had his head shaved and wore a wig of straight hair—with a beautiful Dutch lady. Here sat, engaged in sly conversation, an epauletted officer near his Dulcinea, as black as ebony, who would have blushed at his impudence if she had been able. There was another, quaffing a bumper with a Mestize lady, whose radiant eyes had upset the understanding of her companion; that is, the little that was left by the mighty gin.

This lasted till near morning, when the bacchanalia came to a crisis. The clarionetist had given up the ghost long ago, reposing in the arms of Morpheus, in a corner; retaining, how-

ever, the mouthpiece of his instrument between his teeth, on which he gave an unearthly sound when disturbed. The fiddler continued playing with his foot, the fiddle having dropped from his hand. One dancer after another dropped out of the saloon, or on the floor, and silence reigned, interrupted only by sonorous sounds, as of sawing wood.

This state of affairs lasted till New Year's Day had passed, without hyperbole, or any approach to it, and I was truly glad when the pandemonium broke up, and all assumed its former tranquil appearance of Dutch plantation life. I returned to Paramaribo, a few days after, with my entertainer, Mynheer Van Krayenhoff, and was welcomed by my old friend, Van Tromp, in whose house I continued to reside.

About a week after this I met, by accident, Captain Guisthondt, whose acquaintance I had made at Munnikendam, and who was on a short visit to Paramaribo. He introduced me to his fellow officers at the Fort New Zeelandia, with whose drunken habits I was, however, rather disgusted. They do not consider it a disgrace in getting tipsy, which they style amongst themselves a frolic, but in a private soldier, drunkenness

News having been received from the interior, of a descent of the Maroon negroes upon a plantation, where they had put the whites to death, plundered the buildings and set fire to the same afterwards, taking away with them into their retreat all the young female slaves, an expedition, called a "bush patrol," was ordered by the government. One of the marauders having been wounded and taken prisoner, served as a guide, having the promise that his life would be spared if he proved faithful in betraying his brethren.

I had a great desire of seeing some of their warfare, and had applied to the colonel for permission to accompany the expedition in the capacity of volunteer, which was granted with pleasure. A German lieutenant, with whom I was acquainted, and who was a good fellow, but a great drunkard, had command of

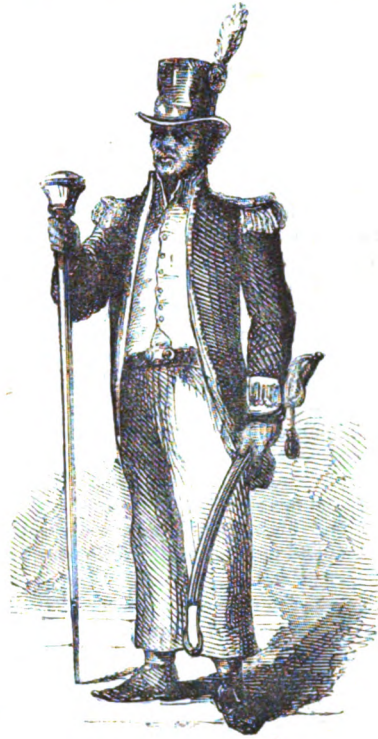
the expedition, which was composed of sixty riflemen, twenty black soldiers, called "guides," and one hundred government negroes, to serve as carriers of provisions and necessary materials for a campaign in the wilderness.

Mynheer Van Tromp exerted all his powers of persuasion, in order to make me abandon this preposterous idea, as he chose to call it, assuring me that I would find it fatiguing and dangerous, and that I would be tired of it in a few days after the outset. My mind being fully made up about it, however, the terrible pictures, in regard to a bush patrol, which he described to me, only increased my curiosity and firm resolve.

There was a whole month yet before me, for the expedition would not leave before that time had expired, on account of the necessity of having the guide's wounds healed; and not knowing exactly how to pass that time, I resolved to accompany a non-commissioned officer to the interior, to a military station called Mauritsburg. He had been sent to Paramaribo by his commanding officer, for the purpose of receiving the soldiers' pay, and having executed this order was at the point of returning, travelling, of course, by water. One of the principal inducements to this my resolution was to escape the slow motion of the expedition, which would be sent also to Mauritsburg, but in flat boats, while, on the contrary, I would go in a tent boat, which moves much quicker and is less tedious. I received a letter of introduction to the commanding officer of one of my new military friends, and left Paramaribo once more.

It occupied a week before we arrived at Mauritsburg, which is located at the head of a creek that empties itself into the Combewyne river, and which we had to ascend.

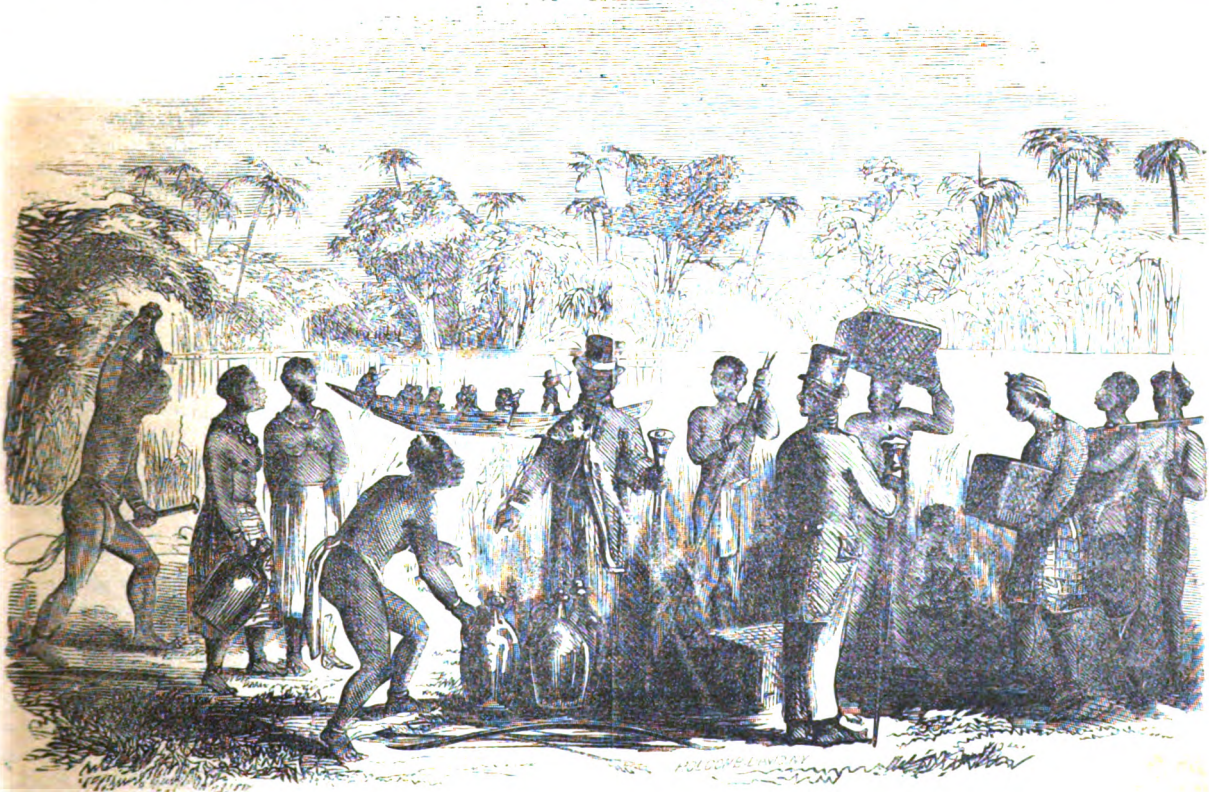
Mauritsburg is located exactly in the centre, between the rivers Surinam and Combewyne, thirty miles distant from each other and connected by a road about eighty feet wide, which is cut in a straight line through the woods, from one river to the other, and is called the line of cordon. On the Surinam river the road terminates at the military station of Gelderland, otherwise called the Jews' Savannah, and on the Combewyne river, at the station called Ymotappy. There are on this road two more stations, at equal distances between each other. These stations have no defence whatever, and are occupied by a few soldiers only. The runaway negroes must be either extremely



NEGRO CAPTAIN OF SURINAM.

good-natured or great cowards, otherwise they would exterminate those few men with ease. The commanding officer, a captain of the riflemen, received me with great cordiality, having handed him my letter of introduction.

I was now in the interior, surrounded by immense forests and swamps, swarming with tigers and snakes and many other animals, and being addicted to hunting I made the acquaintance



GOVERNMENT PRESENTS TO THE BUSH NEGROES OF SURINAM.

of a soldier who was a regular Nimrod, and who, when not on duty, went hunting. I frequently accompanied him, and we made considerable havoc amongst the deer, tapirs, anteaters, rabbits and tiger cats. The latter we only killed for their skin, which was very beautiful, being spotted and silky. We also killed one day a tiger (jaguar) which was crouching nearly over us on the branch of a tree. These animals are very bold and come near the houses during the night, where they kill pigs, dogs or sheep, seldom, however, attacking man. One of these formidable animals paid a visit every night to our station. There was a cowpen, which was composed of boards, and in order to keep the same airy, between each board was left a space of about four or five inches. One morning a calf was found dead in the pen, of which one leg was missing. Tracks of a tiger being seen all round the pen and blood between the boards, it was ascertained that the tiger had pushed his paw into the pen, taking hold of the calf's leg and pulling it through the space between the boards to the outside, when he succeeded, by his enormous force, in pulling the leg out of the calf's body. The commanding officer had a trap set, and about a week afterwards the tiger was caught and killed. He was a jaguar or striped and spotted tiger, and measured five feet from head to tail, and two and a half feet high. The soldiers divided the meat amongst themselves and pronounced it excellent. I also tasted it and found it very palatable.

It is a rare occurrence that men are attacked by either of the two tiger species, the jaguar and kuguar, or red tiger, of which two the latter is said to be the most ferocious, but they are very partial to hogs and dogs. In illustration of this the captain related an incident to me, which happened on the plantation of one of his friends. In a retired part of the plantation stood a cabin in which lived two lepers, man and woman, who had a little boy of about six years of age. The parents one day went out with the intention of collecting yellow plantains for the feeding of hogs. When they returned, they found the child lying across the entrance of the cabin, sleeping, in such a manner that whoever might wish to enter had to step over the child. The fresh tracks of a tiger were visible before the cabin, very near the child, as well as blood. Tracks and blood were even found in the cabin, and a dog which was kept by the family was missing. The tiger evidently had jumped over the child into the cabin, killed the dog and jumped back again. The child never awoke while this happened. In some parts of the colony the tigers commit great ravages among hogs, sheep and cattle, for which reason the government pays a reward of ten florins for the bristles which grow near the mouth of that animal.

There are a number of government slaves stationed here, who are employed as rowers, when sending for the rations of the soldiers to Paramaribo; to attend to the cows, which, however, yield little more than a pint of milk a day; and in keeping the grass down, which grows enormously quick and high, and is cut down with cutlasses, scythes being never used here, and would be unavailable on account of the thickness and hardness of the grass. The government owns four or five hundred of these negroes, who are all Africans, and seized from smugglers. The only change in their condition is, that from slaves of private individuals they become slaves of the government. Now and then some of the best men are picked out and made soldiers of, but the women are slaves for life. They are, however, tolerably well treated, and receive regular rations and clothing, which amongst private slaveholders is frequently neglected. The black soldiers are principally employed as messengers from one station to the other, and as carriers of orders and letters.

One of the plagues of Surinam is a worm, which bores itself in an incomprehensible manner into the skin of people, and especially attacks those who frequent the woods much. After a sojourn of a few days at Mauritsburg, I perceived a swelling in my arm, which resembled a common boil. Accidentally I showed it to the footboy of the captain, who pronounced it a worm, and offered his services in removing it. He lit a short clay pipe, which he had half filled with tobacco. When the pipe was well lit, he blew through the bowl, holding the opening of the stem over the orifice of the boil, from which issued

continually a watery substance. While blowing the smoke against it he compressed the swelling between his fingers, and after a while a worm crawled out, which was about half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick. I have observed many of these swellings on cattle, dogs and pigs, which seem to be much annoyed by it.

Persons cannot be too careful in this country in regard to snakes, which are met with everywhere in the woods and roads, and even in the houses, many of which are poisonous. Ten months before my arrival at Mauritsburg, a soldier found a rattlesnake in his hammock. Before going to bed at night, I was in the habit of having brought to my room a brasier with hot coals, on which I threw some tobacco leaves, raising thus a dense smoke, in order to drive the mosquitoes out. One evening, while stooping down over an Indian basket containing tobacco, in which I had my hands with the intention of selecting some of the leaves, for the purpose of raising smoke, a very poisonous snake, called Orookookoo, crawled over my hand from under the tobacco. A chill ran over me at the sight and sensation, but I did not move. I was not bit, fortunately, and after having left the basket I succeeded in killing the snake with a cutlass.

I have met here two different species of boa constrictor, which the natives call Aboma. One is the water boa, and the other the land boa. The first is of a dark color, and has black and brown spots, the scales lying very close and smooth, and of a glossy appearance, and lives in creeks and ponds, feeding on fish, frogs and waterfowl. The other lives only on dry land, in the high grass and in trees, and has a light brown color, with dark spots and rings. The serpent, when grown, has two horny hooks under the tail of several inches in length, which it employs in holding on to its prey, while coiling round and crushing it. Both species grow to an enormous length and thickness.

One day the negroes were cutting grass a few hundred yards from the house. Suddenly they all came running, reporting to have discovered in the grass an enormous boa. The captain and myself, arming ourselves with guns, loaded with balls and buckshot, proceeded towards the spot that was pointed out to us, where the boa was said to be. We soon discerned a part of the monster, and fired four shots from our double-barrelled guns. The animal was hit, and mortally. After lashing the grass with its tail, it remained immovable and we approached. The body was still writhing, but having fortunately severed the spine by a ball, it was unable to do any harm, although it opened now and then its jaws, displaying a formidable collection of fangs and teeth. There were two rows of teeth in the lower and one in the upper jaw, the fangs measuring nearly an inch and a half. It had a large swelling in the middle of the body, having swallowed something very disproportionate. We had the animal dragged near the house by the negroes, where we measured it and found it to be thirty-one feet in length. The captain told me that this was the largest boa he had ever seen, although I have seen since a skin of a boa which measured nearly forty feet, and is in possession of a Captain Hoffmann. We found a young spotted deer in its belly, which was quite fresh, and which the negroes took possession of, for the purpose of eating it. Having skinned the boa, we found a considerable quantity of fat, which was all collected and said to be valuable for medical purposes. The soldiers praised it highly as being excellent for the preservation of their arms against rust. They also hacked off a piece, telling me that it was very good eating. I requested them to let me taste it after being cooked, and found it very good, tender and devoid of all strong and unpleasant flavor.

A few days afterwards we killed a water boa in a pond near the house, where the young ducks were diminishing rapidly, on which the animal feasted, which measured about sixteen feet.

I had several narrow escapes from these horrible monsters in the woods, and always carried a very sharp dirk-knife about me, which I expected might be of use to me if encircled by a boa. When hunting once I found a boa a few paces from me, quite accidentally, while sitting on the stump of a tree. The animal had been watching me for some time. I killed it with buckshot and it measured about twenty feet.



ENCAMPMENT OF A BUSH PATROL.

An old soldier, who had the care of a few government mules and horses at Mauritsburg, told me a curious anecdote of an encounter with a boa. He was hunting one day near the creek on which this station is located. Having strayed some distance from the houses, he laid down near the creek to rest himself, but fell asleep. His shoes had incommoded him and he had taken them off. He suddenly awoke, caused by a ticklish and not unpleasant sensation on one of his feet. He looked up and, imagine his horror, perceived a part of an enormous boa with half of its body out of the creek, and with its frightful jaws open, busying itself in covering his foot with saliva, previous to swallowing it. Although nearly fainting with horror, he grasped his gun, which lay near him, and fired the contents of it into the monster's jaw. He was saved, for the animal slipped back into the creek and probably died.

I was fortunate enough, one day, to save a man from being bitten by a rattlesnake, and consequently was the means of saving his life. I took a stroll one afternoon, when the sun was nearly setting, over a sandy part of the road. A soldier, who had arrived from Europe but a few months previous, as I was informed afterwards, was walking in advance of me. The distance between us might have been about twenty rods. Suddenly I saw him taking the cap from his head, pulling out the handkerchief which it contained, and spreading the same out between his hands while stooping down over a small hole in the sand, as if in the act of catching a bird or insect. I heard the peculiar noise which is called rattling, caused by the trembling motion of the tail of the rattlesnake, but is a sharp, singing sound, similar to what is produced by grinding scissors. I was by this time near enough to be enabled to discern the object which he tried to catch, when I saw, to my astonishment, a rattlesnake coiled up and ready to strike. The soldier was in the act of catching the reptile in his handkerchief, when I caught hold of him from behind and drew him back forcibly. He was surprised, not having perceived my approach on the sand, and inclined to be angry at my, as he considered, untimely interference; but when I explained to him the cause, he changed his mind and assured me of his gratitude. He told me that the doctor, who collected natural curiosities, wished to have a live rattlesnake, promising a bottle of gin to any of the soldiers who might bring him one. The soldier knew the snake by the rattles at the tail, but was ignorant about the deadly venom in its fangs.

VOL. III., No 2-3

The patrol at last arrived, and the necessary preparation for our final march into the woods having been completed in a few days, we left, accompanied by the good wishes of those who stayed behind, being well aware that a bush patrol was accompanied with much danger and some loss of life.

The commanding officer had arranged the order of march, having divided the whole force into three detachments, viz., the avant-guard, the centre and the rear-guard. The centre was occupied by the carriers. At the head of the avant-guard marched the black soldiers, armed with rifles and cutlasses, serving as sappers, who had to clear a road with their cutlasses, in accordance with the orders of the commandant, who, carrying a pocket compass in his hand, followed them with the guide, who, by-the-by, had recovered from his wounds. I followed the commandant and the avant-guard, and was armed with a short rifle and cutlass, as were all the soldiers, who also had slung over their shoulders a bag in which they had to carry their daily allowance, consisting of biscuit and raw salt pork.

The forests in this country are extremely intricate, and every step is debarred by a variety of parasites of many shapes and dimensions, stretching, ropelike, from tree to tree and from bush to bush, and have necessarily to be hacked away before a person is able to proceed. Time does not admit of cutting a large opening, and it is deemed sufficient to make room for one person to pass at a time. The whole of the little army, therefore, proceeded like the geese, one after the other, forming quite a long string.

Having traversed most of this day a dense part of the forest, we entered into a large savannah, with grass that excluded everything from our view but the sky, but after a few miles walking the soil became sandy, the grass shorter and the obstacles fewer. We arrived towards nightfall at a part of the savannah which was covered for miles with pineapples, which grow wild here and attain a large size. We found a great number of ripe ones, and refreshed ourselves considerably. Order was given to encamp, a rough shed for the commanding officer was made by the sappers, fires were lit, bacon was fried and boiled, coffee was made, and gin and rum distributed to all hands. The boxes with materials and provisions were placed in the centre, round which the men bivouacked, with their arms at their sides. It was an odd and lively sight.

The night was dark, but illuminated with numerous large fires, about which were in continual motion nearly two hundred

men; a mixture of naked Africans and Dutch soldiers with their bronzed visages. The guide was strictly guarded during the night, being besides chained to the tree under which he laid down to sleep. Sentinels were posted all round the camp, which soon changed its aspect into one of tranquillity and silence.

Before daylight the trumpet sounded a reveillé, and soon all was wide awake again, and the smoke of numerous fires curled up to the sky; a strong odor of broiled pork and coffee, without which latter beverage the Dutch soldier cannot exist, prevailed, after which the signal for march sounded, and we commenced another day of toil.

According to the statement of the guide, it would take at least seven or eight days to get to the retreat of the Maroon negroes, who lived in a species of oasis, of dry land, surrounded by an immense swamp, through which only two paths led to the cabins. He also stated that they counted about fifty men and eight women, besides those which had been captured by them lately, and also a number of children; that they cultivated extensive rice and plantain fields, were armed with guns, bows and arrows, and ruled by a chief of their own choosing. In order to save his life, he strove to ingratiate himself into the favor of the lieutenant, our commander, giving a minute description of everything, and warned him especially against the dangers of the two above-mentioned paths, which were full of dangerous traps. To preclude all possibility of escape, which might enable him to give the alarm to his brethren, a rope was attached to his neck, the end of which was held by a black soldier who walked behind him.

We had a hard walk to-day, for soon after having left our bivouac we entered a lowland, which was inundated and full of obstacles of all kinds. The ropelike parasites grew more luxuriant here; fallen trees and branches, half rotten and partly covered with water, made our footsteps very fatiguing and insecure. There was another inconvenience in the shape of shrubs with palmlike leaves, which were covered with sharp-pointed thorns, and being very crisp would break like glass after entering the skin of a person, thus leaving the point in it, which causes great pain and is very difficult to remove. It was enigmatical to me how the black soldiers and carriers, who all walked barefoot, escaped those formidable thorns, which were frequently covered with muddy water, and therefore not perceptible to the eye; but I concluded that the hornlike hardness of the soles of their feet was capable of repelling the points of the thorns. We arrived at a large creek, whose current was rapid and deep, and we made a halt till some trees had been cut down, which served us as a bridge. We thus waded along all day, being wet to the middle of the body, and when the sun set and we were obliged to halt for the night, we could not find a dry spot where to lie down or to build a fire. Most of the men climbed into the trees, where they tied themselves to the branches.

I passed the night with the lieutenant, sitting on a log which was sticking out of the water, but sleep getting the better of me during the night. I lost my equilibrium and fell into the water under me, where I was thoroughly drenched. To complete our misery, myriads of mosquitoes were devouring us. I could not help calling to mind the words of Mynheer Van Tromp, that I would "soon get tired of a bush patrol." I found it indeed horribly tiresome, although I did not like to confess to myself that I felt sorry for having accompanied the expedition, for, after all, there was great novelty even in our misery. Although few of us had slept and had another most fatiguing day's march before us, all hailed daylight with joy, and were fortunate in reaching dry land again about noon. The commander ordered a halt for that day, for the purpose of recruiting our strength and to wait for a number of soldiers who had been lagging behind.

When the sun set they all had arrived with the exception of two, whom we never saw again. Fires were built and preparations made for cooking, and all were in the best humor again. The lieutenant asked me if I was fond of chocolate, which I answered in the affirmative, regretting that I had none with me. "I have none either," he said, "but we can get some, or I am much mistaken." With these words he called one of the guides, named Abufar, ordering him to search for some palm trees called Comoo. The man obeyed and left with an axe on his

shoulder. He returned in about half an hour with an object hanging over his arm resembling a large broom, the sprigs of which, being about five feet in length, were covered with a little fruit of black appearance, perfectly round and of the size of a small marble, such as the boys use for playing. The lieutenant now ordered the guide to put a pot with water on the fire, while we were occupied in detaching the fruit from the twigs. When the water was tepid we threw the fruit into it and covered the pot with the lid, after which the lieutenant washed his hands very clean. He now took the little balls from the tepid water and began to knead the same in another pot, which contained some cold water. By degrees the meat of the fruit was detached from a rather large, hard pit, and soon the water assumed the consistency of ready-made chocolate, and a similar color. Sugar was added, and I was invited to taste and pronounce my opinion upon it. Its flavor resembled, indeed, that of real chocolate with milk, and was a most excellent beverage, and, as I am told, very wholesome and nourishing.

We had a fine night's rest, and rose next morning refreshed and ready to resume our march. The lieutenant had cautioned me against taking my shoes off at night while in the woods, or leaving the same the least uncovered, on account of the vampires. These are a species of a very large bat of a rust color, and are much addicted to suck the blood from a person's toes. Several of our men, who were rather green, were sucked during the night, and the blood still running after the animal had filled itself, quite a pool was formed near their feet. Although the vampire perforates the skin, it is strange that the victim does not awake and feel a sensation of pain, which I ascertained several times during my residence in the colony.

During our march to-day we met with plenty of vanilla, which perfumed the atmosphere with its sweet odor. The vanilla is a parasite, a slingplant, that creeps up on trees and has a thick green pod, which shrinks when dried to about the tenth part of its thickness in the green state. I also saw many trees laden with fruit, the seeds or pits of which are the delight of the tobacco-snuffer, the aromatic tonea-bean. The fruit is similar to the mango, and has each two beans.

We had two more pleasant marches over dry land, after which we had to traverse swamps again, and we moved forward but slowly, on account of the danger which accompanies travelling here. Some of these swamps present a hard but very thin crust on the surface, which is often covered with a short grass; stepping, however, incautiously on this treacherous surface, the person sinks suddenly into a deep and soft mud, from which he cannot rise without aid. These swamps are called here drift-swamps.

We were drawing near to the haunts of the runaways, and the guide cautioned us against making any more noise than was absolutely necessary. Fires were prohibited, and even smoking. Now and then we observed cuts in the bark of the trees, or a shrub cut down, indicating the presence of human beings not far distant. We arrived at last at a driftswamp, which seemed to place an insurmountable barrier to our further advance. We camped there for the night, and next morning the guide searched for a narrow strip of elevated land which ran across the swamp, and which, as he informed us, would lead us directly to the settlement of the Maroon negroes. Having found the same, we now followed a small footpath which ran over it, but knowing the danger of treading such a pass, everybody, but especially those who walked barefoot, avoided the path scrupulously, preferring making their way through the bushes, which was very inconvenient, but much safer.

With all this precaution, however, a soldier fell into a pit that was dug in the path, and which was so neatly covered that the closest observer might not have discovered it. The man fell on a sharp-pointed spike which was placed in the pit, and the spike having penetrated into his body, he died a few minutes afterwards. A guide also stepped into a trap, composed of two very sharp splinters of wood, which were barbed and stuck a little out from the ground, their points being poisoned. They went into the sole of his foot and caused his death a few days afterwards. The other guides swore they would revenge his death, and they kept their promise.

The patrol now moved forward very cautiously, causing but little noise. Conversation was prohibitory, and arms were kept in readiness for use. It was about noon, and the heat was ex-

cessive, without being relieved by the faintest breeze. We marched, however, under the shade of trees which grew on the narrow strip of dry land, the swamp to the right and left producing only short thorny shrubs.

Having marched thus for about an hour and a half, we arrived at the oasis, and were now about a quarter of a mile from the cabins, according to the statement of the guide. The lieutenant now sent out detachments with the order to surround the cabins, but moving with as little noise as possible, remaining himself with the rest, as also the carriers, who had piled up their boxes on the ground, guarding the narrow passage. After a while, however, he ordered an advance, leaving a few soldiers with the carriers, and we soon had a glimpse of one of the cabins. All was quiet, and being noon the negroes probably were taking their siesta.

Suddenly we heard a shot fired on the opposite side of the settlement, we rushed forward and were nearing several cabins, when from one of them a negro's head was thrust. He perceived us, ran out of the cabin and cried, "Bakkara come! bakkara come!" after which he fell dead, pierced by a ball. A horrible howl was now heard, men and women rushed from the cabins in terror and confusion, not knowing where to flee, loud shouts were heard from the other side, and the crack of rifles announced that the *méle* had commenced. Some of the runaways had bows and arrows, others had guns, and some of them made a determined stand, and firing killed three soldiers and wounded one. Pressed in the rear by the soldiers who had now entered the cabins, there was a desperate charge of a body of negroes, who evidently intended to cut their way through us, in order to gain the narrow passage. The rifles were now handled clublike, and swords gleamed in the sun. It was a terrible moment.

I had joined the expedition as a volunteer, or rather spectator, and had no intention of taking an active part in the skirmish; I did not fire, therefore, but was, of course, ready to defend myself when attacked, which resolve was quickly brought to the test. During the fight a gigantic negro bounded towards me, brandishing a huge sabre in his hand, which he ran through the body of a black soldier who was in advance of me. He then lifted his sabre to cleave my head with a terrific blow. I parried it with my rifle, the barrel of which received a deep indentation, and then cut away part of his left cheek, laying his teeth bare. He uttered a horrible yell, but bounded forward and escaped. The few men that were left to guard the entrance had a hard struggle, and could not resist the shock of the desperate negroes, who fought for their lives, and had to give way, which caused the escape of many of the runaways. A considerable number also escaped from the other side.

All was over. Pursuit of the fugitives would have been in vain; the bugle was sounded for gathering, the roll was called, and we ascertained that of our number four were killed and five wounded. The lieutenant's shoulder was grazed by a rifle ball. Of the runaways nine men and two women were killed, fourteen wounded and made prisoners, of whom six, who were considered to be past recovery, were dispatched by a rifleball. The soldiers then proceeded to chop off the right hand of the dead runaways, which they suspended in the smoke of a fire, in order to preserve them against putrefaction, the government paying a reward of twenty florins for a runaway or the right hand of one. Most of the women who had been abducted were recaptured. The cabins were now examined, in some of which was discovered a considerable amount of plunder, which the negroes had heaped up here, being the result of some of their marauding expeditions. There was found a considerable amount of drygoods, arms, and many articles of value. The most bulky ones were heaped in a pile and destroyed by fire, and the more portable objects taken possession of by the soldiers.

The skirmish being over, fires were lit and all rested from their toil. Sentinels were placed all round, having, however, little fear of the runaways returning. We took possession of the cabins for the night.

We remained here two days, during which time the wounded were properly taken care of and attended to by the surgeon who accompanied us. After having ~~waste~~ waste the rice and plantain fields, and set fire to the cabins, we resumed our march, returning the same road by which we came. Those who were wounded seriously were put into a hammock, which was fastened by the

ends to a pole, and carried on the shoulders of two negroes, who were relieved from time to time by others.

Thus far I had no cause of complaint about any serious misfortune or accident, but I was not to escape without a lasting reminiscence of the dangerous enterprise into which my curiosity and love of novelty had involved me.

When we had three days' march yet before us, in order to get back to Mauritsburg, I was suddenly, while walking along, struck by the fangs of a snake in the left shin near the ankle. Before I could succeed in killing the reptile, I was struck again nearly on the same spot. The surgeon poured some alkali over the wound, of which medicine I also took a few drops internally. Although I felt much pain, I contrived to walk along till the pain increased in violence, and my leg became much swelled and inflamed. I was unable to proceed any farther, and was placed in a hammock and carried by the negroes. The snake which bit me was of the same species as the one that crawled over my hand from under the tobacco some time previous to this. Fever quickly seized me, and the wound ulcerated and spread incredibly quick, laying thus the bone of the shin open to the length of nearly three inches.

We at last arrived at Mauritsburg, where the captain had moved in his house and attended to by the surgeon of the station, who blamed his *confrères* much for not having employed active cautery immediately after the bite of the snake. The surgeon had little hope of my recovery without the amputation of the wounded leg. For which purpose he produced a common carpenter's saw, which was cracked into the bargain, being utterly destitute of surgical instruments. In either case my expectations to escape with my life were anything but sanguine, an amputation of a limb under that tropical sun and poisonous atmosphere having been proved, by many experiments, to result generally in mortification and death. I therefore made my will, and leaving my fate in the hand of Providence, prepared myself for the worst.

A delirium bereft me of my senses during a whole week, after which I passed the crisis, which took a favorable turn, and the surgeon, who was really a man of considerable scientific attainments as well as practical knowledge, pronounced me out of danger. My wound, on which he had operated during my unconsciousness had also a good aspect, and began to heal slowly. I was, however, chained to my bed for three months before I was entirely cured, when I left Mauritsburg for Paramaribo, where I was received by Mynheer Van Tromp with his customary kindness, but who seemed to feel a secret satisfaction at my misfortune for not having followed his advice, and said that it served me right.

The inhabitants of Paramaribo were thrown into a state of feverish excitement after my return, by the discovery of another conspiracy of the slaves against their masters. Some of the ringleaders were arrested and to be tried, and the people gloated in the expectation of witnessing another of those horrible executions. Two conspirators had been burnt to death there a few months previously, and an artist friend of mine presented me with a sketch of it, and described the disgusting tragedy as being similar to the *auto-da-fé* of the Spanish Inquisition, and only fit to be acted amongst a nation which is far behind civilization and devoid of humanity. The two negroes who were condemned to be burned alive were called Codjo and Willem.

The former being an African of herculean frame was the chief of the intended rebellion, and aspired to the dignity of king of the revolutionized colony. His wife, also born in Africa, was to be queen. Willem, a creole, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces. The plot had extensive ramifications throughout the country, and the plantation negroes were to rise on the same day, when Codjo and Willem were to fire the city and kill all the white inhabitants. The secret being participated by so many, it was natural that there were traitors amongst the same. The ringleaders were secured, tried and convicted. A great number of them were branded, "Spanish-bucked," and condemned to hard work in chains for life. Codjo and Willem were to be burned alive, and a third hung and afterwards decapitated.

On the morning of the day of execution the three doomed men were placed in a tumbrel, escorted by a battalion of rifle-



DISPUTE BETWEEN GEORDIE AND THE HOST OF THE GOLDEN LION.

men. Three Moravian Brothers who had converted the negroes to Christianity during their captivity also accompanied the same, and were praying incessantly. Codjo was a Cormantyn negro, who are said to be very brave, and there was no fear depicted on his countenance, but on the contrary he looked round over the multitude smiling and with defiance in his looks, bearing in mind undoubtedly that the time was approaching when he would revive again in his native land; for that is the belief of the Africans. The other two were listening intently to the words of the pious Moravian Brothers, who endeavored to strengthen their belief in the immortality of their souls and forgiveness for the repentant sinner, through the atonement of the Saviour of all mankind.

The cavalcade at last arrived at the Galgenveld, near the gallows, where funeral piles had been erected round two posts, on which the two negroes were fastened by chains that passed round their necks, their waists and feet. The judges who were seated on chairs, were present, and the soldiers formed a square in order to keep off the crowd and prevent an anticipated rescue. Nothing of the latter, however, occurred. After one of the judges had read the sentences the barbarous ceremony began, worthy of the times of Philip II. of Spain, ancient Venice, and the Papal Inquisition.

The pyres were lit and the two criminals involved in a cloud of smoke. Willem was choked, either by the smoke or by the chain which passed round his neck, for he was apparently dead before the flames touched his body; but not so Codjo, whose eyes seemed to burst from their sockets, and who uttered horrible yells. Two negroes threw with calabashes quantities of spirits of turpentine over both bodies and the billets, round which the flames rolled high in the air. I do not know by what accident Codjo's hands suddenly became loose. In his excruciating agony he rubbed his hands over his arms and face, and oh, horror! he stripped the skin off. Then he was seen or heard no more; flames and smoke hid him from sight, and when the wood pile had burned down nothing was seen but the chains and two smouldering masses of small dimension which were buried under the gallows. The third negro was then hung and decapitated, and his head placed on one of the posts in front of the gallows.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

AN ORIGINAL TALE,

Written expressly for Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine,

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

CHAPTER XV.—THE HOSTEL OF THE GOLDEN LION AT FLAMBORO', AND WHAT COMPANY WAS THERE.

"Does she sleep, Master Geordie? Has the blessed sleep cumed upon the darlin' dearie?" asked the old dame.

"Yes, granny," I said, "and I hope she'll soon be better."

"Thanks to the Great Name!" she replied piously. "Yes, Master Geordie, she'll soon be better."

"Can I do anything else for her, granny? Shall I wait till the sleep's left her and see how she is?"

"No need to wait for that, ye misbelievin' bushnie! Ye' got no faith i' your bowels arter all; though ye hev seed the power o' the Healin' Hand wi' your own misguided peepers. I tells you, Master Geordie, that she'll rise up from this sleep as well as ye an' me be. For wasn't the hand o' the bushnie willin', and the moon i' the right line o' the heavens?"

"True, grauny; and God send all good influences to my darling sister! I didn't mean to ask you whether I should stay to see if the power falled, or if it didn't, but whether it was necessary for me to stay, as I have business out of the tents for more nights than this present."

"Then go your ways, Geordie dear. You can't do her no more good; an' old granny's blessin' go along wi' ye!"

"Thank you, granny; and be sure you tell Myra I shall come back as soon as I can, an' give her more lessons in books, and the bushnie larning."

"Ide-dide, wi' your bucks and rubbish. I niver could see the good o' sich like thin's—which is fit on'y for the parson chaps as wears them white chokers round their necks as if they was a goin' for to be hung up. But I'll tell her, Master Geordie, I'll tell her!"

So I wished her good night, for it was nearly ten o'clock; and going to my tent, dressed myself in the clothes I had brought with me from Burlington, and straightway took the road for Flamboro' village, which was only about a mile off.

Calm and beautiful lay the moonlight over the landscape as I went forth into the night; and very great was the silence. Man and beast and bird and insect had ceased from their labors, and had gone each to his rest. Neither moth nor beetle flitted nor droned through the air; nor winged bat—that monstrous creature whose prototype lived and died—as his fossil effigy oclaims—innumerable ages before my great progenitor was fashioned out of the clays of Mesopotamia. All was still; and through the silence afar off, and far below me, came at intervals the muffled booming of the breakers against the rocky beach. Up in heaven too, the moon and stars, “unutterably bright,” were all silent, and seemed to look down from their sublime altitudes, through the moving processions of clouds, in speechless sorrow. I too was sad, for my heart was with Myra, and I longed to learn the issue of my experiment.

When I arrived at the inn called the Golden Lion, the Flam-boro’ church clock was just striking eleven. The door of the hostel was closed; although I knew by the light which broke through the chinks of the window-shutters, and also by the uproar of voices within, that accommodation might still be had there for money, and that nobody was thinking about bed at that respectable hour of the night. So I knocked boldly; the first time, however, with no effect, for I dare say nobody heard me. The second time I applied my stick on the oaken panels to such purpose that there was immediate silence in the room whence the noise proceeded, and then the creaking of an inner door announced that some one was approaching through the passage to demand of the knocking man who he was that knocked thus sturdily.

“Wat d’ye want?” said the voice of this invisible person. To which I replied, “A bed and entertainment for a day or two.”

“Who are yer?” was the rejoinder.

“I’m the stranger,” said I, “from the clothing town of Leeds, who is to talk to the Flam-boro’ fishermen to-morrow.”

“Oh, you be, be yer? Then tak my advice, an’ gang yer ways fra where yer cumd from. For bed o’ mine you wait lie in to-neet, not at no price.”

“And why not, Mister Landlord? I’m a traveller, and you keep, or should keep, a house for travellers. And I advise you to open the door and let me in, or you may find it all the worse for yourself when I pull you up before the squire in the morning.”

“What does I care for ’t squire, or a chap like yew other d’ye think, a cumin here to disturb the parish, an’ spile an honest man’s trade? Budge, my chap, as soon as yer a mind to. You ain’t a goin’ to sleep i’ my house I can tell yer, an’ that’s flat.”

So saying he left me to my meditations, retreating up the passage like a surly bulldog, and slamming the door after him to ease his bile.

I meant to take up my quarters, however, at this inn, and wasn’t going to be thus nonplussed by my crusty landlord. So I knocked louder than before, and made the silent street echo with my small thunder. As this demonstration, striking as it was, did not answer the purpose, I began to beat the window-shutters to the lively tune of Rory O’More, and kept the music up so boisterously that there was presently a great rush of drunken feet to the door, and not a few Flam-boro’ oaths. I expected a row, for I knew the mettle of the men; but I also knew, if I could get time for an explanation, I could easily prevent it. So I hoped for the best, and stood on my guard. And it was well that I did so, for in another instant the door flew open, and out burst half a dozen men in blue frocks, one of whom aimed a blow at my face which I contented myself with stopping, calling to the man to listen to what I had to say, for I saw at once who he was—being none other than my friend Gibbons, the boatman. I had stepped back during the onslaught, until I stood in the middle of the road, where the moonlight fell full upon me.

“Bill Gibbons!” I called out to him; “is this the way you treat your friends? Look up, man! Don’t you know me?”

Thus apostrophised, he came within a foot of me, and bending his head and body with a half cunning, half incredulous expression of face, began to overhaul my features.

“Avast! there, lads,” said he to his companions, who stood threateningly around me; “I know the gentelman. It’s him

what’s cumin to larn us. Cum in, sir. Cum in’t house. How the devil did it all happen?”

“You’d better ask the landlord,” said I, as we entered the revel room, which proved to be the kitchen. “He knows best. I asked him to admit me as civilly as one man knows how to speak to another, and he told me to go back to Leeds, and not come here to spoil his trade; and as Leeds is a long way off, and I was tired, I thought the man was a little unreasonable; so I knocked away outside until you chaps came out to knock me down.”

“I se very sorry for’t, sir; but you sees we warn’t bound to know who was outside a knockin’, and old guts, there, niver told us. What’s yer got to say for yoursen, yer old screw?” he added, addressing the “guts” aforesaid.

“How sud I know he was the gentelman from Leeds, cumin wi’ a fine tale at this time o’t neet?”

“But I told you who I was and what was my business,” said I, with a little nettles in the tone.

“Oh, ah! Ye told me. But if I was t’open doors to every chap what tells a fine tale o’ neets, I sud hev enough to do to git um airt agen.”

“Well,” I said, “here I am, and no thanks to you; and if you don’t pay glasses round for these wet chaps I’ll do as I told you I would, and punish you by as heavy a fine as the law will let me; and you needn’t think I’m joking and don’t mean it, for by the Lord, good man, I never was more in earnest in my life.”

“That’s right, sir,” said a little spare man, coming up to me and offering his hand. “I se the squiremaster as wrote that letter to yer to Burlington, and I be glad to see yer; and we’ll mek the landlord pay for his sauce.”

“To be sure he sall!” cried several voices. “Mine’s a quart,” said one. “So be mine!” said another. And in this way the orders were given; and the landlord was obliged to execute and pay for them, much to his abhorrence and openly expressed disgust.

“It’s no use turnin’ up your nose like a evil bowsprit, ode feller!” said Gibbons. “The pots hes to be filled, and you he to pay for um. So do it wi’ a good grace, man, as if yer loved it.”

“See him fash!” said another to his mate; “he’ll niver git over it. It ll break his heart.”

“Let’s mek a ’scription for the ode beer buffer,” said the schoolmaster.

And with these taunts the landlord had to put up as he best could, knowing which side his bread was buttered, and that it wouldn’t do to offend his wild customers, lest they should take it into their heads to go a mile further for their drinkings, at the sign of the Jolly Pirate, kept by Polly Dradda, of this parish. The good man, however, looked as maliciously as a crocodile at me, and would have liked, I dare say, to eat me up, barring the pains of digestion. I had met with as gruff customers before amongst his class, however, and was not at all alarmed at his evil looks. So, whilst the company sat and drank and talked, I filled my pipe and smoked, and took notes.

The kitchen we occupied was large, and fitted up for the comfort of guests. Rows of arm chairs made of oak were arrayed on both sides of it, and an oak table stood in the middle. A fireplace big enough to roast a sheep, was all aglow with red hot coals, although it was summer time; and over the chimney wall hung brass candlesticks, and saucepans, and pewter plates, and sundry pewter pots, pints and quarts, all faultlessly polished. From the ceiling were suspended fitches of bacon, pig’s chops and hams, and strings of oaten-cake, each cake as large as a good sized plate, and as thin as a pancake, but short and crisp; a kind of bread peculiar to Yorkshire and Lancashire—and tasty enough with cheese and beer at luncheon, to those at least who are used to it and can digest it. A fowling-piece, which had evidently seen much service, hung upon the wall over the pewter ware; and the entire appearance of the room impressed one with the idea of substantiality in the larder, and altogether of a well-to-do house.

I did not expect to get much sense, or information of the kind I wanted, out of my jolly fishermen at this hour of the night, and under the potent circumstances in which I found them; for although they were good Brooches, they were not

Lysians, drink tending to make them more noisy than wise; as is generally the case, unless we happen to be guests at some banquet of the sages. Here, however, were the material upon which I should have to work, and out of which I had to form my big-boy school. And as the men were not, learnedly speaking, drunk—that is to say so drowned in brewis as to go to the pump to light their pipes—but fuddled merely, up to the point of spend-all and devil-may-care, I thought I might as well make myself agreeable by making them important enough to be questioned; so I launched myself for awhile into the noisy surges of their humor, and then turning abruptly to Gibbons, I said:

"Do you think we shall get up a good muster of the men to-morrow night, so that we may have a fair start?"

"Aye, aye, sir! no doubt on it; but they wants to know where they is to meet; and not knowin myself, I couldn't undertake to answer 'um."

"Well," said I, "we'll see about that to-morrow. I dare say the parson will lend us the school-room. Don't you think so, Mr. Snorra?"

"Why as for that, sir, I don't know. He be a mighty queer chap, be the parson; though I says it as should'n't, as get my livin' under him."

"But he takes an interest in the parish school, don't he? And if he cares about the children, surely he won't stand in the way of the men's improvement."

"I'se not so sure of that, sir. You sees he belongs t' high church party; an' if we don't hev the catekise along wi' t'other larnin', an' believe i' the Father, Son an' Holy Ghost, an' all the whole kit on 'um, I'se afeard we sha'n't get his countin' house, an' so the whole thing 'll go to ruin."

"He knows, sir! the sculemaester does," said Gibbons, giving me a dig in the ribs to command my best attention to that worthy's words.

"Ah, he knows!" replied another, before I had time to put in a rejoinder. "To be sure he do," he added sarcastically. "But the parson ain't a goin' for to make us chaps swaller all his nonsense. I'se a Methodyke i' my religion, sir," turning to me, "and I am a goin' to be damned sooner nor the parson shall make me into a church goose to be picked by fingers of hisen."

"Hold hard there! Ben Olaff!" said his next neighbor, interrupting him, taking his pipe from his mouth at the same time and blowing the smoke into Ben's face. "Hold hard there, will you, and don't take on about bein' damned that way. I've heerd that it ain't a pleasant thing to be damned, and sooner talked on nor liked. Howsumever every man to his fancy. But what I want to know is this: what's the parson got to do wi' us at all? Ain't we free to do as we please? We pays him to marry us, and we pays him to christise the bairns, and do a churchin' for the women; and we pays him to berry us. Ain't that enough for one chap to hev to do wi' us and we wi' him, I should like to know? Is he to hev a finger i' every fish we catches, or ivery pie we eats? I say, no! an my name's Jack Frid, as niver says what he don't mean."

"All right, Jack," said the schoolmaster; "an thou's a honest, good chap, we all knows, but if the parson goes agin us where's the meetin' to be held, and where's the men to larn to write and count, and hev their books and news sheets kep?"

"Avast there, John, son o' John!" cried Ben Olaff to Mr. Snorra. "Is'n't I the biggest downer to the Methodykes? An doesn't I pay more for seat rent than ony on 'um? An didn't my fifty pund help to build t' new chapel? Well, then, gether up the clews an you'll discover that it means we can hev t' use o't Methodyke chapel rather nor drift wi'out a harbor. That's my say."

"But," said I, "it isn't at all certain that the parson will refuse to lend us the school-room, or that he will insist upon our becomin' churchmen as the condition of his lending it. I think we had better wait and hear what he says himself. I will call upon him early in the morning, and if all's right I will send the bellman round and let you know where we are to meet."

"That's it," cried one. "Good!" said another; and so

arranging the matter, I left my wet-men to their pipes, beer and religion, and betook myself to bed.

CHAPTER XVII.—TALK WITH BILL GIBBONS; DEEP SEA SWIMMING
BLOODY BELLIN THE PIRATE; FISH SALE ON THE BEACH;
IGNORANCE OF THE FISHERMEN.

I AROSE early the next morning and went to the "North Sea" haven, where I found the fishermen all astir. A whole fleet of boats was lying high and dry upon the beach, through which I waded my way down to the sea-shore. Here I met Bill Gibbons, who looked as fresh as a new caught herring, although he could not have had more than four hours' sleep after his last night's heavy drinking. I had a mind for a sea-swim in deep water; so I engaged him to pull me out beyond the offing. As we left the shore he said:

"You found us rather drunken last night, sir; but none the war for that I hope. We Flamboro' chaps likes a sup of drink. But you may find war than we be i' the airth for all that."

"I've no doubt of it, Bill; but you'd save a power of money and keep your health and happiness better if you gave mine host of the Golden Lion and Polly Dradda the cold shoulder once for all."

"I knows it, your honor, I knows it. And yet it's all the comfort we gets i' our lives. We works hard, i' all weathers, and makes plenty of brass, and knows no good on't but to spend it."

"And yet, Bhl, there's a deal of good to be got out of money, if one only makes a wise use of it. There isn't a man on the headland who might not easily have become the owner of his own cottage, and have bought land near it, for a garden and orchard, if he had been careful and saving, instead of prodigal and lavishly spendthrift."

"True again, sir; but it's no use talkin'; we've got into the way on't, and can't get out. We go i' gangs, here; an what one does—if approved—all does. We back one another up like brick walls."

"And is there no one amongst you all brave and courageous enough to say to his mates, 'Here, boys! I ain't going to drink again, but to save my money to buy the house I live in, and lay up for the dark days?'"

"Not me—by the painter!" he replied. "I ain't got pluck enough. I'd follow the fleet; but I dassent histe the fust flag to rebel. They'd hang me up for a pirate."

"That won't do, Bill. You're no coward, I dare be sworn on the book. And if you took the thing into your head you'd do it—hanging or no hanging."

"Coward?" said he, resting on his oars, with a complacent smile; "no, your honor, I don't think I'm exactly a coward; and I don't think there's a man down there as 'ud say I am. For I fear neither hog, dog nor devil—and yet it 'ud take more spunk than I can boast to try an' change the drinkin' ways of my chaps."

"Well, I'm not a cold water devil, Bill, seeking whom I may devour of all the followers of Messrs. Malt & Hops; but make a note of what I've said to you—and talk it over amongst the best fellows you've got, and see what comes of it. Why, man, you might, by clubbing together, buy a large steamer to take you and your boats out for the deep sea fishing, and save not only time and money thereby, but life also; and add immensely to your comforts and wealth, and become the most important fishing village on the whole coast. It's no dream, Bill, I assure you; but a thing that could easily be done."

"Perhaps it might, sir," he said thoughtfully. "And it's a new thote. But we be hard to move i' Flamboro'."

"Everybody is hard to move at first, Bill—but there's nothing like pushing, and hammering, and working—if you mean to do anything. Hit hard, and keep at it. Don't be down-hearted, and afraid. No good comes of fear, which was always an evil thing from the beginning of days. I've plenty of people hard to move in my line of business, and yet I do manage to move them nevertheless. When I go into a village where there is no school for children; where there are no books nor newspapers for grown-up folks to read—and I'm sorry to say there are many such in Yorkshire, and I have no doubt in many other parts of England—I say, when I go into such places, with the

idea of founding humble schools, and libraries, and reading-rooms in them, I don't find it very easy to do, I can tell you; often very hard to do, and what a sluggard would say was impossible to do. But I don't care a rush for hard, easy or impossible. I am there to do it, and do it I must and will. I don't say it as a boast—but as a stimulus for you—when I add that I have never yet failed to accomplish my purpose, whenever I have made up my mind to do it. A good deal lies there, Bill—in the making up of one's mind. A man puts on his armor in that act, and mustering all the forces of his courage and wit, goes forth bravely to conquer. A romancing man would say to conquer or die. But there's no die in it. Conquest, conquest! that is the beginning and the end of all grand resolutions. I don't want to blow my own trumpet as I said to you, but within these last nine months I have founded libraries, reading rooms and schools in thirty-six villages—and now I've come to do the like in Flamboro'; and I shall succeed; because I know you will all help me, in spite of the parson—if the parson, that is, should turn out spiteful."

"We will, by God, sir, and that's a fact!" said he earnestly. "Our chaps don't like water boys, but they can tell a frigate from a cockboat, all the same."

"Good, then. Pull a little this way, Bill, more to the southward. Steady. Now lie to, whilst I undress; and follow me gently when I am fairly afloat on this glorious, sparkling brine."

Bill did as he was requested, and I presently plunged from the bows into the sea. A long dive, and then up to the surface and away! away! over the buoyant, laughing, sunny waves. You, oh reader! who cannot swim, know nothing of the glory, the wild delight which a good swimmer enjoys by the exercise of his beautiful art. His arms and legs are wings with which he cleaves the azure vault of the deep. Above him the great blue sky; below him the abode of the dread sea population, over which he sails proudly and without fear. The waves, so dreadful to the uninitiated, come to him lovingly, like brides, kissing his lips and cheeks, and pressing their heaving bosoms against his, as they wait him from one to the other, and every now and then they encircle his head with a streaming coronal of spray. He is the king of that empire and rides over it proudly upon his foaming chariot. To me there is an exquisite pleasure and satisfaction in swimming. I love to feel the waters under me, and hear the cry of the deep—deep calling unto deep. It seems to me that I have made more noble and useful this wonderful, beautiful and useful body since I have learned to swim. I have given it another faculty and have made it amphibious and equal to the fishes. I wish I could fly as well as I can swim. The birds are the only creatures of God that I now envy. I covet their "petty omnipresence," and I do not like that such little creatures should be able to do what a strong man like me can't. It is no fault of mine, however; for human shoulders don't grow wings, and without such help the gravitation of the earth will always prove too much for a man's body. If I had the power to fly and did not use it, I should be ashamed of myself, in this working, practical universe. A man's faculties were given him for development, not for rust or rot. Hence, because all can learn who try, all ought to swim. Neither man nor woman, boy nor girl, has any excuse for drowning. What business has any one to be drowned? I mean, of course, upon occasions of ordinary accident, such as the upsetting of a boat upon a river, or falling overboard! "Shepherd Smith," as he is called in England, or to give him his proper style and name, the Rev. W. E. Smith, so long editor of the *Family Herald*, whose "leading articles" in that journal are the choicest specimens of English essay writing, and contain some of the finest thinkings and philosophical speculations which have been contributed to modern literature; this rare scholar and author, in one of the essays alluded to, takes the same view of swimming that I do, and thinks its importance to human health and life can scarcely be overestimated. "A pleasure-boat upset on the Thames," he says, "would in all probability end in the drowning of one or more, perhaps of all the party it contained; whereas a similar accident on an American river, to savage Indians in their canoe, would be rather a subject for fun and frolic, as a good practical joke of the elements; and

man, woman and child would swim playfully to the shore." "Gather up the clews, then," as Ben Olaff says, and apply the "morale," which I take to be, that everybody who don't learn to swim deserves to be drowned. Americans, in particular, whose river systems are so vast, and whose lakes are almost continental in dimensions; who are the greatest travellers in the world, as a people, and who are constantly perilling life upon those waters, ought surely to be able to swim well. Yet how few of them can! I know that life is cheap here; almost as much so as when, among the Anglo-Saxons, murders could be committed for thrymsas, and I am sorry for it. But every man ought to value his own life, notwithstanding. Hear the word of Benjamin Franklin about swimming. He is a good man and a good authority, and not one in all his time could match him as a swimmer, either here or in Europe. Mighty Franklin! strong throughout the entire gamut of meaning in respect to strength; strong in intellect, in conscience, in action; with a body of iron and a capability for affairs equal to any dozen men he ever met with.

But I have left myself in the water, you will observe, all the time I have been talking, and so delighted have I been with the exercise, and so pleased with my own palaver, that I had forgotten the fact; and now that I remember it I will get into the boat again, for I have already swam three miles. I once, in the year 1837, swam four miles in the Bay of New York, and although this is a poor feat after Franklin's magnificent performance between London and Blackfriars Bridges and back, against wind and tide part of the way, yet it was enough for my endurance, and so is my present swimming for the nonce. Lay to, then, Bill Gibbons, and carry the dolphin ashore.

As we passed the rocks on the south side of the little haven from which we started, and to which we were again hastening, "See, sir!" said Gibbons, "yon hoile in't cliff is what we calls the 'Pirate's Cave.' Did you ever see the Pirate's Cave, sir? It's worth your eyesight."

"No, Bill, I never did."

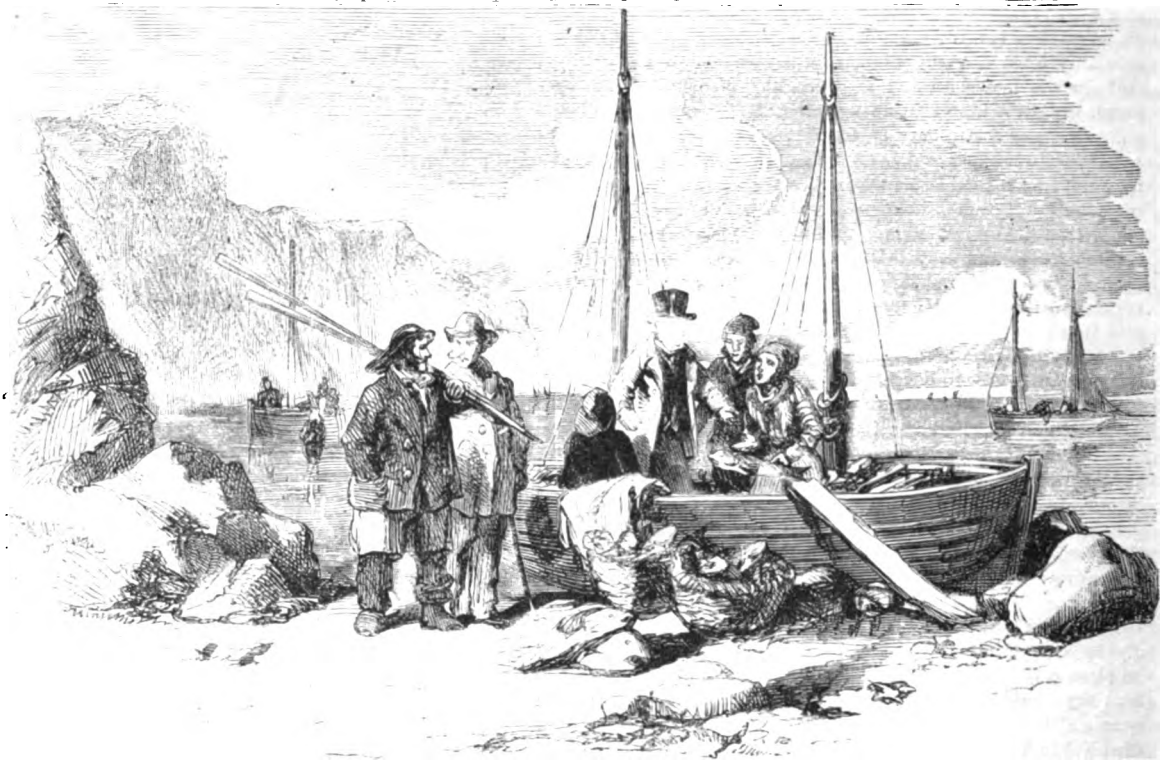
"Then if that cave, bellin', c'd hav' no' good i' it."

"With all my heart, Bill; pull away!"

A few vigorous strokes brought us close to the cave, and I said, it was worth looking at. It reminded me of a cathedral porch. The entrance arch was about eighty feet high; the length of the roof fifty feet, and the rocky walls corresponded with the height of the arch. It enclosed a basin of clear, greenish blue water, into which we pulled the boat; and a more secluded and beautiful retreat, no pirate, nor smuggler, nor pleasure-seeker could desire.

"Why do they call this the Pirate's Cave, Bill?" said I. "Is there any legend attached to it?"

"They tell queer tales about it, sir," he replied, "down at Flamboro', a sittin' over their fires at neets—but I ain't a goin' to say it be all true that I've heerd 'um tell; tho' I've knowed as rummy things done i' my time a'most, as they say Bloody Beldin the pirate did here, an' at many's the t'other place on the coast. You see, sir, he war a Danishman, war Bloody Beldin, an' lived a sight o' years ago, an' owned a craft as war painted black all over, hull and mast; and bowsprit—an' alus sailed wi' a black flag flyin'. He fote all ships as cumed i' his way—big and little, and niver gived quarter—an' he alus beat, so he got rich by pilliferin' their cargoes an' lockers. He had fifty men i' command, all on 'um real tanned devils right through to the backbone; an' sometimes he wud fall on the villages near by the coast, an' do a power o' mischief, carrin' off the bonniest lassies for hissen an' his kelles. But a Lincashire gal gived him his gruel at last—an' sarved him right. You see, sir, he'd made bold to sail up the Humber by Spurn Point, an' go down as far as Hull, where he landet, an' ro'bed a monkish place, where the monks rooked together an' prayed afore go'den candiesticks, an' altars o' blazin' dimunds and rubby stanes. Then the Hull folk riz agin him, and driv him an' his chaps arter a bloody fite back to the ship, which so maddet him that he swore he'd hev vengeance; wi' that he set sail up t' river, an' cumed t' spot where t' Onse an' Trent meet an' empty themsens into t' Humber. So he took the Lincashire water at a venter, an' cast anchor in the same—which is called the Trent river as I told you—right afore Gainsboro' town. It war neet fall then—an' there war no moon; so he waited till



FISH SALE ON THE BEACH.

t' moon riz; an' then he landed wi' thirty of his best men, who war the worst he had, you may be cock sure. Now there war an ode castle there i' them days belorgin' to John o' Gaunt, who war a great lord as you belike knows a better nor me—an' I've seed the place mysen, though they've changed its name, an' now calls it Gainsboro' Ode Hall; an' a grand ode hall it be, I tell yer. Well, Bloody Beldin seed the lights in t' castle, an' thinkin' there wud be summat worth fightin' for inside, he an' his chaps swummed across the moat, an' sealed the walls an' took the castle by surprise. John o' Gaunt warn't in t' house, but war away among the wars at that time, or Bloody Beldin would a fared the worse for 't I'm thinkin', if half be true on him as they romances about him. He had it all his own way, howsumdiver, had Bloody Beldin, an' he carried off all the gode and silver he could find, and a pretty lassie also, a high-born dame, whose forbears lived at Torsey Castle, seven mile further up the river, and who war here a pris'ner, as the tale goes. You may be sure they didn't forget their eetin's an' drinkin's nuther; nor the vengeance they had vowed to hev. They made short work of the servants an' thirteen men-at-arms, an' cut their yeads off arter they had killed 'um, an' stuck 'um up on pikestaves, i' front o' the castle walls; an' so back to the ship; an' arter four days stormy weather they made Flamboro' Head, where Bloody Beldin had his head-quarters in a cave as big as Robin Lythe's, an' some says it's to be seen now, and that they knows the secret on 't—which if they does they ain't a goin' to blab," he added, with a cunning leer on his face which struck me as meaning more than his words, and which turned out so in the end, as the reader will learn hereafter. "Be that as it may," he continued, "Bloody Beldin had a big cave, that's sartin; an' in it he stowed away his valuables, an' this time the pretty lassie o' Torsey Castle also. Well, he fair fell i' love wi' her, an' wanted her for to marry him; but she war a plucky wench, an' had her forbears' grit in her, an' she wouldn't marry him; though he tried hard to please her, an' showed her his gode and silver and jewellery, an' offered her all he had, an' promised to tek her to Denmark where he cumed fra, and back her a bigger lady than she war

afere he carried her fra John o' Gaunt's walls at Gainsboro'. But it war all o' no use. Then he took on, an' lost his savage ways, an' moped an' a'most went daft. They say he wud niver let her out of his eyesight, an' used to bring her to this varry cave, an' sit wi' her in his boat, whilst his merry devils played on their horns and sang for her amusement, though it war no amusement for her. At last when she found there war no chance of getting away fra him, she made up her mind to kill him; an' one day when they were on the water together, an' nubbudy else near by, she let him put his arm round her bonny waist, an' seemed to favor him more nor iver she done afore, till she got hold o' his dagger what hung in his belt, an' then, whilst he was a thinkin' it war all right, she gived him six inches o' t' cowed steel, an' sent him to glory. Then she tooked the oars hersen, an' pulled reight round the coast to t' mouth o' t' Humber, an' so up t' river past Hull and Gainsboro', back to Torsey Castle, where they all thote sho war deed and buried long syne. That's the tale they tell, sir," he added, "about the death o' Bloody Beldin the pirate; an' there's lots o' others about his black deeds, as has made my hairs stan' reight up a end many's the neet, over the old man's fire when I war a wee chap i' my fust breeches."

"And a good tale it is, Bill, in its way; and I never heard it before; although I know most of the legends about the Danish pirates and their doings on this East coast. But give way now, Bill, and let us get ashore; it must be past six o'clock, and I want to see the fish sale on the beach before I go to break-fast."

A little fleet of fishing boats, ten in number, was lying at anchor in the "North Sea," close to the shore, through which we steered, and soon after landed. Two or three hucksters were overhauling the cargoes, which consisted chiefly of ling, turbot and codfish, and when they had concluded their examination they began to chaffer with the fishermen for bargains.

"What do you want for your taking to day, Bill Haigh?" asked a short, squab, squint-eyed fellow, from Hull, who gloried in the name of Saintshins.

"Well, there's two hundred and seven on 'um," replied Bill, "and they weighs a sight—eighteen pound apiece, little and big, all round. Take 'um away for two shillin' a fish, Master Saintshins."

"I don't buy that way," said Mister Saintshins. "What'll you teck for the load?"

"They're worth two shillin' a fish, master; an if you means to buy, me or my mate 'll sell 'um for that—an' hard earned brass it be."

"I wishes I could get my money as easy as you chaps can fish it out of 't sea," said Saintshins; "but that's neither here nor there; I'll gie you ten pound for the haul."

"How much is that a-piece?" asked Bill with great simplicity.

"I don't know," said the huckster. "I'se no schollard, but I vallies the fish at ten pound. I bought a better lot last week at Filey for six pound an a gallon o' ale."

"Who's agoin to give ten pound for that ere boat load o' fish as belongs to Bill Haigh?" asked a red-haired, red-faced and grog-blossom-nosed man from Leeds. "You ain't the fool Saintshins, be you? Why, man, that's more nor he axes! where be your 'rithmestic, Master Saintshins? Pay him his two shillin' a fish and that comes to nine pound, five bub, and a tizze."

"Well, I'm no schollard," replied Saintshins; "but I'se a man o' my word, an as I said I wad gie ten pound, ten pound's the dic."

"More fool you!" said the Leeds man; "an fools an their brass is soon parted," he added, as he walked off in dudgeon to another boat.

"Will you sell, Bill Haigh?" asked Saintshins; "you sees I've bid more nor you axes, and here's the brass."

"Tain't enough," said Bill; "I can't reckon it—but 'tain't enough. Them fish is wuth twenty pound if they're wuth a penny."

"Why you heerd what the Leeds man said—at twoshillin' a piece they comes to nine pound, five and sixpence. An' if you likes that better nor ten pound, it's all one to me. So I'se ready to buy 'um at your own price, Bill Haigh."

Bill took off his souwester and scratched his honest but most confounded head, and was in a real quandary, not knowing what to do or how to act.

"Have you heard all this conversation?" said I to Gibbons, who was lolling over the keel of a boat hard by, smoking his pipe with an air of supreme indifference.

"To be sure I have, sir," said he; "I couldn't help it, bein' so near; but I'se used to sich like chafferin', an takes no heed on't."

"But are you aware how this rascal is bamboozling that fellow with the big haul, whom you call Bill Haigh?"

"Aye, aye, sir; it's the way o' these fish chaps, an we'se used to it."

"But don't you hear how he's lying to honest Bill Haigh, Master Gibbons, and a trying to make him believe that two hundred and seven fish at two shillings a piece, come to nine pounds, five an i sixpence."

"And he willin' to gie ten pund out o' generosity!" said Gibbons, cocking his north eye. "There's somethin' wrong i' the 'rithmestic there, I'se a notion, sir, ain't there?"

"Wrong! why it's worse than thieving, Bill, to take advantage of a poor chap's ignorance in this way. Yon fish at two shillings a-piece come to twenty pounds, fourteen shillings; and if you're the man I take you for, Bill Gibbons, you won't lie smoking there and let your mate be cheated in that style."

"No more I will, sir, as true as God's shadder lies on 't water! What do you say them fish is worth?"

"Twenty pounds, fourteen shillings."

"Look you, Bill Haigh!" said Gibbons, as he rose from the boat and advanced to that worthy, "them fish, at two shillings a-piece, comes to twenty pund, fourteen shillin', an Master Saintshins is a cheatin' on ye."

"And where did you get your countins on a sudden, that you're so sharp this mornin', Bill Gibbons?" said Saintshins, with a sneer.

"Ne'er do ye mind where I got 'um fra'. They're true as

the book; that I knows, and dare lay my life on. And you ain't a goin' to cheat my mate, case he ain't a rethmeticker; an' if you'd a tried to cheat me as you've tried to cheat him, an' I'd a fund it out, I wad a braked yer ugly mug for yer, as you deserves to hev it braked now."

"It's very kind o' you to say so, Mister William Gibbons," said Saintshins mockingly; "and I'se obliged to yer for your good meanins—but Bill Haigh an' me 'as had dealins together afore to-day, an' as he ain't a baby, I suppose he can do his own business without help from the likes of you."

"Maybe he can, and may be he can't. But you ain't a goin' to cheat him anyhow. So stick to the rethmestic, Bill Haigh. will yer, man? An' don't let a d—d skulkin' lubber like this e'er get to wind'ard o' ye."

"Od's blood, huckster!" said Haigh, going up to the Hull chap; "I knows that Bill Gibbons speaks the truth—for there's the Leeds genelman behind him, as is a goin' to learn us to count as quick as ye can, an' I knows where Bill got his countins fra', if yew don't. An' though I'se a peaceful man—hev a care, huckster! Thankce, Bill Gibbons," he added, turning round and looking honest Bill in the face, "and you too, sir," he said, nodding his souwester to me; "I'll keep a sharp look out agin the sharks arter this, you may depend on't. And now huckster, budge! for damme, if you buy any more fish i' Flamboro'."

"Stuff, man!" said Saintshins, laughing, "there's no harm in tryin' to git the best bargain a man can for hisself, is there? Be quiet. I'll gie ye twenty pund for the fish."

"Twenty thousand pund o' your money, would'nt buy 'um, huckster. They sud all rot i' the ceilings fust. Budge, man! budge I say, or it'll be the warse for thy banes."

"You surely ain't in earnest, Bill Haigh! You, as hes had so many dealins along wi' me."

"If you stays hereby another minit," said Haigh, "I'll fetch thee down like a boulder stone from t' cliffs. Budge wi' thy horse and cart, an' let no honest man see thy face agin."

Saintshins finding now that the Flamboro' metal was roused and getting hot to a white heat, and meant mischief, skulked off without another word; and I, wishing Haigh good morning, walked towards the village accompanied by Bill Gibbons.

"Well, Bill," said I, as we reached the high road; "this little fracas between Haigh and yon huckster from Hull will serve us, I hope, when we meet this evening to talk about the man school."



GEORDIE AND THE FLAMBORO' PARSON.

"That it will, sir, you may depend," said he. "Now jist to think on't! how that chap must hev plucked us poor coots all this time o' years, we've been a tradin' wi' him! And him to git off so easy too! Why he deserved a darnright good lickin'—didn't he, sir?"

"That he did, Bill, and no mistake! But Haigh has punished him more than a licking would; and I trust you'll never allow the thief to come to your market again."

"Niver so likely, sir! Haigh has said the word, and what one on us says we all sticks to when approved, and wad carry out through yakers of blazin' brimstone."

"Then there'll be one rascal the less amongst you all, and it will be your own faults if you don't soon learn to beat the others at their own arithmetic; and I'm real sorry you've been swindled so long."

"So am I, sir," said Bill, pulling up on a sudden opposite the sign of the Jolly Pirate; "and bein' very dry, sir," he continued, "I'll jist call at Polly Dradda's, and wet my pcepers this mornin'."

"If you wet both eyes, Bill," said I, laughing, "you must even wet your smeller also, to keep the ship steady—so here's half a crown for the boat service, and a bran new Victoria sixpence for the beer ballast. But draw it mild, Bill! and don't lay on load too heavily; for pagan as I am, I'm no lover of Bacchus, though I forswear myself some times, as I do in your case now, and pay my coin to his service."

"I hope your honor's conscience won't trouble you about this ere particler sixpence—not this time, at any odds," said Bill comically as he spat upon the money, and then tossed it with his finger and thumb into the air, "for luck," as he called it.

"I don't think it will," I replied; "although to speak truth it is a wicked sixpence, Bill, and you must take care the value of it don't choke you."

"Aye, aye, sir!" he rejoined, edging nearer and nearer to Polly's open and inviting door. "I'll spend it fust of all, sir," he added; "for if I gits choked wi' her, I sall save my own brass anyhow." And so saying he made his exit from my presence, and his entrance into Polly's.

I now walked away rapidly to the Golden Lion, and after breakfast went into my bed-room, and dressed with more care than I usually bestow upon my person, even when state occasions call for my best draperies and attentions. I had abundance of time, however, for it was not yet nine o'clock; and I did not propose to call at the rectory until ten. So I "performed my toilette," as the novelists say, with a dainty idleness, and did my thinkings at the same time. I was a good deal disturbed at the thought of meeting Violet, and wondered if she would recognize me, although that she should seemed improbable enough. More improbable things had happened, however, in this world, and in my lifetime; but I resolved to preserve my gipsy incognito if I could, and at any hazard save that of falsehood. For although according to the current gallantry of the times—ancient and modern—all tactics are fair in love and war, I make little account of results which are obtained by falsehood, whether in large or small concerns—and I find that there is no fair dealing which is not at the same time true dealing; that an end otherwise attained does not pay in the long run, or even in the short run, but takes its pay out of you; that nothing is permanent or productive but truth; truth therefore being the worldling's policy as well as the good man's duty. And if anybody is induced to think that I exaggerate, and lay too much stress upon trifles—I desire him to remember that nothing is trifling in all the ranges of human life—that "trifles" so called, are as large and cosmic as revolutions—as the solid globe itself—nay as all the universes; for they too are infinite. There is no little, and no big; these are relative terms. I made up my mind therefore to be truthful to Violet, and yet to preserve my own secret; to put my trust in God, that is to say, and keep my powder dry at the same time; which was Puritan Cromwell's advice to his Ironsides, and showed that whilst he believed in Providence, he believed also in gunpowder, and was more of a soldier than a saint after all; which is my case exactly. Indeed I don't like, and never did nor could like saints, who are always bilious and unhealthy people, and ought to be bled and purged every day, and sent to the gymnasium until they

become good honest human sinners, like me and the rest of my brothers. I hope at all events they will have a heaven to themselves in the other astronomical life—or that they will admit a little low comedy or broad roaring farce to relieve the immense tragedy of the psalms and hallelujahs.

And talking of saints reminds me that my Flamboro' parson was a saint, or had the reputation of being one, and I was curious to know of what peculiar breed he was. For there are as many orders and classes of saints as there are of sinners, and each one looks down upon the other with that supreme contempt which spiritual pride alone, of all the prides of life, is capable of engendering in the human heart. There is something not human in this ghostly egotism, not devilish even; for devils do love one another, and gladly recognise their highest rascal; but these saints have no sympathy out of their caste, and cordially hate one another. The Particular Baptist is chary of his wine at the "Lord's table"—as he curiously nicknames it—and hates the Hard Shell Baptist. The Evangelical clergyman hates the High Church clergyman; the Congregationalist, the Methodist; the Quaker, the Shaker; the Universalist, the Unitarian; and the Unitarian sits on his old worn-out stump and thinks he monopolizes the tree of life and also the tree of knowledge. But the little man is very much mistaken, and so are all the little men who hate each other so cordially, and who think they do God service in hating each other so cordially. I am in the secret and know, for I live in the arena of Nature, behind the theological scenes a longish way, I think; and I know that no man does God service, or men either, by hate or pride, or by being "religious," which means so many evil things in these false and canting days; that it is better to love than hate, and that no one is beneath the sympathy of a good and great heart; not the thief, nor the murderer, nor the prostitute, nor even the different and differing saints themselves. Consider how the sun shines on the evil and the good alike, asking no questions; thinking, I dare say, that nobody is particularly good and nobody particularly bad, and that if we all had our deserts we deserve to be promiscuously damned, only it is not worth while. For, after all, what are these fierce fighting, talking, working plagues that inhabit the ball of dust which we call a planet and the earth? God has his universe full of better ants, no doubt, and wiser, more truthful and more sane. Indeed, I sometimes think that this earth is the lunatic asylum of our own immediate universe—the solar one; that what we call our life here is but diseased action of diseased persons put into limbo here, and that what we call death is but an escape once more into sanity and saner regions. At all events spiritual pride is no becoming garment for any one here to wear. *Memento, homo, quod cinis es, et in cinerem, revertaris.* Men forget now, however, that they are dust, or that they will return to the old womb, which is always breeding, always devouring, and never satiated by breeding and devouring.

Let us go, however, to see the Flamboro' parson and the pretty jewel he has in his house. For, thought I, as I touched the curl of my moustache with bandoline for the last time, it must be ten o'clock. So off I started, full of hopes and trepidations.

The parsonage-house stood in a garden by the roadside, nearly opposite to the church. It was a plain, substantial building, new y erected, but in no wise attractive, and might have belonged to a drab Quaker. How different many other parson's residences which I know! For although I am a pagan, good reader, I am on good terms with the flower of the English clergy, and visit at their homes, and love them and theirs with a real, genuine human love, and no sham of love; and we get on bravely together, tolerant of differences, bearing and forbearing and "in honor preferring one another." But understand always, that no parson or mine is a saint; all I love are good sinners like myself. And beautiful homes they have, worthy of such high and beautiful sinners, who do all their praying by the proxy of good deeds and kindnesses, which never find a tongue in the door to babble them; by ministering to the sick and the wants of the poor; by comforting and advising the distressed, and by those odorous, nameless charities which are the lavender and roses of human life.

I opened the garden gate and walked along the gravel walk, which had flower-beds running all the length of it on either

side right up to the lawn and the door of the rectory. A large Newfoundland dog, black and glossy, with a tail magnificently curled, and a most superb head and shoulders, with carcase to match, came bounding over the lawn to know who I was and what I wanted, so audaciously ringing his reverend master's bell. And as he came closer to me, and pricked my hand with his cold but welcome snout, I bade him good morning in his own lingo, and soon satisfied his curiosity and was good friends with him—as I am always in equally short a time with all dogs, savage and gentle—before the buxom servant girl came to answer my summons.

The parson was at home, so I presented my card and was ushered into a parlor to the right hand, which looked into the garden. I had not waited long before he presented himself in his own proper person, like a proper person he was; for he was certainly unlike anybody else of my acquaintance, at least. He was a tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man, not without intelligence, but with an eye as cold as death in his head, and a mouth made of Calvinistic iron, the lips of which were those of a satyr. The impression he made upon me was singularly unpleasant and revolting, as if I had got into the presence of some great malefactor; for I felt there was brain enough there, under that broad, low forehead, to plot and execute much. I had business with him, however, and it was no business of mine how he looked. But Violet to be under the ward of such a man! Oh, heavens! there was a good deal of bitter soot in that thought, and it nearly choked me. I mustered my courage and self command nevertheless, and thus addressed him:

"You do not remember me, sir, I see. And it would be a wonder if you did, for the last time I had the honor of addressing you, I was as wet as a drowned rat."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir, this morning. But perhaps you will favor me by being more explicit. I am not aware that I ever saw you before."

"Very likely, sir. Indeed it is most likely; for our introduction was a very short and a very cold one; although, if I remember rightly, you were good enough to invite me to call and see you, notwithstanding."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but really I don't understand your pleasantry. Will you do me the favor to tell me plainly to what I may attribute the honor of this visit."

"To our cold meeting and your own invitation, sir. Do you not remember how a stranger jumped into the water the other day, off Robin Lithes Cave, after a young lady who fell overboard?"

"Oh, aye! Yes, indeed! Glad to see you, sir. You are the gentleman, no doubt, who did us such good service."

"I was very glad to be of use, I assure you, sir, when so beautiful an argosy was afloat without helm or pilot, and I trust the young lady is no worse for the accident."

"The Lord be praised! no, sir. She very soon recovered and is now quite well. But I fear she will be too much engaged to see you this morning."

"I will spare, sir, both you and the lady all trouble in that respect, for I am too well acquainted with the ways of life to expect any one should put himself out of his ordinary course to be courteous even, much less to make any show of gratitude. I beg to assure you, therefore, that I did not come here to see the lady, but to talk to you."

"But, sir, I am not the lady's guardian. I cannot talk to you about her. Besides, I do not know who you are. Perhaps, sir, you will be good enough to inform me."

"My card, sir, bore my name, or at least it should have done so, for I paid the engraver for cutting it. So you know my name, at least, and my office, which is the highest literary office Yorkshire can bestow at present upon any man; and this should assure you, at all events, that though I saved the lady's life, I am at least respectable, for I do not come to you without my vouchers. For the rest—"

"Yes, sir—the rest! as to your means! You will pardon me for being so plain and urgent."

"Certainly. I am a man of a thousand a year."

"Dear me, sir! why did you not say so before? My relative—the young lady, sir—is also a person of property, although she does not come into her estate in full for two years. Her rent roll will then be a clear one thousand eight hundred a year."

"But, sir," said I, with real anger in my voice and gestures, "you mistake me. I do not come here to talk with you about the young lady—much less to consult with you about making her my wife. I came, as I said, to talk with you, but upon quite a different business; although the commonest politeness—as I understand politeness—would surely urge and justify me in inquiring after the health of a lady whom I had had the good fortune to save from drowning."

"Indeed, sir! Ah, ah! I begin to see that I may, perhaps, have misunderstood you. Pray proceed!"

"You have grievously (and I thought, vulgarly,) misunderstood me. I came to talk with you about the condition of the fishermen in your parish, and to ask you if you thought any means could be adopted to serve them."

"Upon my word, sir, you are too good! I see you are universally philanthropic. A young lady or a whole parish of fishermen! it is all one to you. But allow me to say, sir, that I never tolerate meddlers in my parish affairs."

"I am not a meddler, sir; nor do I wish to interfere with any functions exclusively yours by law or courtesy. And when I spoke about serving the fishermen, I did not mean anything in the preaching line; for I'm not in holy orders, and don't intend to be, as long as I can keep my wits sound; for I'm very indifferently good, and don't want to become worse by playing the hypocrite in canonicals."

"Upon my word, sir, you use much freedom in your speech; and I do not know precisely what to make of you."

"I don't think you do, sir, and the longer you know me the more puzzled you would be in that respect. And as to my freedom of speech, why I am a free man in free England, and stand by my right to speak freely. And I perceive that you also know how to use your tongue, and are no respecter of the delicacies of behavior and feeling even when the person you speak to is a stranger."

"I meant no offence to you, sir, I assure you, in what I said. But I am jealous of my parish, and dread the introduction of heresies into it. And to speak truth, I feared you had some other design when you spoke about serving the fishermen."

"But would it not have been more decorous and well-timed in you, sir, to have inquired of me first if such was really my intention? I am doubtless heretic enough; but not in the way your suspicions pointed. And to avoid misunderstanding for the future I will tell you clearly what my business with you is. I learn that there is no school in Flamboro' where the grown-up men can learn to read, write and sum—and that there is no public nor private library—even of the humblest sort—for the instruction of those who are able to read in the village. And as it is a part of my business to aid in founding such institutions I thought I would consult with you, the clergyman of the parish, as to the best mode of doing this necessary and important work."

"But, sir, I do not think it either necessary or important that this work should be done at all. The men don't complain, and they get on as well as their fathers did before them. What do they want with reading and writing and summing, or with your preposterous idea of a library? I have the heresy of Methodism in the parish already; and I don't want any more wickedness to contend with. This gives me trouble enough, I assure you."

"And do you call learning to read and write wickedness?" I asked, in unfeigned astonishment.

"I find, sir, that education amongst the poor, in these rural districts, invariably leads to wickedness and insubordination. The farmer's boy thinks he knows as much as the clergyman; and what he does know fosters his self-conceit, until he finally leaves the church and goes over to the Methodists, where his conceit has abundant room to show itself at prayer-meetings, class-meetings, and even in the pulpit; for it does not stop at this blasphemy and sin against the Holy Ghost. And I find that the young women are demoralized by it, making bad servants, and taking to loose depraved ways, in consequence of it. A little learning is a dangerous thing, sir, in spite of the declamation of the educationalists. A servant girl who can read and write and "count" as far as addition, is above her work, and wants fine clothes, which she will have, no matter at what cost to her body and soul; and even the farmers' sons and daughters and the old people themselves are infected by this poison of

"learning," and are no longer the plain, honest folk they used to be when the girls' learning consisted in knowing how to spin their marriage sheets, and in doing the comfortable housework; and the young men's, in attending the cows and sheep, and pigs, and in ploughing, sowing and reaping. What I find so bad, therefore, sir, in all villages and hamlets where it obtains I am not likely to sanction in my own parish. Education is for gentlemen, not for the common people, who only use it against the church and to the destruction of their immortal souls.

"You amaze me, sir! I've heard much queer talk in my life; but yours is altogether alien, outlandish, barbaric! and the only blasphemy I ever heard any one deliberately utter against God and man. That you are in earnest I cannot doubt, and I respect you for your candor, although I loathe your sentiments with inconceivable loathing; and it is clear that we are not going to educate the poor fishermen together, at all events. I cannot of course ask you, after what you have said, to aid me in the work I propose to do, and I do not value your opposition at so high a rate as to request you not to oppose me. For I am sure your parishoners cannot love you nor esteem you; and they will not, therefore, be guided by you against their own inclination. I think we now understand each other, sir."

"We have used pretty plain speech between us, and ought to understand each other certainly. But I am not accustomed to be abused in my own house, sir, and I must beg you to allow me to ring for a servant to show you the door!"

With that my mediæval parson rang the bell. "You are too polite, sir," said I, taking my hat and bowing to the haughty saint. "Would you not like to use your foot as well? I see more of the devil in you just now than you dare express either in words or actions. If you were a brave man now, instead of a miserable saint, you would show me the door yourself, and follow me on to the common or behind the castle walls, where no tell-tale Methodist or heretic could see us, and permit me to chastise you for this mean insult. What say you, sir?" I added, as the servant-man entered the room; "will you follow me and bring your man to act as second to you? Or are you the miserable coward that I take you for!"

The parson grew pale as a corpse at this unexpected challenge in the presence of his servant, for it completely turned the tables upon his dignity, and made his subsequent order—"Show this man the door, John!"—supremely ridiculous. John stood stock still, with the handle of the door between his fingers, and neither spoke nor moved. He didn't know what to do, he was so utterly confounded. The impotent parson bit his nether lip and played with his white pocket-handkerchief, not daring to repeat his order to John to "show this man the door." And I was wicked enough to linger where I was and enjoy the fun. At last I walked leisurely to the door, and said, as I made my exit: "Well, then, I wish you good day, sir, and I hope you will pray to God that it may please him to mend your manners, enlighten your darkness, and give you a new pluck, for the honor of poor human nature, which you despise. Amen!"

I reached the garden gate, and was about to pass out of the bounds of this venerable rectory, when I heard a voice calling aloud: "Sir! sir! oh! sir! stop; pray stop!" and looking back I saw Violet, to my great joy, running after me down the gravel walk, her cheeks flushed with excitement, and her beautiful hair blowing about her face and neck in enchanting disorder. I took off my hat as she came up to me, and waited for an explanation.

"Dear sir!" she said, holding out her fair white hand, which I seized with avidity, "I was sure it was you. I knew it was you; for I heard your voice as I was passing the sitting-room, where you were talking with Mr. Grimes. But what has happened. Oh! tell me what has happened, for John says there have been high words between you and the rector, and that he was ordered to show you the door!"

"It is quite true, my dear young lady," said I; "and I do not think the rector has much to boast of in offering to me so poor an insult."

"Indeed he has not, sir, and so I will tell him when I see him. How dare he do it, the proud, insolent, priest! And to you, sir, to whom I owe my life! It was base and cruel

of him; and he shall soon learn how I despise him for it. Oh, sir," she continued, with such a sweet earnestness that I was deeply moved by it, "if this place had been my own beautiful home in Sherwood Forest, you would have had a very different reception; and I must beg of you, nay, I will insist upon your paying me a visit there as soon as possible, that I may wipe out this foul disgrace. You will come, dear sir, will you not?"

"Indeed, lady, I could refuse you nothing, much less a promise it gives me so much pleasure to make. It is very kind of you to ask me, and your frank and beautiful manner delights me so much, that I cannot help loving you, and profoundly respecting you also."

"Oh, no, that is too much," she replied blushing. "I could not do less than invite my benefactor to my own home, after he has been so ill used here. I will return as soon as my convenience will allow me, and I hope you will soon fulfil your promise. When may I expect you?"

"I cannot fix upon any precise time at present," I replied, "for I have imperative engagements here at Flamboro', and may be detained some days."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with evident pleasure, and then suddenly checking herself, she added, "how unfortunate that I have no home here to offer you whilst you stay."

"I pray you, my dear lady, do not let that disturb you in the least. I am used to live at inns, and my present quarters at the Golden Lion are comfortable enough."

"Yes, I have no doubt of that; but I cannot see you there, and I want very much to be with you and talk with you, and prove to you in so many ways how grateful I am to you."

"I need no proof, thou guileless and beautiful maiden! I see all you would say in the clear azure of your eyes. But I confess that I also long to talk with you, and change thoughts and feelings and sympathies with you, and above all things to have you for my dearest friend."

"How kind of you to say so! I will gladly be your dearest friend—very, very gladly! For I have no friend; and I feel that you would be a friend to me; would you not?"

"I would try to be such through all my life; but I fear I should never be worthy of one so good and lovely as you are."

"You must not flatter me, dear friend, for I am but a frail girl, and too many good things said of me might turn my head and make me vain and foolish, which of all things I most wish not to be."



GEORDIE AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"And which you never will be," said I earnestly. "Nor did I mean to flatter you, I assure you. I merely spoke what I felt and still feel."

"Then that is right. I always speak what I think and feel, and I know it is right to do so; although my excellent aunt, and the fine people with whom we visit, think it is wrong. But they are all conventional, and belong to the world and what is called society, so I don't mind what they say, for I belong only to the soul."

I was cheered and astonished at this fresh and genuine speech, which burst upon me like a new sunrise, and I was so utterly unlike anything I had ever heard before from the lips of a woman. I replied with equal frankness, and told her how deeply I was affected by her sentiments.

"You give me back myself," I added, "by what you say; for I sympathize with you entirely, and believe in you as in my own consciousness. We must contrive, lady, to see each other as much as possible, whilst I stay here. I have to arrange now for a meeting of the fishermen this evening, for I am going to try to get them all to attend an evening school, where they may learn to read and write and sum; and this is my business here during the next day or two; but if I do not ask too much, I should be delighted if you will allow me to accompany you in a walk over the heath this morning, as soon as I have made my arrangements."

"Oh, I shall be only too happy to walk with you. Will you please name the hour?"

"I shall be at liberty at noon, and at your service, lady, any hour from that time until you please to dismiss me."

"Then let the hour be noon, dear sir. I will not detain you any longer now, although I wish to know more of your plans respecting the fishermen, and I am sure they will be good for them, so I hope they will succeed. Until then good-bye, dear friend! I will be ready here, at the gate, when you come for me."

So saying, she again placed her soft white hand in mine, and on a back to the rectory, whilst I returned, thoughtful and agitated, to the Golden Lion.

I had no time to lose, otherwise I should have indulged in a great deal of meditation over these romantic adventures. So I rang the bell, and in a few moments the landlord answered it by politely inquiring of me,

"Wat do ye want?"

To which I replied as curtly, "I want the parish bellman." When he—to use the Miltonic method of connecting the machinery of dialogue—

"T'parish bellman doant live at the sign of the Gouden Lion; an' if yer whants him yer may seek him yoursen."

Thus delivering himself, he vanished, banging the door after him with peculiar insolence and violence. At the same moment the schoolmaster was passing by the window, so I rattled at the panes with my knuckles, and hailed him into the room.

"Good Mr. Snorra," quoth I, "I am glad to see you this morning, for I want a man to speak to who will be civil and obliging, and not bully me when I ask him a question or tell him my necessity, like your wild hog of a landlord. Are you disposed, Mr. Snorra, to exchange words with me upon these terms?"

"Sartunlee, sur, I be. An' devil take t'landlord, who's bin at his tricks agin wi' yer, I be sworn, sur, beant he? Dom him. Two chaps don't sarve him out t'neet, my name's not Snorra. Ye'er mind him, sur, howsumdiver, but tell I wat it is yer whants, an' if it lays i' my power to do't, yer may reckon on't as me."

"Thank you, Mister Snorra. In the first place, I want to make use of the Methodist school-room for our meeting to-night, because I find the parson is a 'queer chap,' as you said he was, and that no help is to be expected from him; and in the second place, I want the bellman to go round the village and cry the meeting."

"Yer may be sure of the Methodist place, sur, and I've not surpris'n you found the parson a queer un. So I've note to do but fetch Nab Drafter, the bellman, right away."

"Be as quick, then, as you can, good friend, for my time is precious this morning."

I shall be back directly, sur; he doant live aboon a stane's

fling fra here," said Mr. Snorra, as he promptly left the room.

He soon returned with the crier, a stout, tumbellied man, who wore a cocked hat and a blue frock coat, adorned with brass buttons as large as Mexican dollars. He carried his bell, which was rusty from long service and lack of elbow grease, by the clapper, the handle pointing significantly downwards.

"Have you got good lungs, Nab Drafter?" said I, as the important man came up to the table where I was sitting. "I want you to cry a meeting of the fishermen to-night at eight o'clock, to be held in the Methodist school-room. And you must tell the people that the parson says they are not fit to be trusted to learn to read and write and sum, for fear they should all turn Methodists and take to bad ways. You must wrap it up, Nab Drafter, in your own lingo, and if you do it well I shall pay you double wages. Are you free, able and willing to do this service to the commonwealth of Flamboro'?"

"Nubbudy more so, sur," said Nat. "I knows the parson, sur, afore to-day, and bad's the best on him. Eight o'clock, sur, you said, didn't yer?"

"Yes, eight's the hour. You will be there, Mr. Snorra, I I suppose?"

"Sartenlee, sur, an' so will Nat here, an' Polly Dradda's son—what's jist cumed back fra the Ingies."

"What the man who stuffed the birds in Polly's glass case?" said I, a good deal surprised and interested.

"The varry mon, sur; he cumed hame yesternoon, though t' ode 'oman kept it varry squat."

"Well, I shall be glad to see him and all of you. So good morning."

And my pair of presentibles left the room. And now for Violet thought I; dear Violet, who waits for me like a sunbeam at the garden gate, fulfilling her own destiny and mine, in such beautiful unconsciousness. I took my hat and gloves, and went out into the noonday air to meet her. My heart pained me with the exquisite music of its beatings as I walked along; and I seemed to diffuse like an omnipresence through the balmy atmosphere and the blue heavens, and the Syrian sunlight, and to be all things, and contain all things in my own illimitable existence. The little girl waiting for me at the garden gate had power enough to produce so marvellous a recreation in me as that; and who can tell by what means, and how? Sensations that were altogether new to me; feelings, aspirations, sympathies unknown before; most unexpected, but as I now felt them most beautiful, befitting and natural, took entire possession of me. Happiness I had known before, and joy; and the bliss of lying on a dear bosom, and kissing dear lips, and thrilling with unspeakable ecstasies beneath the folding embraces of white, warm and loving arms. And I knew the electric touch of a dark maiden's hair upon my cheek, and the suddenly awakening passion which it produced—taking shape in fiery sunbursts of poetic words; in passionate gazes through which the soul seemed pouring out all the floods of its immortality; in sighs, entreaties, caresses, and unspeakable minglings of being—and I had thought all this tropical pomp, this floral redundancy of passion the highest and best of love. But now I knew that although this was good experience and worth living for, it was after all vulgar and initial, and that the new experience I felt this morning was of that sort which lies behind the veil, where the sacred beatitudes of love, the true givers of immortal life and blessedness reside. He who said "I am God in Nature," felt then what I felt now, so pervading and creative I was. And when I approached the rectory and saw my beloved one at the gate waiting for me, as she had promised, my whole soul went out to meet her. Her hand was once more in mine, and we looked into each other's eyes, and our souls were satisfied that they were sent here for each other.

"Which way shall we walk, lady?" I asked, descending from these transcendental regions and putting myself into mundane speech, with a facility which astonished me—the sound of my own voice grating harshly too on my ears.

"Which ever way you like, sir," she replied; "but if you have no choice, we will walk over my favorite heath."

"Certainly," said I; and in a few minutes our feet were amongst the heather blossoms.

(To be continued.)

ANNETTE LEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. ARLE."

ANNETTE LEIR sat beneath a white thorn in the garden; and the afternoon sunshine, slanting on to her bright hair, made her dazzling to behold. It was the end of May, and a light breeze showered hawthorn-petals down on her. She was working and singing; without pausing in her song, she half glanced up, and gave a saucy smile and nod when a young man parted the hazel bushes of the copse hard by, leapt the paling, and advanced towards her.

She was employed in the homely work of mending gray woollen stockings, and was too busy to extend a hand. The young man leant against the thorn, watched her nimble fingers, and listened to her song in silence.

"Well," questioned the girl, when her song was ended, "have you nothing to say?"

"A great deal, Annette."

She glanced up at the eyes down-looking so gravely, blushed, and said—

"Nothing amusing, I should think, by your face. I want to be amused."

"For once let me speak seriously."

"If I wanted serious speaking, I should stay in there," with a gesture of the head towards the cottage. "Everything out-doors is laughing."

"You can be serious sometimes; you were so ten minutes since."

"You had no business to be watching me."

"Annette, look at me; just to see how earnest I am."

"I am sure I don't mind looking at you." He had stopped, that his eyes might be on a level with hers; but when she raised her lashes her eyes caught a sunbeam and somewhat besides. "The sun is so dazzling," she said, and applied diligently to her work.

A little breeze shook the blossom-clusters of the thorn; down came the white petals upon the glorified hair.

"You are sprinkled with dead flowers; they must be taken off, because they are withered." And he reached his hand towards the shining head.

"You needn't trouble. There, they are all gone." She had shaken them off with a merry toss. "Dear me, how low the sun is! I am sure it is past tea-time. I must go in, or they will be angry." She drew her pretty hand out of the stocking, and rose. The ball of worsted rolled away; the young man picked it up, then prisoned the fingers held out for it.

"Annette, you must hear me. I love you. Will you be my wife?" he said in a voice of deep suppressed passion. She opened her brown eyes wide, looked round as if in terror, while her face flushed vividly; but she snatched her hand from his, and ran into the house without having spoken a word.

He stayed just where she left him, and watched the sunset and felt the dew fall; but she did not return to the garden that night. When the moon had risen, he plunged into the hazel-copse again.

"I wonder Lekham hasn't been in to-night," said Annette's father.

"It is the first evening for a long while that he has not looked in," said Annette's mother.

"He is a most agreeable, well-conducted young man, and very diligent in his business," Mr. Leir pronounced emphatically.

"I hope nothing unpleasant keeps him from coming here to-night. I thought he didn't look very happy yesterday," his wife rejoined.

"He is rather proud and reserved; one whose feelings ought not to be trifled with." Mr. Leir looked full and sternly at Annette as he spoke.

Annette rose up, wished her father and mother good night proudly, and went to her own room. She had forgotten to get a light, but the moonbeams were pouring in. She opened the lattice, leant out, sighed, muttered a few words, then blushed at the sound of her own voice. She watched the moon till it set to her behind a clump of firs on the top of the hill; then she crept to bed with wet, cold cheeks.

Annette was as merry and careless as ever next morning,

plucking flowers to adorn the room. She stood at the gate, trying to reach an early-blown piece of honeysuckle, her hat fallen off, and hair pulled down, when Mr. Lekham passed on his way to his business in the town. She smiled, and he bowed without smiling; yet that evening found him at her father's, listening to her every word, watching her every movement. She never once spoke to him voluntarily, or looked in his face; and did not go out into her garden, lest he should follow.

"Annette, you did not answer my question. I must have an answer." They were alone, spite of the girl's precautions; and Henry Lekham spoke in a hurried, somewhat imperious voice.

"Must you, Mr. Lekham?"

"Excuse that word; but what I feel is real. I must speak real words; I can't choose fine ones."

"Then I'll speak plain words too."

"Speak true ones; do you love me?"

"I wonder," said the provoking beauty, "does all the poetry I have read lie; and is all that books say untrue? I suppose the times are quite gone by when knights waited and worked long years through, only too well content if they received a smile or a kind word at long intervals from the lady they—loved." The last word spoken with shy reluctance.

"Those times are quite gone by, if they ever were. Life is too short; there is too much to do in it; but—"

"Then I think I will wait till those times come back; so, good evening, Mr. Lekham," and away went Annette.

For months after that she and Henry Lekham did not exchange a word, or touch each other's hand. Annette was somewhat in disgrace with her father and mother, and grew graver and a little thinner. She never smiled now when she met Mr. Lekham, but just bowed with cold dignity.

One autumn afternoon, Annette set out with a basket on her arm, which was no light weight, to pay a charitable visit to a poor woman living a good way off.

She stayed long listening to the story of a life full of woe, and doing what little she could to relieve present distress. When she left the woman's hovel, night was darkening down wildly.

Annette wasn't particularly brave, and it was a ghostly kind of evening. Even going down the hill-side, where pale light lingered, she started more than once at some eerie-sounding sign of the wind, or at the aspect of some fantastic-shaped bush. A mountain-mist came on, and blew blindingly in her face. Forgetting how torrents of rain that had fallen only the night before must have swollen the brook, she determined to go home a shorter way than she had come, crossing the plank that formed a bridge, so avoiding a corner of the wood.

It was very dark in the hollow through which the stream ran, and the water made a great noise. She could not find the plank; and getting somewhat desperate, tried to spring across. She did not reach firm ground on the other side, and hurt her foot among the rough stones. When she had scrambled up the bank, it pained her a good deal, and she sat down inclined to cry at the desolateness of her situation—she was no heroine.

It was so drear and dismal—only the noise of the wind and the water to be heard, and nothing to be seen but the foam on the stream, the white mist, and the black belt of wood along which her path lay. Annette was quite coward enough to be afraid of having the black wood so close at hand at this hour, the black wood, of which she had heard so many queer stories. She sat still, hoping the pain in her foot would go off, or that some one would pass. The latter seemed very unlikely. She shrank close into herself when she perceived a tall figure coming towards her, looking gigantic through the mist.

"Annette! Annette!" a voice called. She sprang up gladly, greatly relieved; though she wished it had been any one else.

"Thank God," Mr. Lekham exclaimed, "you are safe!"

"Yes; but I've hurt my foot," she said, in her usual laughing way.

"That is nothing."

"Isn't it!" she exclaimed pettishly—he ought to have been grieved.

"You might have been drowned. The stream is very deep and wide where the bridge was washed away; if you had tried to cross there, you would have been drowned," he said gravely.

"Should I?" Annette asked softly, and clung to his arm

shivering. "It would have been dreadful in this noisy water, such a dismal night."

"I don't see that the noise of the water, or the dismalness of the night, would make it worse to be drowned," he replied, smiling.

"It would. A quiet sunny stream has looked pleasant, I have thought. But let us go home."

"Yes; they are anxious—your father is gone up the other way to look for you, and your mother stood in the garden calling your name."

"We will hurry, then." Annette stopped in a few moments, though, with a little cry of pain. "We must go slower, my foot hurts me."

"No; we will go faster—you must let me!" And he took her up and strode on rapidly, his manner more tender than his words. Annette was powerless, so made no resistance. Very soon he gave her into her mother's care, and went to tell her father that she was found.

After that evening, Henry Lekham was again a frequent visitor at the cottage. Annette was more demure—showed a little shy graciousness sometimes: began to feel subdued in his presence, and powerless, as she had done when she was lame and he took her into his arms. He never alluded to that evening; when her father and mother did, Annette would blush and pout. Yet the tears would rise softly to her eyes if she thought about it when she was alone.

CHAPTER II.

ONE wintry morning the post-boy brought a large letter to Mr. Leir's cottage for Lawrence Leir, Esq. Now Mr. Leir was a man of fallen fortunes, and it was long since he had been esquired. Mrs. Leir and Annette sat by the fire, busy with homely household work. Annette, in her plain merino dress of many winters, with diligent fingers and a quietly-smiling mouth, looked as if pleasant thoughts made summer in her heart. Mrs. Leir's face wore a wonted look of mingled anxiety and austerity, her brow had other wrinkles than those made by time.

"When did Henry say he should be home, Annette?"

"In a fortnight, mamma," Annette answered, blushing because her thoughts had been busy with that same Henry.

"I hope, Annette," Mrs. Leir said solemnly, "that you do not mean to trifle with his affections longer; one way or other you shall answer him, child. He has shown more forbearance than ninety-nine men in a hundred would have done. I have forborne speaking to you seriously before, out of respect to his wishes."

Annette did not speak; but the face she drooped over her work looked troubled now. Why mightn't she dream out her little dream, fancy out her little romance in peace? Her mother's words seemed to brush through and destroy her pleasant self-mystifyings, as the first feet crossing the grass of an autumn meadow destroy the shining, twining, fairy-webs woven from blade to blade.

An exclamation from Mr. Leir made both his wife and daughter look up at him. His face was radiant with some emotion, but he tried to be very dignified, even to speak with a certain bitterness.

"I am not esquired for nothing!" he said, putting the letter into his wife's lap. "My uncle—your great uncle—is dead, Annette; he has left us a great house and land and money, which I must go and see after. You will be an heiress, child!"

Mr. Leir kissed an upturned and bewildered face.

"You don't look glad. Ah, you will soon find out how much pleasanter it is to be rich and courted than to sit doing such work as that—too hard for your fingers."

Pain was gathering in Annette's eyes; but her father turned from her to her mother, who had got through the letter.

"Who would have thought that Everreach Grange would have come to us—such a family as my uncle had?"

"We have lived so out of the world here, you didn't know that his sons were dead, did you?" his wife asked.

"Never having received any kindness from him, never expecting to get any good by his death, I haven't concerned myself about him," Mr. Leir replied.

Mechanically Mrs. Leir recommenced the darn she had been interrupted in; but her husband took the table-cloth from her hand.

"Away with that, Martha! here, draw near the fire and let us talk—there is enough to settle." Mr. Leir threw a great log on unproved, and sat down close by his wife. "You see the lawyer advises our taking immediate possession. How soon could we get away?"

"Dear me! I cannot say. It is like a dream!" and Mrs. Leir smoothed some of the wrinkles out of her careful brow.

It is like a dream!" Annette echoed, and pressed her hand on her white forehead as if to still pain beating there.

"We ought not to delay," Mr. Leir went on. "The eyes of a master are always invaluable."

"There may be some mistake, papa," was feebly suggested.

"Ha! ha! people don't make mistakes about matters of this sort—not mistakes on this side at all events. Wife, what is there to prevent our starting for Everreach to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Lawrence! you might, but I must stay and arrange matters."

"Yes, papa, couldn't you go and we follow," Annette asked wistfully.

"No, no! we'll all go together; and as for your arrangements, wife, make them all to-night; you may give away our furniture if you like we shall not need it. It will not suit the Grange."

Annette stole away to her own room, leaving husband and wife to talk over his wonderful fortune.

It was February, and snow was lying thick on the ground, and a fog brooding above it; the cold was biting and bitter; but Annette knelt long in the window-seat, her head buried in her hands; there seemed danger of her freezing in that crouching, despairing attitude.

The face she upturned appealingly at last, from which cold, fear and pain had driven back all the blood, would have been difficult to identify with the laughing, sunny, saucy one of the girl who had sat singing beneath the hawthorn a few months back.

When she rose, she huddled on her bonnet and shawl; stole stealthily down the stairs and past the door of the parlor where her mother and father talked, forming splendid projects for her future—congratulating themselves that no engagement bound her to Henry Lekham, country bookseller and stationer.

Annette went out into the brooding, biting mist. She was going to take counsel with her only friend—a woman years older than herself, who had shown great interest in Annette's love affair, and given the shy girl much, if not wise advice; advice which had been received scornfully, and never acted upon; but which desolate Annette now persuaded herself must at least have been kindly meant.

So Annette sped on over the snow towards Scawdon Farm.

She found it difficult to make Emma Brown understand what had befallen. When she finished with a burst of tears, Emma exclaimed—

"Well, and what is there in this to send you out over the snow with such a scared face? What ails ye, Annette?"

"Cannot you tell?"

"No. It's no such dreadful thing to be made a fine lady of, is it? Shouldn't a mind it myself."

"But, Emma, we are going away directly, and—"

"Is it Henry Lekham you're crying after?" Miss Brown asked, with a look of intelligence at last.

"I am not crying after any one," Annette said, raising her head, indignation sending some blood into her cheeks. But soon the head was bowed again. "What shall I do—what shall I do?" was the pitiful cry.

"Why, sit here by the fire, and let me pull off your wet shawl and hood," Miss Brown said sharply; but proceeded to show some tenderness in caring for her friend's physical well-being.

"You never seemed to set much store by Mr. Lekham. When I told you you loved him, you've flown into a fine rage; but if you do like him after all, I can't see what you've got to fuss about. He'll like you none the worse for being a fine lady and rich, lass," she added bitterly.

"You don't know him, or you'd not speak that way, Emma. But it isn't his liking me or no. I don't think," and her face kindled brilliantly, "that richer or poorer will alter that; but it's my father and mother, Emma. We're going away directly."

to-morrow, to a large house; and I'm in no way bound to him. He won't follow unless they ask him, and they won't."

"I see. Papa and mamma will be for catching a grand gentleman now."

"He is a grand gentleman, Emma."

"He's a shopkeeper for that; and I hear shopkeepers are looked down upon by the quality. You're pretty enough to be made a lady, Annette. You'll grow far too grand to remember us up here."

"Oh, Emma, it's cruel to talk to me like that. I will never love anybody but him. Can I do anything?"

Miss Brown was touched by the appeal of Annette's pale look.

"Do! of course you can. Write to him a few kind words and leave him to take the hint. If he loves you, he'll follow you to the world's end."

"Write to Mr. Lekham? No, never!"

"If you'd been engaged, wouldn't you have done it?"

"Oh, yes."

"And you know he loves you, you do! If you love him too, it's all one as if you'd said you'd marry him. You're a fool if you don't write."

"And will you keep the letter? I couldn't send it to his house," Annette said, after a pause.

Miss Brown turned, and stirred up the blazing fire.

"No, no! give it some one else to give him. After all, Annette, perhaps you'd best not be in haste; you may like another better that your parents would like too."

"I never shall. Emma, you don't know him."

"So you said before. You think he's too much the gentleman for such as I to understand, perhaps, madam? Don't look so piteous. Send the letter to me, if you like. Remember, you ask me to keep it."

"Yes; to keep it till he comes. Oh, thank you, Emma!" Annette was hurriedly wrapping her shawl round her again.

"You need not be in such a hurry. But of course you are off, having got what you came for," Miss Brown remarked.

"They will think it odd. I must go. Good-bye, dear Emma." Annette threw her arms round Miss Brown, and then hurried away. Her embrace was suffered, not returned.

When Annette went to bed that night, she took an ink-bottle with her, a pen, and some paper. It was not easy to do this without attracting attention. Locked into her "chilly nest," she set herself this first and strange love-letter. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—You will hear of the change that has come to us, and why we have gone away. This change can make no difference between true friends, at least I do not feel that it can.

ANNETTE LEIR."

A small matter that letter; yet it cost thought and tears and blushes. When it was written and enclosed to Miss Brown, Annette felt happier; and after praying, fell quietly asleep.

CHAPTER III.

"I OFTEN think, Annette, how fortunate it was that you were so capricious and shy with Mr. Lekham, and did not become attached to him. If you had been engaged to him, of course we should not have broken off the engagement; but now, I hope, you will do much better. It is very fortunate you did not become attached to him," Mrs. Leir repeated. Pale Annette said nothing, because she had begun to doubt if she were not forgotten, and could not, to Mrs. Leir, own an unrequited attachment. Mrs. Leir went on:

"But, child, I wish you would not look so lost and ill at ease. You must remember we are not low-bred people raised to sudden prosperity; we are only restored to a rank of life we lost for a time through your father being unfortunate. Do try and take your proper place in the house and in society. It is wretched to see you roaming about and gazing down the road all day, as you do."

Mrs. Leir swept from the drawing-room, and Annette was left alone. Spring twilight was falling. Through an open window she went out into the balmy evening, found a secret place, and cried as if her heart were broken. What was all the stirring life and loveliness without, the opulence and splendor within, to her? Nothing, nothing! She felt as if, could she see Henry Lekham standing before her, she would fall on her knees and cry to him to love her still, to take her to be his, to

satisfy her poor longing heart with his kind, true words. Sorrow had subdued her girlish pride.

When she crept to the house, her hair was uncurled by the night damp, her silk dress soiled by the moist earth; she shivered from head to foot. In the hall she met her father. He started. "Annette, child! what ails you? You look like a ghost. Speak, my darling!" This was an unwonted epithet of endearment, and moved Annette.

"Papa, papa! I am so miserable. I think I shall die," she sobbed out, leaning against him.

"Hush! I'll take you to your mother." Frightened and uneasy, he led her to the room where Mrs. Leir was dressing for dinner and company.

"Annette is ill," he said, and put her in the easy-chair by the fire. "She has been out too late, and caught cold."

Mrs. Leir despatched her maid, and then bolted the door; she half knew what ailed her child.

Led on by her parents' unwonted tenderness, Annette made a full confession of her love for Mr. Lekham and her having written to him.

They were both indignant, and spoke hard things of him. Mrs. Leir said that Annette had shown a want of maidenly pride in writing at all.

"And he has neither written nor sent any message after that? He is a proud fellow; I always thought him proud. He would only make you unhappy, child. Such conduct shows utter disregard of your feelings. Have you heard from Miss Brown?"

Annette sobbed bitterly. "Once. And—he is at his home, and—doing as usual."

"He has forgotten you, Annette; perhaps he has formed some fresh attachment. Call up your proper pride, my dear; forget him, too," Mrs. Leir said. "My daughter will not pine for any man."

"Mamma, let me go to my own room and be alone." She rose, but turned back at the door to say, "I do not believe he has forgotten—at least I think—he may be afraid. Even, he may not have had my letter. There is something that might be explained."

"Do you doubt Miss Brown, who has been so kind to you?" was asked reproachfully.

"I cannot doubt Mr. Lekham, who was so patient and——"

"That is nonsense!" Mr. Leir said hastily. "There is a difference between loving a pretty girl when he sees her every day, and remembering faithfully when she is absent. Annette, you must promise me never to write to Mr. Lekham again." Mr. Leir looked very stern.

"Papa! mamma! Oh, would one of you write to him?—just a few common kind lines—nothing about me. You ought; he was so good to us all! Just let him know that we haven't forgotten." Annette looked from one to the other with wild appeal.

"Your request is reasonable, child. You give me your promise never to write a line yourself, and it shall be granted," Mr. Leir said. That concession was very wise.

"Never, never, without your consent!" Annette exclaimed eagerly.

That promised note Mr. Leir wrote, and sent some appropriate present with it, "as a mark of continued regard." Mr. Lekham received both.

Mr. Leir received a few lines from Henry Lekham, thanking him for his kind remembrance, desiring his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Leir, and announcing his intention of giving up his business in that little country town, and opening one in London on a much larger scale. The whole note was cold and business-like; there was nothing in it on which Annette could base hope.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. LEKHAM wearily climbed to Sawdon Farm.

In its porch, that sultry afternoon, sat Emma Brown. With scarlet cheeks, bright eyes, lips apart, and a spray of crimson roses in her dark abundant hair, she looked akin to the glowing midsummer. She went a few steps to meet Mr. Lekham; her bright eyes caught his admiration, then veiled themselves. He could not help thinking how different she was from his lost Annette. As he took her substantial hand he contrasted it



GOOD DOG!—BY W. HUNT.

with Annette's fairy fingers, which seemed nothing in his, where once—the last time they had parted—they had lain lingeringly. Then, because Mr. Lekham considered Emma Brown a true and unselfish friend, he reproached himself with ingratitude in thinking of her disparagingly, and put more warmth than was his wont into his manner towards her. He sat opposite her in the porch; she continued silent, those hands which offended his fastidious taste lying idle and restless in her lap; she was always restless now.

"You must have had a hot walk, and indeed you look tired, Mr. Lekham; let me get something for you—some milk, if you won't have aught else," Emma said, remembering the duties of hospitality, and rising.

"Nothing, thank you, Emma." He touched her hand, and signed to her to be seated. "I have something to say to you, that brought me up here this evening."

She gathered a flower growing near, and twisted it about in her fingers. He didn't look at her, but over the hills far away, towards the distant Grange.

"I am going away from this place, and may never return to it." She shot a glance at his moody face. "Before I leave, I want to ask you—" He paused, never heeding her rising passion or quick-drawn breathing.

"I cannot believe her wholly false and fickle—false to what I read in her eyes when we parted, false to what the pressure of

her soft fingers said. Emma, you saw her the very day before she left; she was proud and shy; but did she speak no word of remembrance, say nothing that she hoped you might tell me again?"

Emma Brown had risen, and stood leaning against the stone wall, meanwhile crushing the flower she had been playing with beneath her foot—crushing all life and beauty out of it. Her face was white and still, she only shook her head. Mr. Lekham bowed his face down into his hands.

"How you loved that girl! she wasn't worthy of you; a pretty feeble child—well for a plaything; but—" She looked down on him with superb disdain, her face all in a glow again.

His head continued bowed. Passionate pity came into her eyes; she knelt beside him, and touched his hand with her hot cheeks. He looked up.

"No wonder you scorn me—I am weak. But she was my heart's darling, the flower of my life."

"I do not scorn you, Henry!" she began passionately; then added, in a reasoning tone, "but it is best so. If she had loved you, nothing but grief could have come. Her father and mother were so proud, and she was very dutiful." The last word uttered with a sneering emphasis.

"If I knew she loved me, nothing on earth should separate us." For a moment there was suspicion and anger in his glance.

Emma Brown recoiled, and said coldly :

"You men are selfish and wilful," and rose and turned from him.

"I am selfish and forge how true and kind a friend you have been ; how patient with my impatience ; how sincere when your sincerity made me rude to you !" He took her hand, her averted face he could not see.

"Now I am going away, Emma ; perhaps we may never meet again ; but think of me sometimes—and—" A cry was struggling from her parted lips ; she pressed her face against the rough stone. "And," he continued, "if you should hear any anything of her, oh Emma, let me know ! Am I right, do you think ; should I not follow her, trusting her ?"

"Do so, if you like !" she said, turning on him in scorn. "If you dare risk being repulsed from her grandeur, suspected of loving her money—"

"That I could not bear !" he said proudly. "No ! it is all over ; I must be content to lead a joyless, loveless life."

"Why, why ?" she cried, passion forcing way at last. "Is there but that child in the world ?"

He shrunk as by instinct from her burning glance. She saw wonder in his look, and changed her tone. "It is not worthy of a man to pine for a fickle girl. You should shake yourself free ; begin life afresh ; hate where you have loved, if you like. Heavens ! I wish I were a man with work in the world to do ! Would I moan and moan for love of any changeable child ? Not I."

"It is easy for those who do not know what love is, to talk so," Mr. Lekham said bitterly.

"Oh !" breathed through set teeth, and Emma clenched the hand he had held.

Mr. Lekham rose. "I go to-morrow, so I must bid you good-bye now, Emma. All happiness attend you ; you have been a true friend to me in my need." "Lost ! lost !" shrieked her own passion in her spirit's ears. "Is your brother in his yard, or up at the other farm ?"

"Up to the other farm, I believe. Good afternoon," said Emma, and looked out absently, shading her eyes with her left hand.

"It is good-bye. How cold your hand is, Emma !" he exclaimed, taking it in his.

"I would my heart were like it. There ! don't stand and look at me—go !" She made a grand gesture of dismissal.

"Emma ! are you ill ?" He looked at her in astonishment, unconsciously taking in the grandeur of her attitude, remembering and understanding it long after.

"I bid you go !" she said sharply, and staggered back against the wall.

"But I cannot leave you alone so ; you are ill."

She put her hand to her side, and fell at his feet. Even then the wild words could not pass her lips.

Only in spirit she cried, "I love you, love you, love you !"

He could not raise her ; but he brought water from the hill-side stream hard by, and she soon rose up of her own accord.

"It is the heat—my head ! I will go in," she said. "Go !" She signed to him again, and left the porch. He went, marveling much and fearing much.

Emma Brown had been false to Annette. She had kept Annette's note till Mr. Lekham's return ; then she tied a stone to it, and dropped it into the pool at Scawdon Farm unopened. "Annette is but a careless child," she said ; "a child to forget and love again ; while I am a woman, and one who cannot forget. And she thought me not grand enough to understand him."

Next morning early Mr. Lekham was again at the farm. He was a desperate man and a generous ; and had made up his mind that if this woman loved him, he would take her, and, conquering the first repugnance her passion inspired, try to make her happy. An impotent endeavor ! Can an empty cup quench thirst, even if it be of gold and jewelled ?

Emma Brown came in to him from her dairy, cool and calm as the early morning. He rebuked himself for having entertained a vain and wild conceit ; and after friendly talk, they parted. She had expected him.

During her night of agony and selfish passion resolve had

dawned upon her. A presentiment that she should die soon of the disease that had killed her father, sister, and two brothers, came to her, and calmed her. Before she died, she would write and confess all ; but now : she would not be smitten dead by his anger and scorn. Perhaps, when he was happy, and she lying under the turf on the bleak hill-side, he would spend pity and spare reproach.

Her presentiment had not been unfounded. Illness, apparently causeless, and alarming in its rapid progress, fell upon her. Yet each sharper spasm, herald of nearer death, was sternly welcomed by this woman. She put off reparation to the last ; and thought, that after making it to man she would submit herself to God—not in hope, but with a quiet-like apathy, to suffer His will and the punishment of her sin.

She died in the spring, eight months after her parting with Mr. Lekham. Her confession, long written, was posted, as she had ordered, on the day she died.

Henry Lekham travelled from London to Everreach Grange. It was shut up—had been for months. Nobody knew where the Leirs were now ; for they were not its possessors. A son of the old man's, supposed to have been long dead, had returned from abroad, proved his identity, and displaced Mr. Leir. He did not choose to live at the Grange ; people said there were good reasons why ; so Henry Lekham had the satisfaction of pacing the empty rooms and the garden-terraces where poor pale Annette had watched and waited for him.

"She was a sweet young lady ; but never looked happy here, poor thing !" the housekeeper said. "She was always expecting like ; she'd sit at this window the day through watching the road, if her mother didn't interfere with her."

Up and down the village, far and near in the neighborhood, Mr. Lekham wandered, trying to get information as to where the Leirs had gone. In vain.

CHAPTER V.

"PRAY come home quickly, Annette. It is so lonesome the day through with no one to speak to," a lady in widow's weeds said in a querulous voice to a girl who was collecting together a few books and pieces of music preparatory to an early morning start from a very humble London lodging into a London November fog.

"Yes, mamma. I have not many lessons to give to-day, and to-morrow you know is Sunday, and we shall have the whole day together. I've got you the book you wanted to read ; here it is ; so I hope you won't feel very dull."

"I am sure I do not know how we shall keep out of debt this winter ; it is a dreary prospect that lies before us."

"O mamma, we shall do. I only wish I knew more, and so could get more money by teaching ; but we spend very little. I am sure we shall get on."

Annette kissed her mother, and hurried away. Hastening on somewhat blindly through the fog, she came into contact with a gentleman at a street-corner. He begged her pardon ; she drew her veil closer, and went on. Once or twice she fancied herself followed, but did not turn till she stood on the door-step of the house where she was to give a first music-lesson.

Soon after her pupil had begun playing, a mere child was the pupil, for poor Annette's skill was not great—an impetuous rap sounded on the street-door.

Annette was in the dining-room : it was a slightly-built house. She drew the child's hands off the keys, and listened with beating heart and lips apart.

She started up : but the street-door had shut, and the step went down the street.

"What is it, Miss Leir ? Are you expecting any one to call here to see you ?" her employer asked not unkindly, yet with an accent of reproof on the *here*.

"No ; it is so unlikely !" Annette replied softly, and applied herself again to her lesson ; blushing through her soft palor, smiling strangely at her own folly.

As she was leaving the house, the servant said,

"Your name doesn't happen to be Leir, does it, miss ?"

"Yes. Why ?"

"A gentleman called this morning, and asked if a Miss Leir lived in this house. Without giving a thought on you, not having happened to have heard your name—I said, No."

"How could you ?" Annette breathed out reproachfully.

"I am very sorry if it was any one you wanted to see," the woman answered, looking remorsefully into Annette's agitated face.

"You did not mean to be—to do wrong, I mean; never mind," the poor girl replied, wrapped her faded shawl round her, and soon disappeared in the fog.

When, her toilsome day's work done, she stood before her mother, and the light of the fire and one candle flashed upon her face, it was so radiant that her mother started.

"Annette, you have not looked so well and so happy since we left our cottage at Scawdon. What is it, dear?"

"Mother, I know I am not forgotten!"

"God bless you, dear! you deserve to be happy if ever a girl did. But tell me what has happened."

"It is such a nothing, so vague. Wait, mamma, please."

"As you like. Now take off your bonnet while I make the tea. I am sure you are hungry."

But Annette could not eat. Though she longed for Monday, that Sunday was a blessed one; she felt so calm a consciousness of coming good. This feeling endured, months of work followed. Annette lived and worked in faith; but her physical strength was tasked and tried; and sometimes, looking at her own face, she would wonder, "Will he know me?"

One afternoon in early spring, Annette found a much-needed holiday. How could it be better spent than in seeing green fields?

Mrs. Leir urged her to get some fresh air, though she herself was not able to walk any distance.

Annette, following an instinct pure-hearted people feel in spring-tide, could not bring herself to put on a much-worn dingy bonnet and dress. She equipped herself in a new dress and cloak of gray laine, and a freshly-trimmed straw-bonnet.

"It is so warm, and they will not get dirty in the country," she said to her mother in an apologetic tone. The sooner to reach that longed-for "country," she spent sixpence in an omnibus ride.

What a child Annette felt as she rambled through two or three fair meadows, picked a handful of daisies, saw the fair spring sunshine lying on all, and felt the pure sweetness of the soft wind.

She was soon tired with happiness, and sat down on the trunk of a felled tree lying close to the hedge to rest. She touched her daisies with caressing fingers, and dreamed over her fair and long-past girlhood; remembered now that this was her birthday; that she was three-and-twenty this very day! Tears fell upon her daisies; not tears of sorrow: her meek patient heart was, like the spring-tide, praising the Lord.

Some one crossed the near stile and came towards her. But he walked slowly and thoughtfully, and approached noiselessly upon the grass. It was the most natural thing that he should pass there; every day at that hour he walked through that field.

Annette did not look up till something was between her and the late sunshine. Then it was not surprise that she felt: it seemed to her as if he had been coming nearer for many days: she said but "Henry." It was the first time she had called him so. That one word uttered, all was well.

It did not matter that she was paler, thinner, less radiant in outward beauty; that he was worn and wearied by the heart-sickness of long expectation, false hopes, frequent disappointments. For nothing were either to be pitied. They both loved God and each other, and all was well.

"Mother, he has found me; we have found each other!" Annette said, when, late that evening, she stood before her anxious mother, her radiant eyes suffused with tears, tender smiles flickering round her sweet mouth.

"Yea, thank God! my lost one is found," Henry said, and bowed his head over the widow's worn hand.

And the widow blessed them, wept over the common joy, and she, too, praised the Giver.

At an evening party lately a lady asked a Major why a fire engine was called she. The Major replied he did not know why, without it was because she had such a *long tongue*. The fair questioner did not appear quite satisfied.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

BY N. ROOMA.

NO. I.—SNOW STORM IN FRANCE.

I HAD only one travelling companion in the diligence from Paris to Boulogne. He was an Englishman, residing in Paris, where his occupation consisted in buying gloves for a mercantile house in London, of which he was a partner.

We were on our second day from Paris, and both intended to cross the Channel the same evening, direct for London, where we expected to eat our Christmas dinner on the following day. The weather was cloudy, but calm, seeming to promise a tranquil passage.

At the hotel at Boulogne, where we arrived at seven in the evening, we found a large company of Englishmen, mostly bound for their Christmas homes in England. They had engaged every berth on board the little steamer, and whoever else wished to cross that night had to make shift as best he could. Twelve hours in the suffocating atmosphere of an overcrowded cabin was bad enough, even with a berth; but without one, with hardly room to sit, far less to lie down, the idea was intolerable! My travelling companion had at least something to gain by braving an uncomfortable night, for he had friends and relatives in London, with whom to spend a happy Christmas day; whilst to me, a stranger there, it mattered little whether I arrived a few hours sooner or not, and I might as well cross the next day to Dover, in broad daylight, and proceeding by railway, still reach London before dusk.

I therefore let the whole party, including my travelling companion, the glove merchant, depart in peace, and made myself comfortable at the hotel for the rest of the night. Its accommodations were excellent, and I enjoyed them with double zest every time the picture rose before me of the probable discomforts endured by the passengers in the London-bound steamer. The sea very likely rough, for I heard the wind; the boat pitching; the air in the cabin vitiated, hot; people lying about everywhere in utter wretchedness!

Instead of all this, I had an airy, well-furnished room, all to myself, and stepped into a clean, ample and elastic bed, to settle down to sleep without a sound to disturb me!

The steamer for Dover was advertised to start the next morning at ten, hence no necessity for early rising, and I might breakfast when I liked. Leisurely I stepped down to the dining room, little prepared for the disappointing news that awaited me there: the Dover steamer was not to leave that day; some part of the engine was broken and had to be repaired. This was the official excuse; unofficially I heard it whispered, that the captain did not think it worth his while making the voyage with one or two passengers only. My self-congratulation was soon changed into regret. Whatever the annoyances on board the London boat, they would by this time have belonged to the past, while at all events, one annoyance, a longer delay than I had bargained for, if not others, lay before me and was still to be endured. Regrets being unavailable, there only remained for me to make the best of the matter. At two a diligence would leave for Calais, whence it was again at my option to cross over to Dover or to London direct. I had to while away the forenoon at the hotel, for it snowed, not much, in fact scarcely to speak of; yet enough to make it more desirable to remain within doors.

Accustomed to the usual large French diligences with *coupé*, *interieure*, *rotonde*, and *imperiale*, with conductor and postilion, and drawn by four or six horses, I was rather surprised to find a small rickety carriage with room for four, not counting the *coupé* for the driver, and drawn by two attenuated hacks, and this sorry turnout called a diligence! Driver and conductor were united in one and the same individual, who, not long after his passengers, consisting beside myself of two countrymen and the wife of one of these, had assembled, gave them to understand that he had been a dragoon under the great Napoleon! He was a great *farceur*, this conductor, and as fond of cracking his jokes as his whip.

Marquise must be ten miles distant from Boulogne; I

make this out by computation, for having left the latter place at two, having travelled just a trifle faster than a man's ordinary walk, say five miles an hour, and arriving at Marquise at dusk, which on Christmas day in that latitude commences at about four, I believe myself justified in adducing the above result.

Here Monsieur le Conducteur considered it necessary to rest and refresh his horses, not to mention himself. The traveller's room at the cabaret was the very opposite of cleanly, and its floor was deluged by the melted snow brought in by many feet. There was a hubbub of voices in discordant French, with a provincial twang; in fact, nothing in-doors or without was calculated to improve the humor of one who had to chew the cud of disappointment at so unexpected and unwelcome a prolongation of his journey. It took an incredible time before the conductor had despatched all his *petits verres* and all his jokes with everybody, yet at last to my solace the signal for departure was given.

It was now nearly dark, the snow began to fall in larger flakes, though not so heavily as to cause apprehension. I resumed my seat, the conductor ascended into his coupé, and with a merry ejaculation and a crack of his whip started off. Our progress was still slower than it had been, a symptom that the road had already become affected by the snow.

After a while the darkness increased, and nothing could be distinguished outside, except the whiteness of the ground. Fine snow began to drift in through the chinks beside, above and behind us; the sound of the conductor's voice, as he more frequently than before urged his horses on, grew louder and shriller, and told of excitement. Suddenly he pulled up and called out to us through the front window "*Messieurs, je n'y vois plus*" (I cannot see any more).

I was at first inclined to think that he was again jesting, but letting down the sideglass I soon discovered that he had said the truth, for beyond a few yards of a dim white the eye discovered naught all around except impenetrable darkness. Here was a dilemma! Overtaken by a snow storm and unable to find our road!

Once more the conductor used word and deed to coax his jaded steeds to pull, and slowly and softly we crept along. After about a quarter of an hour's travelling in this manner we again stopped; the carriage-door was opened, and the conductor putting in his head, informed us that we had reached a peasant's cottage, where we must remain the night, it being impossible to proceed. There was no descending the steps; I had to jump out, and landing in the snow up to the waist, I had to use some exertion to grope my way to the cottage.

The first thing we stumbled into was a stable, which constituted one of the three compartments of a low and roughly constructed one-storey dwelling. From the stable we entered into a good-sized room, which with a contiguous room of less dimensions, composed the whole establishment.

We were not the first who here sought shelter from the storm. Round a stove situated almost in the centre of the larger room, we found seated half a dozen individuals, wrapped up in a variety of odd-looking garbs. Having made room for us, they introduced themselves as actors travelling in private one-horse conveyances, who, having nearly lost themselves in the drifts, had only with great exertion succeeded in reaching the cottage. Four of their companions were still out; a lady and gentleman in a curricle, and two gentlemen who had just left the cottage in search of them. Some anxiety was felt about their missing party, for the storm was still increasing and the drifts were of enormous height.

Our suspense lasted for about half an hour, when at length the stragglers burst into the room with much fuss and excitement, especially one gentleman, who with dramatic effect and many exclamations of exhaustion threw himself on an empty chair before the stove, stretched his legs, and closed his eyes with every appearance of having actually fainted. It was then that the master of the house, a tall, square-shouldered peasant, who had hitherto scarcely opened his mouth, intimated to us that inasmuch as his house was neither an inn nor a tavern, he could not keep us for the night, and we would have to leave.

No better cure could have been devised to restore our seem-

ingly insensible actor to animation; in an instant he was again on his feet, and with a volubility of which only a Frenchman is capable, he poured out a whole torrent of invectives and *sacres* on the devoted head of the peasant for his inhumanity, for his heartless cruelty in even entertaining the idea of driving so many fellow-creatures from his house in such an awful night, probably to perish in the snow. Stay we would, however, in spite of him; we were the many, he was only one; not of course without remuneration; let him ask what he would, he should be paid, but stir we certainly would not. The peasant made no farther objections; on the contrary, when asked for refreshments, he placed before us all the provisions that were in the house, consisting of three bottles of common wine and a small quantity of bread and bacon. A scanty supply for fourteen hungry people, and yet it was something; it might at least serve to blunt their appetites for a while.

The actress took possession of the only bed in the place, situated in the adjoining room. In the apartment on the other side, to wit the stable, all the horses had found shelter, as we soon were made aware by their incessant stamping.

If it be one's destiny to meet with a disagreeable incident, such as mine, it is at least well to find oneself in company of a jovial set of Frenchmen, especially if they be actors; for their mercurial nature will not permit them to grumble long at anything, and they are ever full of merriment and conversation. Seconded by our facetious conductor, my new companions joked and laughed incessantly, and seemed as happy as if they had been at their own homes, with the certainty before them of a good supper and comfortable beds, and not weatherbound in a miserable hut, with the prospect of a supperless night, seated on wooden chairs. With much vivacity and humor, and evidently also with many embellishments improvised for the occasion, they told stories of events that had happened to them during previous snow storms or in consequence of severe cold—each of the narrators having on that occasion either been subjected to extraordinary sufferings, or had hairbreadth escapes, or else having evinced a superlative degree of courage and gallantry.

MONSIEUR LOUIS' STORY.

Monsieur Louis, once ascended the St. Bernard, on a visit to the convent. I must confess before proceeding, that I would have given something to learn what business he had there. It could not have been a visit connected with his profession, and scarcely with that of the inmates of the convent; nor had he the appearance (being inclined to corpulency) of a person who would undergo toil and encounter danger for the sake of a pleasure excursion. What business then had he there? I did not presume to ask, and had therefore to be satisfied with his assertion, that he once ascended the St. Bernard on a visit to the convent. Accompanied by a guide, he had reached as high as the Pont d'Hudri, when he was overtaken by a snow storm. Every trace of the road became obliterated; the precipice was no more to be distinguished from the firm ground, for everything was one vast level of snow. They were standing on a plateau, whence it was unsafe to move, as one false step might have precipitated them into an interminable abyss. Nevertheless the guide resolved to venture alone in search of his road to the convent, in order, if possible, to procure assistance for Mr. Louis. Planting his ironshod alpine stick at each step firmly in the snow, he cautiously picked his way and soon disappeared. It was a horrid feeling thus to be left alone in a wilderness of snow, the drifts howling around him, incapable of moving a single inch, and uncertain if assistance would come, or if it came if it would not be too late to save him; for he felt painfully cold, and a drowsiness crept gradually over him, which he had to use every effort to resist. His sufferings somehow decreased in intensity—he thought of his infancy, of his old mother in Paris, and then—he could not tell us anything more except that he remembered a sensation as if a dog licked his face, and as if he were riding in a prostrate position on the back of some strange animal, embracing its neck. When he opened his eyes, he found himself in a comfortable bed, a monk by his side. He was at the convent; the dogs of St. Bernard had saved him.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

My conductor had made the Russian campaign under Napoleon. It was he who at Moscow had run to inform Marshal Ney that

the Kremlin was on fire. It was he who had been present when the emperor, flying from the conflagration, in the bitterness of his soul, had applied to his novel and disastrous situation the common saying: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step." At Smolensk, our dragoon received an ugly wound in his leg, and lay helplessly in the snow, when a Cossack sprang upon him to kill or plunder him, or both, as best might suit; with his eyes closed, and keeping still as if dead, he felt a hand on the breast of his jacket, probably in search of money. Suddenly he startles the enemy by crying out in a stentorian voice, "*Camarade, tu me chatouilles; veux-tu la goule?*" (Friend, you tickle me; will you have a dram?) The Cossack empties the proffered flask to the bottom, and instead of killing or even robbing the dragoon, carries him on his back to the Russian camp as a prisoner. He is cured and sent to Siberia, but on his way thither manages to escape disguised in woman's attire.

Of the whole story this part was the most difficult to swallow. Monsieur Jean might in his earlier days not have been encumbered with such an immense black beard; but if he was then as tall, he would have been pronounced a dragoon had he actually been a woman. After many hardships he rejoins the disbanded French troops, lives with them on horse flesh, huddles together with them to keep from freezing to death, swims across the Beresina, and worn to a skeleton and in tatters, reaches his home in France.

MONSIEUR GAILLOUT'S STORY.

Urgent business compelled him on a severely cold winter morning to travel in a *pattache* (a four-wheeled wagon without springs, common in some parts of France), quite by himself, across the Ardennes. That mountain-forest is proverbially infested with wolves of a most ferocious kind, and scarcely a winter passes without some melancholy tale of a wayfarer that had been devoured by these monsters.

Armed with two large horse-pistols and a sabre, M. Gaillout felt himself quite secure, even in the event of being attacked. He was warmly clothed, had a fast travelling horse, and in most excellent spirits, alternately singing and whistling to himself, had traversed the greater part of the forest without a sign of wolves being near.

Suddenly, however, appalling sounds of a melancholy howling, not of one animal but as if it were of hundreds, issued from among the gigantic trees. M. Gaillout's courage now sank a good many degrees, and made room for sensations of tremulous nervousness. Large flakes of snow had been falling for some time and made the road heavier, a steep ascent was before him, and though he constantly urged his steed onward his progress was but very slow.

But how was he startled when having reached the summit of the hill, he distinctly heard the report of fire-arms coming from the very direction towards which he was bound! There was a second report, then a few minutes of silence, then again it seemed as if cries of anguish and distress were borne to him on the wind. For an instant he hesitated what course to pursue; there was doubtless danger ahead; should he consult his own safety only and avoid that danger, whatever it might be, by proceeding on a by-road with which he was acquainted, or should he hasten to render assistance where it might be urgently needed? The struggle within him was short, his nobler nature conquered. The opposite side of the hill was as steep as its ascent had been; and downward he now sped its whole length at full gallop, in spite of the accumulating snow, in which he was at every moment in danger of upsetting his wagon. The cries he had heard increased gradually in distinctness, and he soon felt assured that they proceeded from a female in distress. Louder and louder they fell on his ear, and then suddenly ceased altogether. Lashing his spirited steed into madness, he flew over the road at such a tremendous rate that he has often since wondered that the *pattache* did not break down, or that he himself did not break his neck.

At a sudden turn of the road the frightful cause of the cries was at once revealed. A close carriage, two horses down in the snow dead, their bleeding carcasses gnawed by three enormous wolves, beside these two other wolves prostrate and vomiting torrents of blood, but no human being to be seen!

A pistol in each hand, M. Gaillout sprang to the ground,

and before the brutes, intent upon their prey, became aware of his presence, discharged both his weapons with such effect that two out of the three fell instantly dead. The third turning round appeared ready to fly or to fight, but entangling himself in the horses' traces, was cloven through the skull by M. Gaillout's sabre.

The latter now proceeded towards the carriage, where lay stretched on the cushions, in a deep swoon, a young woman of uncommon beauty, whom a domestic was endeavoring to restore to animation.

She soon recovered, and having been assured that the dreadful animals were all dead, she overwhelmed her deliverer with passionately expressed thanks. In killing two out of the five beasts, her poor coachman had achieved all that was in his power, but having unfortunately no more ammunition at hand he had been obliged to seek refuge beside his mistress, who, after having at first given vent to her terror in screams, had eventually fainted.

There was now no time to be lost to get out of the wood. From behind the trees another set of wolves might suddenly spring upon them, for their howling, though appearing to emanate from the depth of the forest, was still heard; and the snow which continued to fall might change into a storm. M. Gaillout therefore politely but urgently besought the young lady to allow him to drive her in his *pattache* to wherever she should direct.

She had no choice but to accept. Her luggage was fastened on the top of the vehicle, the coachman seated himself behind, and they were soon on their way.

In the meantime the weather had cleared up, the sun shone out in radiant brightness, and as brightly shone now the sparkling eyes of our friend's new travelling companion, who was as graceful in manners as she was beautiful in appearance. Still nervous after so fearful an event, and impressed with a deep sense of gratitude towards the stranger to whom she believed she owed her life, the tone of her voice, whilst it touched the heart of the eager listener, betrayed the depth of her emotions. She told him that she was *Mademoiselle de Bretaille*, daughter of the marquis of that name. It was a well-known family, for the marquis was one of the wealthiest noblemen in Normandy, and his pedigree ascended to the times of St. Louis, if not of Clovis.

In two hours they reached the village of P—, which is situated on the confines of the forest, in safety, and peasants with horses were immediately despatched in search of the carriage.

It would have been both tedious and disagreeable to *Mademoiselle de Bretaille* to await its arrival at the poor village inn; and it was therefore not difficult for M. Gaillout, who by his respectful manner had gained her entire confidence, to persuade her to accompany him still further on the few leagues which remained to Mezières, whither they both were bound.

It was very natural that the marquis, her father, who had been for several hours on the anxious look-out for his carriage and in it for his daughter, standing on the steps of the Grand Hotel at Mezières, should be astonished and not know what to make of it, when in a slowly approaching *pattache* he recognized his daughter at the side of a man whom he never had seen, and his coachman on the seat behind.

But the matter once explained, he clasped the stranger to his heart, and his thanks knew no bounds. While at Mezières, Gaillout was his constant guest, and at their parting, loaded with presents, he had to promise to visit the marquis at his chateau. There every summer he spent several happy weeks, treated with friendship and intimacy by the father and almost revered by the daughter.

"Ah," exclaimed M. Gaillout with a sigh, when at the end of his story, "were I only not already married, my fortune would be made."

It was difficult to distinguish how much of all these stories was really true and how much invention, but they were well told, infinitely better than I can repeat them, and at all events fully answered their purpose, for they helped to while away a

few otherwise most cheerless hours in the most agreeable manner.

Unfortunately by midnight the supply of coals gave out, and in proportion as the stove, round which we had formed a circle, gradually cooled, the spirits of the company began after all to flag, and the last ember died simultaneously with the last joke for the night. The room now became chilly and the company still, every one hugging himself closer in his muffler and overcoat, and pulling his travelling cap further down on his nose. It was amusing to watch the desperate attempts made by each, in his own way, when overpowered by sleep to maintain his balance on the narrow low-backed chair; they all succeeded, for there was no tumble, but they looked exceedingly uncomfortable as well as ridiculous.

As for myself, having secured the top of the only table in the room, where, enveloped in my cloak and resting my head on a carpet-bag, I could stretch myself at full length, I was the luckiest of all. Nobody thought of lying down on the floor, for apart from its being outrageously dirty, it had not sufficient room for the purpose.

In spite of the hardness of my couch, of the incessant stamping of the horses and of the occasional snoring of my companions, I succeeded in snatching intervals of sleep and forgetfulness.

At length a dim morning light struggled through the narrow window-panes, and soon all was astir. It had ceased snowing and the weather was clear, but the road was completely blocked up, and there stood the so-called diligence firmly imbedded in a ten feet high drift.

The actors, as well as my fellow-travellers of the diligence, decided upon making their way on foot; the former, leaving their vehicles and horses behind, to Boulogne, and the latter to their village, which was only a few miles distant. I was the only one of the company who had no mode of proceeding on his journey, it being an impossibility to wade through the snow all the way to Calais, which was still thirty miles off, not to speak of my luggage, which I could not carry. The only alternative left me was to retrace my steps to Marquise, there to await more propitious times.

Whilst preparations for departure were being made, our host the peasant, accompanied by another as athletic man, entered the room from the stable, and having locked the door put the key in his pocket. He then quietly, but with an expression of determination in his countenance not to be mistaken, demanded five francs from each traveller for the accommodation of the night; together seventy francs, for what, including coals, was not worth two.

It was doubtless a gross imposition; but to us the shelter had been so opportune, nay such a godsend, that when overtaken by the snow storm on the previous night each of us would probably have been ready, for the sake of obtaining it, to give all the cash he had at the time. The five francs ought therefore to have been paid without much grumbling, especially after the unlimited promise of remuneration made by the fainting actor.

Yet this was the only one among us who demurred at the exorbitance of the charge, which he refused to pay. With as many *sacres* as he had used in the evening in upbraiding the peasant for inhumanity, he now taxed him with villainy and extortion. Though right in the abstract—for we had evidently fallen into the hands of a rascal—he was doubly wrong in practice, first having deprived himself of his right to complain by the pledge he had given, and secondly, as he might easily perceive from appearances, that he could not help himself.

In fact he might as well have saved his breath, for the peasant would not abate a single sou, and he had at last, though he did it with the worst grace imaginable, to follow the example of the others and disburse his quota.

My conductor having pledged himself for the safety of my luggage, now led me through the deep snow back to Marquise. It was a bright, bracing morning, and ground and trees were sprinkled with diamonds. The walk was fatiguing, but only three miles long, and with a keen appetite for breakfast, having

scarcely tasted food since leaving Boulogne, I arrived at the same village inn where we had stopped in the evening. But such a breakfast they placed before me! A mixture of chicory and peas, colored black, passed off for coffee; the bread was sour and sandy, and the butter rancid. The room assigned to me was paved with red tiles, and had a horrid musty smell. How I managed to live through, in utter solitude, that interminable though midwinter day, how the greasy food and the verjuice which they called wine did not give me cholera, or how I escaped inflammatory rheumatism from the dampness of that miserable bed, I cannot tell.

On the following day the roads were sufficiently cleared to be passable for carriages; and accordingly, to my great satisfaction, at about ten in the forenoon, the old crazy thing, driven by my friend the conductor, again made its appearance.

Without further adventure I reached Calais toward evening. There would have been more cause here than at Boulogne for waiting till the next day and going by the way of Dover, for the weather was now very stormy; but apprehensive of still more delays, I determined on this occasion, at all hazards, to cross over to London direct.

The steamer started at midnight, and of my passage in her I can only say that the worst picture I had conjured up in my mind, when snugly ensconced in soft bedding at Boulogne, of the crossing of that night, did not come up to its misery. Crowded the boat was to suffocation, my berth being on the bare floor between the legs of one of the tables in the cabin. It blew so hard that for a while we were not without actual danger; the pitching was terrible, and everybody was seasick. It was a night of unmitigated suffering! So much for having separated myself from the glove merchant of Paris.

I expected to surprise the English by telling them of a snow storm in France, such as had not occurred for many years; but it was I who was to be surprised, for the same storm had extended over the whole of Britain; all the roads were blocked up; I was detained for twenty-four hours in London, and when eventually proceeding north by stage-coach—for it was before the time of railways—had to spend two days on a journey which usually was performed in less than one.

AN ARITHMETICAL PRODIGY.—Margaret Clelland, a girl nine years of age, and a native of Darvel, has of late excited great interest at the Ayr Academy, by her arithmetical precociousness. She is a sweet-looking, unassuming child, with nothing remarkable about her appearance; but the dexterity she evinces in working the several sums, proves her no common "bairn." She adds the three columns of compound addition at once, and a looker-on is surprised to see the entire answer put down when he only expected that of the first line. She can also work sums in compound multiplication by such figures as 896 at once. In division, also, she divides by 898, or similar divisors, as in short division, and with great rapidity. In mental arithmetic she gives several proofs of her marvellous memory. To be able to go up the figures in compound addition, keeping correct recollection of every change, is not a little surprising; but to be able to tell the number of hours or seconds in any given number of years without the slate, is what very few can do, as it requires the multiplication of the number of years by 365, the product of that by 24, and that again by 60. This, however, Margaret effects with the same extraordinary rapidity; indeed, she takes only a few seconds to give the answer. Another wonderful instance in her recent examination at Ayr, proved how tenacious her memory is. A pretty long example was written on the slate, five figures across, which she was told to add and look at carefully, and write on the other side of the slate. After adding it up and looking at it for seven or eight seconds, she turned the slate and wrote the whole of the figures down! It is needless to note the many similar proofs of her familiarity with figures. She has been less than a year at arithmetic altogether, and of course is not very far advanced, but with the parts she already knows, she displays such wonderful dexterity as gives promise that when she reaches the higher branches, she will yet be heard of as a distinguished arithmetician.

AN ENGLISH LOCHINVAR.

In the year 1184, while King Henry II. was in the city of Worcester, about to proceed on a warlike expedition into Wales, the assizes were held, and among a number of prisoners brought thither for trial was a young man of noble family in Yorkshire—by name Gilbert de Plumpton—who was charged with theft and robbery, and with forcibly carrying off a maiden of large possessions, who was the daughter of Robert de Millevast, and a ward of the king.

Gilbert earnestly protested his innocence of the charges laid against him—of breaking in by night, through six doors of the dwelling of Robert de Millevast, of carrying off one hunting horn, one headstale, besides other things, and the maiden. He acknowledged the abduction of the young lady, and told the court that he had married her; but Ranulph de Glanville, the king's chief justiciary, at whose behest he had been seized, bound in fetters, and conveyed to Worcester, was most urgent for his condemnation, since Glanville had already determined to marry the lady to a retainer of his own—Keyner, his steward. Nor did the chief justiciary disdain to persuade the jury to find the young man guilty; "and so it was done," to use the words of the old chancellor.

Execution in those days followed quickly after the sentence; and in this particular case we may well believe that Glanville was anxious that it should be so. Early on the following morning, therefore, Gilbert de Plumpton was led to the place of execution; but the youth, high birth, and unmerited fate of the prisoner awakened general sympathy. Now just as he was led forth, his story was told to Baldwin, the Bishop of Worcester, who regretted deeply when he heard it; whereupon his attendants prayed him with much earnestness to attempt the poor youth's rescue. "And they reminded him," adds the original narrator of the anecdote, "that he could legally do this, for it was Sunday, and it was the feast of the blessed Mary Magdalene."

Then the bishop, who is represented as a meek and good man, assented. He mounted a horse and swiftly rode after the executioners and their expected victim. When the bishop arrived at the foot of the gibbet, already was the youth with his hands bound behind his back, with a green bandage over his eyes, an iron chain around his neck; and the executioners just ready to lift him up.

The bishop, alighting from his foaming steed, rushed to the side of the prisoner, thoughtless of preserving the dignity of "the cloth."

"I forbid you," cried he, "on the part of God and blessed Mary Magdalene, and under sentence of excommunication, to hang this man on this day; for to-day is the Lord's day, and the feast of Mary Magdalene, wherefore it is not lawful."

"Who are you?" exclaimed the executioners, in an insulting tone. "Who are you, and what madness prompts you to have the audacity of impeding the king's justice?"

"Not madness," replied the meek bishop, with more firmness of heart and speech than was customary with him; "not madness, but heavenly pity urges me; nor do I desire to hinder the royal justice, but to warn you of an awful act, lest by violating a solemn day, you and the king incur the wrath of an eternal God."

After much altercation, Bishop Baldwin had the happiness of seeing the prisoner unbound and led back to prison; with the knowledge, however, that the next day he would be executed.

But the circumstance of the bishop's benevolent exertions meanwhile flew far and wide; and the kindness of the old prelate, and the sympathy of the people, reached the king's ears. Henry thought it impolitic to risk a quarrel with the clergy in such a case; so he instantly countermanded the order for Gilbert's execution, and contented himself by directing that he should be kept in prison until farther inquiry could be made.

Little more can be added to the above than that, in the first year of Richard I., Nigel de Plumpton paid a hundred marks, that "his brother might have his wife and his lands."

LUCKY SIR ROBERT STRANGE.—A life of this distinguished Oradian and eminent engraver, has been published by James Dennistoun, Esq., of Dennistoun. Sir Robert's early life was a romance. His ancestors settled in South Ronaldshay, where he himself was born. He was educated at the Grammar School, Kirkwall, under Murdoch Mackenzie, the famous surveyor. In 1745, his mother being at the time in straitened circumstances, he joined the rebellion, and became an active partizan of the house of Stuart. After the fatal battle of Culloden, he shared in all the sufferings of the adherents of the Prince Pretender. Once, when hotly pursued by the royalists, he entered a house and concealed himself beneath the hooped petticoat of one of the fair occupants! In this strange hiding-place he remained until his pursuers had gone away, when he changed clothes with a servant of the family and left the neighborhood. This is one of the few instances where an exalted spirit of humanity has overcome the natural delicacy of the sex. This honor to her sex and to human nature was the Lady Isabella Lumsden, daughter of the Bishop of Galloway. With a grateful recollection of his narrow escape, Sir Robert returned two years afterwards and married his fair preserver. *Apropos* of the subject, Colonel Stewart, another of the Culloden refugees, says: "In all our wanderings we have preferred applying to the gentler sex. They never rejected us, and if they could contribute to providing for our safety, after separating from them, we found they had a quick and clear perception of the means and sympathy to stimulate their exertions and to render them effectual. Even ladies who were keen partizans of the house of Hanover spared neither trouble nor expense in our behalf."

An orang-outang brought up by an aged clergyman became so fond of him, that wherever he went he followed him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting him up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the preacher to the church, where, silently mounting the sounding-board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The preacher, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect; the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and actions; these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter. Of course a friend stepped up to acquaint the preacher with the existence of a second person above the sounding-board co-operating with him zealously. And of course the culprit was taken out by the servants of the church, with a face expressive of insulted innocence.

THE HUMAN FAMILY.—From a curious statistical digest just published. It appears that the human family numbers 700,000,000; and its annual loss by death is 18,000,000, which produces 624,400 tons of animal matter, which, in turn, generates by decomposition 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gases, which are cleared away from the atmosphere by vegetable matter decomposing and assimilating them for their own uses. This is an interesting subject for philosophy.

The birds that build hanging nests are at Cape Comorin numerous. At night each of their habitations is lighted up as if to see company. The sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a firefly, and sticks it on the clay to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds.

THE CONJUROR'S GOAT.

The skill of Eastern magicians is proverbial. Their feats, although authenticated beyond the possibility of a doubt, still frequently appear to the American hearer almost too great a tax upon his credulity. We have all read of the Indian jug-



THE CONJUROR AND HIS GOAT.

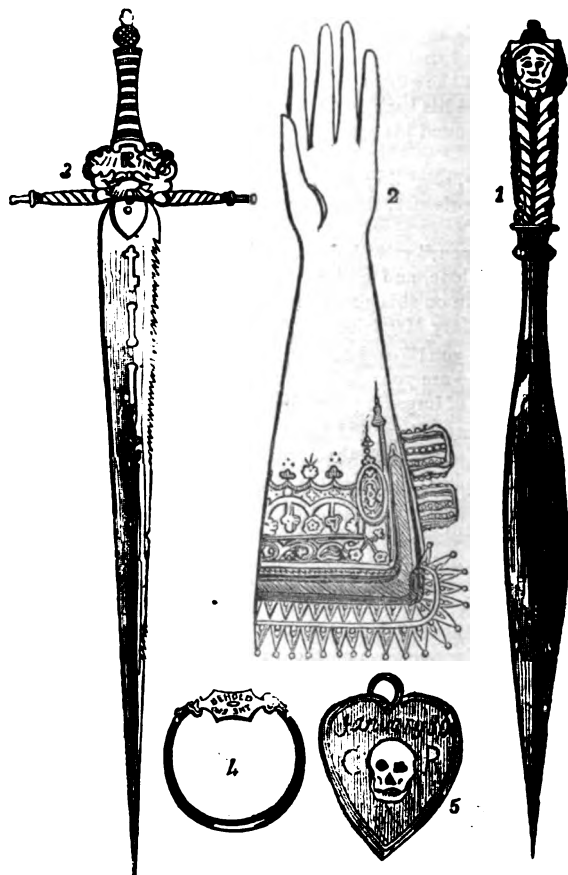
glers who will place a child upon the ground, cover him with a sack, and next moment remove the covering, when no trace of the child's presence can be discovered. We ourselves have witnessed an extraordinary performance by one of these men, who, laying a small bag upon the ground executed a fantastic dance upon it, treading upon every square inch of the narrow piece of cloth. Then lifting up the bag, he proceeded to take dozen after dozen of eggs from the interior, then replaced them, tossed the bag in the air, and showed it again—empty! These ingenious craftsmen perform the most marvellous feats with animals, which they train to extraordinary docility; and the Arabs are accustomed to train goats to perform the feat indicated in our engraving. A number of rudely executed cups are placed one a-top the other to a height of about four or five feet, and a goat is made to spring upon the narrow footing afforded by the highest cup, and to maintain itself there—all its four feet being drawn together within a space of an inch or two—while its master whirls about the pedestal, muttering a supposed incantation. The Arabs say that the man possesses a fortune who has a learned *cabri*.

RELICS.

UNSHATHED weapons and a lady's glove! In appearance these may be incongruous indeed, yet the use of the one has not unfrequently been known to follow a gift of the other. One of the oldest specimens of sword-cutlery extant is the dagger of Rowland de Courcey, the celebrated Norman founder of the great Irish family of that name (1). Its workmanship is peculiar, the bulging of the blade in the centre being strongly opposed to our modern notions of sword manufacture. A wound inflicted by the sharp point, and enlarged by the broad thin blade, would probably prove irremediable. The sword (2) once belonged to a Governor of Castile, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. The name of its original proprietor has been lost, but the perforated fetterlock upon the blade sufficiently indicates his office. The execution of the handle is most elaborate and peculiar. The embroidered glove (2) placed between the two deadly weapons once belonged to the unhappy Queen of Scots, and doubtless often graced her peerless hand and arm. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was cus-

tomary to bestow much labor on the ornamentation of gloves, and great sums were frequently expended by royalty and nobility for a single pair. They were very commonly given as presents at New Year and on birthdays. It is related that Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor under Henry VIII., decreed in favor of a Mrs. Crooker against the Earl of Arundel. On the following New Year's Day she presented Sir Thomas with a pair of gloves containing forty gold pieces. "It would be against good manners," said the chancellor, "to forsake the ladies' New Year's gifts, and I accept the gloves; the *living* you may bestow otherwise." Queen Elizabeth, a few years later, was so fond of expensive gloves, that it cost no small sum to provide her with a supply of the article. Her lovely but unprincipled rival, Mary of Scotland, delighted too in gloves, and presented the specimen represented in our engraving to one of her maids of honor on the morning of her execution as a traitor at Fotheringay castle.

Another monarch, her unhappy grandson, Charles I., also made a present to his attendant under similar circumstances. The ring (4) with the motto, "Behold the end," was given by him to Bishop Juxon, a few moments before his head fell upon the block. After the execution of Charles, silver lockets (5) bearing the emblems of death were extensively circulated. They are also inscribed with the date of the king's execution—January 30, 1648-9.



ANCIENT RELICS.



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY : THE BROWNING.

Few events surprised the literary world more than the marriage of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. Both were such idiosyncratical curiosities, that they seemed almost removed from the pale of such commonplace foibles as courtship and marriage; added to this, the health of the fair poetess was in so fragile a condition that, to use the fanciful words of Barry Cornwall, she might almost be considered as hermetically sealed from the world. Strange to say, her health has materially improved since she became a wife and a mother. As our space will only allow us to give a brief account of this most interesting couple, we commence with Robert Browning, who may be considered as part American, since his maternal grandmother was a West India creole of considerable beauty and wealth, and if the portrait her daughter (the poet's mother) possesses, be a faithful likeness, she was most certainly a blooming specimen of what America can do in the way of women when she seriously sets about it. The poet is fond of standing before this fine oil painting of his ancestress, and once vowed, that had he been a young man when she was a spinster, he would have set the Mosaic laws at defiance, and married his own grandmother, by which, as a solemn friend said, he would have been his own grandfather.

Robert Browning, the poet, was born in 1812, in the village of Camberwell, near London; his father was a clerk in the Bank of England, in which establishment his grandfather had also been for many years. An annuity his mother received from a West India plantation enabled them to live in great comfort, and both being of singular economy they resolved to devote their only son to a life of study. Two years after the poet's birth a daughter was born, who was christened Sariana. Everything thus conspired to concentrate the parents' attention upon their eldest child, who, from his earliest years exhibited

remarkable precocity. In his eighth year he had translated several Odes of Horace, which we have read. Incredible as it may appear, even these juvenile productions foreshadowed that quaintness and obscurity of style which have rendered him so repulsive to the million. As soon as he could run alone he began to climb Parnassus, and almost commenced his A B C by making them rhyme. His mother has cherished his first couplet, which was made in consequence of his being ordered by their medical man, Dr. Bean, of Camberwell, to take a good strong dose of rhubarb and magnesia. Finding resistance and remonstrance useless, the future bard of Sordello, then only four years old, took the odious bowl from his mother, and saying in a mock heroic voice,

Good people, if you wish to see
A boy take physic, look at me,

drained the cup to its dregs. When Jerrold heard this, he declared with great gravity they were the only intelligible verses Browning had ever written!

He was sent to a school in Camberwell, presided over by a poor clergyman, who was a devoted scholar and bookworm. Perceiving in young Browning a wonderful application and memory, he took great delight in fostering that peculiar aptitude for subtle thought and recondite speculation which are Browning's distinguishing characteristics. He was then sent to the London University, where he completed his studies. He may be considered as yet the only man of genius that institution has produced.

In his eighteenth year he wrote *Pauline*, an auto-biographical poem of about three thousand lines; it contains an exact description of his own feelings when under the influence of his first love, which had been awakened by a young lady considerably his senior. As Mr. Browning is now happily married, there can be no impropriety in stating that the lady in ques-

tion was Miss Eliza Flower, sister to Mrs. Sara Adams, the authoress of *Vivia Perpetua*, one of the most exquisite dramas ever written by a woman.

The poem of Pauline has less of Browning's peculiar style than anything he has written, and it is somewhat strange that, although abounding in fine passages, he suppressed the whole edition, merely keeping a few copies to give to his more intimate friends. He told us that he had revealed more of his own nature in this poem than a true poet should—in a word, he had made it subjective instead of objective. He considered this to be a fatal defect in Byron's writings, and calculated to "curtail his immortality," as he called it.

Some two or three years after the suppression of Pauline he published *Paracelsus*, a poem of great power and originality. It was written to show how unjust the world is in its judgments, and how ignorantly it decides on the aims and objects of men. Browning maintained, and no doubt correctly, that as out of superstition came true religion, being as it were the rough grope of a soul in the dark, so out of astrology came astronomy, and from alchemy sprung chemistry. He therefore considered Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus and others, who by the vulgar were considered magicians, and by the educated quacks, as among the greatest benefactors of their race. There is no doubt that the wildgoose chase after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of many a gem of chemical research, and that in various attempts to compound the *elixir vite* many life-saving and health-restoring draughts have been found. It was in this light that Browning regarded the famous Paracelsus, and it is to be regretted that he would not sacrifice his own originality to that prejudice the world has in favor of having everything made as intelligible as possible. The many will not read what has to be explained. They require now-a-days that the sublimest thoughts be made to flash their meaning as though they were jokes, the point of which must be felt immediately. They are like boys who are too idle to crack the nuts the generous donor plucks from the tree and crowds into their laps. Like monkeys, they want to have the chestnuts roasted and taken out of the fire for their idle and sensual jaws, careless whether the poet burns his fingers or not in the experiment.

The close of the first act of *Paracelsus* has a simile which we think equal to any one in our language. It is the words in which the great alchemist announces his determination to risk everything to ascertain the great secrets of human knowledge:

There are two moments in a diver's life—
One, when a beggar he prepares to plunge—
And when a prince he rises with his pearl!
Festus, I plunge!

Two years later he published his first tragedy, *Stratford*, which Mr. Macready produced at Drury Lane Theatre, performing the chief character himself. When Browning's condensed style is borne in mind, some idea of the utter bewilderment of the audience may be formed, when our readers are told that Mr. Macready cut it down nearly one-half. Dickens, who was present the first night, said he now and then got an idea of what was going on, just as a man followed the track of another on stilts in the snow. It required desperate sharp eyes to find the connecting holes.

After a few nights it was withdrawn, a fate which has attended all Mr. Browning's plays, even that magnificent one called *The Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, a tragedy which has the distinction of being Dickens's favorite play.

In 1842 Browning astonished the literary world by publishing *Sordello*, which may be called the Chinese puzzle of poetry. Its ambiguity, obscurity, darkened sublimity, or whatever else it may be called, disgusted some, made others laugh, and provoked a few to set seriously to work to find its hidden meaning as though it were an enigma or a rebus. Many were the ingenious conjectures as to what this poem meant—some thought the printers had placed the rhymes right, but left all the other words to be set at their option. Jerrold when he read the first page cried out he had lost his wits; and Horne declared after reading part of it he felt like the fag end of a London mob. We have only met with one person, a lady, who acknowledged she understood it, and that was Mrs. Marston, wife to the author of

the *Patrician's Daughter*; she maintained that it was not half hard enough for her.

The author's intent was to give the inner life of an Italian poet, who regards everything as part of a great work of art, which only poets can understand. *Sordello* is the name of a famous troubadour knight in the days of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The poem commences with this provokingly plain line, as it leads the reader to expect all are like it:

Who wills may hear *Sordello's* story told.

Despite its tortuous diction and recondite thought, it has passages of marvellous beauty, but in these days of electric cables and sixty miles an hour, the masses will not take the trouble to learn a new poetical language, to read a single poet. Indeed, Browning may be said to write the shorthand of poetry! In point of fact, Browning's excessive conceit has spoilt the greatest chance any man ever had of being the most comprehensive poet since Shakespeare. His excessive love of new symbols has killed him. He disdains to say "red as a rose;" that everybody knows to be red. Browning would find out something red that nobody had ever before heard of. It therefore requires a knowledge of his poetical calendar before he can be understood, and as nobody will take that trouble, the works of one of our most learned and original minds are sealed books to the world. Whether posterity will ever understand and appreciate him is more than we can decide. Some critics have attributed his obscurity to his want of labor, but this is an error, as he is one of the most painstaking authors living. He writes and re-writes; then with a red ink pen revises. Before his marriage his sister Sariana was in the habit of transcribing this revise, leaving considerable space between the lines, and over this amended copy did the industrious poet once more toil, putting the finishing touches to his work. It was humorously said by a friend of his, that possibly his first copy was intelligible, but that he manages after several revisions to knock out all the connecting links, leaving only the sharp peaks of thought for his readers to travel on, like goats springing from crag to crag of alpine sublimities. Mr. Browning's poetry is very plain when he reads it himself, and interpolates every other line with a five minutes' commentary!

When Mr. Browning visited Italy for the second time, he engaged a passage in a small ship which was loading in the London docks for Naples, himself being the only passenger. He did this he said that the curtain might fall on London, and rise at Naples, which would afford him a fresher sensation than approaching Italy as he had formerly done by the graduating process of travelling through France; he would thus realise the dramatic effects of Italy suddenly appearing before him, like a scene in Masaniello. Independent of his personal antipathy to English society, and its system of government, he has an invincible repugnance to that peculiar kind of weather which has earned the *sobriquet* of London suicide. He lives only in sunshine, and at a salamander heat. Then, he says, his ideas flow, while in cold weather they shrink into him like the sap of a tree at the touch of winter. The only impropriety we ever heard him utter was upon the occasion of some very delicate lady saying, "she had such a horror of cold weather that she should like to go to bed in October and get up in May," when Browning observed, "I should like to go with you." The possibility of this *lapsus lingue* being considered by the company as intentional, brought a deep blush into the punctilious poet's face, but when he commenced to explain what he really did mean, a hearty laugh covered his retreat with additional confusion.

Previous to his marriage, Browning had paid two visits to Italy, one in 1839 and the other in 1844. He also had made a trip to St. Petersburg; the latter on account of some commercial negotiations for the Rothschilds of London, in whose firm his uncle Reuben Browning occupied a confidential position. He fulfilled the mission so much to the satisfaction of the mammoth financier, that Baron Rothschild, the present member for London, offered the poet a post in their counting-house, telling his uncle Reuben it was a pity to see so much talent wasted in writing poetry.

Unpleasant as it may sound, the author of *Paracelsus* has no sympathy with the masses, whom he regards with the most profound contempt. Indeed, for the matter of that we never heard him, during an intimacy of many years, even once express

any appreciation for even men of his own class. His literary love was given to Alfieri and Donne, to whose works he was attracted by the lofty philosophy, passion and condensed expression of the former, and the quaint and half obscured meaning of the latter. He frequently mentioned with undisguised approval Alfieri's method of writing over every one of his plays fourteen times before he committed it to the press.

This scorn or indifference to his fellow-creatures is not assumed, it is the genuine feeling of the man. To this must be attributed his utter contempt for politics, regarding them as unworthy the serious pursuit of either the poet or the philosopher. He thus would rarely argue with any one, except in private with a friend should they differ on some topic of literature, and he never would hold an argument in mixed society. On one occasion at a large party, the conversation turned upon capital punishment, to which Browning had a decided objection. A friend who shared his opinion on that point being rather hardly pressed by the late Sir William Follett, then attorney general, called Browning to his aid. The poet, however, declined entering the lists. On their way home his discomfited friend reproached Browning for his want of courage in not standing up for his opinion. The latter rejoined, "I never argue with such people. It concedes an equality with one's fellow-men I don't admit. Besides, it is all thrown away—you never can change their views!" As the company in question contained many distinguished literary and judicial men, this will give an idea of Browning's estimate of his own genius. And this remark was not uttered in a burlesque tone, for whatever the author of *Sordello* said he meant. He is far too serious a man for banter and *persiflage*.

In religion Mr. Browning is a Unitarian, although for many years he very frequently attended Camden Chapel, Camberwell, attracted by the eloquence of the Rev. Henry Melvill, one of those extraordinary preachers whose discourses more resembled a brilliant display of intellectual fireworks, which almost blinded the hearers by its gorgeous elaboration, than Christian homilies to guide the steps of man. Browning revelled in these magnificent displays of pyrotechnic oratory, which fell among an excited audience like sparks of light from a myriad of skyrockets.

In November, 1846, he married Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, and after a few days went abroad. They have resided principally in Florence at Casa Guidi, a home immortalized by Mrs. Browning's poems of that name. We believe they have three children. The eldest died, and has been admitted into the starry galaxy of fame in some beautiful verses written by the mother. We have not much faith in the depth of a sorrow that resolves itself into dactyls and spondees, rather agreeing with Dryden that "great griefs are dumb." It is, however, perhaps unjust to apply the common standard to such an intellect as Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

This poem is too long to quote entire, but on account of its double interest, expressing her griefs in her own peculiar method and commemorating a domestic event, which must have so deeply wrung the hearts of two great poets, we quote the most characteristic stanzas:

Of English blood, of Tuscan birth,
What country shall we give her?
Instead of any on the earth,
The civic heavens receive her.
And here among the Tuscan tombs,
In Tuscan grounds we lay her;
While the blue Tuscan sky endomes
Our English words of prayer.
A little child! how long she lived
By months, not years, is reckoned;
Born in one July, she survived
Alone to see a second!
So Lily from these July hours,
No wonder we should call her,
She looked such kinship to the flower,
Was but a little taller.
A Tuscan Lily—only white,
As Dante, in abhorrence
Of red corruption, wished aright,
The lilies of his Florence.
We could not wish her whiter—her
Who perfumed with pure blossom
The house—a lovely thing to wear
Upon a mother's bosom.

This July creature thought perhaps
Our speech not worth assuming;
She sat upon her parents' laps,
And mimicked the gnats humming.

Said "Father, Mother," then left off
For tongues celestial fitter;
Her hair had grown just long enough
To catch heaven's proper glitter.

But God gives patience—Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers promise,
And Hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone from us.

Mrs. Browning often ventures upon strange rhymes, but she certainly caps the climax in yoking *promise* and *from us* together.

In person Browning is small and slim, very active, an early riser and an excellent horseman. His face is pale, his hair black, eyes dark, large and circumspect, countenance intelligent and Jewish; he has a slight nervous twitching or tremor in the muscles of his face, which he occasionally alludes to as prophetic of *tic douloureux*, a complaint to which his mother is a martyr. His conversation is amusing, recondite, abounding in anecdote and deferentially egotistical. He is an admirable musician, and sings with great taste. He is very precise and punctilious, carrying his courtesy to such an extent to those who are not his intimates as to lead them to suspect his sincerity. He is, however, scrupulously truthful, and is, indeed, in all the decencies of life *un preux chevalier*.

Mr. Browning's publications are: Pauline; Paracelsus; Strafford, a tragedy; Sordello; Bells and Pomegranates; a series of pamphlet volumes containing Pippa Passes, a drama; King Victor and King Charles, a tragedy; Luria, a tragedy; The Return of the Druses, a tragedy; Columbo's Birthday, a play; The Soul's Tragedy, a drama; The Blot in the 'Scutcheon, a tragedy; and Dramatic Lyrics. He has also written some prose, consisting of articles in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, when edited by John Forster. He wrote an article on Father Mathew for the *New Spirit of the Age*, but a misgiving came over him as to the opinions expressed in it and he burnt the manuscript, requesting the editor as a favor to cancel the proof, which of course was done. It simply maintained that the first fall of man was the discovery of vinous spirit from the grape, which he argued was the apple of Eden. His belief that the devil was the first distiller is corroborated by the conduct of some of that eminent person's lineal descendants, who are even now characteristically employed in the distillery and swill milk business of New York.

We have incidentally noticed the chief of Browning's works, excepting the series called Bells and Pomegranates. This title, which has mystified many, is taken from a verse in the Bible in which Aaron's robes are alluded to, and where the expression occurs. The poet's idea was simply to call attention to what he was going to offer to the public. The bells to announce his presence, with pomegranates for his guests. The notion is quaint, elegant, erudite and obscure, like all he did. Even his terms are mysteries which require a high priest to expound. As Byron said of another poet,

And Coleridge has explained all to the nation—
I wish he would explain his explanation.

We have heard Robert Bell, the critic and author, declare that a predilection for Browning was like a taste for olives, an artificial one that required immense cultivation and perseverance to acquire. Barry Cornwall (Bryan Procter), who is a great admirer of Browning, swallowing even *Sordello* whole, says that Browning's poetry is like the fabulous cusco nut, the more it is masticated the sweeter and more potent it becomes—and which a long indulgence in enslaves to its own flavor.

Walter Savage Landor in a sonnet to Browning, published in that most fastidious and critical paper, the *London Examiner*, calls Browning "the most thoughtful and observant soul that's trod on English ground since Chaucer lived." This comparison is singularly infelicitous, since old Geoffrey Chaucer was the most plain-spoken gentleman that ever foiblesed into verse, while the other evidently carries out Talleyrand's notion, that language was intended to conceal thought.

The leading idea of *Pippa Passes* is very beautiful, being intended to show the intertangling threads of virtue and vice in the world. Pippa is the name of an Italian factory girl who earns just her bread and salt, and, happy and innocent, sings as

retainer of the family has observed night after night a muffled stranger enter the lady's window. He informs Thorold. The brother is horror-struck. In his openness he sends for Mildred, and asks her if it is so. Nearly overpowered with the surprise she confesses it is true, refuses to give her lover's name, but still avows her willingness to marry Earl Mertoun! Thorold shudders at her baseness at wishing to perpetrate such a hideous fraud upon his friend, the noble-hearted, trusting Mertoun. In his agony and despair he exposes her guilt to Guendolin and Austin, and frenzied with grief roams all the afternoon over his estates. Towards night he comes upon Mertoun preparing to scale Mildred's window. Little dreaming who it is, he compels the detected lover to fight him, and Mertoun falls mortally wounded. The dying youth reveals all and dies. Stricken with horror and remorse, Thorold drinks poison, seeks Mildred, tells her what he has done, and begs her forgiveness. Overwrought with sorrow, she blesses her brother and falls dead from emotion. Thorold sinks upon her body and dies. We regret that our space prevents any extracts. The farewell that Thorold gives to Guendolin and Austin at the scene of the murder is worthy of the old Greek poets. We must spare room for it :

Dear and ancient trees—
My fathers planted, and I loved so well—
What have I done, that like some fabled crime
Of gore, lets loose a fury, leading thus
Her miserable dance amid you all?
Oh, never more for me shall winds entune
With all your tops a vast antiphony,
Demanding and responding in God's praise!
Hers ye are now—not mine—Farewell! farewell!

As Browning wrote it at first Thorold did not commit suicide, but voluntarily resolved to wander abroad in expiation of his unwitting crime.

His tragedies of Luria, A Soul's Tragedy, The Return of the Druses, and King Victor and King Charles, we must pass over to dwell a brief space on his Dramatic Lyrics. The most exquisite of these are, we consider, those entitled Count Gismond and How they Brought the News to Ghent. The Pied Piper of Hamelin is a specimen simply of his grotesque rhyming, and was never intended by the poet as a specimen of humor, as some critics maintain. It was written to please quite a boy, Macready's eldest son, when only nine years old.

The lyric of Count Gismond is one of the most wonderful poems of the present day. It is not as smooth as a pulverized road, but is a causeway fit for a giant's tread. The subject is this: An orphan beauty who has been brought up by her uncle, a French noble, has the misfortune by her superior beauty and accomplishments to excite the malignity of two envious female cousins, who resolve on her humiliation. They seize the opportunity of a village festival, where the lovely and unsuspecting orphan is to be crowned Queen of the May, to put their diabolical plot in execution. They therefore persuade a rejected suitor of the fair Blanche to accuse her of unchastity at the very moment they are about crowning her Queen of May. Horror-struck, her relatives and friends are about shrinking from her as from a loathsome object, when a young knight who had long loved her, but who had never even dared to raise his eyes in hope to her face, steps forward, gives her accuser the lie and with his mailed gauntlet smites him on the face. He thus constitutes himself the champion of the slandered lady and defies her enemy to mortal combat. They meet—the recreant villain is slain, and the lady rewards her gallant lover with her hand and heart.

From the first line of this marvellous lyric to the last it carries you on like the peal of a trumpet. It commences with a full blast that commands immediate attention :

Christ God, who died for man, save most
Count Gismond, for he once saved me.

Browning's voice is generally very subdued, and full of modulation, emphasis and intonation. He has a slight lisp. He never laughs, but can smile at a good jest, more especially if it is a learned one, and beyond the comprehension of the mob.

Browning's works have been reprinted in America by Ticknor in two volumes, but they have omitted Sordello and Pauline. He has written little since his marriage, except a few lyrics which now and then make their appearance, as a star peeping from a twilight sky.

HIS WIFE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRETT was born in London about 1812, of parents whose circumstances enabled them to bring up their children with great care and cultivation. From her birth Elizabeth was of a most delicate organization, and considered by all her friends as destined for an early tomb. Her lungs were weak, and even now she speaks in so low a tone as to painfully impress those who meet her for the first time. Her voice, however, is very sweet, and so exquisitely modulated as to give the idea of a human soul tuned into music.

While her friends sought the concert-room or the ball-room, little Elizabeth, like a second Lady Jane Grey, sought the solitude of her chamber, and gave all her heart to poetry.

Like her husband her style was very early formed, and some verses of hers written in her tenth year were published in the *Athenæum*, and attracted great attention by their merit. Ere she was out of her teens she published her translation of the Prometheus Vincit of Eschylus, which may challenge comparison with any translation of the day. To this succeeded her Seraphim and other poems, which, although far inferior to her after productions, possessed sufficient originality and beauty to give the world assurance of a great and gifted spirit.

After this she collected her works in two volumes, prefixing to them her Drama of Exile, in which she turned Adam and Eve into the most extraordinary pair of mystics ever conceived. In this edition she published her Vision of Poets in the triplet stanza. This poem, which is very long, endeavors to compress in each stanza a characteristic portrait of all the great poets that have ever lived. It contains fine stanzas, but is terribly disfigured by affectation and carelessness. Her latest volumes are Casa Guidi's Windows and Aurora Leigh.

In 1842 she contributed to a work called Chaucer Modernized the exquisite poem of Queen Annelida and the Fair Arcite, when she transformed the fine old Anglo-Norman poet into a transcendentalist in phraseology, if not in thought.

In 1846 she married Robert Browning, as already related in this sketch. Their acquaintance commenced through Browning sending through her uncle, John Kenyon, himself a small poet, a copy of his Dramatic Lyrics. This led to a message—which ripened into a correspondence carried on in Greek—interviews succeeded, until at last they became sufficiently intelligible to each other to marry. Mrs. Browning in a sonnet has thus commemorated the first kiss of love. We leave our fair readers to judge if poetesses feel kisses in the same degree as commonplace young ladies :

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clear and white,
Slow to world greetings, quick with it "oh list,"
When angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height—
The first and sought the forehead, and half missed
Half falling on the hair! Oh, beyond meed,
That was the ohm of love, which love's own crown
With sanctifying sweetness did precele.
The third upon my lip was folded down
In perfect purple state! Since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My love, my own!"

In addition to her delicate health Miss Barrett has suffered much domestic affliction by death. She had the harrowing trial of seeing a beloved brother drowned almost before her very eyes while he was swimming at Torbay, and to these griefs and her ill-health the thoughtful melancholy of her muse are partly attributable. Since her marriage she has resided in Italy. Her child's death we have alluded to in the commencement of our article. In person Mrs. Browning is very petite, fragile and slender; her eyes and hair are dark; her ringlets, when first married were long, but we understand they were much shortened during an illness some two years ago. Her manners are pleasant and unaffected, forming a strong contrast to the half pedantic tone of her muse. She is of all writers the least personally known, owing to the strict seclusion in which she lived before her marriage. Her disposition is amiable, and her piety unquestionable. She is a decided admirer of Mazzini and revolution.

There have been two editions of Mrs. Browning's poems published in America, one in 1844, from the press of Langly, and

another in 1856 from Ticknor & Son. Like her husband, she can never expect to be a popular poet; she requires study. The many prefer Mrs. Hemans and Eliza Cook, and others whose verses they can "run and read" at the same time; but the authoress of *Aurora Leigh* demands a reverent study. She is not "a lipling, but a soul-ling," as Marston terms it.

In some verses she wrote to a Greek scholar, who presented her with some wine of Cyprus, the learned poetess says:

When I think of those long mornings
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings
Solemn drowns the rhythmic Greek.
Past the grave, the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*!
Then what golden hours were for us,
While we sat together there!
How the white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air;
How the citharons trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines,
And the rolling anapestic
Curled, like vapor, over shrines.
Oh! our Eschylus, the thundrous!
How he drove the bollel breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh! our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place,
And who made the whole world loyal
Loss by kingly power than grace.
Our Euripides, the human,
With his dropping of warm tears,
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres.
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
And our Pindar's shining goals,
These were cupbearers undying
Of the wine that's meant for souls!
And my Plato, the divine one,
If men knew the gods aright
By their motions as they shine on
With a glorious trail of light.
And your noble Christian bishops,
Who mouthed grandly the last Greek!
Though their sponges on their byssops
Were distent with wine—too weak!

But we have given enough to show our readers the fatal facility with which a really great poetess can go on with these erudite allusions. We must give one verse, somewhat remarkable for a lady, and addressed to a gentleman:

Do you mind that deed of Até,
Which you bound me to so fast—
Reading, "*De Virginitate*,"
From the first line to the last!

Miss Barrett never writes as any one else does. It is this originality, amounting almost to the unnatural, that makes her reputation among the poets, critics, scholars and literati, and renders her so distasteful to the million. To understand her, it is necessary to have a certain amount of learning; to enjoy her, a cultivated taste is indispensable. To be sure, like all true poets, she has frequently recurring touches of nature and simplicity, which appeal to every heart, but it is not her general style. Thus, in some respects, her very excellencies repel the million. It is, therefore, not impossible but that she may become in a very few years regarded in the light of a classic, and treated accordingly. Indeed, Mrs. Browning's yearnings, as well as instincts and studies, are of the past and future, and not of the present, and it is therefore possible she may, like her husband, have come prematurely before her audience, which is, however, on its way, and will arrive when their entertainer is in her grave!

In her "Vision of Poets," there is a Miltonic weight very remarkable for a woman. Her description of a Hebrew angel ministering at an altar, surrounded by the great bards of the time, is very fine:

Then first the poet was aware
Of a chief angel standing there
Before that altar, in the glare.

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
That they saw God; his lips and jaw,
Grand made and strong as Sinai's law!
On the vast background of his wings
Arose his image, and he flings
From each plumed arc pale glitterings,
And fiery flakes, as beetleth more
Or less the angel heart! before
And round him, upon roof and floor,
Edging with fire, with shining fumes,
While at his side, 'twixt light and glooms,
The phantasm of an organ booms!

She then gives us a glimpse of poets of our own clime:

And Chaucer, with his infantine,
Familiar clasp of things divine—
That mark upon his lip is wine!
Here Milton's eyes strike piercing in!
The shapes of stars and suns did swim
Like clouds from them, and granted him
God for sole vision! Cowley, there,
Whose active fancy, *debonnaire*,
Drew straws to amber—foul to fair!

Much of our fair author's poetry deals thus with the dead and with the depths of thought, rather than with the human heart; although, when she chooses, no one can reach that truest seat of poetry easier than she can.

In the poem called *Victoria Crowned and Wedded*, there is this fine stanza, worthy of old Westminster Abbey:

And so the dead—who lie in rows beneath the minster floor—
There, verily, an awful state maintaining evermore,
The statesman, whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be—
The courtier, who for no fair queen will rise up to his knee—
The court dame, who for no court tire will leave her shroud behind—
The laureate, who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to dust" can find—
The kings and queens, who having made that vow and worn that crown,
Descended unto lower thrones and darkest depths adown!

The *Lost Bower* is a pleasant poem, but too long for insertion, and the stanzas are so wedded together that no single pearl can give a correct idea of the peculiarity.

Mrs. Browning's most elaborate book is her *Aurora Leigh*, her latest poem. It may be called *An Epic of the Heart*, as made Visible by Society. In it figure the artist, the poet, the high churchman, the pantheist, the woman of convention, the woman of fashion, the seamstress, the mechanic and laborer. It also contains numerous descriptions of Nature and scenery, and much beautiful imagery. As we have given several passages illustrating Mrs. Browning's more abstruse moods, we will give one in a more familiar key—her description of a little babe:

The mother
Approached the bed, and drew a shawl away;
You could not peel a fruit you fear to bruise
More calmly and more carefully than so—
Nor would you find within a rozier flushed
Pomegranate—

There he lay, upon his back,
The yearling creature, warm and moist with life
To the bottom of his dimples—to the ends
Of the lovely tumbled curls about his face;
For since he had been covered over-much
To keep him from the light-glaze, both his cheeks
Were hot and scarlet as the first live rose
The shepherd's heart blood ebbed away into,
The faster for his love. And love was here
An instant! in the pretty baby-mouth,
Shut close as if for dreaming that it sucked;
The naked little feet drawn up the way
Of nestled birdlings; everything so soft
And tender—to the little boldfast hands,
Which, closing on a finger into sleep,
Had kept the mould of't.

The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,
And, staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence—gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there—never moved,
But smil'd on, in a drowse of ecstasy,
So happy (half with her and half with heaven)
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,

But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said :
As red and still, indeed, as any rose
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life.

We must content ourselves with one extract of her poem called *Casa Guidi's Windows*. The rhymes we have italicised are certainly remarkable :

Just now the world is busy ; it has grown
A fair-going world. Imperial England draws
The flowing ends of the earth, from Fez, Canton,
Delhi and Stockholm, Athens and Madrid,
The Russias and the vast Americas,
As a queen gathers in her robes amid
Her golden cincture. Isles, peninsulas,
Capes, continents, far inland countries hid
By Jasper sands and hills of *chrysopeas*—
All trailing in their splendors through the door
Of the new Crystal Palace. Every nation
To every other nation, strange of yore,
Shall face to face give civic salutation,
And hold up in a proud right hand before
That Congress, the best work which she could fashion
By her best means. These corals, *will you please*,
To match against your oaks ? They grew as fast
Within my wilderness of purple seas.
This diamond stared upon me as I passed
(As a live god's eye from a marble frieze)
Along a dash of diamonds. Is it clasped ?
I wove these stuffs so subtle that the gold
Swims to the surface of the silk, like cream,
And curls to fair patterns. Ye behold
These dedicated muslins rather seem
Than be. You shrink !—nay, touch them and be bold,
Though such veiled Chakli's face in Hafiz' dream.
These carpets ! you walk slow on them, like kings,
Inaudible, like spirits ; while your foot
Dips deep in velvet roses and such things.
E'en Apollonius might commend this *fide* ;
The music, winding through the stops, upsprings
To make the player very rich. Compute.
Here's goblet glass, to take in with your wine
The very sun its grapes were ripened under ;
Drink light and juice together, and each fire.
This model of a steamship moves your wonder !
You should behold it crushing down the brine,
Like a blind Jove, who feels his way with thunder.
Here's sculpture. Ah, we live, too—why not throw
Our life into our marbles ? Art his place
For other artists after Angelo.
I tried to paint out here a natural face ;
For Nature includes Raphael, as we know,
Not Raphael Nature. Will it help my case ?
Methinks you will not match this steel of ours,
Nor you this porcelain. One might think the clay
Retained in it the larvæ of the flowers,
They bud so round the cup the old spring way ;
Nor you these barren words, where birds in bowers
With twisting snakes and climbing cupids play.

We have given rather a personal sketch of these two great intellectual lights of the present age, than an elaborate exposition of their genius, which every reader has in his power to form for himself. Of their originality, power and fearlessness, there can be no doubt, since they appeal to every one capable of soaring above the hackneyed thoughts and conventionalities of what is called by courtesy, modern poetry.

FATAL EFFECT OF SOUND.—Great sounds, or *vio.en.* concussions of the air, such as those produced by large cannon or loud thunder, produce ordinarily most astounding, and, in some instances, overwhelming effects on men and animals. Brewster relates, that when peace was proclaimed in London in 1697, two troops of horse were dismounted and drawn up in line, in order to fire their volleys. Opposite the centre of the line was the door of a butcher's shop, where there was a mastiff dog of great courage. This dog was sleeping by the fire ; but when the first volley was fired, it immediately started up, ran into another room and hid itself below the bed. On the firing of the second volley the dog rose, ran several times about the room, trembling violently, and apparently in great agony. When the third volley was fired, the dog ran about once or twice with great violence, and instantly fell down dead, throwing up blood from its mouth and nose.

THE TIGER HUNT.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

Our guide had been for a week so sick that we were compelled to carry him on a litter, and now a day's rest was prescribed by the doctor as indispensable to the recuperation of the poor fellow's wasted life. The march was accordingly suspended, the tents, which had been pitched the night before in one of those charming savannas which abound in the north of India, were left standing, and we sat down to breakfast with the not very alluring prospect of broiling listless for thirteen hours under a hot Indian sun. This calamity was averted by the all-provident genius of Captain Lawson, who, after disposing of his third cup of coffee—a beverage for which he admitted as rational a *penchant* in the morning as for claret at mid-day—gratified our mess with the following impromptu remarks :

"Gentlemen Rome was lost by the cackling of a few stupid geese and this important expedition is delayed by the suggestion of the surgeon of his majesty's ninety-second, who is, apart from his professional idiosyncrasies—"

Dr. Stykes here interrupted, and suggested that Rome was saved by the cackling of a few intelligent geese.

The captain endured the laugh well enough, and dropping a lump of sugar into his fourth cup, commenced again :

"Troy, gentlemen—with Dr. Stykes' permission—was lost by an equine strategy of a few miserable Greeks, and this important expedition is delayed by the professional strategy of its prescribing physician, who, as I was about to observe when I was interrupted, apart from the infirmities incident to the cloth, has the misfortune to be a critical man and well posted in the small incidents of Roman history. But as the delay seems to be inevitable, I shall take the liberty of amplifying this medical prescription by suggesting that a day's hunt be taken with this dose or a day's halt. The jungles towards the north of us, bordering upon the Sutlej, are filled with tigers and boars and smaller game and I suggest to Dr. Stykes as a medical principle that ten feet in the air on the back of an elephant is more salubrious and healthy than two feet on the hot earth, under a sun-drawing marquee!"

The doctor admitted the force of the suggestion, as did all the rest of us, and Colonel Canning having readily consented to give us a due complement of men and elephants, though he declined to join the hunt himself, preparations were at once commenced under Lawson's supervision.

We had twelve large elephants, all of which Lawson managed to equip and furnish with the best shooters of the corps, in a marvellously short time. His own accoutrements were peculiar and characteristic. He owned a magnificent tusker whom the natives had christened *Ducktaour Gudj* (the warrior chief), and instead of the ordinary hunting *howdah* he had provided this animal with a species of pad-saddle, a unique invention of his own. It contained a series of pockets and an infinity of straps and buckles, the uses of which were a mystery to every one but the proprietor. Occasional glimpses of stoppers of brandy flasks and handles of claret jugs, however, sufficiently divulged the purposes of some of the pockets. Lawson's long legs hanging down the sides of the elephant, as he bestrode this device, presented, it seemed to me, an inviting bait to a hungry tiger ; but as he was a veteran in Indian sports, I knew that any suggestion of my misgivings would be presumptuous.

The rest of us were mounted in howdahs in the usual way ; the doctor, Major Sampson and myself, being together on the animal. Were it not for the exposure, the captain's system of mounting would be preferable to any other, for when the elephant becomes nervous or frightened, the howdah is a very shaky and somewhat precarious vehicle, presenting few facilities for steadiness of aim, and very slight immunity from broken heads and limbs. Your safety depends almost entirely upon the coolness and courage of the mahout or native driver, who sits astride the elephant's neck, his legs protected by the animal's ears, and guides him by exhortations and entreaties, or by Hindoo anathemas, as the case requires.

We left camp at about nine o'clock, and I proceeded in a north-westerly direction towards the Sutlej. The country was rug-

ged and hilly, dotted with frequent patches of jungle-grass and dwarf dates. We advanced in a column two abreast; with the captain in the lead, save where we had to cross the jungle patches, and there we formed in line and beat them, starting no game, with the exception of an occasional civet cat or wild hog. As we approached the river, the character of the country changed, the jungles becoming more frequent and marshy, and the grass rank and luxuriant.

At the edge of a thick and extensive tract of bush jungle, Lawson ordered a halt, and forming in line twelve abreast and half a dozen yards apart, we commenced beating to the northward along the course of the stream. The sagacious beasts we rode understood perfectly the business they were engaged in, and snorted in a way that evinced a keen relish for the sport. The grass was tangled and matted, but we advanced at a rapid rate, with every eye on the grass ahead, and our attention diverted only by an occasional shot from a youthful or nervous sportsman as a jackall or boar broke covert, and scampered through the meshes of the jungle.

We proceeded in this way for two hours, running imminent risks of breaking our necks, as the howdahs pitch in crossing the nullahs, and meeting with no success, when we halted on an opening in the grass and formed in two lines, each six abreast and about a hundred yards asunder. The object of the change was to furnish a wider field for the search.

We were beating in this order a heavy patch, which extended almost interminably northward along the brink of the Sutlej, when Lawson's elephant, which was a little in advance of our line, inaugurated a sonorous trumpeting, which was at once followed by a similar demonstration from half the beasts of the troop. There was no mistaking this formidable announcement. The sagacious brutes had got the wind of the royal denizen of the jungle. Lawson, whose blood began to tingle as the sport grew interesting, joined both lines again, and wheeling to the right, we commenced beating to windward, in a direction nearly at right angles to our former course.

We had traversed about two hundred yards at an exceedingly rapid pace, the elephants growing every moment more excited and uneasy, and snorting uproariously at quick intervals, when a wavy line of moving grass-tops, twenty paces ahead, showed the course an animal was taking, and a low smothered growl rolling along the earth told us that the despot of the Indian forest was at hand.

"Tally ho!" roared the captain, and a dozen shots fired from a dozen weapons, answered the call. The elephants with one accord raised their trunks and trumpeted a warning; the mahouts shouted *kalee, kalee*, and belabored the cumbrous brutes into a neck-breaking pace. Lawson took the lead, right in the course of the tiger, and we all followed close at heels, our blood at the fever point, and our eyes fixed on the undulating line of grass-tops. It was intensely exciting. The royal brute might turn at any instant and charge, and the uncertainty of the danger lent inconceivable zest to the sport. My blood galloped through my veins, and my eyes strained at the tortuous mystery of moving grass, till I closed them from pure exhaustion. We ran no small risk of being shot, for the men were constantly discharging their pieces, and in the confusion of the chase and the instability of the howdahs, no one could tell what he was aiming at.

The captain, with one hand grasping his *guddee*, or saddle girth, and the other on the trigger of his Joe Manton—his mahout shouting and yelling as only a heathen on a tiger hunt can yell—pushed the brute so hard that he at last broke cover and galloped gallantly across an open plot towards the dry bed of a nullah which led to the Sutlej.

A tremendous shout filled the air as we recognized the well known black and yellow stripes, and a hoarse lowering growl answered the shots which greeted him as he bounded from the covert of the jungle. The elephants behaved well; not one turned or evinced a sign of faint-heartedness or terror. The captain, as the "warrior chief" emerged from the maze of grass upon the smooth plain, where his perch was more steady and his aim less doubtful, brought his Manton rifle to his shoulder, and glancing along the barrel drew the trigger. The royal beast, with a terrific growl that made the earth shake beneath us, turned to the shot and faced us. His ears thrown

back and tail extended, his fangs and claws laid bare, and his eyes luminous with rage, he looked the incarnation of fury. His left shoulder was dabbled with blood where the captain's shot had taken effect.

Crouching for an instant, with one bound and a roar he had cleared half the space which intervened between him and the captain, when he took the contents of the second barrel of the Joe, and sneaked into a covert of *partiall* which bordered the brink of the dry nullah.

Stopping for a moment to reload, the captain compelled the reluctant mahout to urge the "great warrior" towards the covert. The stunted reeds seemed scarcely sufficient to afford cover for a cat, and for a moment I feared that the ferocious brute had escaped along the bend of the nullah, but scarcely had the elephant penetrated the thicket when the tiger, springing over the bushes, fastened his fangs in Bucktaour Gudj's head.

The poor brute commenced stamping and screaming in the most terrific manner, while the miserable mahout, whose proximity to the *canus belli* was neither pleasant nor comfortable, joined him in a chorus of Indian yells, that made the welkin ring. The captain dared not fire, for he stood about an equal chance of shooting the mahout and the tiger, and we dared not, for we might shoot either of the three. The captain, however, was raising his Joe with the intention of risking a shot, at all events, when the bank gave way and the whole party rolled headlong down into the bottom of the ravine.

For a few minutes there was such an inextricable confusion and variety of position of the parties, animals and men, that it was impossible to form an adequate idea of their relative situations. When the dust cleared away, the mahout was disclosed scampering up the bank, and the tiger, Lawson and Bucktaour Gudj at the bottom of the nullah, fraternizing in a most unusual and remarkable manner. The tiger had fallen under the elephant, which had compelled him to release his hold upon his head; and the captain, whose legs had been caught in the mazes of his pad-saddle, had anchored, with his head almost in the jaws of the terrible brute, who was prevented from injuring him by one of the "warrior's" forelegs; which was stretched across the tiger's neck, rendering his fangs as harmless as a squirrel's. With some difficulty the captain extricated his legs from their confinement, and then plunging his arm into one of the mysterious pockets of the saddle, produced a brandy flask, which with remarkable coolness he applied to his lips for three minutes. He then picked up his rifle which he had been compelled to abandon in the progress of the tumble, and after examining the priming, plunged the barrel into the tiger's throat and fired. The royal brute fell back dead, shot through the brain.

A tremendous cheer went up as the captain performed this exploit. The noble Bucktaour Gudj, whose sagacity in keeping the tiger down had saved his master's life, rose the moment the brute was dead, and climbed up the nullah bank to his comrades.

The animal proved to be a tigress. Her chest was riddled and torn into pieces by the captain's first shots. The last one had penetrated the brain and come out behind the ear.

The *opima spolia* were accorded to Lawson by acclamation, and the honor of bearing the trophy was bestowed on the "great warrior." We were escorted on our return march by crowds of delighted natives, who though too timid to indulge in the sport, were too much overjoyed at the destruction of their arch enemy to refrain from congratulations.

THE "RED SEA" GREEN.—Blue I have called the sea—yet not strictly so, save in the far distance. It is neither a red nor a blue sea; but emphatically green—yes, green, of the most brilliant kind I ever saw. This is produced by the immense tracts of shallow water, with yellow sand beneath, which always give this green to the sea, even in the absence of verdure on the shore or seaweeds beneath. The blue of the sky and the yellow of the sands, meeting and intermingling in the water, form the green of the sea; the water being the medium in which the mixture or fusing of the colors takes place.



THE PINCH OF SNUFF.—BY M. ROBINSON.

THE PENALTY OF JESSONDA.

THE memorable reduction of the town and fortifications of Algiers by Lord Exmouth's little squadron of five ships of war, and as many gun-boats, is one of those events familiar to us all. While the leading nations of Europe were engaged in their desperate game of war, and the thunderous cannon of opposing squadrons sounded from sea to sea, the works and fortresses of Algiers had, almost unnoticed, been improving, progressing, renewing, in strength and vastness, until, at the period referred to (1816), it could boast of possessing some thirty batteries mounted with single, double and triple tiers of guns. The mole was filled with cannon from end to end, mostly in double tiers; and they counted, as defending the approaches from the sea alone, upwards of five hundred great pieces, exclusive of bombs, mortars and the like. The landward side was of corresponding strength. The almost fabulous hardihood of Nelson, when consulted on the subject, shrank from attacking these formidable defences, each battery being a complete fortress in itself, with less than a fleet of five-and-twenty line-of-battle ships. On the 11th of August, 1816, however, Lord Exmouth, with his comparatively insignificant but compact force, took his place, and opened fire. A few hours settled the affair. He crushed the city, silenced battery after battery, blew up the magazines,

fired the shipping, and effectually crippled a merciless and irresponsible power, past all remedy, making the "abolition of Christian slavery for ever" the first condition of that peace which the dey was but too glad to pray for.

Among the Christian prisoners who thus obtained their release, and early enough to do some good service in a rising that took place in the city during the bombardment, was a young French officer of marine, who, wounded in a descent made by his countrymen in the neighborhood of Oran, had been captured and sent to Algiers; but, owing to the interference of the French consul, to whom some deference had always been paid, an unusual lenity had been extended towards him. Freedom, under certain conditions and restrictions under the surety of the consul, was granted him; and, after a few days, Franz St. Michel found that life in Algiers was tolerable, and chiefly for the reasons to be presently given.

Between the fish-market and the sea-wall there lay a low, dirty and crowded neighborhood, which, if we designate as a sort of Algerine "Corlies Hook," the reader can fill up the details of the picture for himself. In a nook, defying discovery, save to the initiated, stood a house where sailors, corsairs and such like roving salt-water gentry usually boarded, and presided over by one Demetry, a wily old Greek from Epirus. Demetry, with the craft of his people, and with a relish in the same that gave it a touch of art, could muster the secret of

every one that frequented his house; by what means or method matters little to tell. Franz, having acquired a secret of his own by this time, struck up an acquaintance with Demetry, whose house he now occasionally frequented.

When St. Michel, at last grown bolder and more confidential, ventured to inquire of Demetry respecting the chartering of some lateen-rigged craft, a felucca, or any quick going thing with a deck to it, Demetry conjectured that a stroke of business in piracy or contraband was going forward. But he was wrong, though not altogether so; and when Franz confided one-half of his secret (which to Demetry was the whole), the Epirote pledged himself heart and soul to help him, and Franz empowered him, therefore, to hire the vessel he wanted.

It was to complete the arrangements in progress, that one sultry afternoon found Franz closeted in one of the most stifling holes of Demetry's menagerie, in company with that worthy and three or four swarthy, bearded mariners, the leader of whom would have formed a model of the old pirate Lambro, while the others were as ferocious representatives of those "cool old swordsmen" as

—ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.

Thus enjoying themselves, smoking, and drinking the worst Levant wine, they received part of Franz's money in advance, with many pious imprecations of fidelity, settling the time and place of meeting on the shore towards Bona, where a boat was to be in waiting to convey them to a wicked-looking xebec rocking outside the surf, thence to sail for Ajaccio or Marseilles, as fortune and the winds would favor them. This over, Franz took his departure, satisfied with matters so far, and having but one further arrangement to make. After quitting his equivocal companions, Franz, without difficulty, passed the Algerine guard at the southern gate leading from the city to one of the loneliest, wildest and least frequented of its sylvan suburbs. Heedless of the wild and picturesque beauty of the scene of mingled sky, sea and earth offered to his view, and bathed in all the golden splendors of a declining sun, and too intent on the subject of his engrossing thoughts, Franz hurried on, till at last, a few paces before him, he beheld the object of his hopes and worship, and sprang to meet her.

It was a woman of some sixteen years of age, with a light, tall and graceful figure, and whose elastic step showed one accustomed to the vigorous and bracing breezes of the Berber hills. The head was small, and nobly united by an exquisitely moulded neck to her fine shoulders. The almost diaphanous nostrils, distended with quick breathing; the parted lips, exhibiting the even, white, small teeth; the magnificent Orient face, in whose hues the olive and the rose mingled; the splendid profile, the long, silken eyelashes, the sparkle, the freshness, the odorous air which surrounded her, told that if Franz had fallen in love, he had selected one of the most perfect objects of worship Algiers could probably boast of.

"Franz!" she exclaimed in a voice indescribable, as she hastened to meet him.

"My brave Jessonda!" he returned, clasping her for a moment in his arms. "And you are here before me!" he said in a tone of self-reproach. "It is true that—"

"I seized an opportunity offered me during my duenna's absence of coming unnoticed," exclaimed Jessonda, hurriedly interrupting him; "and you know the terrible penalty—"

"I know the fearful risks you run for me, Jessonda," he gravely replied. "I know something, though not all, perhaps, of what lies in your perilous path; and I know your loving heart scorns it."

"Peril, death, are nought to those who love," she said.

"True, dear Jessonda; and it is now my turn to act and to dare," returned the lieutenant. "All is prepared for our escape, and to-morrow that light vessel will bear us away," and he pointed to the xebec, with her peaked lateen yards flashing like so many lances as she rose and fell on the restless waters where she was at anchor.

"To-morrow!" she said, and paused a moment; then added, "Well, be it so. Adieu, father, country, home! Farewell, stern parent, tyrant like thy master! Adieu, home from whence I was to be sold! Lo! I choose for myself; but O Franz! Franz!" she exclaimed in a tone of almost passionate entreaty,

"do not cease to love me, for then what shall I have left me?"

"I will not. I swear I will not! And now, dear Jessonda," he said, "let me make you understand the arrangements I have made for your comfort and safety," and he proceeded to detail his plans, their place and time of meeting, and the rest. Then they parted to seek the town by different ways.

Hitherto things had gone on smoothly enough, but besides that the cunning old Demetry was in possession of the young officer's secret, another was aware of it also. And this was the duenna whom Jessonda, dreading to confide in, had taken some pains to deceive; but the jealous watchfulness of the latter was not so easily defeated.

The Dey of Algiers (as had been the custom from time immemorial, notwithstanding occasional exceptions to the rule), to mark the sense of his hatred against all Christians, and the extent of his power, had forbidden any union, clandestine or public (the former emphatically), between any of the Christian inhabitants and his own subjects. The penalties were excessive, and depending upon his own mood—mostly of that sanguinary "Muley Moloch" kind which only hesitates between the scimitar and the bowstring—and this wholesome rule, so rigidly enforced, was generally successful. Jessonda, however, with the perversity natural to woman, loved Franz in defiance of this prohibition, and was ready to sacrifice life and liberty for his sake.

Her father, a man of rank and influence, had already assigned her hand to one of the dey's favorite officers. The intimation had been made to that young lady without the ceremony of asking her opinion, and was received by her with that silent submission which may announce either assent or dissent, refusal or indifference—a sort of "whatever-you-please-papa" kind of recognition of authority. As the stern parent had but one opinion on the subject, and that his own, and put but one construction upon her looks, nothing but the lapse of a moon or two had to be waited for; and, meantime, Marotta, her duenna, a half hag-like, mercenary Moresca, was ordered to keep such watch over her ward as tradition assigns to the habits of these (and other) very respectable people. Jessonda, however, to whom love lent invention, continued to elude all, or believed she did so, and in four-and-twenty hours more, if the fates were only propitious, would be sailing to the sunny south of *la belle France*, in company with the (soon to be) husband of her choice.

Jessonda returned to her father's house unnoticed, and the lynx-eyed duenna, on entering the young girl's chamber, found her seated there, calm, composed and indifferent. Few words passed between them, but the icy smile, and the sinister gleam of the woman's eyes, attested to a knowledge which would have filled Jessonda's heart with dismay, had she regarded Marotta's words, look or manner at all, which she did not, that heart being already too full of other and fonder thoughts.

The night came on, clad in silver and purple, accompanied with stars and glory. Soft winds were mingling with the fountains playing in the marble court-yard without, and whispering like a lover's voice among the orange and pomegranate trees, and the thousand tropic flowers scattered about; and Jessonda slept on her couch—a soft, happy, dreaming sleep, sweet as that of infancy, where neither fear, nor doubt, nor dread ever come to disturb its Elysian repose.

In the neighborhood of the dey's palace, as the night fell, some guards might have been seen conducting a muffled female form, whose vigorous steps and erect gait betrayed an inexorable energy of purpose. It was Marotta, the young girl's duenna, whose cupidity prompted her to the steps she took. They were bending their steps towards a curtained pavilion belonging to Hamet, so high in favor with the relentless dey, and who was the intended betrothed of Jessonda. The curtains of the pavilion were lifted up, the officer aroused, and both were left together alone. With that dry, laconic brevity peculiar to her, Hamet, in a few words, was made acquainted with every particular.

Marotta could see by the silver lamp which flung its softened gleams over the barbaric splendor of the pavilion, flashing upon Hamet's arms and gorgeous robe, that his eyes grew lurid, his

lips livid, and his dusky face dark with fury. "Now I shall have gold," she said to herself; but in another moment, though he ground his teeth and played with the haft of his *jambes*, every vestige of rage and passion was gone. The man of volcanic passions was as cold and calm in appearance as the cone of Hecla.

"That will do," he said, tranquilly seating himself on his cushions again. "If thou art honest, I thank thee; if revengeful, thou art revenged. Go!"

"Go!" repeated Marotta in surprise, and furious with disappointment. "Dost thou not believe me? Wouldst thou have farther proofs that she loves this young Christian?"

"No!" thundered Hamet; "if she loves another, Giaour though he be, Hamet will not stoop to contend for her hand. I pity her, and—that is what thou desirest, I doubt not." And he flung with scorn and contempt some pieces of gold to her feet, which she eagerly gathered up. "Go," he said, "and see my face no more."

"Wilt thou not see her father, then, save her, and punish him?" persisted Marotta, in real surprise and disappointment.

"Seek her father?" echoed Hamet. "Ask me rather if I will not send my own mutes to strangle her. I am no executioner! Go, save her thyself if thou canst. If thou regardest her, save her from dishonor. Yet," he continued, "watch her, and hold thy peace. Speak no word of it. Go!" And with an imperious wave of the hand, he finally dismissed her; and Marotta, conducted as she came, quitted the precincts of the palace.

Exasperated by the contempt and the apparent indifference of Hamet, on her return she crept softly into Jessonda's chamber, and saw that the girl still slept; and then she sought the presence of the maiden's father. Short and decisive enough, this time was their interview.

At midnight Jessonda was awakened.

A hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she started up, uttering a cry of terror at beholding the swarthy, stern, bearded face of her father, with his dark and sullen eyes fixed upon her. She felt her blood becoming cold at her very heart, and a presentiment stealing over her, fast becoming certainty. His gaunt, statuesque form, clad in his flowing, half barbaric dress, stood looming before her like the figure of an inexorable and dreadful fate. Behind him were two mutes, black and deformed, bearing torches; while a gigantic negro, holding loose, dangling folds of thin cord in his hand, might have indicated a horror not to be fully revealed in words. She saw them not, however, at the moment. Her fears and thoughts were a moment far away. When this passed, the cold, impassive face, with its dreadful pallor, alone fascinated her. Presently her eyes began to wander round the chamber, and falling on the mutes, she gave a shuddering sob, and, gathering the folds that covered her couch around her, sat white and still as death.

"My daughter," broke in the cold, hard voice of her father, "is it true that thou refusest to be the bride of the noble Hamet, whom the dey so worthily favors?"

"I do not love him," was her half-whispered answer.

"It is my will," he said, "and the child is cursed that rebels against the parent. What is thy reason?"

"I do not love him," she murmured.

His brow darkened. The gathering storm of wrath was about to burst.

"Thou hast been seen in the grove on the hill, beyond the city, whispering to a man, leaning on his shoulder; his lips have pressed thine. Do you love him?" he asked.

Then Jessonda was aware that she had been watched and betrayed; and, with the calmness of one who knows there is no appeal, no hope, merely bowed her head, and answered,

"I do."

"A dog of a Christian!" he exclaimed. "Verily, daughter, thou hast done very ill! Apostate to thy religion, and false to our laws; rebel against thy father's will; dost thou persist? Will nothing change thee, Jessonda?"

Something like emotion there was in his deep voice. It is always affecting to see a stern man moved, and Jessonda felt it.

"What means my father?" she asked, lifting up her eyes.

"Cast this Giaour off; recant—" he said.

"I cannot give up my lover," she began.

"Enough!" he coldly said. "Pray to God—thine or mine. Pray. It is necessary."

She looked around her, then cast into his face a soft, appealing look. It was the look of one that asks for pity where it has the profoundest right of nature to demand it. The short pause grew agonizing. Neither broke it. He was like bronze—she like marble; both immovable. Then her eyes fell, her lips moved, her head lowered. She was praying.

"Come, Arthax," said the father with a wave of his hand, and pointing to his daughter. The black giant advanced, cord in hand.

"Carry her away," he added a moment after.

The day broke, the morning dawned; noon came and passed away, the delicious evening was advancing, and Franz, burning with impatience to depart, was about to leave his dwelling when Marotta entered, and, after a few hurried questions and answers, the young lieutenant believed in the duenna's plausible tale, and eagerly consented to follow her to the presence of his beautiful young bride elect, who was waiting for him.

He followed her without a word through many a street and turning, until they stopped at a small door leading into a courtyard at the back of a house, which Franz knew to be the dwelling-place of his mistress. This was opened, and closed as he passed in with Marotta, who led him then under a long colonnade, at the corner of which he was startled by suddenly beholding a colossal negro start forth out of the shade. The half-drawn sword was replaced as the duenna informed him that this was Arthax, a faithful slave, who would aid them.

The evening was yet early, but strangely lowering, and the lofty walls and verandahs which ran around cast broad shadows downwards, rendered more sombre by a cluster of tall and sombre cypresses growing round a fountain that was plashing with a melancholy cadence in the centre. The breezes, too, that made the dark foliage nod and whisper, had something in them so doleful, that a vague dread and distrust stole upon the ardent young Frenchman's heart as he continued to follow his guide by a narrow passage, where a short flight of steps led downwards to a door, entering he knew not where. As it was opened, however, an icy breath swept by, and involuntarily he drew back, exclaiming:

"What does this mean? Where are you leading me, and why does this man follow?"

"I am leading you to Jessonda," returned the woman with her evil smile; "and as for Arthax, you will find him useful. Come, I am taking you to one who has not hesitated in braving all for the man she loved. Do you doubt? do you fear? do you hesitate?"

"No, no; but this strange, dark place—"

"Would you have me lead you through the house, to her father's presence? Well, this way, then. It is the nearest, and a mere passage," and Marotta smiled.

"A passage!" The word haunted him, and the smile more so.

"Yes, a passage. It leads from here—elsewhere. Except by this way, you will not meet your beloved. Choose, therefore, to go forward or remain."

"En avant!" cried the gallant young fellow, descending the steps lower, and followed by Arthax. The door shut to with a clang, and the three were in utter darkness.

"Treachery!" cried St. Michel, tugging at his sword, but an iron gripe restrained him, and the cold voice of Marotta reached his ear.

"Do not fear," it said; "wait till a torch is lighted; and, by the Prophet, I swear to lead you to Jessonda. Be calm. There is time enough. Arthax, give us light." As she spoke, a red glare began to spread around, and the African cast the light of his flaming brand into the furthest recesses of the gloom. The vault—for such it really was—low, arched and time-eaten, awakened the suspicions of Franz anew.

This time his arms were free, and his sword drawn. In the

left hand he held a pistol. "I warn you," said he sternly, "not to trifle with me. I am both doubtful and determined."

"Follow, and do not threaten; and observe the dismal place to which your beautiful betrothed did not fear to come. To the left, Arthax, to the left;" and on Marotta went.

"Oh, my Jessonda, my love!" murmured Franz, and followed farther to where this gloomy vault took far more enlarged and loftier proportions. In the centre of this chamber he observed that a circular space on the floor was darker than the rest. He fell back with a cry of surprise and horror when he found himself at the edge of a black and yawning pit—a fathomless well! On the edge was a coil of stout cordage, one end of which evilly reached to the bottom.

"Pull, Arthax, pull!" exclaimed Marotta with her baleful smile; and, when the negro stuck his torch in the soft floor, he caught hold of the rope, and began to haul it up. Some heavy weight St. Michel knew was at its extremity, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. His head was swimming, and he began to experience a deadly sickness at the heart.

It was a deep well, for Franz could hear the plash, plash of water as the rope swayed and swung. Nearer and nearer the dreaded burden came! It appeared! it was laid down almost at the feet of the poor, maddened youth. He uttered a cry, mentioned the beloved name—for there lay what was once Jessonda.

Franz, all of a tremble, knelt down, caught up the darling head tenderly, swept away the dripping tresses, embraced it wildly, kissed the cold lips, and with his eyes seeming turned to stone, muttered:

"Oh, God! It blinds me! it blinds me! Oh, my love!" He kissed her hands, her face, her lips, her eyes, over and over again.

Then a revulsion came. This appalling act, the gratuitous brutality that attended it, roused up all the hot blood to his heart. The mighty weight of wordless sorrow expressed by his wan lips, as with a sort of fading smile he kissed her once more and rose to his feet, vanished, and was succeeded by the fierce thirst for vengeance.

"Tigress!" he shouted, "take from me an additional reward!" Ere the negro could stop his hand, he had fired, and the bullet pierced the creature's heart, her life departing with the shriek she uttered. Franz was thinking vaguely of the woman's equivocal words—the passage that led to Jessonda. And Jessonda, the light of his eyes, the star of his existence, was dead—dead! She would never waken more.

Suddenly the sullen roll of Moorish drums was heard, followed by the sound of feet trampling and rushing to and fro. The clatter of barbaric arms, and the clang of many matchlocks striking against the ground came next, and the place seemed all on fire with torches. But Franz, fearful now in his great calmness, was again kneeling beside his murdered love.

"Oh, my love! oh, my life!" he murmured, when a voice met his ears.

"Behold the punishment of the apostate!"

Looking up, St. Michel saw and knew the speaker. It was the dey himself, surrounded by his guards. On one side of him stood Demetry, with a pale, affrighted face; on the other Jessonda's father, cold, immovable—a very stone.

The young lieutenant no longer felt the slightest emotion of fear. A reckless apathy had succeeded, but he felt some stir in his blood still when he met the dark, sullen eyes of the father, and glanced on the form of the relentless executioner—the negro. Against these two he recorded a silent vow of vengeance, and met the frowning looks of the dey with a calmness which awakened that dignitary's wrath.

"Seize him, and remove him," he said; and the next moment two of the guards had manacled his hands, and led the unhappy youth forth, heedless whither he went or what befell him. In a short space, all had again re-assembled in a principal chamber of the house which poor Jessonda had so lately brightened with her presence.

Utterly indifferent, perfectly collected, but drawing in his breath with those deep, shivering sobs that tell of a great agony, Franz stood before the tyrant, who, seated in a chair of state that somewhat resembled his own (for Jessonda's truc-

ulent parent was a magnate after their barbaric fashion), proceeded to hold what "his greatness" might deem a trial.

"Now, dog of a Greek!" he thundered out to Demetry, "step forth, and tell all you know."

Demetry had a case to make out, and it required all the skill of the clever boarding-house keeper for corsairs generally to give it an aspect most favorable to the dey's terrible eyes; because, having already made his statements—treachery within treachery—he was puzzled how to vary its features, and say something new. He therefore spoke in an abject manner of his duty to the state, his respect for the constitution, his reverence for the sovereign authority, and his cringing adoration of the great dey's fiat in particular. Demetry became rhetorical, which was a mistake, and had it all his own way for a time, which was an offence against despotism.

"What did the Giaour give you for the aid you engaged to give him?" asked the dey point blank, fixing his eyes upon the knave.

This was turning the tables on Demetry; but nothing daunted, he tried a bold falsehood and swore by Allah and the Prophet, by the Koran and his beard, that he had not received a duro, nor ever intended to soil his hand with a grain of the filthy lucre. He knew his obligation to the laws far better, and for this alone had he seemed to acquiesce in the young man's designs.

"What say you to this?" demanded the dey, turning to Franz, struck with the stoical calm that reigned upon the youth's forehead.

"One half of what he has said is true, and the other half false—"

"By Allah, I swear—" and Demetry began to wag his beard with more confidence and greater energy.

"Silence the Giaour!" thundered the dey, and thereupon the Greek was saluted across the mouth with the heel of a heavy slipper. "Now speak!" addressing St. Michel.

"Let your guards take a paper from my pocket," replied the latter. "It is a receipt for money already advanced, with a stipulation for a further sum that was to have been paid to-night on the deck of the xebec," and the prisoner's head sank on his breast, as he thought of what this night had brought him.

"Let the xebec be sunk by the fort, with all on board of her," said the Algerine coolly. "And as for you"—he turned his fierce eye upon Demetry as he spoke, and accompanied the same by a sign.

That luckless paper found on Franz had convicted poor Demetry at once. The Epirote was tripped in a trice, and incontinently bastinadoed. All he was possessed of was subsequently absorbed in a fine, and the miserable wretch found that traitors are sometimes too liberally paid.

Meantime the dey pronounced upon Jessonda's father, for having usurped his (the dey's) functions, a sentence of retirement and fasting for a moon (month), remitting whatever heavier penalties then existed in Algiers for deliberate murder, in consequence of the zeal and firmness exhibited; for it would be too much to say that the man did not feel strange throes for the loss of his child; and this was only human nature fighting against the prejudices of birth, education and custom. Franz was ordered to the palace prison, until the period when a caravan should be going into the "interior," which means being taken into some region in Central or Eastern Africa, where slavery in its direst forms exists, with no more chances of escape than of grasping the horns of the moon. So, on the soul of the poor youth fell woe and darkness, unless a thought of vengeance, or a vision of Jessonda in her beatitude, might happen to lighten up his oblivion at any hour, sleeping or waking.

He had already, in a few deliberate words quietly uttered, told the dey that he had for all this his task of vengeance yet to accomplish; and that from the maiden's father and from the negro, he would exact a stern and uncompromising account, supposing life and liberty were by any turn of fortune to favor him; and the dey almost admired the indomitable spirit which the doomed young officer exhibited.

Before the projected transfer into the interior took place, the dey, enraged at many Christian words and deeds which reproached him, and wearied with consular remonstrances of all

kinds, connived, in the month of May of the same year, at an atrocious outrage and butchery upon some industrious and in-offensive people, chiefly Corsicans and Neapolitans, engaged in the coral-fisheries of Bona; and as England and France were so busily engaged, our "Mutey Moloch" fancied that he could act with impunity. Like many a cleverer man, however, he reckoned without his host; for, on the 11th of August, the death-awakening thunder of the British cannon, and the resounding British cheer, were heard mingling together; and while the dey made a brave and obstinate resistance, his dangers were enhanced by a tumult, as has been stated, among the Christian population, in the midst of which the prison doors were opened and among the rest came forth poor Franz, the wreck of his former self.

When he began to comprehend, though slowly, what this tumult might mean, his thirst for avenging the death of Jessonda was awakened; and possessing himself of arms, he headed a band of the disaffected, whose object was principally rapine and plunder, and led them rather by chance than design to the house where the ineffaceable tragedy had been acted. Her father fell in the fierce fight, despite the furious and raging efforts made by the bereaved youth to slay the slayer himself. Other hands spared him that outrage upon the memory of his beloved, but he had the satisfaction of passing his sword through the body of Arthax, dedicating him to the infernal gods in the name of her whom the poor wretch had deprived of life. He escaped the janissaries by a miracle, and managed to row to an advancing gun-boat, under the whole fire of the Mole, with a temerity that rescues men from the very jaws of death; and joining in the attack, fought like one possessed, when a landing on one occasion was effected and made. Since then he has fought in many an African campaign, seeking the death which always evaded him, but he never forgot Jessonda, and is now an old and feeble man, longing for that hour when he can join her never more to be parted. He spends many an hour in solitude musing over the few *souvenirs* that remind him of her; and the cord which was the agent of her death is treasured as a memorial that will pass with him to his grave.

CYRIL ST. ORME: A COUNTRY STORY.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

THREE generations ago, the Cedars and Elmwood Hall, two fine estates which had formerly composed one property, were reunited for a brief space by the intermarriage of the heirs. Traditions of the nuptial festivities yet linger among the cottiers, and are told by ancient dames over the winter-hearth. The wedding of Ferdinand, fifth Lord St. Orme, with Juliana, heiress of Sir Thomas Price, had been a notable event in its day; and the dancing in the park, the spinning matches and other rustic excitements, lingered long in female memories, and, as I have said, are still recollected by an antique few. Elmwood Hall belonged, of course, to the heir of Lord St. Orme, but Sir Thomas Price settled The Cedars (his own estate) on his daughter's second son.

With the intervening generation we have little to do, and shall therefore briefly pass it over. A few years back, The Cedars fell, unexpectedly enough, into the hands of Cyril St. Orme, nephew of the late proprietor.

At that time Cyril St. Orme was a student of Exeter College, Oxford; where, indeed, he had a little oratory fitted up in the most correct style. He headed his letters with the Saints' days instead of the usual dates of the Christian year; he fasted conscientiously on Fridays (and often besides if any one else needed a dinner and he knew it); he brushed his hair meekly over his white smooth forehead, wore an M.B. waistcoat, a long coat, and, occasionally, pale blue spectacles, which added to the extreme sweetness and delicacy of his look. I own frankly that I do not sympathize with all his notions; but I love and honor his high religious character, and, *au reste*, I look upon much of his present frame of thinking as a species of serious foppery, which the stern duties of real life will tone down. We shall see.

He was sitting at his ascetic breakfast (it was a fast day) when

the following epistle sent a warm color to his pale, worn, handsome face:

"To CYRIL ST. ORME, Esq.,

"S—, May, 184—.

"SIR,—In acquainting you with the decease of our respected client, John St. Orme, Esq., of The Cedars, near S—, Gloucestershire, allow us to congratulate you on your accession to the estate, and to request that you will be present at the funeral, on Tuesday next; which, as joint executors of the deceased, we purpose conducting according to his wishes. We shall then be prepared to deliver up to you the deeds connected with the estate; or should you honor us with your confidence, we shall endeavor to prove ourselves worthy of the trust, and beg leave to remain, sir,

Your obedient servants,

SMITH & ROBINSON,

Solicitors to the deceased."

The astonished student glanced down the *Times* obituary, and there he found the following entry:

"Of malignant fever, John St. Orme, Esq., aged sixty-five. The deceased took the malady while in attendance on his only son, John St. Orme, Lieutenant, R.N., whom he survived scarcely four days."

The deceased uncle had never taken any particular notice of his orphan nephew; but Cyril's kind heart swelled as he read the newspaper record, pathetic in its bald simplicity, and he hardly knew whether to grieve or rejoice at his strange reverse of fortune. To-day he had to go up for his examination, and a few hours since he had thought that his whole fortune depended on its result; but now he would at least be secure of a field for labor and the means of doing good, whether he gained his M.A. degree or not.

Perhaps to the ease of mind given by this consciousness he owed the calm spirits which made him complete master of himself and his resources. Later in the day the diligent student found himself a first-class man. Poor Cyril had neither mother nor sister to rejoice in his success; and the news, therefore, while it gratified him, had not the intense sweetness which different circumstances might have imparted. It is so melancholy to be alone in the world! Among the men there was a murmur of regret at Cyril's accession of wealth; for they were proud of him, and hoped great things from such talents spurred on by poverty; and some of them feared he would now sink into a mere country squire; others, who knew him better, had another opinion. The latter were not surprised to read his name in the ordination lists of the ending Trinity Sunday. It had been the solemn purpose of his life to take holy orders, and his altered circumstances had not shaken it.

His deceased uncle, though he outlived all his sons, had had an expensive family, and the estate was in no very flourishing condition. The last penny had been wrung from the tenants, who, in their turn, had wrung the last penny from the soil. Everywhere, dilapidated buildings and exhausted land bore witness to the rack-rent system. The old mansion was sorely in need of repair, and poor Cyril groaned as he looked from his rickety walls to his churchless village, where a rude population of quarrymen and clothiers' work people lived, familiar with evil, and with no guide to better things. The conjugal quarrels, the childish oaths, the slatternly appearance of the women, and the brutal indifference of the men appalled this gentle creature, who was a pure Christian in spite of his weaknesses, and ardently longed to do them all good. It seems a contradiction, perhaps, but their very roughness and wickedness, I believe, saved Cyril from being a mere tea-table oracle, which he would have become infallibly, had he fallen on a model parish, ruled by Dorcas committees and amiable spinsters. The pattern of his altar carpet and the shape of his candlesticks would then have sufficed to busy him; but here, where all had to be done from the beginning, the work required a man; and a man Cyril became accordingly. Circumstances improved him, and his British "pluck," like that of the dandy regiment at Waterloo, was brought to light in the battle he had to wage.

He lowered all his rents; one or two hopeless tenants he was compelled to get rid of; and he made the rest promise a certain outlay in return for his moderation. He patched up his old

mansion and let it, living meanwhile in a small cottage residence, inhabited by his Scotch bailiff, a good, honest man, whose Presbyterianism was his only fault in Cyril's eyes. This was no trifle, certainly; but the clergyman avoided argument, after one trial, in which Sandy MacClackit, owing either to the superiority of his cause, or the greater length of his tongue, got decidedly the best of it.

But even Sandy owned that a better Christian than his master rarely lived. Early and late he worked; he dined on potatoes; he wore his coats threadbare, and his shoes patched in the composite rustic style. He did the work of an evangelist; he, the Oxford prizeman, the idol and oracle of his set, now bent his whole ambition to Christianize the folks of Toadsmoor. Nor was he a whit too good for his work. In six months he had a Sunday school, and a room licensed for public worship; not very well attended as yet, but Cyril had a strong heart under his old coat, and he worked in hope. No prize ever gladdened him like the sight of a poor girl, once a flaunting slattern, stealing into the room where he preached; her bold eyes lowered, and her cheek flushing with a newly-found modesty. No honors gave him such pleasure as that touching assurance of a poor working mother, "Oh, sir, you have made our place a home. William's an altered man since you talked to him, and I am as happy as the day is long. He has never struck me since that night."

Cyril was even now a happy man. But he longed to hear a church bell sound along the valley, and he became absolutely penurious towards that end. He picked out his site—a rough little hollow on the common, now covered with coarse grass and thistles. In the parson's dreams he saw rising a fair Gothic church, with a low porch and a splendid window, to cheer the eyes that saw little of beauty in any house, if not in God's. And here and there, in what should be the churchyard, he fancied, rising in the mown turf, a green hillock marked by the Christian symbol. Sometimes, when he had outworked and half-starved himself, he dimly felt that he was perhaps destined to break the consecrated ground.

Now I do not mean to say that this is altogether a state of things to admire; because, if Cyril St. Orme had consulted his common sense, he would have seen that by impairing his health he was impairing his usefulness; and yet one hesitates even to say he did this, for the rough creatures, who had never been the objects of human interest before—except as felons—began to feel humanly when they saw their disinterested friend failing before their sight. And failing he seemed to be: his hollow eyes had a strange brilliancy, and his poor spine bent like the back of fourscore. Yet all the time, this modern hermit, self-exiled from intellectual and polite society, toiled on. Every day his school children—he had a day school now—brought him more flowers; and when one child gave him a ripe pear, which was grateful to his parched lips, the others envied the happy creature who presented it.

One autumn, Cyril received an unexpected visit from two of his old college friends, who were making a tour together: one of these was prospering as a lawyer, the other was beginning a promising political career. Imagine their feelings when they beheld this fine creature so changed, and yet clinging, even in his weakness, to what appeared to them a position so unfit for him. They reasoned, expostulated, and implored, alike in vain, that he would leave Toadsmoor and take some rest. His eyes only burned brighter as he said, "Never! I love the place and the people. If you want to give me rest, help me to build them a church. I am living in the hope of seeing that done."

There is nothing so puzzling to the ambitious as unworldliness. Cyril's friends loved him, but they could not understand him, and the lawyer even suspected that some acute disappointment had affected his mind! Nevertheless the two canvassed their old college mates; and by their co-operation funds were raised. Cyril had always been respected at Oxford, and his dream—his beautiful dream—began to work towards fulfilment. His pious heart beat high with gratitude and hope, as he received this tangible proof of attachment, from those by whom he fancied he had been forgotten; and his health began to improve, though in a flickering uncertain way, under the good stimulus of pleasant anticipations.

Cecilia, Countess St. Orme, was the present owner of Elmwood Hall, the hereditary seat of the St. Ormes. Her father had died, leaving her a mere infant; and her mother had very soon re-married with a gentleman of high lineage and no fortune. Mr. Talbot and his countess wife had found it convenient to live in a distant county, where, it was whispered, the St. Orme funds supported the entire family. Lady St. Orme had lost her mother when she was about sixteen years of age; but the death of Mr. Talbot, four years later, had made her really an orphan.

Lady St. Orme, all her life a handsome creature—a spoiled child of fortune—came of age when Cyril had been about four years at Toadsmoor; and the news that she would come home to celebrate her majority, gave joy in the simple village which she and Cyril owned between them. She was Cyril's chief parishioner, and he was very anxious to know whether she would be a help or a hindrance to him.

Elmwood Hall had been completely restored; and a goodly retinue of freshly-hired servants lined the avenue, when Lady St. Orme, her beautiful face glowing with excitement, arrived to enter upon her possessions. Her youth, her beauty, her riches, excited universal interest on her behalf, and she had won the whole place without an effort. "Poor Mr. St. Orme—yes, he was very good—very good; but, after all, a real rich lady could do more good than a poor gentleman, be he never so pious and well-disposed. Money to spend did a world of good in a poor place, and something beside church-going was needed to 'keep the pot a-boiling.'" So this imperious queen robbed poor Cyril of his subjects ere she had opened her lips. But what could resist Cecilia St. Orme?

Not her young brother, whom she, in return, loved very devotedly. Indeed, this affection was the point in her character on which one rested most admiringly, in those days. Edmund's fancies and Edmund's convenience were studied much more than she would have studied them, probably, had he been the real master of the house. It was a part of her graceful, amiable vanity, to grant favors sweetly, and while her rebellious heart rose against any duty imposed, she loved to fulfil the tasks her own will selected.

This bright, beautiful creature was running her white fingers over a new piano, about two days after her arrival; and Edmund, as usual, was near her as her shadow, when Mr. St. Orme, his back bent, his thin cheek flushed by the exertion of walking, came up the avenue.

"Oh, Edmund!" cried she, in her joyous way, "here comes our cousin."

Mr. St. Orme was ushered into her presence. Her beauty took away his breath. As may be imagined, Cyril had never been much accustomed to the society of ladies. At Oxford he had mingled very little with even the limited acquaintance he could command, and an occasional evening spent with the daughters of the dons—mostly plain women—had never overthrown his brain. At that time he was so wedded to his books, so absorbed by study, that even a beauty might have attacked him in vain. During the last four years his experience of the gentler half of creation was limited to the poor hard-favored women, his parishioners; and if here and there he found a pretty girl, she was generally a thorn in his side, and an occasion of mourning. Imagine him, therefore, instantly taken close prisoner by Lady St. Orme, whom he had only seen before from her carriage.

The little slender creature rose from her piano, her dark gray eyes sparkling, her red pouting lips glowing, and her whole face instinct with beauty and mischief. She took Cyril's thin hands in her own plump, pinky palms, and pressed them eagerly.

"We are cousins, Mr. St. Orme; we must be friends."

"I trust so," stammered Cyril, hazarding a bow of some antique fashion, which nearly set her laughing.

"Pray be seated, Mr. St. Orme. We are just planning the festivities for my birthday. You will assist us? The peasantry must dance, and I should like the prettiest of the girls to perform some *tableaux vivants*. For the men the christening-ale must flow, and I suppose that will be sufficient amusement for them. . . . Oh, if these were but Italian peasantry, Edmund, we might do wonders; but I fear these poor, awkward

people will be very stupid. . . . But all the world will be here, and I must amuse them somehow."

Cyril trembled. These people—these awkward, stupid creatures—were his own, his precious charge. He could not calmly contemplate his men exposed to the temptation of such a holiday, and his prettiest unsteady girls receiving the empty flatteries of idle fine gentlemen, who, for that day only, would mingle with the peasantry.

"If you will pardon me, Lady St. Orme," he began, in his gentlest voice, "I know these people well. They are little fitted for such a holiday as you plan. Believe me, unlimited generosity on your part will not increase their happiness. A game at cricket and football for the men, with a good dinner and a moderate allowance of beer, some music and tea for the women and children, would suit them better."

Lady St. Orme looked sadly disappointed; and already Cyril felt that it took all his philosophy to be proof against a shadow on that loveliest of feminine faces.

"Oh but, indeed, Mr. St. Orme, we must do better than that. All the officers of Edmund's crack regiment will be here; and my uncle, Lord Lascelles, with his beautiful daughters. One would not show them a mere game at cricket?"

Mr. St. Orme had to make a strong effort, when he persisted, in opposition to his beautiful cousin, that her projected fête would do his people no good. She would not yield, and began her preparations accordingly.

A dancing-master was brought from town, who arranged a kind of pastoral ballet, and the prettiest and least awkward of the girls were chosen to take a part in it. Their Swiss peasants' dresses were very becoming, and did credit to Lady St. Orme's taste. The choir, which Mr. St. Orme had trained in preparation for his new church, were to sing some appropriate part-music. The clergyman approved the part-music, but set his face resolutely against the ballet. And Lady St. Orme, who at first really did not care much about it, was roused by his opposition to be very obstinately bent on carrying out her whim. She looked on her cousin's precise ideas as very conventionally proper for a clergyman, but as highly absurd in any one else; so while he saw with pain that several of his most troublesome parishioners were relapsing into a state of giddy vanity, she determined that the people's enjoyment should not be curtailed.

The day came, and with it a bright sun. Lady St. Orme, radiant and beautiful, moved gracefully among her distinguished guests and her more rustic visitors. The ale flowed without a limit, as might be expected, even before dinner. The effects of this ill-judged liberality were painfully apparent. Mr. St. Orme sighed as he saw his penitents yielding to temptation. You see, he had worked so hard to make these men sober, and all his labor was in vain when the moment of trial came. But if the drunkenness scared him, he was still more alarmed when the ballet began. These poor, pretty, empty-headed girls had an audience of unthinking, fine people, careless young soldiers, and men of the world. Their undisguised appreciation of the rustic beauties before them, and the timid gratification of the admired, gave Mr. St. Orme a keen pang. Yet probably nothing really very wrong took place; but Mr. St. Orme was jealous for the innocence of his people. The ballet was so popular, that its repetition was demanded. Lady St. Orme was extremely chagrined to find that the Queen had gone home immediately after the first display. The poor girl, an object of Mr. St. Orme's deep anxiety and watchful care, had caught a glance from his grave, sunken eyes, which made her finery hateful to her; and she rushed home, to mingle no more in the St. Orme fête. Perhaps this circumstance made the young countess unjust; certain it is, that she ascribed any failure to the clergyman's influence. If she would have owned it, she was disappointed in the result of her attempts to naturalize grace and elegance at Toadsmoor, and was so much disgusted by the insobriety and consequent noisy quarrelsomeness of the men, that she took a great dislike to the whole population, although, when Mr. St. Orme had besought her not to lay temptation before them, she had resented his low opinion of them as a professional prejudice. She and her cousin seemed less friendly after the birthday; for she could not endure to confess herself in the wrong, and yet the event abundantly proved her to have been so. Mr. St. Orme, in spite of reason, in spite of conscience,

worshipped this lovely creature, and was compelled to hide his real feelings behind a mask of indifference; so a coolness began to spring up between them.

The fête had not been without its uses too. The Toadsmoor folks were rather less confident in their own power to resist temptation, and rather more willing to take their friend's advice, and keep out of its way, after this memorable holiday, which, on the whole, increased Mr. St. Orme's influence. But to root up the ugly weeds it planted among his people cost the clergyman trouble for some time; meantime the gray stone church was slowly rising into beautiful form: Edmund Talbot joined his regiment; Lady St. Orme went to London for the season, and Cyril began to get a cough, which undid the little improvement his health had undergone. I think very few of us know what such a tender heart suffers, when duty and inclination are at variance. Inclination drew him towards Lady St. Orme; duty kept him hard at work at Toadsmoor.

The thoughtless beauty, who had never been trained to self-government, thought only of amusing herself and keeping those about her in good spirits. So, full of health and gaiety, she plunged into all the busy idleness of a fashionable life. Her diamonds, her *déjeuners*, her beauty, her wilfulness, and her rejected lovers were the talk of the town, and reached Toadsmoor through the local journal, which assiduously copied every paragraph in which she figured. The old and prudent began to doubt whether her income, large as it was, would long bear her wasteful expenditure.

In the cold, sleety weather, it became painfully evident that Cyril St. Orme must seek medical advice; and accordingly to London he went, as to the head-quarters of all science. He found a good physician, and calmly heard the verdict of professional skill. "With great care Mr. St. Orme might recover; but he must work less, and endeavor to keep his mind at ease." His mind? Yes, it was true that he was perpetually fretting after this lovely cousin, who would have been in the world's eyes, no less than in his own, so very unfit to be his wife. The world was too sensible to suspect this bent, hectic student of any passion for a great heiress, who had refused three East India directors, a bishop, two barons, a viscount, and a duke.

Cyril could not resolve to visit and leave London without scorching his poor wings at the cruel flame. He called in Lowndes Square. Lady St. Orme was spending a day or two at her Richmond villa, whither he followed her through the snow. The suburban retreat, like her town residence, was luxuriously furnished, and adorned with a thousand pretty useless knick-knacks, which Cyril knew must cost vast sums of money. She received him pleasantly. She was herself sparkling with health and beauty, and was shocked to see the very apparent fragility of her cousin, whom in her heart of hearts she respected exceedingly. She felt that her present idle, expensive life must look almost guilty in his pure eyes; and in order to make conversation which should hide any little confusion, she said, "And how do you get on without me at Toadsmoor! But I am sure better without than with me."

It was, as usually happens in such cases, the unluckiest subject. Cyril took advantage of it, and replied fearlessly, "Your real work in life lies there, and sooner or later I hope you will be pleased to do it. Toadsmoor will be happier when that time comes."

"And you?—Oh, Mr. St. Orme, you would be jealous of any rival influence."

"Dear Cecilia—forgive me, my dear cousin," he said, gently, taking her soft, useless hand in his own, so painfully worn; "do you not read in my face that I am a dying man? Before that day comes I shall have finished my work in this world. You cannot tell how I should rejoice if I knew that your kind heart turned itself towards its proper employments. Oh, do take care of my poor people when I am gone!"

He said this eagerly, but with all the calmness of holy courage, which sees beyond death. Lady St. Orme was startled. Such accents formed a new experience for her; but she was scarcely prepared to share his heroic view of things, and answered according to the ideas in which she had grown up:

"Oh, pray do not have such gloomy thoughts. You are going to get well again soon, I hope. That horrid place is kill-

ing you. Do stay in town awhile, and let us take care of you. Mrs. Lloyd would be delighted, I know; and you should soon be well."

"Well! Oh, Cecilia, if anything could hasten the breaking of my heart, it would be to see the daily course of your butterfly life; you, a woman who might——"

His voice failed: that cold journey through the snow had done him no good. He sank back on the couch where he sat, and his eyes closed. Lady St. Orme was frightened: she hastily approached him, raised his head, and having placed a cushion beneath it, smoothed the thin hair from his brow, which she bathed with eau-de-Cologne, from a bottle which happened fortunately to be near her. She laved his thin cheeks, his purple eyelids, and then, pausing in the midst of her apparently ineffectual task, she sighed that she had ever given him pain; and for one moment her beautiful mouth, rosy with healthful life, touched his white unconscious lips.

After a weary interval, he unclosed his eyes; and his troubled countenance became calm as he saw Lady St. Orme by his side, and comprehended that she had been endeavoring to recover him. He took her delicate hand in his own thin one, and heavy tears dropped on her jewelled fingers as she stood, pitying and irresolute, half averting, half bending over him her lovely face.

"Cecilia," he murmured, "how happily could I die thus! Forgive me; but I have loved you this long time, and the last pulse of my heart will be sweet if you do not utterly scorn your poor cousin."

He sank again on the couch, from which he had partially arisen, and through that night, and many nights, his delirious snatches of talk were of his cousin Cecilia—of his church—of his poor people—of all his innocent interests and earnest work in life.

Lady St. Orme would have anticipated the breaking-up of her gay season, and a sick cousin under her roof, with anything but complacency; and yet when the circumstances really occurred, she was far from unhappy. For propriety's sake, she went back to Lowndes square, leaving kind Mrs. Lloyd in charge of the invalid. But every morning she came early, and every evening left unwillingly. She watched this poor cousin as though he had been her first love—as, indeed, he was—this bent, prejudiced clergyman! And works of kindness and charity being the natural business of woman, this lovely creature felt herself for the first time occupied in her proper work.

I do not know whether her enthusiasm would have lasted had not some events assisted to prevent any possible recurrence to her former extravagance. Edmund Talbot, her beloved but penniless half-brother, had been very successfully rivalling her splendid follies. He had pursued, and lost by, every fashionable amusement; and I hope I have made you know her well enough to understand that she instantly adopted his liabilities. The defrayment of his debts and her own required no inconsiderable sum, and she was really startled to find how much they had contrived to spend between them. The disposal of her London effects was resolved upon: indeed, it was necessary; for while she had been liberally spending, her steward had been busied in making a purse for himself, and had just succeeded in getting off to America, with a handsome provision.

Well, but her presence was like wine to this poor Cyril. She read to him, she talked to him, she watched beside him; she held the cooling drink to his fevered mouth, and became so humble and so domestic in the performance of these sick-room duties, that Mr. St. Orme began to think she never could have been the empty coquette he had fancied her.

How it was to end he scarcely knew. In the languid luxury of convalescence he suffered the delicious days to glide away without a thought for the future. One day, in early spring, Lady St. Orme brought to him a bunch of primroses; and as she placed them in his hand, two glittering drops, warm from human eyes, mingled with the colder dew which had wetted her pretty fingers. The primroses recalled Toadsmoor and all the interests of the life which had so nearly slipped from him.

"We must go home," she murmured softly; "we must go home and work together at Toadsmoor."

"Ah, Cecilia, you have saved my life! But, can you leave the gay world? Will you not grow tired? My love, forgive me! I never meant to pain you. You know I was not sure

you were in earnest. Yes, we will work together. Bend down, Cecilia; I cannot get up to kiss you!"

She obeyed, and the gesture was symbolical of her life's course since that day.

Toadsmoor church was completed that summer; and the thirty-nine Oxonians, who had helped Cyril to build it, came down to the consecration. Every year since that happy day they have gathered about Mr. St. Orme, to celebrate at once the anniversary of his church and of his wedding; for, appropriately enough, the marriage ceremony was performed immediately after the consecration. I need scarcely say that Mr. St. Orme and the countess have been real benefactors to this once neglected place.

And now, when people complain that they cannot hear him because he preaches in a white surplice, I wonder at them; for although I was trained in, and hold to the present day, far other opinions than his, I reverence his Christian life, and receive with respect any word from his lips.

And if you want to see a really happy couple, come down to the anniversary services of Toadsmoor church, and be presented to Cyril and Lady Cecilia St. Orme. You may be the better for contact with two good people! Mr. St. Orme has quite lost his cough, begins to grow stout and to look rosy. A fine family of children follow him to church.

VALUE OF TIME.

The following is a gem which ought to be preserved in letters of gold in every family, and especially by every mother, daughter, sister and wife throughout the land. Unfortunately very few of the gentler sex are taught to attach any value to time, and only try to multiply means of killing it; but surely the precious hours of our short lives were not given us simply to invent means of making them useless. The "notice" was written on a card, and hung on the walls of the work-rooms in a large skirt establishment in this city, after the following manner:

"NOTICE.—Lost between sunrise and sunset, a golden hour set with sixty silver minutes. No reward is offered for its recovery, for once lost it can never return."

READING AND WRITING.—Those accomplishments are the most excellent and most worthy of cultivation that contribute most largely to the happiness of others. I place that of reading well before every one of the arts which usually are so designated; and certainly, had I the fairy's power to bestow on those I loved the gift which should most endure them to others—not of course including good principle, good sense, and good temper—I would give them the power of delighting their own family circle by reading and talking well. The former art especially is cultivated far too little for the health as well as the happiness of young women; so much is it neglected, that probably twenty can sing pleasingly for every one that can read agreeably. Yet we cannot doubt that a voice for singing is comparatively rare, and that almost any one who chooses to do so can read so as to give pleasure. Perhaps there are two reasons for the general neglect of this charming accomplishment. In the first place we are far too apt to cultivate most carefully that which is to please in society, and to neglect those arts which can contribute to domestic happiness; we sing for our acquaintances, to excite the admiration, or it may be, the envy of people who see us but seldom, and would not greatly care if they never saw us again. But in being able to read well a good poem or play, or even the debates in Congress, we are only likely to give pleasure to an invalid father or brother, or perhaps a group of younger brothers and sisters. But to increase the happiness of but one of our home circle ought to be a source of far more satisfaction to us than the applause of any stranger whatever. To wile away the dreary hours of pain and sickness—to charm a group of young listeners into forgetfulness of the rain or snow that is preventing them from enjoying their usual sports—these are objects we can so easily attain, and from which we shall derive such real happiness, that they are well worth a little effort.—Mrs. Pullan.



THE DYING STAG.

SIR RALPH AND LADY JEAN.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER."

PART THE FIRST.

"ASH-BERRIES are turning red, Jean,
 Beech-russet lies underfoot;
 There is gold on the maple bough, Jean,
 And orchis about its root.
 When I saw thee first on the moor, Jean,
 The blackthorn was but in bloom,
 And now the summer is gone, Jean,
 And coming the winter gloom.
 But the gorse is still in flower, Jean—
 It blossoms the whole year round;
 So kiss me once ere I go, Jean,
 True lips should aye be crowned.
 There be roses outlive the May, Jean—
 Such roses are thine, my sweet!—
 No blight on their beauty come, Jean,
 Till again my lips they greet.
 And say that thou lov'st me well, Jean—
 It will nerve my good battle-arm;
 I shall think I am fighting for thee, Jean,
 And wearing thy heart as a charm."

"Mind thou bring honor home, Ralph,
 Think first of The Cause, then me;
 For I scarce could welcome thee back, Ralph,
 If thou should'st beaten be.
 True soldier, true knight, must thou live, Ralph
 True soldier and true knight die;
 So will I love thee or mourn, Ralph,
 Till cold in my grave I lie."

"I swear by my spurs and sword, Jean,
 By my stainless name and shield,
 To die in the thick of the fight, Jean,
 Rather than fly or yield!
 Sooner a grave and thy tears, Jean,
 Than dishonor with all thy love.
 I will do what a man may do, Jean,
 To win thee, my trembling dove!
 Kiss me once more ere I go, Jean,
 Sweet, soft as the summer thou art!
 For a gage of my faith and my love, Jean,
 I give thee this ring with the heart.
 'Tis full of a ruby light, Jean,
 As warm as the light of our youth;
 It will pale if I change to thee, Jean,
 And break if we break our troth.
 I had it from one who said, Jean,
 That the maiden who wore this ring,
 Six stalwart sons to my house, Jean,
 In her matronhood should bring.
 No wife will I have but thee, Jean,
 To sleep in my living breast;
 No mate shalt thou take but me, Jean,
 To lie in thy arms at rest.
 Look in my face and swear, Jean—
 Swear by some pretty oath—
 By the heart in thy breast that beats, Jean—
 That thou wilt be true to thy troth."

"I will swear by what is mine own, Ralph,
 My heart thou hast ta'en from me:
 Say shall I swear by *thine*, Ralph,
 Which thou hast pledged to me?"

"Swear by whate'er thou wilt, Jean
I know thou canst faithful be;
Or swear me no oath at all, Jean,
Until I come back to thee.
Then shalt thou plight thy word, Jean,
In the sight of God and men,
To live and to die with me, Jean,
And never to part again."

PART THE SECOND.

"There are signs in the sky, dear mother,
Dark threatening signs in the sky—
Watch how the serried lances
March swiftly and palely by!
To the tumult of cloud in the westward,
They rush like the sweep of a host
That is dashing down to the battle
When the day is almost lost.
Look how the glorious banners
Wave wide on the winged breeze,
And the burnished corslets glitter
Like foam on the boiling seas!
Look at the white plumes tossing
In lines on the crest of the hill,
At the prance of the war horses fretting
To charge and to trample and kill!
O, Ralph, art thou one of the foremost?
Now Heaven be good to thee!
Strengthen the worthy and brave, Ralph,
And send thee safe back to me."

"What do these signs portend, Jean?
Dost thou dream and talk in thy sleep?
I see nor lances nor banners;
Why dost thou shiver and weep?"

"They are gone, and the Heaven is silent—
O, mother, kneel down and pray!
Pray that the God of all battle
Will prosper the right to-day!"

"Give me thy hand, my daughter;
What frenzy ob-cures thy brain?
There is nothing of all this vision
Abroad on the silent plain.
The clouds are full flushed with crimson
In the west where the sun goes down,
And the moon is rising in beauty
O'er the quiet of Ashburn town."

"O, look where the sky is reddest!
There, there, o'er the burren they rush,
Scattered and lurid and broken,
Flying, defeated, they push!
See how the points of the lances
Drop blood-gouts along the way,
And the plumes are half-shorn from the helmets,
And the banners are rent away!"

"There are flocks of sheep on the moorland,
And kine in the meadows green;
But they are feeding in safety;
There is no flight here, dear Jean."

"Seest thou this ring, kin! mother,
What tint does the gemmed heart wear?
Is it of ruby brightness,
Or pale like a fallen tear?"

"It is red as the heart of a rose, Jean,
That was fed on a tropic sun;
And clear as the star of eve, Jean,
When the night is but begun."

"Now art thou living or dead, Ralph?
O, mother, let me go weep!
If dead, I will break my heart, Ralph;
If living, still must I weep."

PART THE THIRD.

There is no light in the sky,
No light but the light of stars,
And the red moon gleaming angrily
Across its prison bars.
The west wind whirls through the mountain-pines,
And tosses their ghostly boughs,
Like elfish locks dishevelled,
On the night's uplifted brows.

What little foot comes swiftly,
Gliding by grange and hall,
Gliding so very softly
That you cannot hear its fall?

What little shadow creeping
Under the arch of trees,
Comes with a panting swiftiness
Unheard through the mournful breeze?

Comes like a ghost in the midnight
Under the churchyard-wall,
Asking the late by-passers,
"Heard ye my true love call?"
Her hair is all pranked with daisies,
Red poppies, and golden corn,
That she culls in the dewy hedgerows,
Where she strays at early morn.

They say she is crazed who see her,
And they let her steal away,
Up to the fearful forests,
To watch the wild winds at play.
There's not one who would dare to follow
As she goes on her lonely course,
Glancing so white and eerie,
O'er the bridge that spans the Force.

Should her light foot once falter,
As she crosses the dangerous track,
There would mourning be in Ashburn;
For Jean would ne'er go back.
The water is wan and angry;
She shivers and glances down,
Where it pours through a midnight ravine,
And thunders from stone to stone.

The black wood is all around her,
The chillness of autumn night,
And a choir of solemn whispers
That thrill in the dim pale light.
The leaves are telling each other
Old secrets of gone by times,
The sighing wind in the brushwood
Sounds faintly as long-dead chimas.

She thinks of the headless gytrash,
Of the wraith by the winter byre,
Of the thousand ghostly legends
She has heard by the winter fire.
But her spirit is armed full for proof,
As she steals through the darkling grove,
And her wide bright eyes are shining—
And both with the power of love.

She comes to a hidden pathway,
Where the tangled wood twines low,
All massed with the creeping ivy
From roots to arching brow.
Her brave young heart beats faster,
Her tender hands are torn,
Groping her way in the darkness,
By many a cruel thorn.

The moaning wind in the branches
Now stays her in pallid fear;
The rush of the distant water
Breathes like a whisper near.
Down midst the ferns she crouches,
And listens and scarcely breathes,
Till certain that all is safety,
She creeps from the clinging wreaths.

Then presses eagerly forward,
Where the path goes down a glen,
As lonely and fair as Eden
Ere death was the need of men.
There is moonlight athwart the elm trees,
And moonlight upon the sward,
Where a gaunt old priest is keeping
A dangerous watch and ward.

He has had a weary vigil,
Twelve nights by that painful bed,
Where Sir Ralph has lain in hiding,
With a price upon his head.
Sore wounded, and left to perish,
Midst thousands of ghostly slain,
He had found him at dismal nightfall
On the bloody battle plain.

Sir Ralph could but beg in whispers
To bear him to Holy Dell,
And to send to fair Jean of Ashburn
A message that all was well.
And every night in the darkness
She had come by that perilous way
And stolen home in the morning
By the wood paths dank and gray.

He can hear the cautious rustle
Of her foot in the fallen leaves.
He can see the wave of her garments
In the fancies his fever weaves
Through all the long hours of daylight,
The echoes of last night's cheer
Come whispering of joy and comfort
To his stretched and wakeful ear.

"When she comes his joy is all voiceless,
Or breathes but in longing sighs;
He watches her face in the silence,
And worships her with his eyes.
He covers her hands with kisses,
Or crushes them 'gainst his heart:
"Ah, Jean, how the hours are flying!
'Tis morning, and we must part."

"Dear love, the red ring is faithful,
It glows like a furnace-spark;
Canst thou see it upon my finger,
Shining athwart the dark?"

"Sweet Jean, this dell is a temple,
Let Heaven our witness be;
The priest will give us his blessing,
And thou shalt begone with me."

"I must kiss my mother good-by, Ralph;
She wakes for me all the night,
And wanders forth from her chamber
At the earliest point of light."

"Stay, Jean, yet a little moment—
Ah me, but my heart is sore!
It seems that if thou should'st leave me,
I may never see thee more."

"Nay, Ralph, this is strange and idle;
Am I not all thine own?
Come through the wood at sunset,
And meet me by Hurly Stone.
I know of one that is faithful,
Who waits with his brig at Leigh,
Who will carry us soon and safely
To some refuge beyond the sea."

She bent down her face, and kissed him
On his aching fevered eyes,
And wept some tears on his bosom,
Till the old priest bade them rise.
Then the dell was a holy temple,
And the sword was an altar green,
Where they knelt before God together,
Midst witnesses unseen:
All the soft breathing watchers—
The angels who come and go
'Twixt earth and merciful Heaven
In hours of joy and woe—
All the unspoken blessings
That wait upon love and youth,
Gathered and hovered around them
To hear them plight their troth.

PART THE FOURTH.

There is joyful shouting in Ashburn town,
The people crowd round the gate;
Sir Ralph and his lady and all their folk
Are riding through in state.
Six goodly sons go in their train;
Sir Ralph is stalwart, but gray;
And Jean has passed with the passing time,
To August from blooming May.
Loud ring the bells in the ancient tower;
Sir Ralph looks up with a smile;
"Sweet wife, dost thou mind how thou used to steal
In the night full many a mile,
To bring me food to the bonnie dell
In the forest beyond the Force?
Ah, Jean, it seems but as yesterday
Since we met in the golden gorge."
Next to Lady Jean rides her eldest-born,
And three little lads of his:
"Dear Ralph," says she, "I can count the years
Only by signs like these.
Six sons of ours, all hardy men,
And twelve slight boys of theirs—
'Tis a long yesterday dear lord,
That brings us such blessed cares."
"Fair wife, I am young when I look at thee,
Thou hast such love in thy face!
Can forty years and more have gone
Since we left this homelike place?"

"Forty-three years of exile, Ralph—
Of exile, but not of grief:
O, let us not count our sorrows, love,
They seem so few and brief!
No, let us reckon our blessings,
These noble and loyal sons—
The treasures that God has given, Ralph—
And all their tender ones."

"Thy voice is shaken and faint, love,
There are tears in thy gentle eyes.
Ah, dame, it is sweet to remember
Old troubles when they arise."

"It was that I saw a grave, Ralph.
That we could not bring away—
A grave in the Flemish town, Ralph,
That we made one winter day
The sun is out on the cornlands,
The shadows play hide and seek.
How is it with that old graveyard?
Ah, dearest, my heart is weak!
I cannot but think how sweetly
Our little maiden smiled:
Forgive me, love, if I hurt thee—
She was our youngest child."

"Dame, she went first to heaven;
God took her—O, be thou still!
See how many He left thee!
And fret not against His will."

"Look, grandam, the crimson banners,
Where high on the walls they float;
And look at the waving kerchiefs
From the drawbridge over the moat!
Why are these people shouting,
As forth from their doors they come?"
"My darling, these cries are pleasant,
Because they welcome us home."

"Who is this ancient lady
That a servant leads by the hand,
Stepping so slow and careful,
Yet looking so proud and grand?"

"God save ye, my little daughter!
Who are all these with thee?
For God has darkened my eyeballs,
And their faces I cannot see."

"They are my sons, good mother,
Six sons and twelve lads more,
And this is Sir Ralph, my husband—
Together we are a score
For God has prospered our marriage;
The king has vouchsafed us grace;
And we have come back to Ashburn,
To rest in the midst of our race."

SUNDY MOTTOES

Motto for the Trumpet.—"Well, I'm blowed!"

Motto for the Drum.—"I confess I'm fairly beaten."

Motto for the Piano-forte.—"You can have as many of my notes as you require."

Motto for the Harp.—"You'll crack my very heartstrings."

Motto for the Tamborine.—"I'm thumped and shaken out of my senses."

Motto for the Morning Sun.—"I must have my dew."

Motto for the Artist's Easel.—"You may draw on me to any extent."

Motto for the Promoters of the Liquor Law.—"Peace to their manes."

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.—A party of wits once stopped at a tavern. When the feast was over, one of the number called in the hostess. "Angelique," he said, "I am going to give you a lesson in astronomy. Have you not heard of that great Platonic year, when everything must return to its first condition? Know then that in sixteen thousand years we shall be here again, on the same day and at the same hour. Will you give us credit till then?" The hostess, however, had her reply. "I am perfectly willing," she retorted, "but it is just sixteen thousand years since you were here before, and you left without paying; settle the old score, and I will trust you on the new."

AUGUST FLOWERS.

THE month of August has often, and not without reason, been called the most melancholy of the year. The very exuberance of vegetable life which accompanies its advent has a saddening effect; the brilliancy of its floral chaplet, while it delights and dazzles, speaks of quick decay; the forest, although still proud in its glories of emerald denseness, insensibly feels the rusting breath of far-off but rapidly approaching cold; while the golden fruit and grain, with which field and orchard are richly laden, can only be looked upon as the parting gifts of the genial year. Summer, like the sun, throws a ruddy magnificence about her downfall, lighting up her descending path with purple radiance

glorious to behold; but loveliness heralding swift decay is also one of the most melancholy sights. Surpassingly beautiful, however, are the floral charms of this sultry month. Our gardens are resplendent with the velvety purple of the damask rose, the myriad gradations of color displayed in the parterre of verbenas, the campanular gold of the escholtzia, the crimson and lemon and pink of the grenadier-like hollyhock, while field and forest glow with uncultured beauty, and every wayside bank resembles an emerald firmament thickly set with many colored stars! Here and there, in favored spots, we find the gerania still blooming; but their golden prime has passed, and a breath is sufficient to rob them of the sensitive petals still remaining on the same stalk with the curious seed-vessels, which have gained for one species of the plant the popular name of crane's-bill; in moist places we meet with early gentians, but scarcely yet with the queen of autumn wild flowers, the fringed or *gentiana crinita*; but the rose-colored mallow looks up to us from a thousand



ERICA CINEREA.

humid corners, and whispers comfort to the coughing invalid, promising relief in the shape of the palatable *pâté de guimauve*, in which the chief ingredient is the sap expressed from the roots of the *malva palustris* or marsh mallow. The nodding harebell may yet be plucked upon the hillside, and the *solidago*, in its numberless varieties, enlivens the most arid spots with its feathery spikes and rods of vegetable gold.

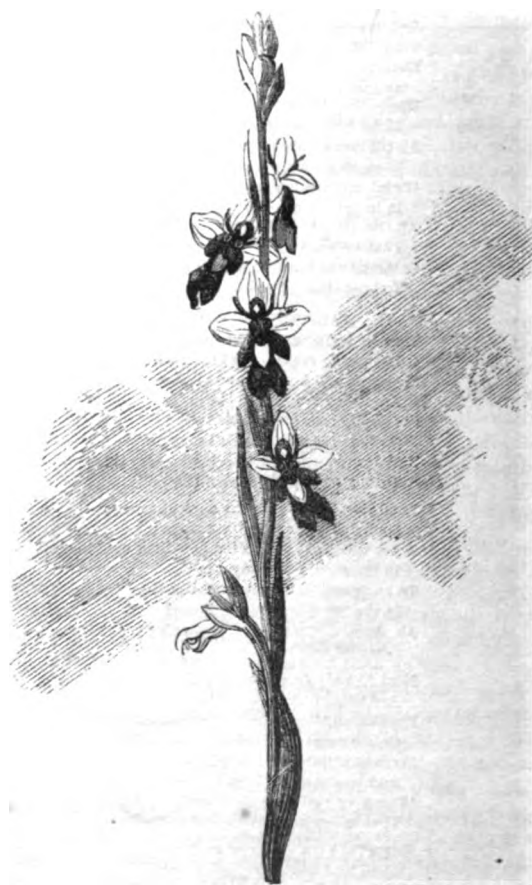
But let us quit the dusty wayside, and the meadow open to the scorching sun; let us make for the border of yonder welcome forest, and cool ourselves in the sound of its clattering brook. Here, stretched at ease, we may lazily murmur:

Sweet are shadows, sweet is rest,
Shade and rest and cooling wind,
And half vacuity of mind;
Drowsy waking, watchful sleep,
And a feeling calm and deep
That though the world may fret and moil,
And busy slaves in cities broll,
Their sweltering care affects not us
Under the leaves luxurious!
Gold and power, though both are good,
Lose their charm in the fresh greenwood!



BEE ORCHIS.

We have but to extend our hand—either right or left—and we can snatch a dozen luxuriant specimens of the flowers we seek. Here, under this “nodding beech” we capture a congregation of orchids—lawful prizes, since they are manifestly sailing under false colors and with counterfeited figure-heads! This one, with its gorgeous slipper, seems to invite the tiny foot of Titania as she steps from the fairy couch of happy Oberon; the next, with its tremulous spike, seeks to delude us into the belief that bees are greedily imbibing the honey of its calices—but we are not to be deceived, and penetrate easily the vegetable fraud; another, unless this too is an illusion, is the resort of a swarm of flies, but surely never fly before was so pertinaciously quiet, so unsuspectingly still; and a fourth, as we live, caricatures most ludicrously in its petals that poor “forked animal,” man! What reprehensible impertinence! Its equal can scarce be found in all the repertory of the naturalists, unless he open the zoological page of Na-



FLY ORCHIS.



MAN ORCHIS.

ture, and, pointing to the caricaturing ape, call it the man-orchis of the animal kingdom! What utter helplessness, what good-for-nothing, naked, natural humanity are imitated by this unblushing forest Punch! Fie! let us crush it between our fingers; let us dash in pieces the minion that represents ourselves!

Here, in this miniature thicket, we espy the great white bell of an arum, backed by its gigantic leaf; close by, the bramble is ruddy with its unripe fruit, and a crop of melting raspberries invite us to immoderation and rosy finger tips. Above, on the bank, just by that out-cropping granite boulder, we espy a grove of the *erica cinerea*, or fine-leaved heath, sending up their rose-colored cups against the azure background of the sky. Here the erica is rather a rarity, so we must grant it a prominent position in our projected bouquet; but away on the sloping hills—above all, on the moorlands of Scotland—you may tread for miles upon its graceful stems. And be sure that on those moorlands miles of erica and heather are trampled down this month! All over the Highlands the sportsman's rifle is cracking; in every glen, on every purple mountain side the vanishing grouse are being thinned, but the broad Atlantic separates us from Sunderland and Athol, and our faultless barrel is undreaded by the cowering victim of the moors. More accessible to our unerring aim is the canvas-back, that duck epicurean and delicious, whose very name is potent as a charm on the longing gastronomic mind! How often have we gladly sighted it upon the Chesapeake, as floating on the shallow wave it sought the succulent *Vallisneria*, whence it derives that unapproachable flavor after enjoying which even Apicius would have shouted: *Ne plus ultra!* Rending with its powerful bill the eel-grass from its muddy bed, the glorious fowl commences to convert its roots into Paradisaical dainties, when lo! a sudden shot—a plunge of the well-trained dog from the embowered boat—and the *Vallisneria* dips neglected into the waters, the stricken bird is all our own! Pity that our engraving of the weed does not also include a pictorial record of our prowess on the wave! The good old Italian botanist, Vallisneri, thought little, doubtless, when he handled the slimy plant, with what scenes of wholesale slaughter his name would one day be connected!

And now we must take leave of field and forest, moor and stream—but before we go let us cull a handful of that *nymphaea*, which, airily floating upon the unruffled waters.

To the light
Its chalice rears of silver bright.

Unless, indeed, we are deterred by a feeling of pity from depriving the forest of its chiefest glory, and leave the beautiful lily where

Stilly and lightly its vases rest
On the quivering sleep of the water's breast!

It will be better so. Leave to the maiden her innocence, to air its purity, to the stream its languid flowers! They will disappear full soon; and next month when we return in quest of beauty our list will be sadly scant. But in September as in August, in January as in June, we can echo the poet's exclamation: Blessed be God for flowers!

THE TREASURE IN THE SANDS.*

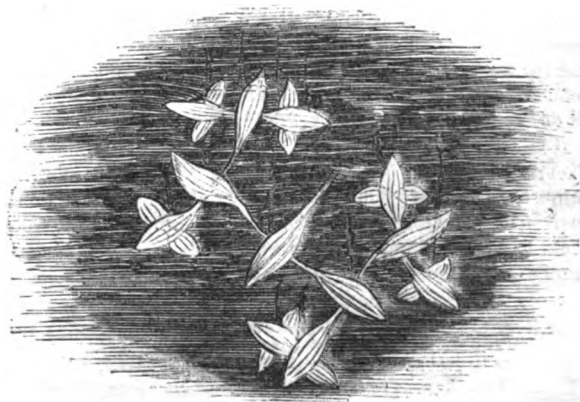
A LONG ISLAND SKETCH.

ON the southern shore of Long Island Sound is an inlet, to which, from time immemorial, has been given the name of Cow Bay. This does not express the romantic beauty of the locality. A quiet sheet of water stretching miles from the beach into the arms of the primeval forest, slopes covered with luxuriant foliage nearly to the water's edge, and many a quaint and sheltered nook in the notches of the hills, invite the traveller to more than a brief visit. A narrow neck of ground, or rather sand, forms a barrier protecting from the dashing surf the calm expanse within, which is never disturbed, save when the fisherman flings his net or the steamboat leaves a wake of foam on its track; for at present there is communication several times a day with the city, by railroad and steam.

The sail-boats coming in to anchor in safety, when there is a storm on the Sound, or, to get repaired (for there are good ship-yards), glide up so gracefully that they ruffle not the quiet of the bay, but rather add to its aspect of repose. The ear finds relief from the noise of the hammer in the song of the workman and the "Yeo, heave ho!" of the sailor.

A short walk from the village, which straggles along the the waterside, will bring you to the wildest and most lonely part of the shore, on the other side of the isthmus. What shall I say of the good people that inhabit this said village? They are not ignorant, although superstitious; they are healthy and happy, yet not so contented as not to wish they could obtain some of the fineries in the way of dress advertised in the *New York Herald*. They are intelligent, yet think that spirit-knocking may not be humbug; religious, yet believers in chances. In fact, they are like what I often find on their own shore, fine specimens of conglomeration, the true stone combined with the pre-Adamite mud!

* This little sketch, which is simple, unvarnished fact, may illustrate the superstition common among the country residents of Long Island.



VALLISNERIA, OR DUCKWEED.

One year ago I came to this place in search of pure and salubrious air and salt-water bathing, to be had without undergoing the fatigue or expense of a fashionable place, for I was very delicate. I found in the locality all I wished, and from the people received much kindness. I soon made a good number of acquaintances, from the Methodist preacher, who preaches three times each Sunday, supports a wife and any quantity of children on two hundred and fifty dollars a year; to the men who maintain their families by selling oysters and clams to the individuals known here as "York Squashes," who keep stands for the vending of such articles in Fulton market. *Au reste*, there is no doctor here, and we have very few mosquitoes.

Many a wild legend is associated with the place; some so wild that the people do not half believe them; but of one thing they are quite confident, that this Cow Bay shore is the place where the pirate Kidd hid his treasure. They think it just possible that some part of the buried wealth may be recovered somewhere up the North River, but the greater portion certainly here, and will, at a future day, be discovered by some one belonging to this village. The spot where it is buried is to be revealed in a dream.

A few years ago an old woman had a dream in which the exact spot to dig was shown her; she told her husband of it, and they went together to find the place. They did not reveal the secret to any one, for they wished not to share their good fortune with their neighbors. They found the place indicated in the dream, but not the treasure, and were frightened away by a dreadful thunderstorm. Afterwards, although they often sought, they never could find the place again. For a while this secret, with the disappointment, was kept to themselves; but what is the use of a secret to a woman if she cannot tell it? After some time it was known all about, and every one thought and said they were served right for being so selfish as to go alone; if they had mentioned it, some not afraid of thunder would have gone with them, and of a certainty the wealth would have been found and all the denizens of the village made rich.

Time passed on, but not with time did thoughts of all those riches in the sand depart; yet no one was fortunate enough to dream of it again, until last summer. Last summer! yes, in 1857; the first intimation I had of the fact, was from the "Irish help," as poor Peggy was called in the house I had made my temporary home. Peggy was an old, hardy and hard-working woman. Perhaps I may some day give you an account of her life with its trials in her native land, as told me by herself. She had known pain and sorrow; oh, no dream was it that wrung from the poor, patient Irishwoman, the bitter cry, "Tell me, astorin, what I ever did to the Almighty, that he put his hand so heavy on me!"

Peggy came to my room one night after the people of the house had gone to bed, as they always did at a much earlier hour than I was accustomed to do. Although in my room, I was not in bed. My room! How well it does look with its nice whitewashed walls, I wish whitewash would not come off when I hang my dress on the nail; for there is no wardrobe. Whitewash looks nicely, and is said to be healthful. The neat red, green and white quilt on my bed is quite clean, and I am told is the "rose pattern." It may be, though it would take Flora herself to find the rose; but it must be the red spot, because there are no green roses. Then the bed, made of nice feathers, and my pretty table; it is not much trouble to take down my basin and set it on the floor when I want to write, or rest my book while I read. I have a chair, too, and a very good one. If at any time it feels hard, why I can change and sit on my trunk, and what a relief change sometimes is.

It is such a comfort, too, that my window is small, for being uncurtained all the sun comes in that its size will allow. I think a curtain, if it did not improve the appearance of the apartment, would add to its comfort. I will own my room could be improved, perhaps the whole cottage could be made more comfortable by a very little outlay.

But oh! beyond the telling is the beauty round it spread—
The ave and sunshine playing, like sisters each arraying,
Far down the sea plants swaying upon their coral bed,
As languid as the tresses on a sleeping maiden's head,
When the summer breeze is dead.

Well, I am not cut of doors, but in my room with Peggy,

who had come in without giving herself the trouble of knocking, or me the trouble to say, "Come in."

Yet she had not come in as was her wont, with a good bang of the door; quietly she entered, and noiselessly closing the door, came up close to me and began ominously with, "Are ye up to it? and will ye go with them?"

"Up to what, Peggy; and go where, and with whom?"

"Is that all ye know?" asked Peggy, in evident astonishment. "Well, now, I thought you were sharper nor that, but its meself will tell ye all about it. Sure the mistress dram'd a fine drame, and so did that woman over the road, and by the same token that woman's a fool—the Lord forgive me!—and the masher is goin' to get a charm from a wise woman, and they are goin' to get plenty of goold that's under ground somewhere, and they will take the promise on themselves to say nothing about it to any one, but go to the city and live like kings and queens. Whin the master comes back with the powerful charm they will go and get the goold; so don't be out of the way, huntin' up yer bits of sayweed; and faith I thought to ax ye before, but forgot. What are ye goin' to do with the sayweed. It's good to make pratics grow, but ye don't want to do that with yer little basket full, and it's mighty fine for the pains in the bones; it did me a power of good once. I don't have the pains now, in reason ye see that the bed is a fine thing to lie on and better nor the floor when the rain is afther coming through the thatch."

"Peggy," I replied to this, "I am only amusing myself with these pretty weeds, pressing them to put in a book."

"Well, acushla, it's little amuses the innocent, but don't put anything in a book! Didn't a wise man—and he a priest—tell me that there was too much in books as it was!"

"But Peggy," I interrupted—"what of the gold, and who told you all this?"

"Is it who told me? Well thin, never a wan at all! They would not trust poor me that's been the good help and true to thim for six years; but agna, don't you pattern after thim, always trust thim that's faithful to ye, and sure if they were cute as they think they are, they'd know that was the way to keep one faithful. Oh, sure it's hard to have the doubt of thim ye love and are true to thrown on ye, and I hope ye never will, for it's like the could snow on the little spring flower that put up its purty face, trusting to the sun, who wint behind a cloud after his promise to stay out shining; but if the black trouble ever comes over ye, go at wan't to the blessed Virgin—oh, but that will comfort ye."

"Why not go directly to my God in my trouble," I asked.

"Oh, yes—but ye see in rason the blessed Virgin knows how to spake to her own son, and she a woman ye see, and knows the bittier sorrow that can't spake."

"Well, Peggy, if you were not told, how do you know that your mistress is going to hunt for gold she only saw in a dream?"

"Well, ye see I knew be the way they were coshering (whispering) together that something was in the wind, and I says to meself, let Peggy alone to find out."

"Peggy," said I, "I hope you did not listen?"

"Och, thin ye don't know, Peggy would scorn the likes, but I was'n't goin' to cork my ears, and what was to keep me from hearen, and me the other side of the door, and me wanten to know all about it?"

"Now Peggy, don't you know that you should not try to come at a secret of your master and mistress's! If they had wished you to know they would have told you of it." I spoke this, looking very serious, for it was quite a comfort to be able to lecture Peggy, as it might reconcile me to myself, who had been listening very much interested to this tale of hers, well knowing that it was not intended I should know anything of the matter. Peggy's talk reminded me, that the last few days the conversation going on as I entered the sitting-room had been suddenly and awkwardly dropt.

"Well, but," answered Peggy, "what right had they to get more gold as I heard thim say than they could ever carry away, and not give me a chance at what they could not take!"

I could not see what Peggy calls the right of the thing, so I said, "Well, if you had a great deal of gold, what would you

do with it?" She gave me a look of mingled surprise and sorrow, and replied:

"Oh! thin, after all I tould ye, do ye ax me that? Sure I would go back to the ould country, and have high mass said every day for a year for thim that went to glory and left me alone on the desolate earth! Sure I would thatch the cabin where my little childer were born and died, and maybe sittin' by the door again I'd see his shadow on the floor, and my little childer runnin' to meet their father! But good-night, agra; ye are sleepy and don't look too well, and ye didn't eat at dinner. I see ye don't take kindly to the pork and banes at all; but don't mind, something agrees with ye, for yer better nor whin ye come."

So poor Peggy went out quietly as she had entered, and left me half envying that simple faith, leading to the hope she could yet benefit her loved ones. She thought the grave had not shut them out from her kindness and sympathy. True, love is unselfish, and happiest when it can in any way benefit the loved.

I sat for some time, wondering if it were possible that any anything I had considered so obsolete as the story of Captain Kidd and his treasures could be revived in these days. I sat and thought, if thought it may be called that has no definite idea or conclusion. Then strangely came before me a pair of brown eyes and a pretty home somewhere by the seaside, where care would never come, but to have his wrinkles at once smoothed out. There would be no more toiling for the owner of these eyes in the city. If I only had—oh, surely, surely I am not thinking of Kidd's treasure!—but I, too, have been a dreamer.

After a restless night, spent in visions of evil spirits guarding vast stores of gold and gems, and of brown eyes looking love, I was awakened by Peggy calling to me,

"Are ye going to sleep all day, and it as fine a day as ever looked out of the heaven, and the breakfast all ready, and the boss gone to his work!"—then bending her face to mine, she said, "on the railroad for the charm!"

And sure enough, when I came down-stairs the boss was not in his usual place at the breakfast table; some excuse being made for his absence, and the kind woman of the house and myself had a good breakfast *tête-à-tête*. After breakfast, the woman Peggy called a fool—Mrs. Snap—came in. I never could understand that woman; good-looking she certainly was, and at times spoke well and sensibly, but at other times very wildly. She told us many a story, and I observed that she was always her own heroine. I had been informed that she was not happy in her wedded life, having married an old man for money. Yet this was not an explanation of the state of excitement I had often seen her in. I have since learned that she is an opium-eater. She had children, and though she sometimes caressed them, it was evident they were not to her the blessing they should have been. Better for her, if she had, with even Peggy's faith, gone with her trouble to the Virgin.

After an absence of two days, Mr. G—— returned, and I could see at once that his better sense was at war with his superstition. He was half pleased, half ashamed, in hearing and talking over the matter that occupied our attention. I know not how it came about, but it was announced that my hostess had dreamed of Captain Kidd's treasure and of the place where it was to be found, and that Mrs. Snap had a vision to correspond; but to neither of the dreamers had the exact spot been shown. So this, then, was the reason Mr. G—— had gone to a clairvoyant, residing in Albany, who had given him a small bottle containing a green fluid. When the dreamers went to the place indicated in their vision, the bottle was to be held by a string to which it was attached, and it would swing of itself, and at last by an attractive power be drawn to the exact spot where the gold lay buried.

We started the morning after Mr. G—— returned, on our romantic expedition. Our party consisted of Mr. G—— and his wife, Mrs. Snap, a neighbor with his wife, and her brother and myself. I had privately promised Peggy, that if I got any gold I should divide it with her. It is so easy to be generous when you have nothing to give!

It was agreed that, to avoid suspicion, the men should go in a boat, taking with them bags to contain the treasure; while the women were to walk by the shore with spades and baskets as if in search of sand clams (a common thing for women to do

here). When out of sight of the houses the men were to come ashore and take us into the boat. A short walk would have brought us to the place, for we had only to go to the end of the bay, and then about a quarter of a mile across the isthmus that divides the bay from the Sound; but it was deemed more prudent to sail round the point of land, or rather sand, out into the Sound, then along shore until we came opposite the place. This was best for two reasons; if we went directly down the bay we would have to pass some oyster men, and they would be sure to ask what took the men of our party from their work at such an early hour. Perhaps, too, it would be hard work to walk heavily laden with gold over the hot sand of the isthmus, and it would be much better on that account to have the boat near.

I was well pleased with the arrangements and the long sail, for I love boating.

I never saw a more delightful day;
A cloudless sun in purple richly beaming,
Creation looked so exquisitely gay,
I thought a while it was a holy dreaming.

Very little was said; and all looked anxious, seeming to fear we were going to do something that might be deemed sacrilegious; but were somewhat reassured by one of the men observing, "What was the use of the gold to any one where it was!" Mrs. Snap remarked, too, she would not have had such a dream if it had not been intended that they should possess the money. It is easy to persuade ourselves that what we wish true is so. I was gay, though prudent enough not to show my want of faith. My hopeful speeches were often stopped by, "Don't speak so loud." We were by this time out in the Sound, and I became almost inspired by the beauty of the day and the loveliness of the scene around me. I sang:

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name.

My companions looked as if the best thing that could be done would be to throw me overboard. I pleaded, in self-justification, that no one could hear my voice, but was shown a vessel lying fully six miles from us and some birds flying over our heads. "But the birds cannot tell," I said.

My companions answered that no one knew what might happen, and as I did not I became quiet.

Soon the light breeze died away, the little sail hung by the mast, and the air began to feel heavy and very oppressive. The men took the oars, with which we were prudently provided, and we soon landed. As I looked about I could not avoid thinking back at first. It was really a very suitable place for a pirate to come with his unlawful spoils. One must have been well acquainted with the shore who could land at low or even half tide in safety. A bend in the shore hid the place in a great measure from any vessels sailing on the Sound. The beach plum grew luxuriantly, their stunted bushes bordering the waters, and on one side coming down to their verge was a bit of woods.

How I hoped our bottle would swing into this wood, for the sun was very warm. At last both the dreamers said at once, "This is the spot." We were just in the bend, and by the wood, and about two acres of ground were closely covered with bent and beach plum shrubs: it would have been a work of time to dig up all the space.

But fortunately we had the bottle to point out the exact locality. It was now held out by its string and down it dropped far as the string would allow, as if it had contained nothing but common water. A murmur of disappointment was followed by a quick one of pleasure, for the bottle commenced swinging fast, and every moment more rapidly. I looked to see if the hand that held it gave it no impetus, but could not perceive that it did; while the face of the man showed his perfect faith. At length the bottle broke from the string and fell about four yards from the spot where we stood. For a moment prudence was forgotten, and the exclamation, "This is the place," was simultaneous. All looked blank, as a corresponding exclamation came from somewhere near, sounding as if from the ground. "It is only echo," I exclaimed. "Oh Peggy, Peggy," I added mentally,

"could you not trust me but must come the short way yourself, leaving the house unprotected!" Well, I knew it was Peggy crouched under the bushes, but she was quiet directly, and none of the rest suspected her vicinity.

To see those men work! though well accustomed to hard labor, never did they work so vigorously as now! Talk of a scene being worthy of a Salvator or Correggio, it would have taken all the old masters that ever lived, and the young ones too, to do justice to this picture. Who could portray the hope and fear depicted in each face, with the framework of the water and the shore, and the women standing and looking so earnestly at every spade full of sand that was thrown up; not now feeling the intense heat of the sun, nor seeing the thunder cloud fast rising. The diggers grew weary, but hope still whispered flattering. Something dark appears in the sand, but just then a man was seen coming along the shore with an adze on his shoulder. Had Captain Kidd himself appeared, he could hardly have produced greater consternation. The man looked at us carelessly and passed on into the wood. To work again, and up comes the black mass—it was only some sea weed, over which the sand had accumulated.

"Try again," said the spirited Mrs. Snap, and they went to work, though the large drops fell from their brows into the holes they were making. Ere long the storm that had been fast coming on broke with sudden violence upon us; a thunder gust, the like of which had not been felt since the old man and his wife had gone together to dig many years ago. It was really terrific; the lightning's vivid flash glared menacingly as if it would strike us every few seconds; the thunder rolling over our heads; while the waters of the Sound, that but a few moments before had been so peaceful, were now dashing angrily on the shore—one look in each other's faces, and the panic was complete. All fled, not to the boat, but the shortest way home.

The men were foremost and some way ahead before they stopped, ashamed of leaving the women behind. They waited for us and helped us on. As we came out of sight of the Sound and in view of our own bay, down came the rain in torrents. One of the men remarked that Noah's flood was but a shower to it. We arrived home in safety, as wet and discomfited a party as could well be managed!

To my surprise I found Peggy at home and singing, *Brig-hidin Ban Mo Stor*."

The evening was very fine, for the storm had cleared the air, and the setting sun shone as brightly as if sin and superstition had for ever left the world; sinking in the West as calmly as if no bosom was tortured with love of gold, and no brain devising mad schemes of wealth to be won at any price or sacrifice.

I went to my room, where Peggy soon came with my supper. "Peggy," said I, "you went to the sand bank."

"Whist, cushlamachree, sure the life was frightened out of me, and I thought I'd never get back, though I ran for the bare life of me? If they had tould me what they were up to, I would have taken some holy wather to sprinkle, that no devil could stand before it. Sure I would not care, only my heart is in my mouth. Go to sleep now, agra, for ye have got yer death of could anyway with the wet, and look like yer Fetch!"

A Fetch, let me explain, is in Ireland often seen just before the death of the person it resembles. With this comfortable assurance to reflect on, Peggy left me.

When I came down stairs next day, I found all our disappointed party of the day before laughing at our misfortune. Mrs. Snap was for making another effort, but no one seemed willing. My host blamed himself heartily for what he called his foolish listening to women; he evidently considered the money spent on his trip to Albany, and that paid to the clairvoyant, as a very bad investment. Peggy, however, who had not been confided in, would not join in the mirth. Poor Peggy! perhaps she had dreamt of the cabin being thatched.

But a few months have passed since then, yet those who went on that wild expedition, and laughed so gaily at their own folly next day, will never more stand on earth together. Our neighbor, as we always called the gentle woman who lived next door, in two months after slept the dreamless sleep of death. She had once a day dream that she often described to us, of a little girl

who would sit on her lap and call her mother, and should grow up to be a companion for her when her boy and his father would be out at work. The little girl came to this world, but the mother did not stay with her. The husband and his boy have gone West, to dig for gold in a more fertile spot than Long Island sands. Mrs. Snap—ah! would that she, too, had died. Her children are deserted, and her husband never names her, except when the little ones ask for her, and are answered, "She is dead!" I know not by what dream of madness or folly she was beguiled from her home, but she is now what good and true-hearted women pity and pray for. Peggy used to say it were "better for her to be lying with the tip of her nose to the roots of the daisies."

My host gains gold by hammering iron, and his wife takes good care of it for him; but if ever he thinks proper to lecture her on economy, she soon silences him by asking if he wants seventeen dollars to spend on a trip to Albany! Peggy is still with her mistress, and often sings as gaily as if she had never known what it is to awake from a pleasant dream to sad reality. Sometimes she sighs as if her heart were breaking, but still works away. I consider her a "real treasure" to her mistress. And for myself—well, the whitewash continued to come off my wall, until I was fairly out of patience, so I put up a pretty paper and it looks gayer than ever. If——, to whom I intend to send this simple narrative of facts, will send me some gold, I will put a curtain to my window.

ATLANTA.

ENGLISH TRAVELLING IN 1690.—And at the same time I inspected my circumstances, in order to settle the balance accounts with my creditors once a year, as was necessary, and to get in what money I could without borrowing, intending to go to London, which I did as fully as I expected. I bought a horse, and about the middle of the third month set forward, accompanied by John Bryer, and several neighbors, tradesmen, Christopher Proctor, John Powel, Robert Parkinson, and several others—eight or ten in company. At Preston, I was doubtful my horse would not perform the journey, which very much discouraged me; but, being encouraged by the company, went forward, and thereupon had better hopes; and at Dunchurch, my neighbor Bryer, having occasion to stay, gave me the charge of his money, which, with my own, amounted at least to one hundred pounds, and most in silver, gold then being scarce, and silver money beginning to be much impaired by clipping and counterfeiting, especially the standard money, coined before the restoration of King Charles II. Most payments were made in that money, upon which at that time people were obliged to have saddle bags to carry it behind them, which I then had, and we having occasion to call at Cony, some persons observing us who we doubted were not honest, gave us some fear of robbery, and after a few miles they overpassed us, swearing, "There's a troop of these men;" and about the same time we met at least a hundred pack-horses, in a suspicious place, which prevented them stopping us there, so got well to Barnet, where many travellers stopped, being told that robbers were upon the road; but seeing us come up, and determined to go forward, they joined, so that we were about twenty in company, and betwixt that and Finchley Common we met with abundance of wagons and carriages of King William's, who was then going toward's Ireland, to head his army there, which prevented any attempt upon us, and although the suspected persons passed us several times, they at last rode off to the west of Finchley Common, and we got safe to Highgate, and so to London, although late; having travelled fifty miles that day, from Passiter to London. But we after understood that the next day they made a great robbery about the same place, of all that came by, taking them out of the road to a private place, till they had finished their robbery. At my coming to Sheffield, my landlord, Joseph Downes, told me that he was one that was then robbed, as he was returning from London.—*Stout's Autobiography*.

An Irish paper describing a late duel says that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh-bone.



GATHERING THE PRICKLY PEAR

THE PRICKLY PEAR.

Few plants are more widely diffused than those of the cactus order. They are indigenous to every warm climate, from the islands of the Mediterranean to the great American desert, and from the pampas of Buenos Ayres to the Indian Archipelago. Their varieties are endless, and many species are turned to good account in the service of humanity, but none is more generally prized than the *cactus opuntia* or prickly pear. Our engraving represents an unusually large specimen of this plant, reaching a height of nearly twelve feet, which was sketched near the McJave river, Eastern California. The *tuna*, as it is called by the Spanish Americans, is much valued on account of its fruit, which, although of no decided flavor, is grateful to the palate of the parched and thirsty travellers. This fruit, called the Indian fig, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and bristling with needle-like prickles. These are gathered by holding a basket under the leaf from which they grow, into which they are dropped by a dexterous sweep of the knife. The pulp is whitish in color, tender, and slightly acid. In Mexico and South America the succulent leaves are given to cattle as food, especially in time of drought, having previously been stripped of their prickly exterior. The Maltese and Sicilian peasants are exceedingly fond of the fruit, and we can bear witness to its pleasantness after a scorching gallop over the bare rock that constitutes the island of Malta.

MRS. PEREWINKLE'S VISIT TO BOSTON.

BY MURITABLE HOLYOKE.

No. 1.

Boston, August 30th, 18—

DEAR AZARIAH,—All is well. Yesterday, smiled upon by Providence, I reached the city of my birth; and was set down before my brother's elegant stone house in Tremont street.

Vol. III., No. 2—11

But oh, the changes, husband—the changes since you took me away from this great town a blushing bride! Here I've been thinking of our pretty little house at the North End, with the fence in front and the garden behind, and right through the midst of the garden the creek beside whose waters you and I exchanged our vows, and where we used to throw our broken dishes for the tide to wash away—and Azariah, they're gone! the creek is filled up, the shore is filled out, the streets are altered, the houses are altered, everything's altered; there's stores and arches, and alleys and railroad depôts, and the massy knows what not, everywhere. The house of my childhood has vanished; but I believe to my life the town-pump that stands in the centre of Haymarket square—a great dusty, noisy, paved place surrounded by railway stations—I believe that's the very pump which stood in our yard; and where in our days of youthful romance, Azariah, we used to water the cow!

And then the living in them days—the few wants, the frugal, industrious habits—the decent manners, the respect for age and station, and for holy days and holy things; they are all gone too, like grass that withereth! The boldest is uppermost now, and people wear their fortunes on their backs—I don't see the use of the banks they talk about—and wants they multiply like the locusts of Egypt. Oh dear, oh dear!

Why, husband, you've been over to town in the wagon and brought your letter home, and you've opened the parlor blinds and sat down to cool and read it. Sis has dusted and set the things up, everything's tidy and in order—the rush-bottomed chairs, the little glass, the oak leaves in the fireplace, I see them all; but now, as my nephew Charles says, "Look on this picture and on this."

Here be I in my brother's parlor, writing on velvet—with a gold pen and agate handle—and a little Canton desk that cost as much, I'll be bound, as all our parlor furniture. My chair is covered with satin damask, and made in such a shape you can not sit upright, but must lounge in spite of yourself; the curtains are satin too, and the carpet's a kind of woollen velvet

—they call it tapestry—so thick and soft it's much as ever you can do to walk across it and not stumble. These are only specimens of the general splendor—and think what a wicked waste! think of the pretty little sum that might be in the savings bank, at interest; ready to set up Charles in business, or buy a house for Emma when she marries!

Charlie's a fine young man—full of his fun and nonsense at times—but with good sense behind it all. We took to each other at first; he can appreciate his aunt, and has been all devotion ever since I arrived.

Well, to be sure, I haven't told you yet about my coming! I never took the cars, Azariah, after all; and there you and Sis have been searching the papers, I dare say, to find if they reached town safe! No, after you left me at the depot, who should drive in right but young Morton with his team; says he, "Why not go up to town with me, I'll take you cheap." Says I, "For how much?" So the long and short of it was, I made a bargain that saved me twenty-five cents, and climbed up on his cart, and off we drove. There was a lovely place behind for my trunk and bandbox; and we did not have to stop at any tavern, for I had doughnuts enough for both, in my bag; and Morton had hung a basket of fodder underneath for the horses. The old cart tipped I tell you, when I got in, but it righted again. As for Morton, he's a thoughtful, prudent, likely young man; and I am not so sure but he would do for Sis—one of these days. He carries everything in his cart—from jewellery to snuff—and I bought a beautiful silver watch-guard of him to present my brother. When I got here, Wilson had a gold chain to be sure! so I gave the silver one to Charlie. Dear fellow! he laughed all over, and took off his black ribbon in a minute to dress up in my present; and to this day he shows it to every one that comes in, and says it was a gift from his aunt Huldah; and then he introduces me, with such a flourish that I declare it makes me diffident. I'm sure I didn't mean to be ostentatious with my present.

Well, to go back—when I drove up to the door in a pedlar's cart, I suppose Wilson felt a little ashamed, for he always was a proud man; and his family, that I had never seen, were looking out through the plate-glass windows. Wilson didn't receive me as a brother should his only sister, though he shook hands, and asked me in. Charlie ran out and introduced himself, and seized my bandbox and hurried me into the sitting-room; and I thinking of Wilson's coldness, and all covered with dust and blushes, I didn't know for a minute what I was about.

But Ellen—Wilson's wife—came forward, and she is a lovely woman, one of your real ladies, that set every one at ease, always gentle and calm, and pleased with everything, and with the right word always on their lips. I could have hugged her and cried over her if I hadn't been so warm and dusty. "I need no introduction," she said, as she took my hand in hers—hers all sparkling with diamonds, "to our kind sister from Barnstable; and I have always looked forward to this visit with such pleasure—it was very good in you to come!"

Then she sent Miss Emma—who had been eyeing her aunt from head to foot—to show me my room; and would insist upon ordering dinner, though I told her over and over again that the doughnuts were all I wanted.

Well, Azariah, of all things! Charlie has been coaxing me to let him read this letter, and now says it's so good that he will have it published. To think of my turning authoress! Wilson needn't be ashamed of me after all. I hate to refuse my nephew, and seeing that 'twill save the postage, I believe he may have it. How you and Sis will stare on opening *Frank Leslie's*, to behold this from your dutiful wife,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 2.

Boston, Sept. 5th, 18—

DEAR HUSBAND,—I am, indeed, as you say, an unpunctual correspondent; but it is all the fault of this confused city life. Forget you, Azariah—you and Sis—I could as soon forget washing day or the Sabbath? No, dressed up here to see company, in the new brocade that Wilson has presented me, I sit and ask myself, "What are they doing at home? Is Joseph milking? Has Sis remembered to scold the pans? Has she spread the cot-

ton on the grass to bleach? And is husband willing to keep the blinds shut, on account of my new carpet?"

But the days and the weeks go by faster here than on our farm. Cities are very confused places: Babel ain't a circumstance compared to Boston, what with street cries and car bells, and hand organs, and all manner of teams a-hurrying every way, and all manner of people hurrying after them; and company coming and going constantly, and help at every corner—though they're well called "servants" instead of "help" here, for precious little help can be got from them.

The confusedest of all is the shopping. I wanted to buy a few things, and asked sister to direct me to the most reasonable stores. Ellen does beat all for politeness; she would'n't hear a word to my going alone, but put on her things at once and travelled up and down the streets and stores—and every store is a street—the livelong morning. Why, Azariah, the stores are bigger than barns, and you'd think all creation had been ransacked to fill them. And it isn't the variety alone, but the quantity. I've seen enough lace collars in one shop—tell Sis—to fill our largest hayrack. And Ellen assures me that many of these flimsy things will cost a hundred dollars! I looked at some lace in a window and asked sister if she thought it nice enough for our parlor curtains. "Very handsome," she answered, and I saw she was laughing; "but let us inquire the price." I'm telling you the truth, Azariah, that lace was ninety dollars a yard!

Oh, the contrasts in these cities! A girl came in—a little flighty thing—and purchased what she called a *bertha* from the lace; that very evening Charlie told us of a girl he saw them bringing from the wharf, who had drowned herself, crazed with overwork and insufficient food!

Large as the shops are, some of them are jammed with people, to say nothing of the great army of clerks that stand ready to cut you fourpence worth of ribbon or measure a yard of lace. I confess it made me feel bad, as a wife and mother, to see the poor young men submitting to such degrading occupations. "Where be the strong muscles and stout hearts of the Puritans?" says I to myself. "Are these poor, pale, limber counter-jumpers their descendants? Why, the women of the Revolution had too much energy to lead such idle, obsequious lives. How glad we should have been of that stout young fellow's help in haying time," says I. "And only hear him prattle about ladies' gloves he is trying to sell—such a fine shawl, such a perfect match, so fashionable!"

Well, the clerks talked and the people talked, and they all jammed and jostled, and went up stairs and down; and what I thought curious, for all they were so busy, the clerks appeared to have a dog they were calling about. It was "Cash" here and "Cash" there, and then a little boy would run, and the people would move to let him pass.

"Oh, dear," says I, "sister, isn't there some other place where I can buy handkerchiefs?"

"To be sure," says she.

"Then let us go. I can't stand that dog any longer."

But, if my name's Perewinkle, when we entered another shop, they had a "Cash," and all the clerks were calling and the little boys running after him just the same; I never bought a thing, but marched straight out.

"Now," says I, "sister, I want you to find a store where they don't keep dogs; for it puts me out of patience to hear those great men calling out to a puppy, when they ought to be minding their business."

Ellen laughed in her quiet way—that instead of making you feel bad, makes you pleased at having amused her—and explained that it was no dog after all, but real cash they were calling for, in exchange for bills. It is a miserable, uncivil custom, though, and ought to be abolished, at least in the presence of strangers. For my life I couldn't grow accustomed to it. We entered another shop, where I asked for long silk hose; says the man,

"Presently, madam. Cash!"

The last word as loud as he could roar. I was turning away,

"Oh, don't go, ma'am, I'll attend to you in a moment. Cash!"

What could I think, but that he suspected me of theft and was calling an officer? I felt the color come in my face.

"What does he mean?" says I to Ellen. "Do tell him that I ain't a thief."

She didn't seem to understand me—my face grew redder and redder. I dare say I looked guilty, and I could see now that half the men in the store were watching me and calling "Cash" to hurry the officer. I couldn't bear it any longer, but clinked my velvet bag on the counter.

"Here," says I, "young man, here is 'cash,' if you want it; and if we are going to trade, we do it at once!"

When he saw I had a bag of silver, he changed his tune.

"Oh, certainly ma'am, excuse me, we are so hurried to-day," and he took down box after box of hose, till I was satisfied; but do you think he wouldn't take a cent of discount off, though I purchased half a dozen pairs and paid him in pure silver!

It is not pleasant for any one to be suspected, even if the matter's righted afterwards; and I suppose I looked very much heated and flattered, for Ellen would take me into a confectioner's for a treat. She ordered ice-cream and cream cakes; the ice-cream is beautiful, though there isn't much substance to it. I told sister I meant to ask the woman for her receipt, that I might make some at home; but, sure enough, Ellen had the rule herself—Charlie is copying it for me now. The cream cakes were not so good. I should not have paid a cent for them; but bless me, they think no more of money here in the city, than we do of apples! I took a cream cake first, and at the first bite it spoiled my gloves and dripped all down on my purple mantilla—I don't think it will make a bad spot, though. By this time Ellen was taking one; I trod on her foot under the table. "Don't you," says I, "'tain't done—look at my gloves!" says I, as loud as I could whisper; but she didn't seem to hear, and only smiled and went on eating and talking to a lady at the table opposite, till, as true as I sit here, she swallowed the whole of that raw cake. I supposed she thought it would hurt the confectioner's feelings if we both left them; but I do think Ellen carried politeness a little too far. Love to Sis.

Your true wife,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 3.

Boston, Sept. 12th, 18—

DEAR SIS,—I am very much pleased to hear that all goes on so well at Barnstable. Things go on fast enough here, but whether well or ill, is a question! Oh, I shouldn't want you to live in the city, Sis! I shouldn't want you even here to boarding school. Here be children of some of the first people in Boston, walking past the window this minute with common fiddlers—foreigners, too—with their faces all hid in hair. Sister said their mothers would be dead about it, if they knew the girls were seen in public with such men; they wouldn't do it twice if they were my daughters.

Your aunt Ellen thinks, though, that I am prejudiced; she says these musicians are often highly educated men, and refined and moral, too, and are quite equal, if not superior to the silly girls who flirt with them, and their indignant mammas. She tells a good story of one young German, who had been much courted by a pretty girl, and joined her one day, as usual, on the public promenade, and was proceeding to her father's door; that would not do, miss was very well aware, and with blushes and even tears, she confessed that her ugly, cruel mother had forbidden her walking again with one of his profession. Instead of the angry oath or worse, the look of mortification she expected, the German said with a smile, "You are fortunate in having a mother who looks after her daughter's conduct and reputation. Say to her, that I respect her and her wish. Good afternoon!" But after all, I must say, I never thought much of a fiddler.

What the rising generation will come to is more than I can tell, for the boys, or young gentlemen as they call themselves, are under less subjection than the girls. One day last week, your cousin Ezra Stimpson called on me; poor boy, the tears came into his eyes at sight of his aunt Huldah. He is tired enough of city life, and with reason; all summer he has been the sport of a parcel of wild boys who lodge in the house with him—he was a green youth from the country, an easy vic-

tim, and they have victimized him well. I tried to help matters by making him a visit of a few days, and hoped to awe the young men by my age and respectability; but I reckoned without my host; I don't believe Methuselah and King David together could awe them renegades of boys! Why they dared to play their jokes off on me, me myself.

I engaged the room next to Ezra's, and all went very well until evening; at table, the young men treated me with civility, except that as they came in and saw me side of Ezra, they stared as if they had never beheld a good-sized woman before, but they passed the dishes and made conversation, asking me all about Barnstable in the most agreeable manner.

I retired at ten, according to custom, and was hardly asleep when I heard a noise of laughing, shouting and shuffling about in the entry, so I threw on my shawl and opened the door: there they were, the boys, full of their pranks, and poor Ezra, whom they had pulled out of his bed, stood in a corner shrinking, and blushing, and begging them only to leave him alone. "Why, sons!" says I in a solemn voice, "is this respectable to make such a noise at dead of night in a decent house, and when a stranger's here too?" Nobody answered—some of them shrunk away. "And isn't it a wicked shame," says I again, "to hector any one only because he's simple and unprotected. Now go to your rest, my nephew; and boys! let me tell you, it would be more prudent as well as more manly to lend helping hands to the stranger, for you will all be strangers yet, in need of helping hands somewhere in this great world. Take my word for it! take the word of an old lady that has come all the way from Barnstable to tell you—though to be sure she is staying now at her brother's in Tremont street, No. —!" So I turned to enter my room again, and what do you think! they had wired the handle fast, and I in the dark in a strange house, and in a draft which I always avoid. I picked, and pulled, and twisted, till the pesky wire gave way and hurried to my bed. May I never see Barnstable again if they hadn't been to my carpet-bag and crumpled up some nice hard crackers I bought for Ezra's luncheon, and powdered them over the sheets! I might as well have slept on nettles, them hard sharp points a grinding into me everywhere! I got up and shook the sheets out of window; but law! the blanket was full, and the quilt, and the carpet were covered, and I was covered—and all in the dark, and expecting every minute to step on a mouse.

I opened the door, determined to alarm the louse, and cried for a policeman. I did alarm the house sure enough, but no thanks to myself—those torments had set three empty beer kegs at my door, a-top of each other; and when it opened, down they went one after t'other, bump, bump, bump, in the dead of night—down one and then another, and another pair of stairs, I thought they never'd stop, till they had bumped their way to China. The boarders below came running to their doors, the help came down from the attic lighting their lamps, and there I stood as if I had done it all a purpose—the only person that seemed to be awake, except Ezra—the boys were snoring as if they'd bring the house down, and so dead asleep that shaking had no effect on them. I explained as well as I could, but saw plainly enough that they all believed I had lost my wits. As for poor Ezra, I expect he will never hear the last of his aunt Huldah's visit.

The next morning the boys had the effrontery to try and make conversation with me again at table, as if nothing at all had happened! "I haven't a word to say to you," says I, "not a word; after such actions as them last night—after the noise, and the crackers, and the barrels—what right had you at my carpet bag? I remember it all if you don't, and I haven't a word to say to you." Still they insisted on going for the omnibus to take me home, and several of them politely waited to help me inside. What narrow things these omnibuses are, only fit for people as thin as slabs—it was as much as ever they could crowd me into the door, and one of them said as he handed my carpet-bag, "The marcy knows how you'll get out!"

Now what do you think of young America? I told brother about the young men's actions, and he is angry enough, and declares that he will find out their names and keep an eye on them, and punish them yet. I shouldn't wonder, he's so stern and such an influential man, but I begged your aunt Ellen to intercede for them—it was only a boyish frolic after all, and they have their way to make in the world, poor things! I am

having a lovely time, and Sis shall hear again soon, from her affectionate mother,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 4.

Boston, Sept. 16th, 18—

DEAR AZARIAH,—I think of lengthening my stay in Boston by another week—that is, of course, husband, if you feel that I can be spared from my home duties. It is no wonder young people have their heads turned by a visit to town; I am sure I would not trust Sis here. Ellen could tell you that half the time I am in a state of complete bewilderment with the splendor, fashion, elegance, gaiety and confusion that surround me here. Why, it is excitement enough even to walk through the streets and see the people thronging on, on past each other in two steady streams, as if they were hurrying to some great sight or funeral; and then to read the signs, and look in at the windows at new, cheap, fashionable, curious goods, to see the quantity and variety, and all the people pricing them and turning them over, and if they buy but fourpence worth of thread, having the boy take it home for them, because its vulgar to carry a bundle! Emma, my niece, blushed crimson the other day, she was so mortified to meet me with a calico dress and some cotton in my arms—as if arms were not made to carry bundles! People all have their own peculiar ideas of propriety; now, at the moment she blushed, Miss Emma's elegant silk gown was trailing and sweeping the sidewalk in a way that would have made me ashamed and sorry too!

Emma is a very accomplished girl—not handsome—but what they call "stylish." She dresses at such a rate, that I tell Wilson he must keep a ship running to Europe all the time to bring home her dresses, and gloves, and hats, and shoes. She is amiable, but not half so independent as our Sis. I never shall forget the day she went to walk with me, and I waited to do a little shopping; I have grown accustomed to the stores, and realize that somebody must pay for the great long palaces, with their gilded and frescoed ceilings, and armies of clerks—and who should pay but the customers? Sister talks about large purchases and facilities, and foreign partners, but I don't pretend to understand her—all I know is, that a little shop costs less than a great one, and must sell goods cheaper; so to the little shops I went that day as usual, and how disgusted Emma was, and how she looked about, and held up her flounces, as if the other customers would soil by touching them! It was a very warm day; we had a call to make, and I told Emma I would take along my table-cover and try to match some worsteds—I should like her advice respecting them. The cover has lain unfinished so many years, that the kinds of crevel I began it with have passed out of the market. I do believe we went into fifty stores to pattern them, and what with the heat, and the size of the paper pattern, and weight of the cloth, and my velvet bag of silver, I thought we should die, and consented at last to go to what Ellen called a thread store, where she wanted to go first, and where, sure enough, we found them!

When I offered to show my niece where her father was born at the North End, she made no objection until we turned into Hanover street, and then you'd have thought I had taken her into a den of thieves, she kept so close to me and shrank so from all the people, and looked with such disgust into the alleys and cross-streets. She wouldn't even let me stop to look at the great sign where wax figures of all the Cunningham family are on exhibition—and there's a picture of them large as life—the young man with a banjo, and the other with his fierce mustaches like a cat. I offered to take Emma in to the exhibition and pay for her, but she declined, unwilling to have me spend money on her I suppose; for they all treat me as if I hadn't a purse of my own, and must be paid for wherever I go.

Then these city people are so afraid to look into a window! and yet they say it is a regular business to dress these windows, and men are paid from five to fifteen dollars apiece for doing it—incredible as that sounds! You must remember some of the windows are so large you could set our whole house inside of them for a show. They do look beautiful, all curtained with elegant velvets and plaids as they are. There's a curious window up in our street, not far from Ellen's, I admire to stop and look at it; the place seems to be a kind of factory for limbs and joints—I don't mean of trees or houses, but of the human frame, that is so wonderfully made and gets fearfully mutilated

sometimes—there are legs, and arms, and elbows, made of wash-leather and cork, and glass eyes, and paper ears, and all so perfectly natural and convenient, that as far as I know, if you put them together rightly, you could make a living man complete! Emma is "disgusted" with them of course; it's a wonder she isn't disgusted at having just such made of flesh and bone in her own body.

Wilson's house is very well situated in some respects; it is opposite the Common, where the walks are all so beautiful and straight, and the elm trees so umbrageous; then the cars of the horse railroad drive past every few minutes, making a pretty sound with the bells tinkling; and the tall steeple of Park street church is in sight, so that we can see the clock and keep the points of compass, and know which way the wind is; then just round the corner are a grocer's shop and a meat man's, where I can learn the price of butter, eggs and chickens. They have breakfast so late here, that I have time every morning before the bell rings to put on my shawl, run to the corner, and ask about the eggs, *&c.*; after which I read the prices current in the papers, and look at the almanac and the vane, and read a chapter in my Bible; then I feel that I have started rightly for the day.

But pleasant as it is here, and Ellen, the soul of politeness, urging me to stay, I shall leave to-morrow for a little sojourn with Lucy, my married niece, who in her single days visited us once, as you may remember. I enclose the prices current, eggs, seventeen cents; butter, twenty-six cents; chickens, a dollar a pair (only think of it!) Tell Sis to be patient, and you too, dear husband, must not grow tired with waiting for one who will be most happy to return to our humble but happy home.

Affectionately, HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 5.

Boston, Sept. 20th, 18—

DEAR SIS,—Here I am at your cousin Lucy's, and in a world of trouble. It is strange how people with the best intentions seem to do the most harm on this earth! But let me tell my story.

You know we are a neat family and an orderly one; now the first day of my visit here I thought I must have come too early—the parlors were all in confusion—they seemed to have been just swept—there wasn't a stick of furniture set against the wall; but here a chair, and there a chair and a table, and sofa, and the table was all over papers and paints, and little bottles and things. Besides this, to tell the truth, your cousin's furniture, though handsome, doesn't match very well; I suppose, being young folks, that they bought their things at auction for economy. There are dozens of tables, but not one of them like another; some are square and some round, one big and the next one little, and some stand inside of each other like a nest of baskets; then to see the carved piano and velvet stool, and the guitar and harp, and the figures and cups for flowers, and looking-glasses large as the side of the house to multiply it all—the parlor's as good as a museum; but it does not look so tidy as our parlor, with the twelve flag-bottom chairs set round in perfect order.

I felt sorry for Lucy, that she should be caught with her house in such condition, and was all ready to tell her that a great many allowances should be made for a young house-keeper, but she never apologized! I was beat to see her sit down in the midst of that confusion and go to work on her embroidery. It was city ease, I suppose, for when Mr. Carleton came home to dinner he took things just as quietly; never set up a chair, but navigated among them as if he were used to the work.

In the course of the day it came to light that Lucy is a literary woman, to be sure! She writes for the magazines, and has published a couple of novels. She has not any children, does not wish for the trouble of them she says; but what is a little curious, the best part of her literary fame has been won by her children's books and poems on childhood and innocence. I expect her sentiment of philoprogenitiveness all evaporates in poetry.

Well, I have no objection to literature; but am rather proud of Lucy's success, and can excuse her now for not keeping the parlor in order; every one knows that a bluestocking can't be tidy, that the same eyes cannot look after fine fancies and—

cobwebs. To be sure the few literary women I have known were good housekeepers and excellent mothers, but it takes an exception or two to prove a rule.

I should not want you to be literary, Sis, and hope you do not take advantage of my absence to read too much; but it is pleasant and edifying to hear the conversation of persons with cultivated minds, and to meet the acquaintance—kindred spirits—that such collect about them. The famous Dr. ——— called last evening; he stands at the head of his sect, and occupies the pulpit of Channing. I was glad to meet him, and tell how much I had enjoyed his sermons since I came to town; he said he had noticed me in brother's pew—think how flattering!—then he has such a way of expounding the Scripture! Why, as I told him, I had all my life passed over the word "Dead Sea" as carelessly as if it had been "dead fly," and after hearing his explanation, what a meaning it has—those steep, desolate shores, that stagnant water, and both the punished cities underneath! We talked considerable about preparations for the hair, for the doctor is very gray and bald, and I asked him if he had ever tried Tricopherous. Then Lucy came and sat down between us, and how handsomely she did converse! I felt as if I hadn't an idea, and wasn't anybody. I was content to listen.

One of Mr. Carleton's friends is an artist whom he met at the White Mountains last summer; he is a very good young man, and I like him better than his pictures. I tell him, what they want to paint trees and hills for, when there's plenty out of doors to be had for the looking at them—is more than I can understand. We went yesterday toiling up three storeys into his studio, to see a view he had just finished, and what do you think it was?—a hill! nothing under the sun but a hill and trees at the foot of it, and Mr. Carleton means to pay a hundred dollars for that! If he should go up in Berkshire he could purchase the hill itself, timber and all, for the sum this little patch of canvas costs!

Considering my indifference to his pictures, the artist—Mr. Beck—has been very civil; he invited me the first time we ever met to sit to him for my portrait. Would you let him have it? I don't want to make myself common, and Charlie declares he will have it engraved for *Frank Leslie's*; but on the other hand, we must do what we can for our kind, and I'd like to shame these flimsy young girls by showing what sort of women their great aunts and grandmothers were. Charlie says the request is no small compliment, for Beck is poor, and it will take a sight of paint and canvas.

But how I have run on, and never finished the story of my tribulations. You shall have it in another letter from your fond mother,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No 6.

Boston, Sept. 22d, 18—

DEAR SIS,—To go on with the subject of Lucy's friends, another gentleman who frequents the house has a great deal to say upon this new subject of Spiritualism. I can't make out whether he believes in them or not, but he does tell, for true, extraordinary stories! He tells of one woman that asked a token from her son in the spirit-world, and he flung through the ceiling, without ever breaking it, a bunch of her favorite flowers; and a dozen people saw and smelt of them, and declare that they were damp with dew, the dew of Heaven! I tell Mr. Wilson that, a great deal more likely, it was the dew of a green-house; and the spirit a wicked juggler in the flesh!

They do have curious communications knocked out under their tables; and the tables do move and dance across the room—I've seen them. One evening Mr. Wilson tried some experiments here, and Lucy's heaviest table tipped and began careering about by itself on one leg, Mr. Wilson only touching it. I said he was exerting strength with his one finger, so he seated himself in another part of the room; and no sooner had he gone than the table came toward me, and pushed against me so that I moved, and the table followed! I began to be frightened, for the raps were sounding all about the room. It did seem as if the adversary himself was in that table; and I didn't want him a crowding me. I scrambled past half a dozen people, and hid behind Lucy's chair. "Do ask them," says I to Mr. Wilson, "what on the earth they mean, and as sure as I'm your mother, them spirits rapped out, 'To tease Huldah

Perewinkle!'" and what's more, of a sudden Lucy was pushed aside and the table aimed at me again! But it didn't strike. "Get thee behind me, Satan," says I, and run for dear life, making books and tables move faster than ever the spirits did, and never stopped till I was in my own room, the door bolted fast. Then I took up my Bible and tried to calm myself, for my heart beat so loud you might have heard it in Barnstable. "Now, Satan," says I, clasping the dear book to my bosom, "you may scale high towers, burst stout locks, and break through breastplates of steel, but you've no power against the strength in these pages, no darkness to put out this light! And Satan," says I, "you'd better go home by far, and persecute the wicked if you must; for the mercy knows your actions don't tempt me to follow you, and what's the use of your putting notions in the head of that innocent young authoress down stairs?"

I haven't got over the flutter and confusion of this morning yet; and feel as if I might come butt against a spirit, every dark corner I turn. But they'll get little from me, if they come; if any relation of mine can find no better work in heaven, or has no higher ambition than to return and meddle with other folks' furniture, I desire to drop his acquaintance, and do not want his "revelations;" his deeds reveal "what spirit he is of."

It's a piece of wicked absurdity, I am convinced, to meddle, as people do now-a-days, with mysteries. Why, they pretend to look directly into kingdom-come and tell about the arrangements there; fairly map out heaven, as if it were a tract of Western land! There are taverns, they say, and bowers, and bathing establishments, and there are washing-days and cooking stoves; and the "just made perfect" sit up there and eat figs and oranges! It seems blasphemous to mention what they do believe. What do you think one of these spiritual women said in Mr. Wilson's presence. That she was "glad they did have occupations in the other world; she didn't want to fold her hands and be only good; and never had any patience with the cherubs they talk about—little lazy plagues—doing nothing but sing hallelujah through eternity!" There! she said those very words about the cherubim and seraphim, that veil their blessed faces—as we should our inquisitive eyes—before the mysteries of God!

Now, for my own misfortunes. The day after we tried our experiments with the spirits, I happened to wake early and was down stairs long before any of the family had stirred. I almost hated to go into the parlor where the devil had been so lately—and the heavy curtains made it dark and mysterious-looking, too; but I happened to think that 'twas sweeping day, and the room did look so cluttered that, thinks I, "I'll give poor Lucy a lift, and set the things up for her." Well, I thought I never should find a broom; I wandered up and down those long city stairways (and started every time a door creaked, thinking of the spirits), till at length I found what I wanted in the kitchen. I took pains to wet the broom so as not to make a dust, and went to work; work it was, and toil, too, to push the straw broom over that stuffed carpet; I wouldn't give it house-room! Why, it is thick as our best hearthrug, and wadded underneath, besides, so that you might as well sweep velvet. I tried to brush with the grain of the wool, but that only swept the dirt farther in; I tried to go against the grain, well, it looked as your father's silk hat might, to brush that against the grain. I never was in such a quandary, but I persevered, with the grain or against it, and gave the great barn of a room such a sweeping as it never had before. Then I set up the furniture as well as I could: there wasn't room against the wall for the whole of it. It did seem a pity, among such handsome carving and satin and velvet, that Lucy hadn't contrived to make her things match better: I had set the things that looked most alike, side by side, and was trying to slap the dust off with a towel—which was all I could find—when Mr. Carleton appeared at the door, *whiewing*, as a man will, about the dust.

"My dear madam," says he, "what is the matter?"

"No matter now," says I, "for I've set the things to rights; but the room was in dreadful disorder."

"And you've righted it!"

Then he went up stairs for Lucy, and I heard him laughing as if I had done something funny, instead of heating myself to

death over his old plush carpet. Down Lucy came, and when he looked round the tears fairly came into her eyes.

"Oh, aunt!" says she, "my beautiful silk curtains, my new carpet, my carved furniture, and nothing covered—even the piano open! How can you laugh?"—that was to her husband—"Look at the dust on these ornaments!—these velvet-covered books!—this coral and carved ivory!—and all these statues! What shall I do? I'd rather have had a fire!"

"I should think I had been over a fire," says I, untying my cap strings. "What you ever bought such a carpet as this for—"

"Do look, Charles," she interrupted me, "this elegant Wilton carpet; I should think it had been scratched over with a garden rake!"

"I should like to know how any one could sweep it better," says I. "If anybody in this house knows more about housewifery than your aunt Perewinkle, I should like to talk with them!"

"Oh, well, aunt, never mind," said Lucy, at length. "I know your intentions were the kindest possible; and I have had good evidence, in Barnstable, of your skill at housekeeping; but as we have different furniture in Boston, we have different ways of cleaning it—that's all!"

So she winked the tears out of her eyes, and told her husband to give me his arm, for the breakfast bell was ringing.

I ran up stairs to change my cap first, and when I came down there they both stood at the parlor door, Lucy looking as grieved as if a fire-engine had played into the windows. I told her I really didn't understand yet what harm I had done; so she explained that—if you'll believe it—she is not in the habit of sweeping her parlor at all but has the girl go about on her hands and knees with a dustpan, and when this will not answer any longer the carpet is shaken! Then she opened a closet in the entry and showed me such rows of brooms and brushes, and feather dusters, and silk dusters, as I never saw before; but for all that, it seems to me a slack way of housekeeping enough. There's nothing like a good stiff corn broom and a strong arm to wield it. I hope I shall never hear of you, Sis, trusting an Irish girl to go crawling round your parlor like a crab, with her dustpan and camel's hair pencil!

What beats the whole, though, is the fact that Lucy's furniture was arranged by a fashionable upholsterer, and all that clutter and variety is the very neight of the mode. It's a mode that I don't believe any relation of mine would adopt—if she wasn't literary. Poor Lucy! It took two days to get her room in disorder again; everything was shaken out of widdow or blown with bellows, and every little cornice of the carving searched with a brush—as if a grain of dust could poison you!

Here comes Charlie, laughing, as usual. Mr. Carleton has been telling him about my morning's work, I dare say; though, to do them credit, the subject has never been mentioned before me since those first exclamations, which slipped out naturally enough, considering all things. Ellen's children are very civil, like herself; and if I were the queen of Sheba, Mr. Carleton could not treat me with more attention. I've been in such fine society that I shall hardly feel at home in Barnstable; but there is nothing like home, after all, to your loving mamma,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 7.

Boston, Sept. 25th, 18—

DEAR AZARIAH,—Day after to-morrow I shall start for home; and let me tell you what a noble winding-up I have had to my visit. As I mentioned to Sis, while writing my last letter, Charlie came in to make me a call. He talked politics awhile to Mr. Carleton, and then turning to me, he says "Aunt, there's a great procession coming by, a torchlight procession; don't you want to step out on the balcony?" So he went on explaining about the election, and all the different candidates in the carriages, but says I, "What's them two empty carriages for? for absent friends? or haven't they picked up the whole of the party yet?" I saw him and Mr. Carleton looking at each other over their cigars, and then Charlie says, "Those carriages are for distinguished strangers, aunt; how should you like a ride?" "My dress is thin," says I, "and I'd full as soon stay here; but it will be something to tell in Barnstable, and if Lucy'll lend me a blanket shawl, I've half a mind."

"Done!" says Charlie, and flinging his cigar away and beckoning the driver to stop, while he wrapped me in Lucy's elegant camel's hair shawl, and hurried me into the carriage. Lucy is very thoughtful; "Too bad!" says she, as I went down the steps; but I told her I didn't mind the dampness at all: and the sight of all them torches made me feel so patriotic, that I couldn't help waving my handkerchief as we drove on. Charlie went with me, and chatted so pleasantly all the way, and introduced me to every one that came to speak with him, as "his aunt Huldah, from Barnstable." I even shook hands with the Governor! I had a lovely time—it made me think of the day Lafayette went through Boston when I was a girl; though to be sure I didn't figure among the distinguished people then.

How different Wilson is from his children! When we came home from the drive, Charlie seemed to think his aunt must have one more ice-cream before she went back to Barnstable, so he invited me and his sister into a confectioner's; and who should we meet there but Wilson, with his wife and Emma. I was full of my ride of course, and began to tell about it, but Wilson kept changing the subject, and at length says he, "For Heaven's sake, Huldah, keep still!" so afraid people would hear; if Wilson were my only relative in Boston, it would be one while before I came again—that's certain!

You have no idea of the elegance of these candy-shops, the light of the gas, and all the little marble tables and gilded chairs, and the walls fairly made of looking-glass, so that everything is reflected in the most confusing way. As I stood talking with my friends, I saw a number of people t'other side of a gilded doorway, talking and nodding, and looking at me; they seemed to have a familiar aspect, and I didn't know but it was some of the folks from Barnstable, so I stepped along, curtsying a little, and one of the ladies curtsied back; upon this I waked up to her, and put out my hand for a shake, she put out hers—or seemed to—but bless my senses if it wasn't a looking-glass all the time; and I had been bowing and curtsying to myself! I didn't say a word about the mistake, and went back to my party as if nothing had happened—though Charlie told me on the way home, that he and Mr. Carleton saw it all and had a quiet laugh, but kept it to themselves for fear of hurting my feelings. That's the kind of behavior I like! Those two young men will make a way in the world, for they think of some one's comfort beside their own. They may see the day yet when they'll be glad of a friend in their old aunt, if she isn't very fashionable.

Speaking of fashion tell Sis that she can lay aside her artificial flowers, for fruit is the latest rage, and she must dress her hair with currants and thimbleberries if she wants to look like her city cousins. Only the other day Lucy paid seven dollars for two bunches of artificial cherries, fastened in with some ends of ribbon. I couldn't help telling her that it seemed extravagant for folks just starting in the world, but she says fruit will wear longer than flowers, and that it is not considered respectable for a married lady to go without head-dresses. I told her I had been a married lady for six and forty years, and never wore a head-dress till my hair was gray, and nobody ever said I was not respectable. Lucy says the fashion is nothing now, to what it was a few years since, then, at church, the ladies' bonnets looked like a horticultural show; this was purple with grapes, and that was red with strawberries, and barberries, crab-apples and currants dangled in the frills! he didn't speak of their wearing cucumbers and turnips, but I don't see why not. I do believe these fashionable people will come out next with bunches of minnows or strings of barnacles, or a wreath of small snapping-turtles on their bonnets. But even fashionable people have their virtues and superiorities, and I do not wish to be severe.

Now, my dear husband, if you drive to the station on Thursday, you'll find me in the four o'clock train.

Your devoted wife,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 8.

Boston, Oct. 3d, 18—

MY DEAR SISTER,—I have very, very painful news to communicate. Had I been informed of my husband's intentions before it was too late, you should have been the last one to suffer by him, my good, honest, industrious brother and sister.

But it has happened and it must be told : The very day after brother Azariah endorsed the note of my husband's firm, they received news of fresh failures at the West, which bore so heavily upon them that they have decided it will be of no use to struggle on. To-morrow's papers will publicly announce their failure.

With Charlie's assistance I have secured all our plate for you, and my watch and diamonds ; but, oh, they are as nothing to purchase back your broad acres ; the beautiful farm which you have enjoyed so long, and earned by the sweat of your brows. It is too, too hard ! I have not slept since Wilson hinted to me of this trouble, which might come upon you through means of us. Charles waits for my letter. Dear, dear sister, be patient, and if my husband's life is spared, he will buy you a larger farm. In haste and sorrow,
ELLEN.

To MRS. HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

No. 9.

BARNSTABLE, Oct. 5th, 18—

DEAR SISTER ELLEN,—Your kind letter reached me in due course of mail. And so our farm is gone, sure enough, but don't fret, dear, it was my own fault : I shouldn't have urged my husband to endorse.

Poor Azariah feels the blow, but I try to cheer him up ; I tell him we are in the prime of life yet, and the right of redemption remains. He can take up his old trade of wheelwright in the city, and I will board the apprentices and do my kitchen work, while Sis keeps the public school here in Barnstable.

There's a fine young man in town that drives a pedlar's cart, and when he heard of this trouble he offered himself to Sis ; but she says she had rather work with her pa and me, until we have purchased the old home back again, than marry the best man in Barnstable.

So you see, sister, we shall work our way out of the difficulty, and there isn't any need in your passing sleepless nights for us. I am sorry for you, poor things, so accustomed to luxury and so unused to work : but "as our day is, so shall our strength be," the Scripture says. Give my love to Charlie. It was very kind in you both to think about securing the plate. What that brings will set us up nicely in our new, old trade.

No time for long letters now, but always time for sympathy and affection from your sister,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

P. S.—Do warn Lucy to be a little more economical, before it is too late.

No. 10.

BARNSTABLE, Nov. 1st, 18—

DEAR MOTHER,—Uncle Azariah gives up his farm without a murmur ; he has furnished all the information I needed for the advertisement, and behaves like an old hero.

As for my aunt, she's a regular brick. By Jove ! she's more, she's one of the living stones Dr. — tells about, that are to make a foundation for the Christian church and society. How I wish I had not quizzed her so !—to see her piling her treasures into the wagon, to be taken away for ever and sold for our debts !—it actually makes the tears come in my eyes.

And "Sis"—I wonder if I had better tell you about her now. She is not what our fancy pictured her—a high-shouldered country lass, in a green and blue muslin delaine, with bodice waist ; she is more like you, mother, than any woman I ever met : so gentle and yet self-possessed, with such innate refinement and good taste. The resemblance ceases here ; she is handsomer than any of our family, and for talents, sister Lucy needn't be ashamed of her cousin Nell.

Well, mother, I'll tell you all. I have fallen in love with Nelly, and if human devotion can win her she shall be your daughter and my wife. Don't say a word about expediency. If she is penniless, whose fault ? and if she does not bring an fortune (but she does, in her soul !) she will not spend one, like my sisters and any city girl.

Not a word of this to the old gentleman. Tell him all's right about business, and that I shall leave for home to-morrow.

Now, dear mother, don't be low-spirited ; you have a treasure left—in your loving son,

CHARLIE.

No. 11.

BARNSTABLE, May 2d, 18—

DEAR SISTER,—I hardly need write that we shall be happy of a visit from you all, now we are back again. Pray come and see how delightfully we are once more established in our home ; it is like a dream that we ever left the farm, it does seem so natural to be here.

Azariah is the very happiest man alive ; he has a heavy debt still to work out, but thinks that by economy we shall save a little every year. And now to us and to our children the dear old place is secured, to have and to hold.

I mentioned the debt, dear Ellen, by way of apology for the humble wardrobe which I am going to ask you to purchase for Sis. Don't give yourself any trouble, but some day when you are out, could you buy tarletane enough for a dress—white, of course—and some white shoes and gloves ? And Sis thinks she must have a veil and one or two pieces of linen and cotton, also a handsome silk and a delaine ; and a silk for me, and some stockings and handkerchiefs, and two handsome collars, and any other little trimmings you think Sis will need. Oh ! and a white silk bonnet ; I half forgot that. Now, sister, don't go out on purpose, but if you happen to be near the shops, just buy these and send them to Barnstable by express, and I shall always remain your affectionate relative,

HULDAH.

No. 12.

BOSTON, Sept. 30th, 18—

MY BLESSED NELLY,—I have put my house in order—our house !—and it suits me perfectly. It isn't so gorgeous as Lucy's—I thought you would not want so many nicknacks to take care of—but I walk through the pleasant parlor, thinking of the central ornament that is yet to come, and cast all others in the shade, and I wouldn't change places with Carleton !

I shall be with you in Barnstable on Tuesday, and (oh, my glad heart !) on Wednesday you will be here, with your own,

CHARLIE.

No. 13.

BARNSTABLE, Oct. 1st, 18—

DEAR SIS,—I could not trust myself to utter the blessing which you may be sure follows you both, from your old mother's heart. You have been a good child, a comfort to us in our trials, and now you're a pride to us in our day of returning prosperity.

Charlie is a man after my own heart. Dear fellow ! love him and minister unto him as he deserves, Sis.

You will both find friends and prosper ; that valuable house the old lady bequeathed to Charlie, is an earnest of what will follow. Go on, my children, blessing others and blessed yourselves. God bless you, prays your mother,

HULDAH PEREWINKLE.

A COMMON FAULT REBUKED.—How annoying it is when seated alone in your office, to have some one open the door, look all round the room to be satisfied that you are its only occupant, and then ask, "Mr. — (your partner, perhaps), is not in, is he ?" The custom is as common as it is ridiculous and annoying. The *Buffalo Express* instances a case in that city, where one of these askers of needless questions was effectually taken down. A member of a law firm in that city is sitting at his desk, busily engaged in important business, when the door opens, Mr. Auger walks in, takes his seat, and says in a drawling tone, "Mr. — isn't in, is he ?" The question was useless, of course, as there was no one else in the room but the two ; but the counsellor arose, and with great urbanity replied, "I will see, sir." He looked under his chair, behind the stove, into the "pigeon holes" of his desk, and saying, "I don't see him," sat down and went to writing. "Hold on, squire," said the visitor, "you have taught me a lesson, sir, and I'll send you a peck of apples," and departed.

ENGLAND AND HER DINNERS.—If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow (said Douglas Jerrold), the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.



THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE dying moments of the most illustrious of English monarchs have found their most fitting illustration from the pencil of a Frenchman—Paul Delaroche, whose death in 1856 deprived his country of one of her greatest glories in the domain of art.

The lion-hearted queen is laid low. The hand of a mightier potentate than herself is upon her. Her sceptre is slipping from her powerless grasp. Her courtiers are already studying the welcome with which they shall go forth to meet the new sovereign, the royal pedant of Scotland, whom to summon into his mighty inheritance couriers are even now speeding along the great northern road. But Elizabeth, although she feels and acknowledges the hand of death, retains without abatement her mental faculties and her imperious will. Although dying, she must be implicitly obeyed. Deaf to the entreaties of her ladies, she refuses all medicine, and will lie down only upon cushions on the floor. The French ambassador, Beaumont, in his letters to his government, wrote thus: "It is certain that a profound melan-

choly is visible in her countenance and her actions. She will take no medicine, nor can she be persuaded to go to bed. For the last two days she has been reclining on cushions on the floor, neither rising nor lying down; her fingers almost always in her mouth, her eyes open and fixed on the ground."

Thus lay the royal Tudor, changed indeed from the days when she placed herself in the van of a threatened nation at Tilbury, when Burleigh and Bacon called her lovely, when Raleigh and Essex would have sacrificed life and reputation for a favoring glance from those eagle eyes! Essex! Let not his name be breathed in this death-chamber! His head has fallen beneath the axe on Tower Hill, and his royal mistress could have saved him by a single word! But she would not speak; the signet ring she had given him long years before, promising forgiveness for whatever fault he might commit on restoration of it, had never been presented—until this moment. The anxious courtier bending over her couch is unfolding a tale of fearful import. The signet ring had indeed been sent; the Countess of Salisbury had promised to deliver it; but the faithless and jealous peeress

had deliberately broken her word, and Essex had died the death of a traitor—a victim to a woman's spite! And is this an offence that Elizabeth will pardon? Never! "God," she exclaimed, "may forgive her, but never I!" and the desolate woman turns her face from the glare of royalty, from the purple and gold of her curtained chamber, from courtier and priest and weeping attendant, and moans uncomfited.

The picture is undoubtedly one of the most powerful and judicious of modern art. The head of Elizabeth is a masterpiece—mental anguish and woman's hatred, royal fury and physical impotence, are read in every terrible line and furrow. She seems on the point of springing upright—like a lioness deprived of her young; while the stammering courtier endeavors to palliate the offence of Lady Salisbury, or to soothe the infuriate and dying Queen.

And so Elizabeth died; making way for the unhappy race of Stuarts, and for unnumbered ills for the kingdom she had so gloriously guided and preserved. Two hundred and fifty-six years have bloomed and faded since that death scene; dynasty has succeeded dynasty, and monarch, monarch; feudality has vanished and liberty arisen, but still the eye of the Englishman lights up, and his voice grows proud, as he pronounces the name of the mighty, fearless and beloved Virgin Queen.

MICKLEEN CAHILL'S DHRAIME.

"WHAT is't, *agrah*? Can't you be aisy in yourself, Mickleen dear?"

Mickleen answered not. He lay uneasily on the low settle-bed, flinging his arms about with a violent motion.

"It's dhraming he is—the Lord preserve us!" said Judy Cahill, seating herself on a log of bog oak that served for a stool, that stood by the side of the smouldering "raked" turf. "He's been dhraming grately lately, and sure it's no wonder, when the agent's coming for the rint, and the driver—bad luck to the same man, the Lord forgie me for cursing—says we shan't have the slip of bog next year."

Another plunge in the bed; a deep drawn "yugh" from the sleeper, disturbed again the speaker's colloquy.

Michael Cahill, or Mickleen, as he was called from his diminutive size, was but little removed from the lowest cottier class of Irish peasants, with all the imaginative faith of his class, gazed round his cabin with a bewildered countenance. He had evidently been "dhraming," as his wife suggested, and in his drowsy, half-awakened state, he was not thoroughly sensible that it was the old, familiar, every-day world that met his gaze. The pleasing vision of his sleep had left him disappointed, that it was not real.

"*Na-og-a-thu*. Never welcome it for a dhrame," he ejaculated, as he proceeded to cover himself in that nondescript suit which formed the fashionable and picturesque apparel of the Irish peasant at the time of the occurrence.

"Was it a lucky dhrame that you had?" inquired his curious wife, who was preparing to commence her day's duties, "or has any of the good people been plaguing ye?"

"Troth, Judy, thin, it was the same crock of goold that I was dhraming on."

If there is one thing in this "wide, wide world" that an Irish peasant more firmly believes in than another, it is a "crock of gold." There is not a cranny in the ruined churches or dilapidated castles that stud the hill sides, or adorn the valleys of the garden-land of Erin, but what, in addition to the legends of "good people," leproicans, or other traditionary but somewhat visionary inhabitants of the place, a tale of hidden treasure is sure to be appended. Now Mickleen was a "small" farmer, and a very neglectful one. He was too much of a dreamer for that. He had gloated over the tales of treasure troves which were common in his remote district until they formed his sole waking and sleeping dreams. His bit of ground was neglected. His wife had to attend to the honored pig, the few poultry, an odd goat or two, the half starved cow, which, together with a slice of bog on Mount Callan, formed the worldly possessions of Mickleen—always excepting his *banath*, Judy. Now, Mount Callan boasts of an ancient tomb or cromlech, which is said to be the burial place of Fin-ma-coul, a hero

of the Fenian period of Irish history, and many visitors undertake the labor of climbing up the otherwise uninteresting mountain to gaze on the heap of stones with its unintelligible inscription.

"And where was this crock, Mick, this time?" asked Judy, for Mickleen was a noted dreamer, and his better-half was beginning to lose faith in his dreams, which had hitherto been remarkably barren and unproductive.

"Why," said Mick, "I dreamt that I was in a strange place, where there were more people than at Miltown fair, and such crushing and squeezing; I asked what place it was, and they said it was London bridge, and all of a sudden I had a crock of gold; but begorra, where it come from I don't know," continued Mick, shouldering his spade, and proceeding to earth up the praties—"soft'ning 'em," he called it.

Throughout the day, this "crock of gold" was the common subject of conversation whenever the husband and wife met—at night it was the same, for Mickleen dreamt again that he had only to go to London-bridge and his fortin was made.

It was of no use use talking; London-bridge and the fortin were uppermost in the thoughts of the pair; and after divers plans, they resolved to sell the goats and the cow, to furnish Mickleen with the means of reaching the metropolis. The neighbors thought Mick Cahill had taken leave of his senses, and he was called an *omhadaun*, not a few times, as the project oozed out that he was going a forin voyage for no possible object within the comprehension of his friends.

Attired in a new suit of frieze and corduroys, Mickleen started on his, to him, unknown voyage, and found himself, after a number of vicissitudes, in the busy streets of the modern Babylon. Mick had once been to Limerick, but this experience of the "city of the violated treaty" gave him but little assistance in the new world he found himself in.

Day by day he wandered up and down London-bridge, cursing his folly by being led away by dreams, for no fortune found he, save misfortune. His money was rapidly melting away, and it was necessary that he must either get employment or starve. The police gazed at him with suspicion. The apple-stall keeper wondered what took him over the bridge so often, and a vendor of pies suggested that he was mad, and had escaped from some lunatic asylum. In the meantime things were getting from bad to worse with Mickleen—his money was gone, and misery stared him in the face. In the midst of his dilemma, he stopped to ask a question from an old man selling blacking, for Day and Martin, or the immortal Warren, had not then commenced their labors, and itinerant blacking merchants were common.

"You are from Ireland, I believe?" said the old man.

"Sorra the day's luck I've seen since I left it," uttered Mickleen.

"And what made you leave it?" said the old man, musingly;

"I want to go there."

"Do you," replied Mickleen, "then there are two of us, for I would rather a pratie and salt on Mount Callan, than ride in a coach here. Divil a bit of blue sky is there over it."

"Mount Callan?" muttered the old man, "that is the name, sure enough. Would you take me to Mount Callan?" he inquired.

"It's I'll do that same, but sorra a head or a harp have I," despondingly answered Mick.

"I don't know what you mean by a head or a harp, but if it's money you are in need of, I'll find that," said the old man; "but stay, if you'll bring me there you shall have half the gold."

"What goold?" said Mike, his eyes beginning to twinkle.

"Why, I can't do it myself, and as you are a simple, honest fellow, I'll tell you. I have been dreaming for some time past," said the old blacking seller, "that near a strange tomb with some strange reading upon it, on Mount Callan, wherever that is, there is a treasure hidden. Do you know of such a place?"

"Fin-ma-coul's grave, I'll swear," said Mickleen with rapture, "I know the very place, *maoivourneen*; tell on."

"Do you know a singular shaped gorse bush that lies at an angle between a low thatched building and this tomb?"

"Sure enough I do," replied Mike, as he recognized a description of his cottage, and the old bush on which Judy bleached her linen.

"Well, three feet lower down the hill than the bush the treasure lies, and if we get it, you shall have half," said the old man, "and we'll start at once."

Mickleen assented, and after some refreshment, the pair agreed to meet at a certain rendezvous the next morning, preparatory to a start.

The summer was wearing on—the fox-gloves had blossomed, and the heather bells were budding, and Judy Cahill was sorrowing for her absent husband. Not a line or a token had reached the parish priest that Mickleen was safe. The hoarse surge of the Atlantic and its white foam were hateful to Judy. The pig had been sold to meet the agent with—another "gale" day was approaching, and no tidings of the lost Mickleen. She could see the distant sail heading up for Galway or for the mouth of the Shannon, and she cursed, in the bitterness of her sorrow, the folly of dreams, and their direful consequences to her and to her happiness.

They had commenced to cut brooms on the hill side, and the mists were getting chill in the early morning. The sea-side visitors were rapidly leaving for home, and there would be no market for her eggs and young potatoes, her little worldly all. She had but little turf cut—and that not brought home; the winter was coming fast—but no sign of Mickleen.

Late one evening, Judy was sitting over the fire, tired and weary. She had been to the priest, to know if there were tidings from her husband, but there were none. The priest had spoken harshly of Mickleen's expedition, and her heart was sad. A tap at the door startled her. "Come in," said she, and Mickleen stood before her. Not the treasured-up Mickleen of her heart, but a poor ragged, starved wretch, cold and hungry. She did not mind that—it was Mickleen, and even if there was no crock of gold, life would be endurable again.

The pot of praties was soon swinging on the fire, and a naggin of illicit whiskey—never scarce in the neighborhood of the mountain—roused up the worn-out man, who seemed absolutely ravenous. From the date of his conversation with the blacking-seller, on London-bridge, Michael Cahill had been on the road. He had not kept his appointment with the old man. It was home he looked to. Spurred on by the thoughts of the hidden treasure, he had walked the whole of the way, and had parted with the best of his clothes to defray the expense of his passage across the Channel. He begged his bit and sup, and there he was.

For days he lay ill of a burning fever; the fatigue and anxiety told on his frame. His wife watched him with renewed anxiety, cursing the "dream of gold," that had brought the trouble upon her.

The fever turned at last, and Mickleen, feeble and wan, was able to get up. He had never told his wife of the old man's revelations, for fear of another disappointment. As soon as he was able to move, his duties kept him busy. He must pit the potatoes, ere the frost nipped them, and he must bring home the turf for the winter firing. It was not until this was done, that he dare talk of the treasure, for he felt afraid of Judy, and the loss of the cow and summer's work.

November had turned ere he mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and they resolved to search for the treasure. The spot was easily discovered, for the description was clear and precise. Carefully digging and clearing away the rubbly soil, the pair anxiously worked on. At length Judy said it was useless trying any further, there was no appearance of the soil having been disturbed, and there was nothing there. Another stroke of the spade, and a dark vessel was discovered. A large, old tripod pot was raised from its bed, covered with an ancient-looking "griddle" of large size.

What the pot contained no one ever knew, but circumstances appeared to thrive with the Cahills. Little by little, for they would not rouse the suspicions of their neighbors, they purchased a cow and a goat, and farmed a greater quantity of ground than before. It was evident that Mickleen was fast becoming a "snug" man; his rent was paid regularly, and he thought of moving to a larger house. The big griddle he had found on the night in question, still adorned his dwelling. It was a strange piece of furniture, and had some singular marks upon it, which Mickleen could not attempt to decipher. Years after, and Mick was growing wealthy among the country people, a poor tutor called at Mick's dwelling, with a "God save all

here!"—a greeting that finds a welcome anywhere in the west. Scarcely had the tutor touched the "piggin" of milk put into his hands by Judy, who was now a stout, comely mother, than he asked where they had got the griddle.

"Why?" said Mick.

"It's a strange one," said the tutor, "for there is written on it in old characters—

Deeper go, and you'll find more!"

"Indeed!" said Mick, "that's a strange thing to have on a griddle. It's an old family piece."

The tutor departed with a gratuity that day, and at night there was a light glistening near Fin-ma-coul's grave. The passers-by on the distant footpaths crossed themselves. Mickleen was rich after that night. A large sheep farm, in Burren, was added to his other property. He will never talk of his London journey, but professes his faith in dreams.

His secret, however, leaked out at last. It is now a common subject of conversation with the country people, and the visitors to the mountain, whether in search of the picturesque or of game, are sure to be told the story of the Crock of Gold and Mickleen Cahill's Dream.

THE OLD STILE.

THAT old, old stile! It stood on the outskirts of the village, and was the trysting-place of the lads and lasses of Towerville when our grandmothers were young. Every child in the village knew the old stile as a resting-place when there was a tired party of little ones returning from nutting or berrying. Every young beauty had her own experience of its suitability for a trysting-place. The matrons loved it from old associations and recollections of the time when their own hearts, then young, leaped to the music of some loved voice, and felt the pressure of some manly hand, as the speaker leaned over them, sitting on the old stile.

Pretty Nellie Greyson, as she sat there, one summer afternoon, pulling to pieces the last bouquet left there for her by some lovelorn farmer's son, thought sadly of the many times she had hastened to the old stile with her handsome lover, the guest of the village, George Lawton. Poor Nellie! George was the son of an opulent merchant, a man of wealth and influence, and had been sent into the country to recruit his health at his cousin's, Nellie's mother.

It did not take long for the handsome, talented young Lawton to win the simple, trusting heart of the lovely village girl. Nellie had received a sound English education: but to this was added no accomplishment. George taught her French. It was an amusement to while away the dull hours in a country village, and Nellie was an apt scholar. As they bent over the book in the little parlor, what wonder that they were tempted out, and took the grammar to the old stile to con the verbs, *J'aime* and *J'adore*? Then the old stile was such a famous place to practise the duets George taught Nellie; and their united voices woke the echoes in the woods near them.

George had gone home. He had spoken no word of love to Nellie, though every look and action was more eloquent than the most studied speech. He wrote to her; but the letters, though treasures to her, did not fill up the gap his absence made; and as the village beauty sat musing on the old stile, no one would have dreamed that half the male hearts in the village were made over to her. Old Farmer Greyson fumed and fretted at Nellie's altered ways, and was half tempted to command her to accept the son of his neighbor Jenks.

"Nellie, lass," he had said to her that morning, "I'll love you true and fondly; will you be my wife? Nellie, your town beau has always beauties around him; he'll forget you, Nellie."

And then the beauty, fired by this sneer, vowed she cared nothing for her town cousin, and would not marry, not because she loved him, but because there was not a man in the village worth having. Oh, Nellie! Nellie!

As she sat musing on the old stile, she saw the village school-master, Henry Sparks, coming towards her. Now Nellie, before George Lawton had turned her silly little head, had given most

decided encouragement to Mr. Sparks; and he felt fully welcome as he took a seat beside her on the stile.

"Good afternoon, Miss Nellie," he said, trying to detain the hand she pettishly drew from his grasp. "Nellie," he added, in an altered tone, "don't be cross! It is so long since I have had a chance to see you alone, Nellie."

"Cross!" Nellie could get no further. She was almost ready, the silly little beauty, to cry, as the contrast between her last visit to the stile with George, and this one, struck her.

"There, don't cry, Nellie!" said her lover. "I love you as dearly as I ever did; but you see you've been so taken up with your town beau lately, that I could not get a chance to talk to you. You were trying to come up to him in learning French and singing; but it is of no use. The town ladies can paint and draw, play the piano, and some of them even write poetry; but they can't make such cakes as you can, Nellie, or keep a house so nicely. I shut my eyes, when I was in town, on their fine dresses and pretty ways, and kept my heart true for you. Now, won't you have me, Nellie? I've been courting you more than a year, ever since your sixteenth birthday; and you know I love you truly."

Poor Henry had chosen a most inauspicious time. The little heart he coveted had not time to cast out the image of the first man who had ever really touched it; and as Nellie sadly pictured George's graceful manners and courtly address, and turned to the simple pedagogue beside her, the contrast was too striking. George's dress was so different from that of the villagers, who, living miles from any town or railway, dressed in the fashion of their grandparents. Henry and Nellie, as they sat on the old stile, would, could they have moved at once into a fashionable drawing-room, have been admirably costumed for a fancy ball, as country people of fifty years ago.

Nellie gave Henry a most decided refusal, and taking no notice of his surprised, dismayed face, left the old stile and hurried homeward. As she went, she pictured in her mind the accomplishments of the town ladies. This explained George's silence on the love subject, which had so puzzled the little country girl, accustomed to the plain courting of the farmers' sons. Of course, she argued, George, with his fine education and talents, looked for accomplishments in his wife; and Nellie determined to have these.

"Father," she said, coming into the kitchen, where the farmer was enjoying his pipe, "I want to go to a boarding-school for two or three years."

"Gracious sakes!" cried her mother, dropping the plate she was washing. "What'll you want next?"

This was the first mention of the subject. Nellie was more than two months persuading and coaxing the old man before he consented. He was rich. Nellie was the only child; and at last the unwilling consent was wrung from him, and Nellie was taken to the best boarding-school near town. The poor child was at first much discouraged by the ridicule of her schoolmates. It was hard to hear her dress laughed at, and her ignorance despised; but the girl's own good taste in investing the money her father supplied liberally in neat and fashionable-made garments, and her fine talents, which soon displayed themselves, were not long in placing her on an equality with her companions. There was one grief she suffered. George Lawton had left town to travel on the Continent; and when she arrived, thinking of the pleasure her unexpected presence would give him, he was far away.

Two years passed on, during which Nellie applied her whole mind to her studies; and on her nineteenth birthday she left the school, and at the earnest solicitation of George's mother, went to pass some weeks at her house before returning to Towerville. George was still abroad; and his mother thought it would be a good time to return Mrs. Greyson's hospitality to her son when he was not at home, and there was no danger of his falling in love with a country farmer's daughter.

"Now, Nellie," said Mrs. Lawton, coming into her room one morning, "I want you to look your loveliest this evening for my *soirée*. There will be most distinguished company. Count L— is coming this afternoon—Mrs. Jay promised to bring him with her. He only arrived from Germany the day before yesterday. George thought of coming with him; but

he wrote to me not to expect him positively; and of course he is not with him, or he would have written to me."

Mrs. Lawton's drawing-room was crowded that evening with the *déité* of fashion. Nellie was at the piano, singing, when two young men came into the hall. They stopped there, listening with delight to the full rich notes of a powerful voice, which seemed flooding the room with melody.

"Brava!" said one of them, as the song concluded. "Let's see this cantatrice."

"George!" cried Mrs. Lawton, as they came into the room.

Of course there was a rapturous meeting, and explanations of how he had written to her, but that the letter must have been detained; and while he was saying all this, George was looking at the singer. She was changed; and he did not recognize his cousin Nellie. As she stood under the light, leaning gracefully against the piano, chatting with a group of admirers, her blue silk dress fitting her small but beautiful figure to perfection, her rich and abundant hair falling from a jeweled comb in a profusion of curls on her white, uncovered throat and shoulders, jewels glittering on her arms and bosom, she certainly looked most unlike the little country lass whose hair was confined by a hat or a handkerchief, and whose close kerchief came up to her throat.

"Who is that, mother—the lady in blue?" asked George.

"That? Oh, that's Nellie Greyson!" she replied. "She is here on a visit. There! Mrs. Jay has introduced Count L— already. Well, she can speak German beautifully; so she is about the best person here to entertain him."

Nellie, the accomplished singer, talking German to a foreign count—Nellie, who, a few years ago, was seated on the old stile studying French grammar under his tuition! George was slightly bewildered; but remembering her old friendship for him, he advanced confidently to meet his cousin.

Nellie's little spice of coquetry had not died out. There was no blush, no tremor in her greeting of her cousin; the hand she placed in his was quiet as his own; the voice was firm, the manner easy and graceful. George, the coxcomb, was disappointed.

Nellie saw her power now. It was a long wooing, for it was not until poor George was as desperately in love as she had been herself that Nellie gave him even so much as a smile of encouragement. Whenever he spoke of love, her little innocent look of surprise was too much for him; and accustomed to have his attentions courted, he was often on the point of leaving her and giving up the pursuit. Then Nellie was a belle; the bouquets, invitations to ride, and visit the opera, and billets-doux she accepted from other admirers, drove George wild with jealousies. She had *toc*, the most provoking way of referring to the days passed in the country, with a sort of contemptuous pity of her own silly capacity for seeing perfection in a man, merely from the fact that he was town bred, wore broadcloth and kid gloves and had seen an opera; and finally, Nellie went home to Towerville, leaving poor George hopelessly in love with the farmer's daughter.

It was of no use to try to forget her; George soon found that out; and at last, unable to bear suspense any longer, he started for Towerville, determined to have a "Yes," or "No," in answer to an important question he meant to put to the beauty. As he drove slowly over the well-remembered roads, he passed near the old stile some one was there. George fastened his horse, and started across the fields. Yes, there she was, seated on the old stile actually dressed in the gipsy hat he remembered so well; there she sat dreaming over old dreams, and wondering whether she had acted wisely in not encouraging George as her still silly heart had prompted. There was a stealthy step behind her and before she knew there was any one near, a pair of arms encircled her waist, and a daring kiss was printed on her lips. It was of no use to resist; Nellie was a captive; and the old stile heard another love story that summer afternoon, and the "town beau" carried Nellie home in a light cart, the only vehicle to be hired within five miles of Towerville. And in a little while Nellie changed her name and home, leaving Farmer Greyson and his good dame to anticipate many pleasant summers when Nellie and George should come to spend the warm months at the farm-house, and renew these chats at the Old Stile.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

We do not pretend to be answerable for the precise truth of everything that appears under this head. Good things are so scarce that when we drop upon them we hold on and do not care to inquire either as to their credibility or their original source. Enough to know that we have seized upon them and hold them in trust for our readers, to dole them out with ungrudging hand in monthly contributions.

Our banking institutions out West have been the mark for every ill-tempered person to fire at. It is true that they are not based upon hard money foundations, it is also true that Western banks are now and then what may be termed "shaky," but do these philanthropic and enterprising institutions deserve so cruel and pointed a slight as the following conveys? We think not, and we pause for a reply, but we don't expect to get it:

A gentleman having in his possession ten or twelve hundred dollars on a certain banking institution away out West, went up to the counter one fine morning and addressed the teller in the following language:

"Good morning, sir. Beautiful weather, sir! Ahem! I have something over a thousand dollars' worth of your money in my pocket. Do you redeem?"

The teller says:

"Good morning, sir," smiles blandly, and answers, "we redeem, sir, but do not pay specie."

"Do not pay specie, hey? Suspended, I suppose?"

"Suspended."

"What do you redeem them with?" was the next question.

"With bills on the other banks," replied the clerk, pleasantly.

"And those, I presume, are also non-specie paying banks?"

"Very probably they are, sir," bowing very politely.

"Well, then, what kind of bills can you give me?"

"Most any kind, sir. Give you Red Cat."

"Can't stand it."

"Well, then, how's Gray Cat?"

"Wouldn't give a straw for a barrel of it."

"What do you say to Black Cat?"

"Tain't worth a cuss!"

"Well, I'll try and accommodate you with White Cat."

"It wouldn't be any accommodation at all. I don't want your infernal Wild Cat money—neither Red Cat, Gray Cat, Black Cat, Waite Cat or Tom Cat. I would use it to litter a horse with. Haven't you got some money on Eastern banks?"

"No, sir," softly and very polite. "Eastern banks are principally specie paying institutions."

"If not Eastern, then, have you bills on any other banks that do pay specie?"

"No, sir," bowing most courteously.

"Well, then," drawing his package from his pocket with a desperate expression of countenance, "can you give me tolerably executed counterfeited bills on any bank that does pay specie?"

"No, sir!" very loud, and looks as if he felt insulted.

THE want of concerted action in a household is, to say the least, an important state of affairs. Would the disastrous scene which follows have happened if there had been mutual confidence between man and wife. Had Captain Smith told Mrs. Captain Smith where he was going to, and what he was going to do, would she have suffered such overwhelming mortification? No! the blankets would have been hers and at her own price:

A few days since there was an auction sale of damaged dry goods, where the bids were spirited, and the large crowd of males and females were vying with each other in their offers, when a pair of blankets were put up and a dozen bids were raised for them. The puzzled auctioneer, however, caught by the highest, which was a dollar, from a female who seemed determined to have them at any price, when, ere he could say going, a male voice cried out dollar fifty, from the opposite side of the room.

"Two dollars," echoed the woman, elbowing her way through the dense mass of females who were separated from the males by a long counter, upon which the glib-tongued functionary walked to and fro with the goods.

Turning to the other side, he commenced anew his stereotyped vocabulary of choice and amusing figures of speech till he touched the finale.

"Two fifty," nodded the man.

"Thank ye, sir. Going at two fifty."

"Three!" screamed the woman.

"Four," replied the man.

"Go the fifty?" said the auctioneer, turning to the woman with a half-suppressed smile on his small sober visage.

A nod from the woman.

"Four fifty I'm offered; go me five? Come, don't be afraid, they're worth double the money."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Sold!" cried the knight of the hammer, almost bursting with laughter, "to Captain Smith, for five dollars."

"Smith!" exclaimed the woman, "what! my husband!" raising herself on tip-toe to catch a glance. "Why, you good-for-nothing man, you've been bidding against your own wife! Oh, you impudence! but I won't have them in the house!"

UNSOPHISTICATED manners have an irresistible charm, the spell of which is felt by all within their influence. In the following instance how our single-minded country girl triumphed over the conventionalities of life and drew forth applause alike from the elegant steamboat company and the rough deck hands:

We were not long since amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board of the steamer——at the little town of Mount Vernon. They had evidently never been a thousand miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unconcerned with regard to the many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of the opposite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness. At dinner, our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces, and with her fork, reached over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beefsteak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned round to her, and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table, "Sal, dip into the gravy; dad pays as much as any on 'em!" This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper; and when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the glory of the Hoosier State.

It is highly necessary in giving directions to green hands to make yourself perfectly understood, for where there is a possibility of misconstruction green ones will be sure to find it out:

"William," said a carpenter to his apprentice, "I'm going away to-day, and I want you to grind all the tools."

"Yes, sir."

The carpenter came home at night.

"William have you ground all the tools sharp?"

"All but the handsaw," said Bill; "I couldn't get quite all the gaps out of that."

ALMOST every one has some way by which he gauges the respectability of his neighbor. We doubt, however, if any two parties will come to the same conclusion when such a question is under discussion. It takes the negro philosophers to settle these knotty points. They take the men and apply the gauge direct and settle the matter beyond dispute:

"Cato, does you know dem Johnsinings up dar in Congo place is going to be berry 'spectable folks?"

"Wall, Scipio, I tought dey war getting along berry well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is."

"How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?"

"Wall, guess about tree thousand dollars."

"More 'spectable dan dat."

"Wall, how 'spectable is dey?"

"Why, five thousand dollars an' a house an' lot."

"Whey! good-bye, Cato, I must give 'em a call."

A MAN may sometimes be too sharp and get himself into trouble by reason of the same. We have not often to record any act of extra vigilance on the part of our officials, and when it is our lot to do so, it generally turns out to be some egregious blunder that they have blindly rushed into:

Not a bad joke is told of one of the New York night inspectors. It happened a few evenings since, shortly after the wharf watch was set, that a plain-looking countryman was seen to leave a brig lying at Pier No. 6, with a suspicious-looking bundle in his hands. It was a large package and a heavy one, and the stranger tugged along slowly up the pier with it, and turned the corner sweating under his load.

"Aha! my fine fellow," ejaculated the lynx-eyed inspector—a sharp-set official by the way—"aha! I've got you this time!" and approaching the countryman, he said:

"Good evening. Let me relieve you of that load, my friend."

"Eh?" responded the man, uneasily.

"I'll take that bundle, if you please."

"Thank you."

"It's heavy, isn't it?" said the officer.

"Yaas. Which way you goin', nabur?"

"Come along—it's all right; I'll take care of this—come on!"

"Edsactly—much obliged. It's tarnal heavy, an' I've got to git it up to the Howard House."

"Come along," continued the officer, knowingly; "we'll see about that!" and in a few minutes they reached the Howard; when the stranger observed that the inspector had no idea of halting.

"Hallo! which way, friend? I'm stopping here," said the countryman.

"It's no matter. I've seized this property, and you can explain matters at the Custom-House to-morrow," continued the shrewd inspector.

"Luk here, friend. Not tew fast, if yew please. I've paid my dooties on that 'ere lot o' goods. Jest you look at this, neww," and he drew forth a bit of paper from his vest pocket, signed by the collector.

"Why, you scamp!" said the inspector, "this is a permit for your goods! Why didn't you show that before?"

"Why, in the first place, you didn't ask me tew; and in the next place, ef I had you'd a seen me break my back afore you'd ha' brought that bundle clear up here for me, I know!"

The inspector blew his nose, and cursing the countryman for a fool, turned down Pine street instantly, to resume his lonely round. The stranger put his parcel in the charge of the servant and grinned a ghastly grin, as the over-zealous watchman departed.

OPPORTUNITY, if it is not everything, is a great deal, and gives the advantage in one minute to a case that appeared before almost hopeless. The ready wit to use the opportunity to advantage is needed for complete success, and in the instance we relate, it was fortunately "to hand:"

Hon. Benjamin Franklin Wade and Hon. Joshua Reed Giddings, used to be constant competitors at the bar in old benighted Ashtabula, their present place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action for slander, and after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. Old Gid, as he was familiarly called, had a little smattering of Shakespeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, with much ardor:

"He that steals my purse steal trash;
But he that robs me of my good name—

—Ahem!" At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakespeare deserted him. He repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

but the Bard of Avon, as if unwilling to aid either him or his client, proved treacherous. Again he repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

Another pause. "Takes that I never had," whispered Wade as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room. Amidst the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a lame and impotent conclusion, that his client recovered six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

PLAYING upon words should be made a penal offence. If a man once gets into the insane habit of playing upon words, no one is safe from him. He becomes a pestilent nuisance, and should be put away into some safe place of keeping. For instance:

"I come for the saw, sir," said an urchin.

"What saucer?" asked the neighbor.

"Why, the saw, sir, that you borrowed," replied the urchin.

"I borrowed no saucer."

"Sure you did, sir—you borrowed our saw, sir."

"Be off, I never saw your saucer."

"But you did, sir—there's the saw, sir, now, sir."

"Oh, you want the saw! Why the thunder didn't you say so at first?"

He is a fortunate man who can triumphantly hurl back defiance at a slander and confound the machinations of his enemies. We quote an instance where a false report was set at rest peremptorily and for ever:

A clergyman was lately accused, in Lowell, of violently dragging his wife from revival meeting and compelling her to go home with him. He replied as follows: In the first place—I never have attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor a choice of a meeting. Secondly—my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place—I have not attended even one of these meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—Neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to attend these meetings. Finally—I never had a wife.

You cannot kill a bore by delicate hints or even broad innuendoes. A direct and merciless thrust is the only way to reach his vital part. We commend the following to the notice of the borer and the bored:

Talleyrand was one of the most adroit and ready men that ever lived. A man of the world, after having run through the gaieties of life, solaced the autumn of his existence by writing a book. This book he presented to Prince Talleyrand, and nothing could exceed his anxiety to obtain the opinion of that admirable judge. He called repeatedly on the sly diplomatist, who, as we know, not only thought "that language was made to conceal one's thoughts," but "that a man was a fool who published a book, because everybody knew the extent of his information." Talleyrand, who had only glanced at the book of our hero, avoided its author; but such was his perseverance, that at last he was admitted into his cabinet.

"Ah!" exclaimed the new votary of literature, "I am delighted

to see my book honored with a place in your study, and the leaves cut!"

"Your book," said Talleyrand, in his peculiar, emphatic manner, "your book contains both new things and good things." My reputation is made as a writer, thought the overjoyed author.

"Yes, it is so, indeed," added the prince; "but you must confess that the new things are not good, and the good things are not new."

We enjoy eloquence, genuine eloquence, whenever we meet with it, and in the spirit of earnest admiration we subjoin a few specimens of powerful "talk," for the delectation of our readers:

PENNSYLVANIA LAWYER—"Your honor sits high upon the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar, while the eternal streams of justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."

NEW JERSEY LAWYER—"Your honors do not sit here like marble statues to be wafted about by every idle breeze."

ARKANSAS LAWYER—"The important crisis which were about to have arriv, have arroveen."

WISCONSIN LAWYER—"The court will please to observe that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has Roamed with old Romulus, Soaked with old Socrates, Ripped with old Euripides, and Canted with old Cantharides; but what, your honor, what does he know about the laws of Wisconsin?"

MOTHER wit often supplies, after a fashion, the place of education. The following style of assorting the mail is too original not to be kept on record:

There is a new town in the North-west called Barton (contraction of Beartown). At this point a post-office has been established; the route extends some distance beyond, and there are several offices further on. Soon after the establishment of the office at Barton, the postmasters beyond began to be troubled by a strange irregularity in the mails. This week one thing would be missing, the next week some other package would be *non est*, and quite often letters for Barton would have to be sent back; this state of affairs became unendurable, and agent Hall was sent on to investigate the matter. He went straight to Beartown, where he found the post-office in the back room of a little grocery. It was about time for the mail to arrive; he took a seat in the grocery, where a plump and good-natured woman, well in years and possessed of a "rich brogue," attended behind the counter, dealing out small quantities of beer, cheese, cakes, peanuts, &c., to a company of loungers who seemed to wait for some event.

Hall bought a quantity of peanuts and treated the crowd to beer, by which means he succeeded in removing all suspicions which his decent garb had created against him. Soon the stage drove up and the mail-bag was thrown out; the lady picked it up and retreated to the back room, followed by the crowd, including Hall, who blocked up the door.

After opening the bag and turning the contents on the floor, the postmistress produced a box and deliberately proceeded to measure out a peck of miscellaneous matter from the pile on the floor. Having done this, she commenced returning the rest, when Hall found his tongue:

"Why, what are you doing there?" he contrived to stammer out.

"Indade," said the postmistress, looking up, "it's changing the mail that I am."

"How do you know that you get the right matter? Why don't you look it over and select your own?"

"Faith an' it is a fool's joy you be after havin' me do," replied her ladyship. "I can't rade niver a bit of ritin', and when my son Jim—he's had school larnin'—is not here, I just misure out our share."

THERE is an individual named John Phoenix, who always sees things in a curious light; for instance, he saw a little rascal in the cars, playing the accordeon, and describes the scene thus:

John Phoenix recently saw, on board a railroad train, a boy with an accordeon. Of this John thus speaks:

"It was after eleven o'clock; the train had passed New Brunswick and the passengers were trying to sleep (ha! ha!) when the boy entered. He was a seedy youth, with a singularly dirty face, a gray jacket of the ventilating order, and a short but very broad pair of corduroys. He wore an enormous bag or haversack about his neck, and held in his hand that most infernal, detestable instrument, the accordeon. I despise that instrument of music. They pull the music out of it, and it comes forth struggling and reluctant, like a cat drawn by the tail from an ash-hole, or a squirrel pulled shrieking from a hollow log with a ramrod. The unprincipled boy commenced pulling at this thing and horrified us with the most awful version of 'Old Dog Tray' that I ever listened to. Then he walked round the car and collected forty-two cents. Then he went to the centre of the car and standing close to the stove, which was red hot—the night being cold—he essayed to pull out 'Pop goes the Weazel,' when suddenly pop went the boy; he dropped the accordeon, burst into tears, and clapping his hands behind him, executed a frantic dance, accompanied by yells of the most agonizing character. I saw it all, and felt grateful to a retributive Providence. He had stood too near the stove, and his corduroys were in a blaze; a few inches below the terminus of the gray jacket was the seat of his woe. After he got on fire the conductor got him out, and a sweet and ineffable calm came over me. I realized that 'whatever is, is right,' and fell into a deep and happy sleep."

INDEPENDENCE, when thoroughly carried out, becomes sublime. We think the following is decidedly so:

The editor of a C— paper owes a bank about a thousand dollars, for which they hold his note. The defaulting wag announces it thus in his paper: "There is a large and rare collection of the autographs of distinguished individuals deposited for safe keeping in the cabinet of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, each accompanied with a 'note' in the handwriting of the autographist. We learn that they have cost the bank a great deal of money. *They paid over a thousand dollars for ours.* We hope great care is taken to preserve these *capital and interest-ing* relics, as should they be lost, we doubt whether they could be easily *collected* again. Should the bank, however, be so unfortunate as to lose ours, we'll let them have another at half price, in consequence of the *very hard times.*"

Some people have queer ideas of sense and propriety. They call the heroine of the following anecdote "a sensible girl." We should like to know how the story proves her to be so:

At a late ball in Baltimore, a gentleman (one of the codfish aristocracy) having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to please him very much, he wished to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

"Why, no, sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged on tomorrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me."

"I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain.

"Well, on Saturday," resumed the lady, "you can see me at Marsh Market, selling cabbage."

In an earlier paragraph we have expressed our opinion of men who have the habit of playing upon words, or punning. It gives us pleasure to record the punishment of one of these would-be funny monsters:

A gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private mad-house, met one of its poor inhabitants, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed,

"Who are you, sir?"

The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied,

"I am a double man; I am Man by name, and a man by nature."

"Are you so?" rejoined the other; "why, I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two."

So he knocked down poor Man, and ran away.

We record the opinion of a candid judge, who is decidedly averse to punishing men for doing what he, the judge, often did himself. He was a conscientious man:

In Virginia, the other day, a judge, in charging the grand jury, very coolly informed the gentlemen, that as for indicting anybody for passing notes of a less denomination than one dollar (which is illegal in that State), it is all nonsense. "Pretty much everybody does it," said he, "I am free to confess, I do it myself!" This is about equal to the Hoosier judge, who acquitted a rogue of petty larceny, because the liquor in that region was "bad enough to make any man steal, and under its influence the court itself had on one occasion stolen the landlord's spoons!"

PHONOGRAPHY is a useful and admirable art, but with every care, it is liable, in some hands, to fall into humorous mistakes and jumble up matters most terribly:

Not long since, a member of Congress made a speech, quoting Latin, "*Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, est sed major veritas*" (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is more my friend). This appeared next day in the report as follows: "I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas."

EVEN the most self-collected men will sometimes be disconcerted by a mere trifle, as was Lablache, a man used all his life to mix with and move among the dignitaries of the world. Even he was caught unprepared once:

When at Naples, Lablache was sent for to the palace, entered the waiting-room, and prior to being called into the presence of the king, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman-in-waiting crying out, "His majesty commands the presence of Signor Lablache." In his eagerness to obey the royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and snatching up another, thus entered the king's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself and respectfully asked his majesty what had excited his hilarity.

"My dear Lablache," replied the king, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own, that on your head or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution, in case you should leave one behind you?"

"Ah! the deuce!" replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his error, "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head."

We learn from good authority that a little urchin in the Sunday-School at N—, was asked, a few Sundays ago, this question:

"What did our Saviour say when he knew that Judas betrayed him?"

The urchin scratched his head a few moments, and then gravely answered,

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!"

THE subjoined is about one of the wittiest retorts on record:

Dr. Bushby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature, with,

"May I pass to my seat, O giant!"

When the doctor, politely making way, replied,

"Pass, O pigmy!"

"Oh, sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect."

"And my expression, sir," said the doctor, "to the size of yours."

A WELL-KNOWN comedian, returning from a European tour, was hailed on board the Baltic by a hackman, who insisted on carrying him and his luggage to a hotel, at the same time giving him a no very gentle slap on the back. The result of this impertinence we shall see:

Our Yankee actor being knocked quite out of his reverie, and nearly out of all the breath in his body, by this courteous salutation, stood for a moment speechless; and the coachee, scanning his costume and the cut of his whiskers, evidently began to think he was a Frenchman. Owens perceived this, and immediately determined to humor the idea and have some fun out of it.

"Carriazhe! Vat ees ze carriazhe?"

"Why, the coach—horses, wheels—things that go round, round, so! G'sting! Crack! Take you to hotel!" said the other, gesticulating all the while, and describing, pantomimically, the motion of a carriage, the driving of the horses, and so on.

"Aha! Oho! Oui! Oui! To ze hotel! Tres bien! You sal make me come to ze hotel Metropolitant, eh? You know where is ze Metropolitant?"

"The Metropoliten? Of course! Take you there in a jiffy! Show your baggage! Come along, mounseer!"

"Oui, oui! zat all ver good. But how mosh, for take moimme et mon bagazhe to ze Metropolitant?"

"Three dollars! That's all!"

"Tree dollare! Mon Dieu! Zat is too moch for ze lectle vays to ze hotel!"

"A little ways! My eyes! Why, do you happen to know, monseer, about how fur it is—say?" "Why," continued coachee, rising in excitement, as he proceeded with his pantomimic description of the perils to be encountered in a journey from Canal street to the Metropolitan hotel, "there ain't no less than three bridges to cross, and every so much toll to pay before you get there!"

"Vat zit you call ze bridzhe and ze toll, eh?" interrupted John.

"The bridge? Why (gesticulating) high up, so! Water running under, so! Cross over! Stop! Pay money every time!"

"I tell you what it is, coachee," says the wag, resuming his natural voice, "I'll give you fifty cents!"

The scamp was dumfounded for a second, but seeing he was "sold," and that if he rode rusty he would find himself in an awkward fix, putting his hand to his mouth, and whispering confidentially to Jack, he said, with a wink that spoke volumes:

"Call it seventy-five cents, and say nothing, you know, about the bridges!"

A GIRL who could make so clever an excuse as the one we quote below, ought to have had better opportunities for educating herself. She was a smart girl:

A servant girl, who has for several years past attended divine service at — church, but who cannot read, has, from constant attendance, got the service by rote and has been observed to repeat it extremely well. A few Sundays ago, previous to her marriage, she was accompanied in the same pew by her sweetheart, to whom she did not like it to be known that she could not read; she therefore took up the prayer-book and held it before her. Her lover wished to have a sight of it also; but, unfortunately for the poor girl, she held it upside down. The young man, astonished at this, exclaimed,

"Why, Mary Anne, you have the book the wrongside upwards."

"I know it," said she confusedly, "I always read so; I am left-handed!"

A DIFFERENT kind of smartness was evidenced by a young lady who had had every opportunity for brightening her intellect, but her reply savored somewhat of impertinence:

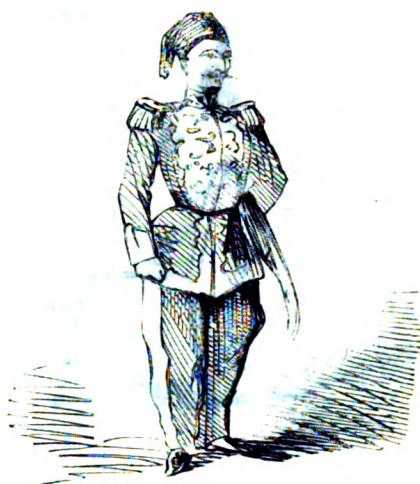
A celebrated young poet was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing her kiss her favorite poodle, he advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much charity for him as she had shown the dog.

"Sir," said the belle, "I never kissed my dog when he was a puppy."

ROMANCE AND REALITY.



THE TURK OF IMAGINATION.



THE REAL TURK.



THE INDIAN OF IMAGINATION.



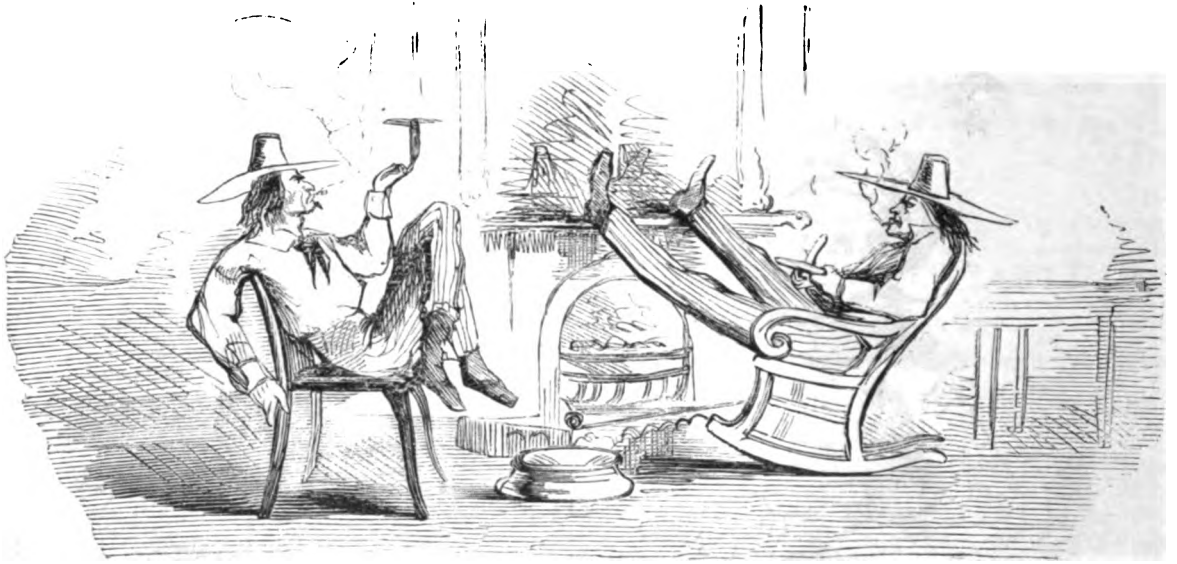
THE REAL INDIAN



THE IDEAL SCOTSMAN.



THE REAL SCOTSMAN.



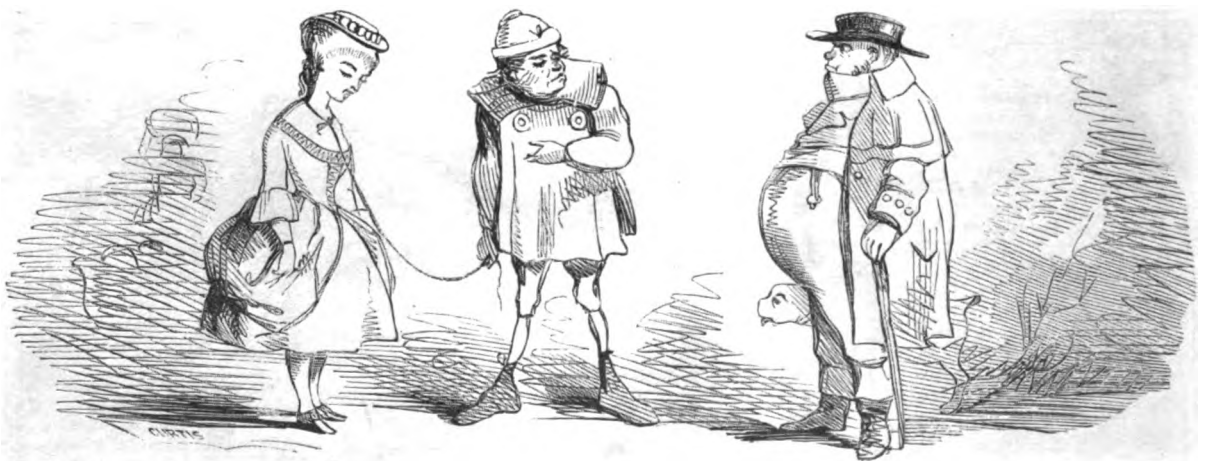
AMERICAN CITIZENS AS DRAWN BY THE ENGLISH



BRITISH NOBLEMAN AS DRAWN BY THE FRENCH



FRENCHMAN AS HE USED TO BE DRAWN BY THE ENGLISH.



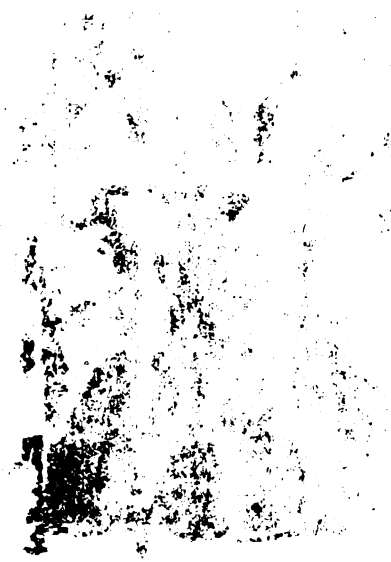
THE BRITISH NOBLEMAN BUYING A WIFE IN SMITHFIELD, AS SUPPOSED BY THE FRENCH.



FASHION'S FOR AUGUST.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858

184





ZINE 1858



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR AUGUST.



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HEAD-DRESSES. PAGE 190.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

WHAT a heading for August, when all the world are revelling in natural enchantments, and care no more for Broadway stores and dry goods palaces than they do for the state of the weather in the moon. In fact, said dry goods palaces are, at this present writing, anything but attractive to persons of refined and fastidious tastes. The handsome, gentlemanly, scented and perfumed proprietors, who bow so exquisitely and gently press the tips of delicate kid gloves with an expression at once tender and graceful, are all off to the "springs" or "lakes," sporting diamond rings and gold eyeglasses, or waltzing in the most fascinating manner with the belle to whom they sold the elegant robe, in which they assure her she looks so charming.

Even the pale, decidedly good-looking clerks, with dark dreamy eyes, whom we used to like to flirt with occasionally, have obtained leave of absence, and putting two shirts into a thin portmanteau, have started off to lord it for a brief hour over colored waiters with remarkably white aprons; suck, or rather "imbibe" their sherry cobbler with the air of a practised hand; and speak with a *nonchalant* manner of some dashing metropolitan miss, to whom they have perhaps sometime sold a pocket handkerchief, as a "devilish fine girl," with whom "I used to be very intimate."

After all, a watering-place is the great leveller of all human distinctions. There all who are able to command a few dollars may, for a brief period, bravely shine out with the best, share the same pleasures, breathe the same atmosphere, eat the same food, and more than all, become a party to their likes and dislikes, thus sharing in those great fraternizers—the emotions.

But we were speaking of New York and its dry goods stores, a natural but not pleasant transition from the broad piazzas and "Congress" halls of our great rural hotels, especially as enveloped in the hot dusty atmosphere of a bright August day. Of course the clerks, poor fellows, those who are left, don't feel in the most amiable mood in the world, and divide their time between soda water and groaning intensely over the hardness of their fate. The hot pavement seems to fairly blaze before their excited imaginations; the "hall bed-room" uptown left to the care of a slovenly Irish girl, whose mistress is in the "country," seems to grow darker and darker and more contracted than ever; and the unhappy occupant thinks if he could only get "one cool sleep" within sound of the rushing waves he could die contented.

But besides the difficulty of finding an attractive establishment in which to purchase, there is also a difficulty in finding anything to buy, the beautiful tissues, the pretty lawns, the delicate organdies, the sweetest of the zephyr-like grenadines are now gracefully draping the rustic seat in some lovely pleasure grounds, taking a delightful drive along the banks of some old river, or floating to the sounds of several improvised fiddles in the voluptuous movements of the waltz, or the more dignified courtesies of the Lancers. Everything that is good for anything has been long ago selected and added to the yearly bill, until nothing is left but a few odds and ends, advertised as selling for nothing, and ought to bring a handsome profit at that. In fine, the entire aspect of affairs shows that

NEW YORK IS OUT OF TOWN.

Fifth avenue and Madison square are deserted, the roses and woodbine climb over the iron railings in neglected luxuriance, the shutters are closed tight, the chandeliers and superb suits of rosewood enveloped in a solemn Quaker costume of brown linen, and only taken off for the edification of a few special friends or Mary the cook, or John the footman, who embrace the opportunity when "master" leaves town on Saturday night to indulge in a little merry-making on their own account. In the meantime the owners of all this luxury are inhaling the cool breeze from the seashore at Newport, plunging into the surf of Long Branch, enjoying the delights of a flirtation at Saratoga, or drinking in the rich mountain air of the Catskills or Virginia. It is almost a literal truth that everybody has left town this season, there never was such a universal exodus, and in spite of the newly awakened passion for pure milk and farm-houses, the summer hotels and watering-places are filled to overflowing.

The truth is, that although we may pick up a stray sentiment for rural simplicity, yet the natural tendency is towards a more cultivated and fastidious refinement. As a nation we have been all through the phase of a stern and absolute severity of economy, which has doubtless done much in the infancy of the republic to develop the wealth and resources of its later existence; but although a restriction to calico dresses or homespun wool was well enough in its time, yet it would be an absurd stretch of prudence to confine ourselves within the limits now, which at the time were prescribed by a dire necessity.

Were we to act in accordance with the groanings of some persons, who at the same time neither mean what they say or act upon it, we should all wear one dress of tow cloth, without regard to its purity for a whole year. There would be an end to progress in art or beauty; the refinement of the senses would be considered an act of supererogation; the desire for anything beyond what sufficed to protect from cold, hunger and nakedness, in a state of savagism, be considered entirely superfluous; and finally, we should sink into the position of mere brutes, with nothing but instinct to guide us.

PROGRESS IN LUXURY.

It is however, a beautiful law, which acts independent of the croakings of unhappy or diseased persons, that the natural progress of nations, as of individuals, is towards a higher refinement, a more perfect civilization, developing itself in all sorts of forms of luxury, and opening every avenue of the kind to an intense appreciation of the resources which it is capable of developing. Thus, all the raw material of which our beautiful cloths and fabrics are composed, is provided in abundant quantities, and all the time, labor and skill used in producing its present forms, be either employed in this manner or thrown away.

It is a wonder, in going back to first principles, that the advocates of a primitive style of dress don't at once descend to the fig-leaves! What is the use of wearing silk when a common delaine will do, or a delaine when a calico will do, or a calico when tow cloth is so much cheaper and more durable, or a tow cloth even when leaves grow for nothing and can be changed as often as you please?

But this we are happy to say is not the natural order of events; we commence with fig-leaves, and step along up until we reach the costly refinements of civilized existence. Linen fabrics of exquisite texture, fleecy folds of finest lace, rich satins, silks and velvets, enriched with the dazzling gems which have been waiting for centuries to be disinterred—these combine; the sumptuous wardrobes of those of earth's fair daughters who, by their own industry or the acquisition of wealth earned by another, can obtain them.

There are necessarily no limits to this display, except the means and inclination of the individuals concerned, and so long as it wrongs no one, but assists in the development of art, and furnishes agreeable and lucrative employment for thousands of needy persons, as well as much superfluous capital, what is the object in complaining?

The luxurious and graceful appliances of a refined social life do a greater good than adding to the personal ease and comfort of those more immediately interested. They are read and talked of, their influence is felt, and they become objects of ambition to those who do not yet possess them. Perhaps some will say that they are unworthy objects of ambition, but it must be remembered that the aims of the masses seldom diverge from self, and that it is better for their aspirations to lead them to the dominions of the beautiful than to that which is disgusting and brutal. Rightly applied, the unheeded voices of music and painting, of beautiful statuary, of a gorgeous array of flowers, and even the harmonious arrangement of a well-ordered toilette, may be productive of the most extraordinary effects, especially were we so well aware of the laws which govern mental life as to be able to use causes to produce certain results.

The art of dress, for instance, will doubtless yet be considered one of the sciences, it being capable of expressing every degree of human passion or emotion as well as music, and with as much force and accuracy. Therefore we are glad to see the increased decorum and etiquette observed in the construction of toilettes; the elaboration of costumes as at Saratoga and Newport, for different parts of the day. The perfect keeping of the fine plain

hose, the delicate slipper of kid, the pretty under-skirt, the fresh and charming robe of lawn or muslin, and the simple arrangement of the glossy hair, seems the natural expression of that *abandon* which characterises the instinct or inspiration of the morning. The full dress proper for dinner and evening costume, on the contrary, is accompanied by the costliest gems, the finest embroideries, the richest of lace, shoes of satin ornamented with blonde, flowers and brilliants, hose worked with the needle of Titania, and capable of being drawn through her wedding ring. Elaborate head-dresses and carefully arranged hair also add their quota to the general effect which is in the highest degree stately and imposing.

By and by dress will not only be adapted to certain occasions, but to the expression of certain emotions, the character of which may be read by the acute observer with unerring judgment. Up to this time the direction of our toilettes has generally been left to chance or a special providence. They have been selected and worn hap-hazard, without any reference to peculiarity of person or position. Whatever was said to be the fashion received the unanimous allegiance of old and young, stout and thin, tall or short.

Another fault is a habit of overdressing, or attiring in a way not suitable to the occasion. It used to be a subject of remark with travellers that American ladies knew not how to dress on a journey. Frequently their most expensive silks, their hand-somest shawls, the gayest bonnets, and all the jewellery they could muster would be brought into requisition. The more generally correct idea of taste would not permit this now, but many foolish persons still load themselves with finery at every possible opportunity, whether the circumstances demand it or not. A bathing-dress, for instance, which ought to be perfectly simple and capable of easy and ready adjustment, is sometimes transformed into a ridiculously elaborate toilette, which we are astonished the water is not afraid to touch. Under the proper heads our lady readers will find descriptions of sensible and modest bathing-dresses, which they will do well to take as models.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

THE passion for lace seems to be increasing rather than diminishing, and it forms an important adjunct to every toilette. The lace cloaks introduced this season are now imported lined with violet or malachite green silk, the hood with rich tassels being invariably attached. Black lace points are also lined in this manner, terminating in two flounces. White, blue and green are the colors in extraordinary favor this season. White dresses especially are universal in every form of material. Instead of the rosettes and streamers of ribbon and velvet, small lace caps and blonde lappets are introduced for morning coiffure, mingled with natural flowers. For evening toilette, flowers or feathers and jewels are most in vogue.

The *coque de plume* is greatly in demand for trimming straw chip or willow bonnets. One we have seen surmounted by a superb Scotch thistle in chenille, with green velvet leaves. Odd and striking contrasts seem to be the rage at present.

Several dresses made up for dinner dresses within the last few days have been greatly admired. One is composed of mauve color silk, figured with bouquets of rosebuds. The skirt is ornamented with perpendicular rows of trimming, formed of pinked ruches of silk, one row being placed on each of the seams. The corsage, which has no basque, is trimmed with bretelles composed of two ruches. The sleeves are not full, but rather close to the arm, and consist of small puffings. Another very pretty dress is composed of malachite green silk, and is made with two skirts. The upper one is edged with a ruche and the corsage is ornamented with a fichu in silk, trimmed with a narrow ruche.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

THESE present few novelties, and differ but little from the models offered in July, except that every variety of light and cool material is now brought into requisition, and the toilettes

arranged so as to produce the utmost grace and delicacy of effect. The striking variety and brilliance of color, and the exquisiteness of texture greatly enhance the perfection of the *tout ensemble*. Fashion is of course out of town now, so that it is not in the metropolis that we look for the latest caprice of the fair goddess. Instead of being surrounded by glitter and gaslight she is inhaling the breeze of the mountains, the perfume of a thousand real flowers, or dancing to the music of the wave upon the sea-shore. In these regions fancy is permitted to expand itself, imagination is no longer confined to the metropolitan and conventional idea of propriety; costumes become picturesque and infinitely more becoming, and we obtain a slight taste of the freedom which is incompatible with the exigencies of city fashionable life.

In no part of the wardrobe is this so much observed as in the bonnet; the small and useless styles we have submitted to for so long, utterly inefficient and affording no protection to the frontal portion of the head and face, are here replaced by the large light, flat or English round hat, both graceful and fulfilling all the purpose of a covering for the head. Some very pretty ones, which would scarcely balance a feather in weight, consist of lace straw made of hair or pineapple fibre. They are charming lined with white or colored marcelline and edged with a fall of white or black lace.

Marie Stuart bonnets of white crape or *lisse* are very *distingué*, ornamented only with a fall of very fine guipure lace, thrown back from the front and extending over the curtain. In Paris black ribbon is associated with blue, green or groseille in the decoration of rice, straw, chip or Leghorn bonnets.

Mantelets for this month are light and very fanciful. Those of white India muslin are very much in vogue, finished with embroidered bands or flouncings, and puffings with ribbons run through; others have puffings edged with lace and decorated with little knots of colored ribbons. Some are in the form of a jacket with wide open sleeves, rounded up, and fastened with bows of ribbon, green or lilac. Very light ones for the sea-shore are made of a pineapple fabric, impervious to dampness, of great purity of color and exceeding fineness. These are many of them very delicately embroidered, and may be trimmed to suit the fancy. Black lace points for this month are lined with bright colored, green, blue or lilac marcelline, terminating in one or two deep flounces. The new pusher lace is the favorite.

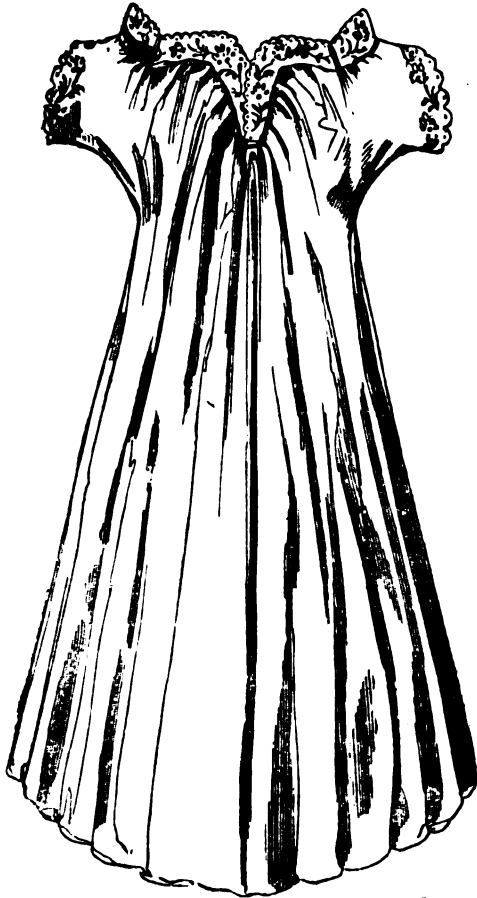
A pretty morning dress is of buff nankin, ornamented with white galloon and pendant soft white balls. It is made without basques, the high plain body trimmed in the military fashion across the front, plain flowing sleeves, the galloon and buttons forming a pyramid which extends up the front part nearly to the top. The same trimming forms side bands upon the skirt, designed in inverted points. We have seen another pretty morning, very plain, simple and rustic. It consisted of white fine brillante, with a bordering of pale green cambric. The body was a basque, the sleeves rather full at the top, flowing, and surmounted by a small round cap.

An evening costume is composed of China blue glacé, with double skirt, ornamented with a *passementerie*, composed of various shades of blue silk mingled with gold and silver. This trimming is slightly raised at each side and fastened by a bow of *passementerie* and tassels. The corsage is the Raphael, that is to say, shaped high at the shoulders and square across the front. Short wide sleeves rounded up and open to the shoulders, ornamented as the corsage is also with *passementerie* and tassels. Undersleeves and chemisette of rich Brussels lace. Head-dress, blonde lappets and flowers.

Another of white glacé had five flounces, ornamented with a border composed of fine white chenille and blonde, studded with daisies and moss rosebuds. This trimming is quite new, and exquisite in its effect.

A pretty seaside dress for a little girl is of very fine gray summer silk poplin, with two skirts, trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet, edged with gray fringe; sleeves and low plain body trimmed to match.

A LADY describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."



CHEMISE.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

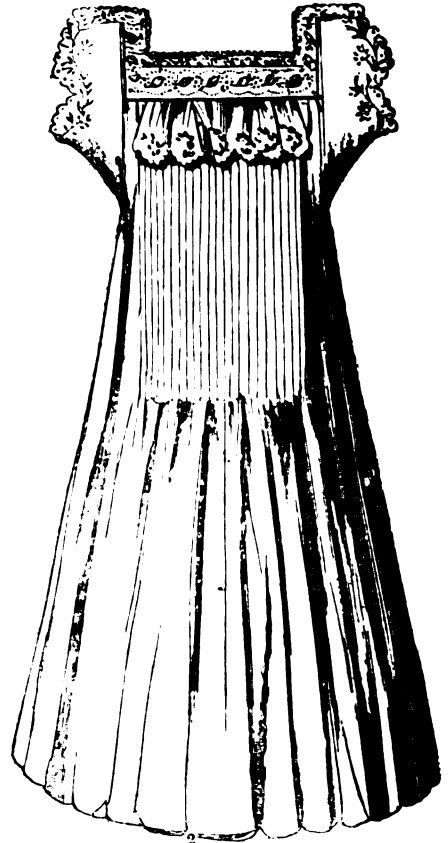
HEAD-DRESSES. PAGE 177.

No. 1. Morning coiffure of Honiton guipure, ornamented with flat bows and ends of black velvet, with rose on one side and drooping tendrils on the other; a branch of scarlet geranium is half concealed in moss and green leaves.

No. 2. Cap of puffed spotted tulle, ornamented with black ruche, lilac ribbon and field grass; on the side there is a rosette of tulle, in the centre of which is a ribbon rosette with ends. Lappets of tulle bordered with puffing of tulle on each side.

No. 3. Ruche coiffure, composed of fine ruches on net, with narrow black velvet run through the centre, the design being in the form of leaves, with the points towards the forehead. A border of ruches round the leaves show a space in the centre which is filled up with leaves of green crape. Bows of lilac ribbon, with narrow velvet run on the edge, and long ends form the under part of the coiffure.

No. 4. Large rosette composed of tulle ruches, sprigged with small green enamelled beetles. A double ruched bandeau, with bows and floating ends of green malachite velvet and broad white ribbon.



CHEMISE.

No. 5. Charming head-dress of flowers and grasses, surrounded with blonde, and finished with floating ends of white ribbon with a checkered edge.

No. 6. Swiss cap of dotted muslin, ornamented with black lace and narrow blue ribbon, barred with black and white. The headpiece is surrounded with two frills of the muslin, headed by a band of ribbon, and between these ends of ribbon, of an irregular length, float at intervals, some descending low upon the shoulder.

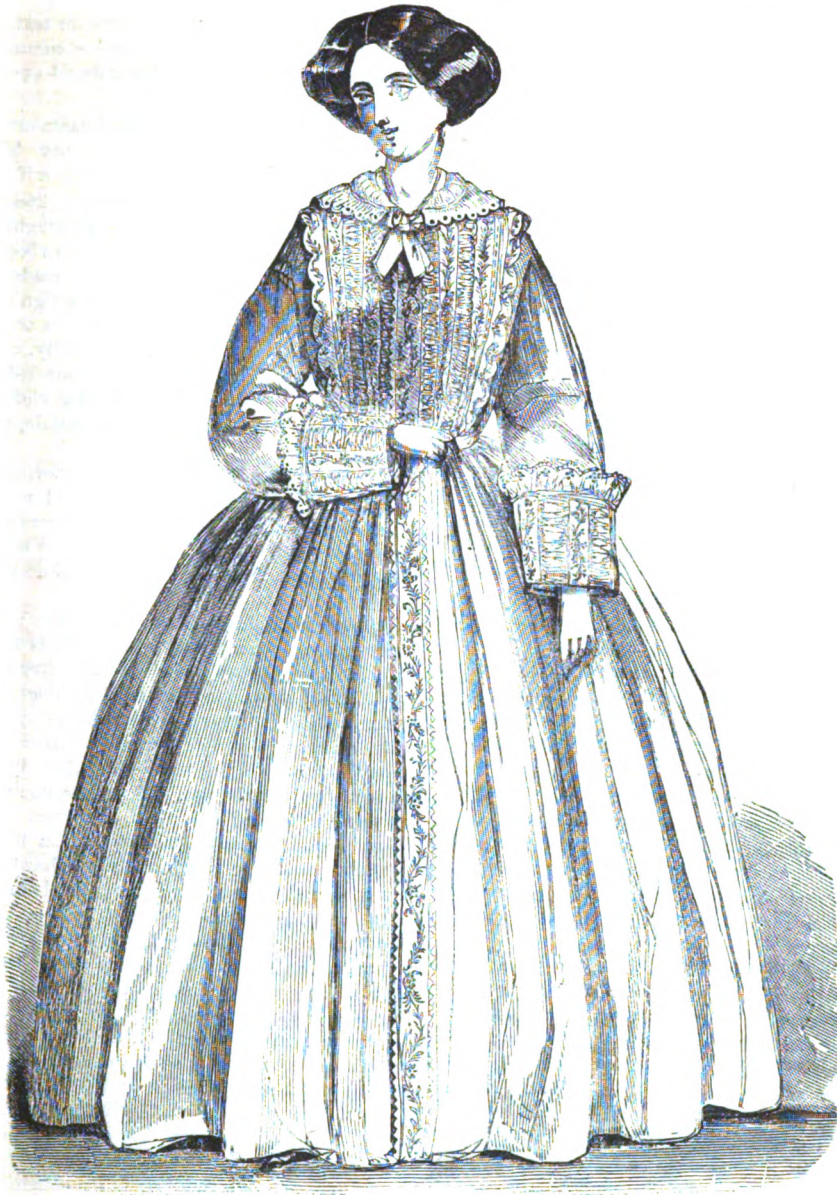
CHEMISE.

No. 1. This is a very pretty fitting chemise, particularly adapted to the short sleeve and low corsage of evening and ball costumes. The richly embroidered yoke curves over the breast, descending in front, and forming a sort of chemisette. The sleeves are cut in with the body, rounded up towards the shoulder, and embroidered to match the yoke. The material is the finest linen cambric.

No. 2. This is still more elaborate, and is called the "Pompador." The sleeves of this open on the shoulder, and are set into the body. The yoke is simply a broad band of rich insertion placed square across the front and back, and joined on the shoulder by an embroidered band, which forms the upper part of the sleeve. Down the front are stitched twenty-four small tucks surrounded by a deep embroidered band, the edge of which is concealed beneath the insertion.



BATHING DRESS PAGE 181.



ROBE DE NUIT.

BATHING-DRESS. PAGE 180.

This illustrated model of a bathing-dress is one of the most simple, and at the same time one of the most convenient and becoming in the world. It is made of any dark thick material, and consists of a tunic and trowsers gathered into a narrow band, which buttons round the ankle. The tunic is confined by a belt at the waist, gathered into a yoke and buttoned in front. It is completed by a narrow band at the throat. Straight sleeves slightly full, and also gathered into a band at the wrist.

ROBE DE NUIT.

Night robe of fine cambric, adorned with embroidery, alternating with narrow puffings of cambric. The entire front of the body is elegantly worked in this manner, a row of insertion extending down the front of the skirt. The sleeves are slightly gathered at the top, and are loose across at the wrist, to readily go over the hand; deep cuffs are turned back, consisting of alternate bands of insertions and cambric puffing. A small collar at the throat is finished with bow and ends of cambric.

CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 184.

A charming dress of transparent India muslin, with a deep border of puffings and insertions round the bottom of the skirt, terminating each side of the front in a superb apron of the same elaborate workmanship; this extends upon the waist, and is bordered on each side with needlework bands. The little

sleeves are ornamented with bow and ends of blue ribbon mixed with black velvet.

POLKA CAPE. PAGE 184.

Consisting of tulle and lace bouillonnée, and studded with roses and buds, and ornamented with black velvet bows and ends. The shape is peculiar, consisting of a pelerine with a chemisette inserted in front and a polka skirt, which is generally worn over a light summer silk skirt, and forms a pretty demi-toilette.

SURPLICE BASQUE. PAGE 184.

We present an illustration of a breakfast basque very much admired, and greatly in vogue for matinée toilette at the chateaux and country residences near Paris. The material is of the finest Victoria lawn and delicate French needlework. The basque consists wholly of puffings of lawn, edged with embroidery laid lengthwise, and surrounded by a border which is composed of a puffing and two bands of needlework with a fine scalloped edge. The sleeves are almost straight, becoming slightly flowing at the wrist. Flat bows of cherry-colored ribbon without ends form the garniture, excepting in front of the waist, where ends are added.

FANS. PAGE 188.

No. 1. We are happy to offer to our lady readers an illustration of a new style of fan which has been very much admired.

The lower part is of sandal wood beautifully carved in a delicate vine pattern. The upper part consists of moire antique cut to imitate feathers, and glittering with silver spangles. It is elegantly finished with cord and tassel.

No. 2. Fan of papier maché in a rich arabesque design and beautifully inlaid. The upper part shows four sides, one of which exhibits the most grotesque figures. A hand clasps the handle, to which is attached a handsome cord and tassel.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

CHAIR PILLOW. PAGE 185.

This is one of the most useful and luxurious articles ever invented. It is intended to be hung over the back of an easy chair, to support the head and neck; and in England and France ladies employ them much to lessen the fatigue of long railroad journeys, the cord in this case being thrown round the neck.

The covering is composed of alternate stripes of canvas work and velvet. We give a diagram of the canvas pattern with the appropriate colors. Border canvas, that is, narrow canvas, should be used if possible. The pillow is rather longer than an ordinary muff—say 21 inches, and not much more than two-thirds of the circumference. The material of which the pillow itself is made should be lined with wadding, slightly quilted in and then filled with horsehair. This mode of making up renders it very elastic. The embroidered cover is then added and the ends gathered in. A tassel should be sewed to each end, the colors corresponding with those of the embroidery. The cord, which is sewed at each end and is one half longer than the cushion, should correspond with it.

CROCHET KNITTING BAG. PAGE 192.

MATERIALS.—*Straw colored crystal twine and a rather coarse hook.*

This very pretty basket, useful for a variety of purposes, besides the one to which it is especially destined, is very simple, and easily made. Crystal twine of any color may be used, but we have selected that most nearly resembling straw, which always looks so pretty for such articles.

Make a chain of eighty stitches, and do 7 rows in ribbed crochet; that is working backwards and forwards, always taking the front part of every stitch. This makes a close stripe. For the open one work thus: 1 + c, for the first 1 ch. Put the thread three times round the needle, miss one stitch, and insert the hook in the next. Work half the stitch. Put the thread twice round the needle, miss 2, insert the needle in the third; again do half a stitch, but in the second movement of the needle work off three loops instead of two. Now finish the long stitch, as usual 2 ch; put the thread once round, and work a Dc stitch on the centre of the long stitch where you slipped off three 1 ch, miss 1 + repeat from + to the end.

Do 9 close stripes and 8 open, making a square somewhat more than an ell wide. Run the frill along the top. Work all round, 4 ch, miss 4, Dc in 5th.

2d row, 2 Dc in each stitch. 3d, the same. 4th forms the puffs of the frill. 4 ch, miss 16, sc in 17th, all round.

The handle 11 ch. Work in ribbed crochet, increasing by working three in the centre stitch of every alternate row; and missing the first stitch at the beginning of every row. This makes a strip of work, with a succession of little points. When about 10 inches are done work an edge; + 3 ch, sc on one of the little points + repeat to the end, and on the other side.

To make up the basket, draw up the ends and trim them with rosettes of ribbon to match. The basket ought to be previously lined with blue silk or satin, which should be tacked down here and there to the crochet on the inside, and invisible. The handle must be sewed on, and a knitting sheath (to hold a set of needles) placed inside.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLONDEL, Saratoga Co.—Nearly all the shades of green are becoming to a fair complexion, particularly when contrasted with

white. For a head-dress, blonde with green crape leaves and a few moss rose-buds would be pretty, or tufts of ostrich or marabout feathers, with leaves of green enamel. Curls are worn somewhat, but if it is more becoming to you to wear yours in bandeaux, do so by all means.

JULIA, Stamford.—Such an establishment has been opened in this city, and very elegantly fitted up. The perfume is fifty cents a bottle; we can procure it for you if you desire.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—There is not the slightest need to be ashamed of having expressed your pleasure by laughing at a performance in a theatre, and your cousin must have been exceedingly sensitive, more nice than wise, to have made it the subject of a rebuke. Many persons consider it a sign of high breeding to repress all natural emotion, but this is as wrong as to indulge every inclination to excess. Generally, a natural good taste will dictate the proper course to be pursued on these occasions, and if you are conscious of not having violated any rule of propriety, enjoy yourself as much as possible, and never mind your cousin.

FARMER'S WIFE, Monroe Co.—The sewing machines you mention are utterly worthless, and would result only in the disappointment of your expectations. There are some good ones at the price you mention, but the majority of the cheap machines are worse than useless. We will enclose you some circulars by mail.

Widow, Memphis.—Black silks have reduced somewhat in price, but a "general stagnation" affects this class of goods very little. If they are of a good quality, they are considered always good stock, as a change of fashions does not depreciate their value. It is running a great risk to buy an inferior article of this kind, as they will generally either cut all to pieces or prove to be old, light, unsaleable silks, dyed. India cashmere shawls, two months ago, and we presume now, could be bought at nearly one-third less than last year. One thousand dollar shawls were put down to \$650, seven hundred dollar shawls to \$500, and five hundred dollar shawls to \$350—probably next fall and winter they will again advance.

BOARDING SCHOOL.—The lesson was severe, but we must say that it was almost deserved, and should be a warning to you in future. The habit which many young ladies have of flirting with strange young men in the streets is disgraceful; waving handkerchiefs, dropping cards, &c., justifies the opinion formed by the person you mention, and the example of other girls affords no warrant for so far overstepping the proprieties of life, or violating all delicate and maidenly instincts.

GALLANTRY.—If you want some very good advice under that head, read Lola Montes' Lecture on Modern Gallantry. Be sure that a man who has visited you for a whole year without having once spoken seriously of his intentions has no serious intentions at all. He has "driven away several other gentlemen," "monopolises" your time, desires you to "correspond," visits your house when he is in town "five evenings in a week," "flatters" and "caresses" you, but has never asked you to be his wife—then be certain he never intends to. Give him right up, don't be deluded into a sentimental attachment, which will only end in time wasted, disappointment and remorse for affections unworthily bestowed. The man must be both selfish and unprincipled who could act thus, and the sooner you get rid of him the better. Assert your dignity at once. Be engaged when he calls, *not* waiting for him, go out with other gentlemen, treat him with friendly nonchalance, not with an appealing tenderness as if you were just ready to throw yourself in his arms. This will soon make the wind blow from another quarter.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING AT NEWPORT.

It is rumored that the close of the season will witness the most brilliant wedding at Newport, that has ever taken place within the exclusive ranks of our fashionable circles. The bride is the most distinguished belle of New York city—beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. The bridegroom elect is also highly favored both by nature and fortune.

FOREIGN VISITORS.

Among the distinguished foreign visitors this season are Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Cavendish, and Hon. Evelyn Ashley. All are young, handsome and rich, and undeniably belong to the highest English nobility. They arrived in New York in June, and after seeing the lions of the metropolis, announced an intention of visiting all the places of note in the country, including the watering places. This caused an intense consternation among the young ladies, any of whom would have given their ears to have been able to affix the proper dates to Nahant, Newport, Saratoga, and would have even encountered the bore of a journey to Niagara for the sake of a possible adventure. Finding that this excessive interest was likely to become a nuisance, the three young gentlemen made another announcement—to the effect that they were engaged to be married before they started from home. Since then they have been left to pursue their individual idiosyncrasies in peace.

DRESSES WORN AT THE QUEEN'S STATE BALL.

The Queen wore a dress of white silk with several skirts of blue tulle, trimmed with wreaths of lilies of the valley and narcissus, ornamented with diamonds. Her Majesty's head-dress was formed of lilies of the valley and narcissus, ornamented with diamonds to correspond.

The Queen of Portugal wore a dress of white tulle over white silk, trimmed with wreaths of red roses and green leaves. Her Majesty wore round her head a garland of roses with diamond ornaments. Her Most Faithful Majesty wore the Portuguese Order of St. Isabella, and also the insignia of a second order of knighthood.

The Duchess of Cambridge wore a dress of rich lilac silk, double skirted, with flounces of Honiton lace, and trimmed with bouillons; the stomacher was of pearls and diamonds. Her royal highness wore a diamond necklace, and the head-dress was composed of a tiara of large pearls and diamonds, with white feathers.

The Princess Mary of Cambridge wore a dress of white tulle over white silk, trimmed with bouffants, white satin ribbon and blonde, and richly ornamented with lilies of the valley; the stomacher of diamonds and emeralds. The head-dress of the princess was formed of diamond stars, lilies of the valley and diamond ornaments.

The Duchess of Manchester, Mistress of the Robes, wore a dress of white tulle illusion, with several skirts of bouillonnée, ornamented at the sides with wreaths of shaded leaves, over which a veil of embroidered tulle and velvet shamrock was fastened with bouquets of the same leaves. The corsage draped with velvet ribbon attaching a superb pearl and diamond ornament. Her grace's head-dress consisted of a tiara of diamonds and shaded leaves.

The Marchioness of Stafford, over a slip of blue silk, wore a dress of blue tulle illusion, ornamented with a silver embroidered veil, fastened at the side with a splendid bouquet of mixed flowers, composed of forget-me-nots, silver shells and water-lilies. The corsage was à la Grecque, richly ornamented with silver blonde. The head-dress worn with this exquisite costume attracted general admiration. In it the water-lily and the forget-me-not were prettily blended with the silver shells, producing a poetic effect, and calling to mind the graceful style of Alexandre Begnier's coiffures. A similar idea, though different in character, was that of the head-dress worn by the Countess of Desart, in which the predominant and novel feature, giving a Ceres-like tone to the garland, was bunches of walnuts in green and gold.

The Lady Macdonald wore, over a pink poult de soie petticoat, a double skirt of tulle de Lyon, the under one bouillonnée and flounces of rich blonde, looped up with pink and white acacia, and the upper skirt of pink tulle, with tunic of spotted blonde, elegantly ornamented with wreaths of pink and white acacias; the corsage draped and ornamented with blonde and bouquets *en suite*. The head-dress was of diamonds intertwined with acacias.

The Dowager Lady Willoughby de Broke wore a dress of rich white moire gothique, with double skirt, and tunic of fine black lace, looped at the sides and fastened with bows of amethyst and velvet ribbon; the corsage draped and trimmed to correspond. Her ladyship's head-dress was of diamonds and velvet.

The Lady Augusta Sturt wore an elegant dress of pale green poult de soie, with double skirt, and tunic of fine Brussels point lace, looped at the sides with bows of ribbon; the corsage draped, and second skirt with bouillons of tulle. Her ladyship's head-dress was of diamonds with wreath of white roses.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1. We are sure our lady readers will appreciate the charming costume here presented, and which is now received with the greatest enthusiasm as the very *ne plus ultra* of elegance in Parisian circles. The material is the finest grenadine, robed with green French gauze. The upper skirt, which is very long, has ten quilles, and the lower one is surrounded with a border six inches in depth. The body is à *Raphael*, with a rich lace chemisette, strapped across with bands of green and white ribbon, fastened with bows in the centre. The short Eugenie sleeve flows over undersleeves of puffed illusion, which extend just below the elbow in an entirely novel method, and may be finished with ribbon or a fall of lace. A flat bow without ends ornaments the top of the sleeve. Head-dress of scarlet berries and marabout feathers.

Fig. 2. Dinner dress of blue glacé, with double skirt, enriched by a superb "Pompadour" side stripe upon a white ground. The peculiar effect of these brilliant bouquets of flowers upon the delicate ground, and in contrast with the exquisite tint of the centre of the robe, is quite indescribable. The skirt, it will be seen, is much shorter than in the preceding figure, but the body is designed in precisely the same style (the *Raphael*), now so greatly in favor, and worn with such distinguished effect. The trimming is a blue and black passementerie, finished with rich tassels. The sleeves are wide and open to the shoulders, ornamented to match the waist, and worn over short undersleeves of lace, very full, and terminating in a band and narrow volant. Neckchain of gold with a diamond cross. Head-dress of lace, ribbon and pendant flowers.

THE USE OF SORROW.

A SKETCH OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt,
The lessons that we learn of woe,
May brace the mind as well as melt.

And through the mist of falling tears,
We catch the clearest glimpse of Heaven.

"WHAT do you mean," said I, "by presenting me with these bills?"

It was in the year 1788, a year before the first great French Revolution—I spoke to my valet Pierre Damorré.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "M. le Vicomte de Flaunoy," he said, "I knew not what course to pursue, your steward declares he has not funds in his possession to satisfy your lordship's creditors; and they are so importunate, that we knew of no alternative, save to present the accounts to M. le Vicomte himself."

"Confound the fellows," said I, "do they take a nobleman for a rascally bourgeois, who must pay his bills once a week. Tell the insolent rascals that the Vicomte de Flaunoy will bestow his custom on those who will wait his pleasure."

"If monsieur will condescend to remember," said my valet, "monsieur some time back determined to employ working people themselves, rather than *messieurs les marchands*, who, having capital, employ these men, and, by charging extravagant prices, while they pay the lowest for labor, can afford thereby to give long credit to noblemen like M. le Vicomte, but the poor *ouvriers* themselves have wives and families."



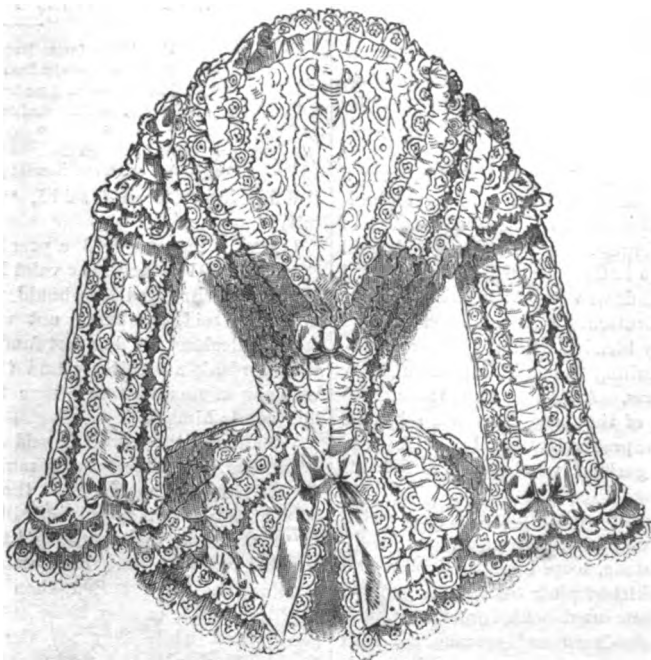
CHILD'S DRESS. PAGE 181.

"Hang their wives and families," said I, "am I to be annoyed because poor men choose to marry and have families they cannot support?"

"*Monsieur, mon maître,*" said Pierre Damorré, gravely, "the poor man has his affections implanted in his breast like other men; to indulge those affections form his only luxury. Monsieur, these men ask not the great to control their fireside attachments, but they do ask them to enable poor folks to support a home which may be a resting-place for their affection."

"Pierre Damorré," said I, "I fear you have too much philanthropy to serve me any longer—I am humble in my domestic views; I require a valet, not a Mentor. We of the aristocracy know new notions are abroad, boding insubordination and bloodshed. If you are of this order you must leave me—leave me at once—I have tried to be a kind master to you, but——"

Pierre knelt at my feet. He took my reluctant hand and kissed it. "*Mon maître,*" he said, "I regard you, you have my best affections; but to your class a terrible lesson will be read, and that ere long. Oh, save yourself from the inevitable doom which the cold and unfeeling must meet; save yourself by kind actions and just deeds. You can pay these unfortunates, who need their money; just now I took loose notes from your vest to the amount



SURPLICE BASQUE. PAGE 181.



POLKA CAPE. PAGE 181.

of 20,000 francs. These bills scarce amount to 15,000. Make them happy, these suffering ones, I implore you."

"Pooh, pooh," I said, "what am I to do for incidental expenses? Did I not promise Madame de Carigny a bouquet worth 2,000 francs, and as a gentleman and a *preux chevalier*, must I not keep my word?"

"2,000 francs," said the pertinacious Pierre, "would keep your lordship's tailor three months in splendor."

"Well then," said I, "pay these poor starvelings."

"Bless you," said Pierre; "if you saw Paul Devreux the cordelier, with his gaunt face——"

"Tell me," said I, "of no miseries, but pay them; and I must forswear the gaming-table for a month."

"Ah! If monsieur——"

"Silence," I said, and began examining the bills. "To Paul Perreux, 300 francs," "To Peyronnet Bivoux, 600 do.," "To Wilhelm Troos, 200," "To Here," said I, "is the cash; pay these miserable fellows. But hark ye—let me no more be annoyed with such petty debts. Let them apply once a month to Cordillé, the steward, and they will be paid."

"*Vive M. le Vicomte,*" said my valet, as he quitted the room. I called him a democratical rascal, and threatened that one day I would get rid of

him. But in my heart I respected him; and even stood in some awe of his censure. I was the only son of the Marquis de Flaunoy, and had nothing in the world to do but to amuse myself. I found it sometimes a hard matter, although I firmly believed that the lower classes had been expressly created for the service of the higher ones. I tenderly loved my father; I had been his pride and care from my birth. That entrance of mine into the world had cost my mother's life—hence, I was at once a source of joy and grief. I was indulged much, and being naturally of an amiable temper, passed life off as easily as I could. Nevertheless, I had little consideration for the wants of others. I seldom thought of the wants and distresses of those beneath me, and squandered a handsome allowance in gaming, giving presents to worthless coquettes, and suffering debts to accumulate which I felt it beneath me to consider. So far my life passed away and I existed at best a "vain, unquiet, glittering thing." My conversation with Pierre, indeed, caused me to feel I was unjust even in my most philanthropic views; for, insisting on giving employment to the work-people, instead of employing the shopkeepers, I made for myself two classes of powerful enemies, the bourgeois and the artisans. I promised myself, however, that I would pay my people more regularly, and soon forgot all these things; for I was just betrothed to Mdlle. Vanchienne d'Anile; and the object of my father's choice was also the adored mistress of my affections. Vanchienne had been but a few months out of her convent. She was beautiful as the morning, amiable as the simplest peasant: we were to be united in the spring of 1789.

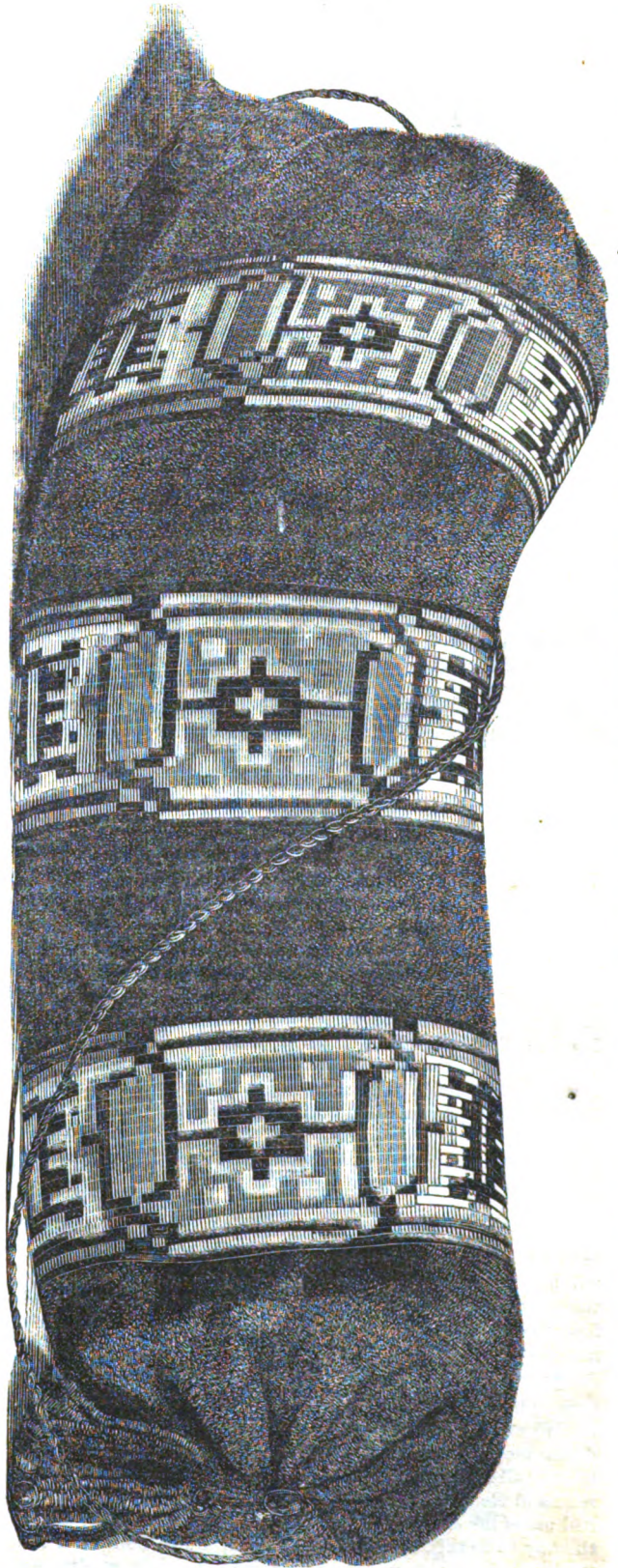
"*L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.*" My valet's forebodings were prophetic—the Revolution broke out. My father, a personal friend of Louis XVI., was marked at once. Our residence at Paris was attacked at the first onset; and my beloved parent dragged, spite of my determined resistance, to the guillotine. I, too, was taken by our ruthless enemies—among whom the fiercest were my own tradespeople—to see him die. Powerless to resist, I saw his venerated noble form quiver beneath the blow. His white head severed from his body by a stroke, and exposed to the gaze of that blaspheming multitude. It was at that moment that the worthlessness of my past existence became revealed; but I was not given much time for reflection; I was hurried to a dungeon, where I languished for months, when, by a change in the revolutionary party, I was released. My first step was to seek intelligence of my betrothed. Her family had been dispersed by the guillotine, or by proscription. She, my beloved, my pride, was living—how? The shameless mistress of the most blood-thirsty of the revolutionists. Then, indeed, all desire for life quitted me; I prayed that I might die. I murmured that I had ever lived. Void of all means for sustenance, my very name execrated by those who heard it, I wandered about the streets of Paris, ragged, destitute, even bare-footed.

It was on the sixth day of this wretched existence, casting myself down on the steps of some great building, I became surrounded by a frantic mob, some of whom, in spite of my wretched condition, recognised me. "Tis the aristocrat, Flaunoy," said a man whom I remembered as one I had formerly employed.

"*A la lanterne; à bas les aristocrates,* above all, the aristocrat Flaunoy." They yelled like demons as they seized on me—too weak to resist—too eager for death, to crave mercy or care for its exercise. I was hurried along by this mob of fierce patriots, when suddenly they were stopped by a person evidently in authority. I knew this man at once. It was my former valet, Pierre Damorré. I must have presented a strange contrast to what he last beheld me. A beard the growth of weeks—a person emaciated to the last degree—rags rather than clothes hung about me, and I was helpless, hopeless. Yet I perceived he, too, recognised me.

He did not, however, attempt to coerce the lawless and blood-

thirsty wretches, who violated Liberty in her own sacred name. "Ah, ah!" he said, "you have the very man I have been seeking for weeks. Citizens, he must be given up to me—'tis



CHAIN VILLOU. PAOR 182.

the reward I seek for my services to the Republic. Once, as you know, I was this man's slave; it is now fit that he should be mine. Guillotine an aristocrat! Pah! *mes amis*, you are wrong entirely; make use of their bone, their muscle, their

blood, in the service of France! Come here!" and he seized me in the roughest manner. He might have discovered plenty of bone in the structure of my frame just then; but for the muscle—long confinement, misery and starvation, had rendered it as flaccid as an infant's. I shuddered as I thought of Pierre Damorré's ingratitude—he, who in my father's mansion, in the Rue Castlemare, had known every luxury, every comfort that a man could have. After some further parley with the champions of France, I was surrendered unconditionally to the hands of Citizen Damorré, and my persecutors set off with fresh yells and shouts after some new victim. Pierre hurried me away fiercely, even inflicting blows on my person—that person it had been once his pride to perfume and adorn in the most careful manner. He stopped not till we had arrived at the entrance of a mean-looking habitation in the Faubourg St. Martin. Passing the portress, and dragging me, now nearly breathless, up to the third flight, he unlocked the door, pulled me in, then relocking it, thrust me into an apartment leading out of the passage, shutting the door of which, he, to my amazement, who expected blows, stripes and torture, falling at my feet, kissed my hands with the deepest reverence and affection. "My beloved master," he said, "thank God, I have been the means of rescuing you from a sanguinary death. Oh, forgive the way I was compelled to treat you. Here, for a while, you are safe, and——" he would have continued, but I fainted from exhaustion and mental suffering.

It has been doubted if Marie Antoinette's hair did really turn white in one night's agony; my hair, which, a few hours before was a dark brown, was now gray and grizzled as that of a man of sixty. I was not yet five-and-twenty years old. When I revived, Damorré was feeding me like an infant; and when sufficiently recruited, he placed me in a bath, combed my elf locks, shaved my stubborn beard, and lavished on me as much care as he had ever done in the days of my pomp and pride. Then I was laid on a soft, warm bed, and was soothed to slumber by a cheering posset. Sleeping for many hours, when I awoke, a young girl, fair and delicate in person, was bending over my pillow, adjusting it beneath my feverish head. She smiled gently as I asked where I was.

"My uncle," she said, "has left me to take care of you. You must not talk—first you must be fed. There now, uncle Pierre will be home soon, and you are to be quite easy, for here you will be safe."

And safe I remained for many weeks after that. Pierre who had some influential office with the republican party of the day, was out a great deal. His young niece, his only attendant and housekeeper, was my nurse, doctor and religious consoler. I was startled from a fond dream of peace and happiness, when one day Damorré requested a few words in private.

"*Mon cher maître*," he said, "you are now convalescent. Under this roof you might stay your lifetime, if need be; but——"

He hesitated. "I see," I replied; "Pierre, I have already stayed too long—I am a burthen."

"No, no; not that," he answered. "Will monsieur forgive my frankness? Madeleine—my little girl—she is the apple of my heart—the pride and joy of my life. Monsieur, I know, will never betray my trust," he added, proudly, "but sometimes—you—you were apt to forget that common people had feelings—and—Madeleine has a heart—so—I cannot turn my niece away—so—if——"

"Pierre, my friend—my brother!" said I, falling on his neck, "if in my foolish days of pride I ever forgot the common rights of humanity, am I not punished that you should doubt me now? At Madeleine's feet I lay titles, empty honors, all—offering her the purified heart of one who, amid tears and blood, weariness of heart and soul, has perceived the real use of life is for man to serve his fellow-men. Place me in the way to do this, Pierre," I continued, "and bestow on me the hand of your niece. Meantime, whatever your resolve, we are brethren."

He took my hand. "I knew," he said, "your soul was even more noble than your birth; but this——"

"Pierre," I said, "I am a beggar, but I ask for work; procure it, and I will work like a man."

He looked me hard in the face—it was too much for him. "You?" he said; "you have not been born to it."

"Nevertheless," I said, with a smile, "aristocrat or canaille, one thing is certain—we must eat: these hands are by no means soft or delicate now."

I held them out, rougher certainly than when clothed in kid of the Palais Royal.

"*Monsieur, mon maître*," he began.

"*Monsieur, mon frère*," said I, extending my arms. He rushed into them.

"You were fond of attending, in old times, to the equipments of your steed. Do you remember the side-saddle you made with your own hands, for—for——"

"*Mdlle. d'Anile*," said I, sternly. "Yes—'tis all I do remember of her."

"Studded with jewels, it was," pursued Pierre, "and M. Coutereau, the king's saddler, said it was worthy the best man in the craft."

"Well! *mon frère*—but I do not see——"

"But I do, *mon frère*. Jacques Callotte, the saddle-journey man you employed, was able, when you paid him——"

"At your solicitation," said I.

"On your own excellent impulse," said Pierre. "Well, I was saying—he was able to set up for himself—he is now rich and prosperous; but the Reign of Terror has deprived him of confidence in his workmen. He needs some one to superintend the nicer departments of his trade and keep his books. Shall I speak?" said Pierre.

"By all means," I said; "it will suit admirably. But can he be trusted, this M. Jacques?"

"What need," answered my brother; "trust no one in these times. You shall have the berth. Jacques reverences your name, though secretly, as his benefactor."

"I don't think," said I, "he will have any recollection of his benefactor in this dress."

"Why, certainly, without a peruke and court dress. the vicomte——"

"Does not cut so fine a figure as he was wont. But if I get this work—about Madeleine?"

"Ask my little girl, herself," said Pierre; "you have my best wishes."

No sooner said than done. I secured my wife and my place that very day. I made a capital man of business, and Madeleine made the sweetest little wife. There was plenty to do; and when, six years after, Jacques Callotte lay on his deathbed, I revealed to him my identity with that vicomte whom he so often swore had made his fortune. He had neither child nor relative, and ere he died bequeathed me his business. Twelve years after, having made a competence, Madeleine and I retired to Switzerland with our two sons, on a small estate of our own—good uncle Pierre going with us. I can boast—that as a bourgeois I was happier than I ever was as vicomte. And in telling my boys these circumstances of my life, I never failed to add—When prosperity hardens the heart, and blinds the vision, the Angel Sorrow is sent to teach man—that his duty here is to Humanity, and that a single good action to another—a feeling look, a tear of sympathy, a liberal hand, shines brighter than all the gems of a coronet in the sight of Him who saith—"He that loveth another, hath fulfilled the law."

SOURCE OF THE NILE.—This great river rises in the Mountains of the Moon, in about ten degrees of north latitude, and in a known course of one thousand two hundred and fifty miles receives no tributary streams. The travels of Bruce were undertaken to discover the source of the Nile; he set out from England in June, 1768; on the 14th November, 1770, he obtained the great object of his wishes, and returned home in 1773. The Nile overflows regularly every year, from the 16th of June to the 17th of September, when it begins to decrease, having given fertility to the land; and it must rise sixteen cubits to insure that fertility. In 1829 the inundation of the Nile rose to twenty-six instead of twenty-two cubits, by which thirty thousand people were drowned, and immense property lost.

KAFFIR WOMEN.

Her face was thin and wrinkled, while her whole body looked as though it were covered with a skin that had been originally intended for a very much larger person. She had also suffered from sickness, as was shown by the scars all over her body, signs of the cupping and bleeding that had been performed on her by some Kaffir doctor, with an assagy in lieu of a lancet. Still she did not seem to be much displeased with herself—a circumstance for which I can only account by the absence of looking-glasses in this village. I did not feel much inclined to move after my long walk this day, so I took a seat near the door of the hut, and watched the old lady turn my tobacco into snuff.

She first cut it up into little bits, with an assagy, and brought two large stones to the hut; into the lower stone, which had a well-worn hollow, she put all the bits of tobacco, and with the other, which was nearly circular, and about the size of an ostrich egg, she commenced grinding the tobacco; it seemed very hard work, as she pressed heavily on the stone during the operation. After a time she added some water, which made the mess into a sort of paste, something like a child's dirt-pie. After a great deal of grinding and scraping, the composition began really to look like snuff-powder. She then got a wooden spoon nearly full of white wood-ashes, and mixed them with the tobacco. More grinding seemed to amalgamate the two compositions, when she tried a pinch herself, and pronounced that it wanted drying in the sun, and would then be good.

During the whole time that she was at work she was uttering disjointed remarks to me, and at length proposed, in the most shameless and barefaced manner, that I should marry her daughter. I requested to know which of the damsels present was the proposed bride, and was shown a young lady about twelve years old, who had very much the appearance of a picked Cochinchina fowl. I concealed my laughter, and told the old lady that when this lassie became taller, and very fat, I might then think more seriously of her proposition; but as at present I had not six cows (the required price) handy, I could not entertain the subject. The old lady told me she would get the skin and bone adorned with fat by the time I came on another visit; and for all I know, this black charmer may be now waiting in disappointed plumpness.

I stayed seven days at this kraal; after the third day I had no bread or biscuit, but merely roasted Indian corn and meat, with the *amasi* and *ubisi* (sour and sweet milk). I therefore felt the want of bread, butter and a bed, and bidding my shooting companion farewell, I distributed beads and tobacco to the women, and some lucifers to the men, and then took my departure. I should wish to testify to the manner in which I, a perfect stranger, unknown by name or reputation to the savages, was treated during this visit. They were kind, civil and really hospitable. It was pleasing to see a young Kaffir girl come each evening with a bowl of milk and some corn, and putting them down quietly beside me, look with her wild black eyes into my face, and musically say, *Ar ko inkosi* (Yours, chief).

GOOD NATURE.—In one of Caroline Gilman's romances this passage was marked, and much thumbed: "There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man; I watch him as I do a star in heaven." "That is my view exactly!" sighed Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the volume; "in fact, I think that there's nothing so beautiful as a young man, even if he ain't conscientious."

SHORT STORIES.—Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well Mr. —," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're vera pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the laird, "but they're unco short."

LAW WIT.—Real or landed property is either held in fee or for an estate of freehold, or for a term of years. The fee or fee-simple includes all the interest in the land. A legal anecdote

has been transmitted to us from a very early period, where a judge who indulged himself in the euphonical phrases, "I'd have you to know," and "I'd have you to see," asked a learned serjeant why he had been absent when the court required his presence. His excuse was that he had been turning the work of Coke upon Lyttleton into verse. The judge called for a sample, which the serjeant thus gravely delivered—

A tenant in fee-simple is he
That need fear neither wind nor weather;
For I'd have you to know and to see,
'Tis to him and his heirs for ever!

CURIOUS CALCULATION.—What a noisy creature would a man be were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust! A locust can be heard at a distance of 1-16th of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce, so that a middling sized man would weigh down not short of four thousand of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not outweigh four of our locusts. Supposing, therefore, that a common man weighed as much as sixteen thousand of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16th of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself heard at a distance of one thousand miles.

A MONKEY'S TRICK.—The Indians have an amusing fable. A man went on a journey with a monkey and a goat, and he took with him for his refreshment, rice and curds. Arrived at a tank, the man resolved to bathe and dine. While he was in his bath, the monkey ate his dinner, and having wiped his mouth and paws on the goat's beard, he left the goat to settle his account. When the man came out of the bath and found his dinner gone, it was quite easy to see by the goat's beard who had stolen it.

SWALLOWS.—As a proof of the valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects per day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air but for these birds may be readily conceived. One kind of insect alone might breed 560,970,489,000,000,000.

FLOWER TRIMMING.—A novelty in trimming has just been imported, called the "flower trimming." It is composed of fine white silk chenille upon a white silk passementerie, studded with daisies, fine rosebuds, or tiny sprigs of leaves and flowers. It is used upon dresses of white, pale pink, green, blue or lilac glacé, and also upon tulle; it is very pretty for berthes. A charming ball dress of white glacé silk was ornamented with five flounces, bordered with this trimming, the corsage finished with a pointed cape of tulle puffings, which was decorated to match. Another summer ball dress of white tulle was very lovely, with seven flounces bouillonnée, studded with pink and white daisies.

EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.—Embroidered slippers are imported with the flowers worked in fine chenille, which has a beautiful effect. The leaves are wrought in various shades of green wool, and the ground filled up with black or maroon to suit the fancy.

COLORS FOR LADIES' DRESS.—An old English poet of the last century, discoursing in verse upon female dress, quaintly recommends high colors, purple, red and orange, to brunettes, thus:

The lass whose skin is like the hazel, brown,
With brighter colors should overcome her own.

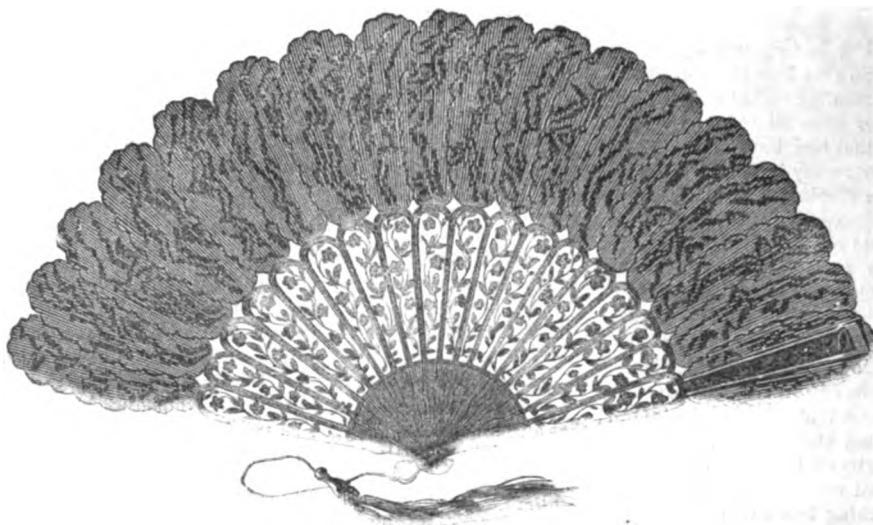
To the blonde he advises the color of the heavens or that of the sea:

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheek is seen
A rosy blush, be clad in cheerful green.

The pale beauty, however, must wear none of these colors:

Ladies grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable mournful eye should choose to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clad in the dusky mantle of the night.

ACTIONS speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.



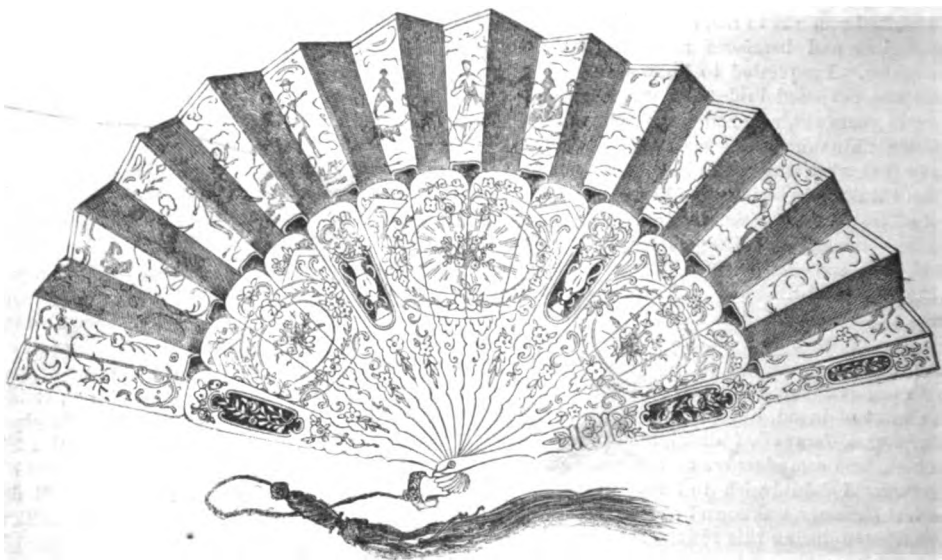
1 FAN. PAGE 181.

LOVE OF APPROBATION.—The greatest enemy that we have to combat in the education of children is self-love, and to this enemy we cannot give attention too early. Our business is to weaken it, and we must be careful not to strengthen it by indiscriminate praise. Frequent praise encourages pride, induces a child to value herself as superior to her companions, and renders her unable to bear any reproach or objection, however mild. We should be cautious, even in the expression of affection, not to lead children to suppose that we are constantly occupied with them. Timid children may be encouraged by praise, but it must be judiciously bestowed, and for their good conduct, not for personal graces. Above all things, it is necessary to inspire them with a love of truth; to

teach them to practise it at their own expense; and to impress upon their minds that there is nothing so truly great as the frank acknowledgment—"I am wrong."

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed: no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mis-

thief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.



2. FAN. PAGE 182.



THE SEAMSTRESS WITH THE NEEDLE.



THE SEAMSTRESS WITH THE MACHINE.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

COSTUMES NEW AND OLD, AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.

COSTUME has become almost a science in this age of novelty and progress. Its mysteries have been carefully analyzed and reduced to rules and formulas, and few of the uninitiated who look admiringly upon the brilliant *tout ensemble* of a modern belle, can form an idea of the thousand and one elaborate nothings which are incorporated therein. Oh! the time and pains that womankind bestow on their dress!

Yet who can wonder, when the all-conquering effect it exercises on the picturesque-looking eye of the lords of creation is taken into consideration. How often a piquant little bonnet has turned the head of some obdurate bachelor?—how frequently the coquettish fluttering of a bit of cunningly adjusted ribbon has produced a corresponding agitation in the masculine breast?—and how many times the enemy's flinty garrison has been induced to capitulate by the magic influence of a small array of flounces, tucks and folds! He don't understand the Eleusinian mysteries of dress—not he; but he knows the besieging army is *generally* fascinating, and so he surrenders forthwith at discretion.

The fashionable lady who promenades Broadway and Fifth avenue in this year of our Lord, 1858, may be resolved into a great number of component parts. A bonnet shaped much like a sea-shell; a mantle from the manufactories of Honiton; an appalling amplitude of sweeping skirts, and a long train which serves as a general snare to all the luckless gentlemen in her neighborhood, and here you have a bird's-eye view of the very height of modern style!

But the costumes of olden time; the ruff, the powder and the stiff brocades of long ago, are far less familiar to us. We know them only through the medium of old paintings and the pages of history. What a sensation would be created in our popular thoroughfares were an enterprising mortal to appear thereon some fine day in the fashionable attire of

good Queen Anne's time! It is probable that the costumes of our grandmothers would appear scarcely less singular to the unaccustomed eyes of their descendants. Those were the good old days when young ladies wore blue woollen gowns and blue checked linen aprons with fanciful devices woven into the checks by way of ornament; when the matrons bustled about the house in the unfailing woollen dress and linsey-woolsey aprons, and on Sundays and state occasions assumed the stiff silks and muslin caps that better assorted with holiday time and the dignity of church or meeting-house.

But what most excites our wonder and surprise is, the long and almost interminable series of labors by which these various garments were woven and made. The household linen, in particular, of which all notable families made a point of possessing a goodly stock, was the result of months of patient toil. Let us take a peep at the process.

Can our readers transfer their mental visions to the time of blossoming flax, a hundred years ago, when the harvest of leaf and stalk, crowned with pale blue flowers, was reaped in and piled away to dry, in the capacious barns of our forefathers? to the smooth meadows where afterwards the stalks were spread out to lie for days, exposed to the changing influence of autumn suns and dews, until the extraneous portion—leaves, pith and bloom—should rot away, leaving a thousand vegetable skeletons of white, ghastly fibres on the field?

Then came the merry episode of the spinning-wheel, and the damsels of each household (and our grandfathers try to impress us with the preposterous idea that the girls of olden days had rosier cheeks and brighter eyes than the daughters of the present—as if that were possible!) went bravely to work. In every home you found a spinning-wheel; it was as indispensable an article of furniture then as is the piano-forte now-a-days. Sometimes its music sounded under the smoke-dimmed beams and rafters of the wide, low kitchen of the farmhouses; sometimes it stood on the porch beneath the cool shadows of moving vine-leaves. Beneath the distaff



THE OLD-FASHIONED LOOM OF THE AMERICAN FARM-HOUSE.

hung a tiny gourd shell, full of water, to moisten the fingers—a most necessary accessory, to prevent the literal skinning of the fair operator's fingers, from the constant friction of the thread. In spite of this precaution, however, the fingers would frequently become sore and wounded at the close of a long day's work. Think of that, ye delicate compounds of rose-leaf and dimity, whose slender fingers are useless, save to wield the crayon or glide over the ivory surface of piano-forte keys!

But it would sometimes happen that some athletic swain, whose cocked hat and neatly braided queue formed the *beau idéal* of manly beauty in those days, would stroll around after sunset and feel particularly interested in the progress of the work. Then, didn't the buzz of the wheel form an appropriate accompaniment, under cover of which one might transact a slight flirtation? That is a fashion which never grows obsolete, and we presume that he of the powder and queue understood quite as well how to make himself agreeable, as do the moustached dandies of the year 1858!

Frequently the daughters of neighboring farmers went out by the week to spinning. In those cases forty knots of yarn per day was the usual "stint;" each knot resolving itself into about eighty yards of linen thread. Twenty-four hundred yards a day! and for this labor seventy-five cents per week was considered a fair compensation!

Next in the progress of events came the old-fashioned loom; that ponderous piece of primitive machinery which the present generation knows only by hearsay. But the American farmhouse of that age was incomplete without it; the cheerful evening scene when the old people sat together by the wide fireplace, would have been a mere fancy sketch, unless the daughter of the household was seated at her loom busily plying the "treadle." How many times the massive treadles were elevated and depressed; how often the flying shuttle skimmed across the warp before the long piece of brown-looking cloth was complete!

This was then spread out to whiten on some slope where the genial alternation of sun and shower, together with frequent sprinklings from a watering-pot, soon bleached it to the most snowy whiteness.

It was now ready for domestic purposes, and was accordingly cut out into shirts, sheets, toweling and every conceivable linen garment, which were then "made up" in the formal, precise style of our foremothers, who generally thought it necessary to take three or four stitches to our one.

Making woollen garments was quite as laborious an operation; the yarn, however, was spun on what was called a wool-wheel. When we consider the numerous other domestic avocations of an American household, it is easy to perceive what an actual slave the woman of those days became. Day after day she went meekly and patiently through the same dull and wearisome routine of duties almost as mechanically as if she were a creature of iron or wood. No genial aspirations ever diversified the sickening round; no glimpse of the far-off promised land of her sex's redemption was ever vouchsafed to her wearied eye; thus she fulfilled her mission, and a toilsome one it was!

Woman in the midst of the nineteenth century! how little she is able to realize, in this atmosphere of enlightenment, the trials and tribulations endured by her sisterhood in the past. Imagine for an instant one of the delicate and indulged daughters of to-day transported half a century backward in the history of time. Fancy her spiritual organization apprenticed to the weaving labors, which were then as much as breathing or sleeping a part of woman's life; fancy her tiny feet and dimpled fingers toiling from dawn till darkness at the ponderous loom and cumbrous distaff and spindle! Would she regard her life as worth a moment's purchase on such terms? Would it not be a literal descent into the bodily and mental bondage of the dark ages themselves? Woman might as well be born without a soul, if her whole being is to be reduced to a representative amount of hanks of hackled flax or yards of linen cloth.

You don't know, ye happy daughters of Eve whose lot has

* Yet this was comparatively easy to the labors, unaided, by even the simplest machinery, when Omphale, Lucretia and the dames of classic times plied the distaff with proverbial industry.

fallen on the very culminating point of this glorious golden age, what you have escaped! Can you conjure up for a moment a vision of yourself clad in stout homespun garments, a short-gown and a colossal cap, in the pre-revolutionary days? No delicious shopping excursions on Broadway, no poring over the pages of fascinating authors, no interchange of thought or sentiment in those times! Thought! If such a thing crossed your brain, it was confined to the number of yarn socks to be darned, and the amount of unspun flax or wool in the garret above stairs. Sentiment! If ever it tapped at the door of your farm-house, it was destined to be rudely repulsed by visions of idle distaffs and unemployed looms, or terrified out of its momentary existence by the grumbling matter-of-fact complaints of some rheumatic worthy clad in buff garments, cocked hat and enormous silver buckles, whom you had the honor and dignity of calling husband, and who graciously allowed you to sew, spin, cook and wash for him in consideration of the benefits conferred by his name and countenance!

The great social wheel revolves in a different direction now-a-days. Our modern philosophers discovered one day, to their utter surprise, that women were actually possessed of souls in their own right; that beneath their little shining braids and bands of hair existed brains nearly as powerful as those surmounted by glossy beavers! And from that memorable moment, thenceforward, the feminine portion of society have been gradually assuming their proper station in the world. They are weary, hopeless drudges no longer; their present position enables them to ornament the hearth of home with their graceful and dignified presence, and to walk like household angels, hand in hand with husband and brother in the very front rank of life's great army, companions and helpmates in the highest sense of the word.

What strong and subtle agency has availed to create this mighty change? Simply the introduction of labor-saving inventions—the efficient substitution of mechanics in the place once occupied by human muscle and sinew. Machinery now asserts itself in the spheres in which, years ago, heart and mind, soul and body, sickened brain and weary fingers were daily and hourly crucified. Heretofore all the great mechanical principles were pressed into the service of abridging man's labor—now they have taken a step farther, and entered the not less important field of female effort.

Among the list of woman's various duties, the most endless in its requisitions, and imperative in its demands, is that of needle-craft. In every well-ordered family, the wardrobe and its wants proves a sort of modern Moloch, on whose altar all mental development, bodily welfare, time, health and life are uncomplainingly offered up, and this is a yoke which presses with equal weight upon the energies of the daughter of opulence and the humble helpmate of the daily laborer.

How seldom is it that we see a perfectly healthy woman! Pale cheeks, listless movements, ashen lips, and dark shadows around the eyes, plainly betoken the hourly transgression of some great physical law of our being. And so they sew and stitch, day after day and week after week, continually losing strength and energy, until at length they drop quietly into the grave, and then what a universal outcry there is! what a groaning over the dispensations of Providence! If people were to talk about the dispensation of needle and thread, thimble and work basket, they might come a little nearer to the truth!

If this proves the lot of those in whose lives the manipulation of the "shining shaft" is but a part of daily cares, what must be the fate of the miserable child of want, whose livelihood depends solely on its aid. We are aware that this is approaching a hackneyed subject, often memorialized in song and in story. But it is none the less terrible and ghastly a contemplation. All the romances that have been woven—all the ditties that have been chanted from the Song of the Shirt downwards, on the hardships of the seamstress's life, do not portray one-half its sickening features.

But a time is approaching which will throw these melancholy facts into the background of events. The sewing-machine has risen up, a type and emblem of woman's mental and bodily redemption. Through all the successive stages of public recep-

tion it has passed—the smiles of incredulity when the invention was first broached—the “I told you so” stage, when the first crude and unelaborated idea failed in performing all manner of unreasonable requisitions—and the “Well, I always thought there was something in it” period, when, after months and years of persevering experiment and patient endeavor, the little silver-tongued laborer sounded its triumphal pæan of success!

And here we may observe that woman is unquestionably her own worst enemy in most of the great movements of the day affecting her welfare, simply from lack of appreciation, sympathy and energetic unity. There is no dawning reform in the history of the sex, whatever shape it may assume, but would be the stronger and better for the cordial support that should be extended to its claims, from woman as a mass. Society is being gradually reconstructed on a higher and broader platform—every hour adds to the strong healthful pulses of its new life; the sympathy and countenance of woman is needed to every inch of its progress, and we hope that she will lay the lesson to heart.

The heart of the American housewife no longer sinks within her at the contemplation of accumulating piles of unfinished garments and ever increasing requisitions of the wardrobe, for in nearly every home the ear is saluted by the soft yet inspiring music of the sewing-machine. Woman's eye is becoming brighter—the color is returning to her pale cheek, and the lightness and buoyancy to her footstep—the sound of the long silent piano or guitar is heard at her fireside, and the graceful accomplishments of girlhood, resuscitated from the dust of years of neglect, are once more resumed. If you inquire the secret of this complete change, the answer is universal—“I have time for everything, since my sewing-machine came!”

Among the various rivals in this department of invention, now before the public, the voice of popular opinion has universally accorded preference for family requirements to the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson machine. After long and severe tests it has proved to be best adapted to the necessities of the domestic wardrobe. Every housekeeper knows how constantly these vary, and will extend a cordial welcome to the machine which is equally efficient in hemming sheets, stitching shirt bosoms or gathering the skirts of a silk or gingham dress!

Its silver fingers will ornament a gauzy handkerchief with almost invisible stitches, glimmering from the fabric-like rows of tiny pearls, and the next moment be ready to undertake coarse towelling or thick merino. It decorates an infant's dress with scores of fairy tucks stitched with an accuracy and regularity which no seamstress could approach, and then with equal facility quilts a comforter or wadded winter skirt, or dispatches the long seams of a broadcloth coat.

The stitch is formed by two constantly interweaving threads, one of which is visible above the fabric, the other below, while in the centre they cross each other and are firmly interlocked. It is exactly similar on either side, and for beauty, regularity and, best of all, durability, is absolutely unsurpassed.

The shape of the machine is graceful and elegant, and its construction simple, yet strong. Formed of but few movable parts, whose combination is far from being complicated, it is consequently but little liable to internal derangement, and if, by any mischance, it should go out of order, the whole thing is so simple that any one blest with an ordinary share of common sense can easily set it right again. The operation is smooth, regular and almost noiseless, and when the machine is closed it presents the appearance of a case of polished wood or a slight, graceful table.

It is a beautiful process to the eye, the upright and healthful position of the operator, the cloth gliding rapidly over the plate, from left to right, and the lightning speed of the glittering needle at the end of the small plated arm. Twelve hundred stitches per minute is the average amount made by a good operator, and at this rate the interminable seams and endless category of garments which have heretofore been the horror of housewives are soon disposed of, and the “spring and fall sewing” which have hitherto succeeded one another with scarcely any intermission through all the months of the year, is completed in a week or two. And what is perhaps the most pleasing feature of all, there is no uneasy consciousness of injustice towards a suffering sister woman

—no pangs of overtaxed health and strength, giving way before the not-to-be-put-off demands of the high-heaped work-basket. There are no smarting eyes about this little seamstress—no aching wrists or nerveless fingers—no alighted work or ripping seams—no dizzy brain; only an array of flying wheels, gliding bands and steel sinews, whose mechanical beauty of conception challenges admiration from all.

The Wheeler & Wilson machine is just what we need in every household between California and Cape Cod: something which shall enable the ladies of America to dispense with the heaviest portion of their home toils, and enter upon the broad fields of literature and science which now lie open before them. It is a singular fact that the maidens of these United States are, with few exceptions, brilliant, accomplished and intelligent; it is only when they enter upon the care of homes of their own, that they lose all originality and deteriorate into mere drudges. Hereafter this will no longer be the case; the sewing-machine will inaugurate a new era at their hearthstone; they will be able to command leisure to store the mind and cultivate the sweet amenities of life, and the interesting girl will develop into the lovely and intellectual woman. And with this period will end that melancholy state of things which at present throws the whole management of society into the hands and under the sole control of thoughtless, frivolous girls, because, forsooth, their mothers have no time.

Perhaps our readers may feel interested in knowing the exact amount of time economized by a sewing-machine. It is estimated that one of these wondrous little agents of good performs in one hour ten times the amount of work that can be done by a seamstress in the same period. Here, therefore, is a clear economy of nine hours out of the ten.

Therefore, ladies, don't talk any more about your rights! Do they not surround you everywhere, embodied in all manner of labor-saving contrivances. Throw aside your “reports” of this Female Convention and that Woman's Association, and listen to the epic everlastingly chanted from the silvery lungs of your sewing-machine. Does it not tell you a tale of progress and reform, whose unwritten eloquence far surpasses the ablest “abstract” ever penned? We care not to hear of the siren's songs or the music of eastern allegory; their romance bows down before the mechanical reality of the glorious sewing-machine!

Ladies, what more would you have? In your hands are all the elements of reform. Since the last century you have passed into a new world, as completely, to all intents and purposes, as if you had assumed a different being; and if you're not satisfied with all this, you deserve to have the dial of Time put back a hundred years or two, and be armed anew with the everlasting old spindle and distaff!

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty four muscles. His heart makes sixty pulsations in a minute; and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand eight hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength; though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty millions of times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, one thousand one hundred and forty-two English feet in a second.

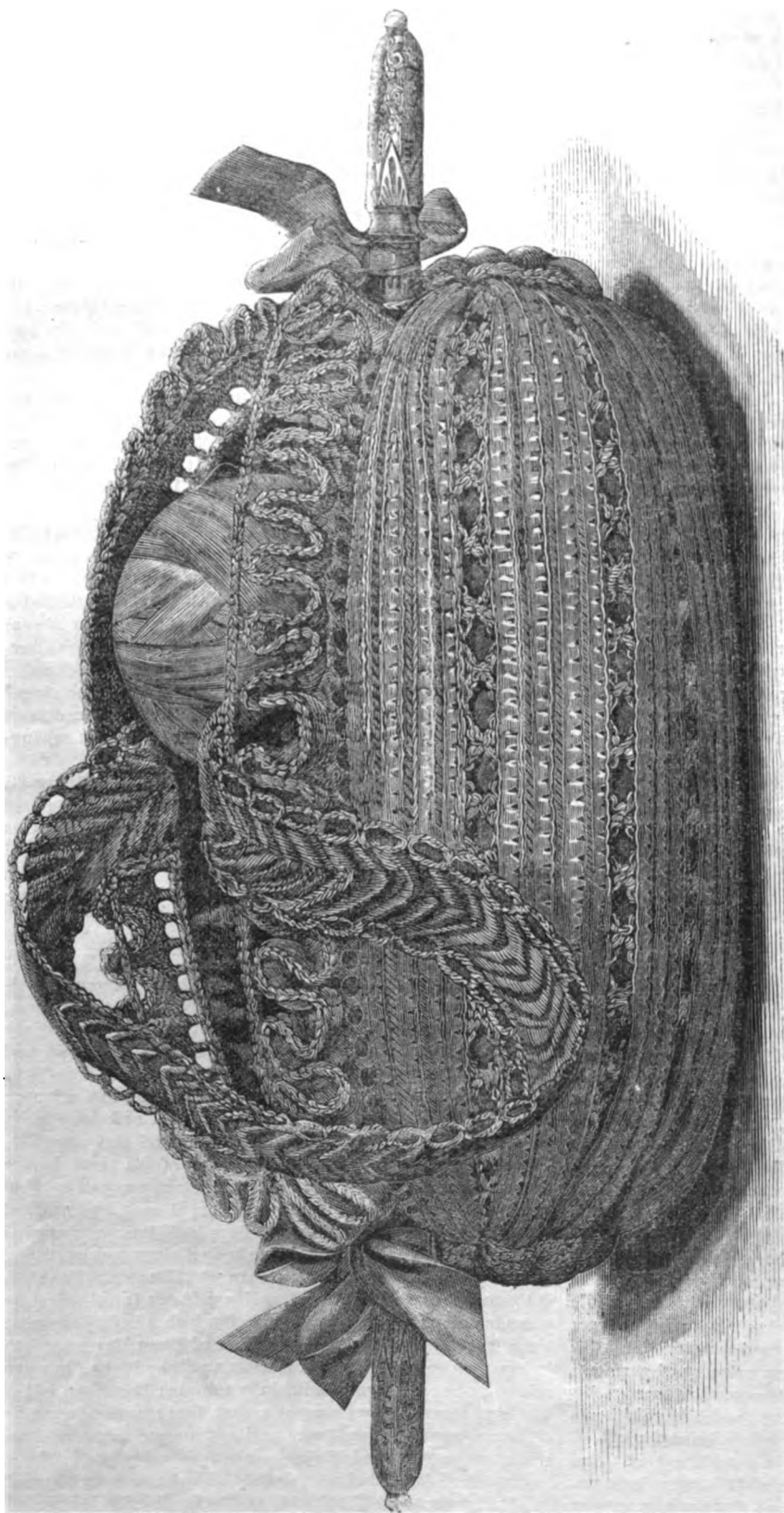
PARISIAN WATERING-PLACE COSTUME.—The material is white jaconet, ornamented with small plaits, insertions, embroidered bands, and red, pink and white plaid ribbons. The body is a sort of basquine, half tight in the back, and is fastened round the neck by a large bow with long ends, from which begins a trimming of embroidery which borders all the front and the bottom of the lappet; this trimming is surmounted by three

small plaits. The embroidered ruffle, likewise surmounted by those small plaits, is put on to the body as a berthe. The sleeve is straight at the top, ornamented with three plaits, and one insertion, below which there is a wide sleeve terminating in a turned-up cuff, trimmed with an embroidered band, and a bow. The trimming of the skirt is in the form of an apron; there is an openwork

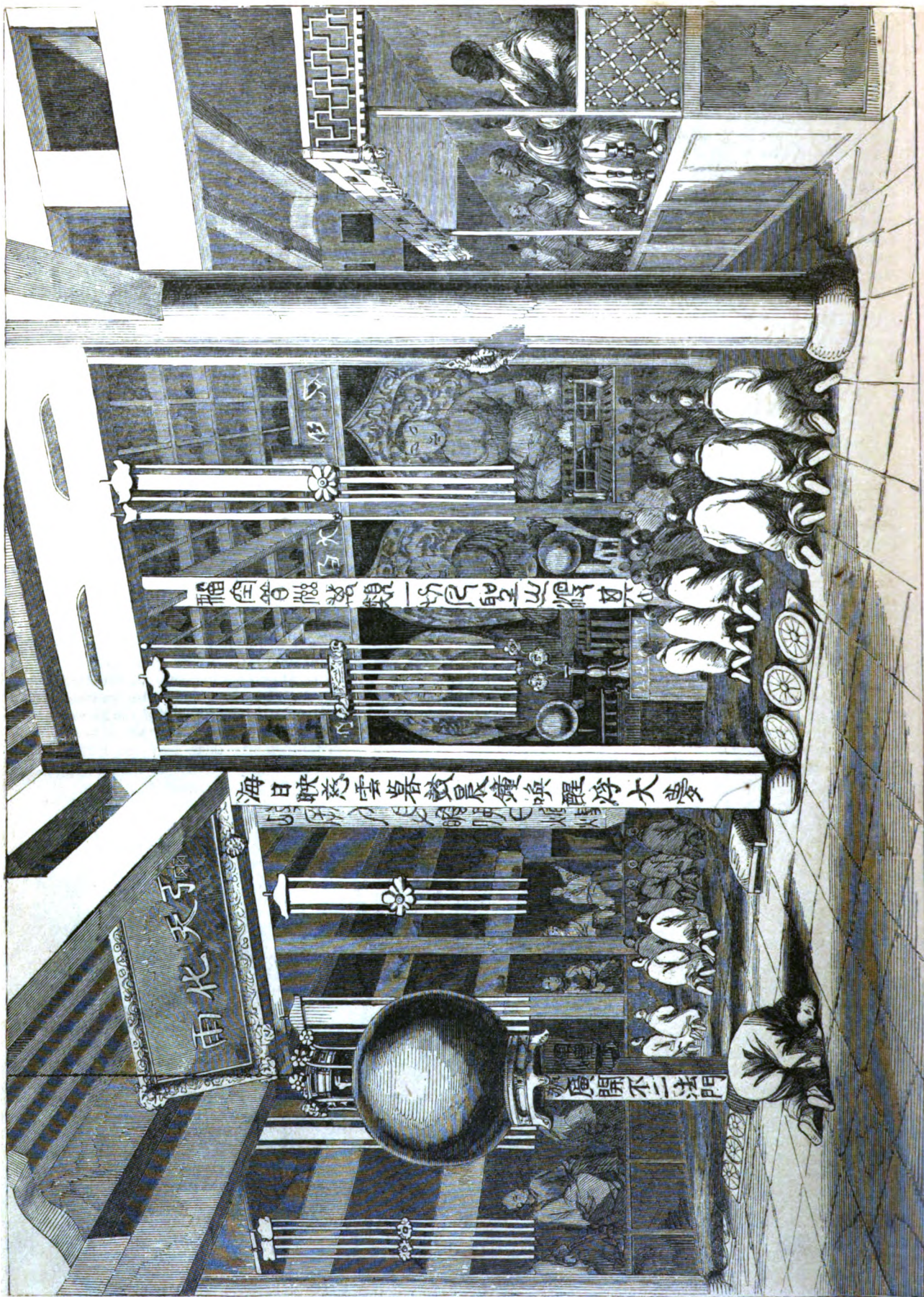
insertion down the middle, from which proceeds slantingly a succession of insertions and small plaits, edged at the side by a wide trimming like that on the body. Many robes are composed of white muslin, decorated with small puffings and narrow black velvet.

FANCY BALL DRESSES.—The following costumes were worn recently in London by young ladies representing the Seasons. *Spring* wore robes of silver spotted tarlatane and white tulle, with long wreaths and chatelaine of snowdrop, grass and dew, and a badge of snowdrops and green satin ribbon. The ladies personating *Summer* wore dresses of painted tarlatane and white tulle, wreaths and chatelaine of mixed colored roses and dew, with badge of roses and pink ribbon. *Autumn* was represented by costumes of gold spotted tarlatane and white tulle, wreaths and chatelaines of oats, corn flowers and poppies, and badges of these flowers bound with yellow satin ribbon. *Winter* looked very lovely in tulle and marabout feather dresses, crowned with frosted holly. The costume of the "Ariel" quadrille, which closed the series of fancy dances, was of a rich glacé petticoat, covered with three tarlatane skirts of pale green, with a tunic of silver spotted tulle, the whole trimmed with silver lace, and decorated with waterlilies, coral and silver grass.

CROCHET KNITTING BAG. PAGE 182.



RICH JEWELS.—An eminent Parisian jeweller has just executed a commission for a Russian princess. This commission embraces a complete *parure*, or set of jewelled ornaments. The designs represent magnolias in diamonds, with foliage set with emeralds and lilies-of-the-valley in rubies. The whole is characterised by the most exquisite taste, and the most finished skill in execution. A *parure* in hair jewellery is also worthy of notice. It is formed of beads or balls of hair, set in bands of black enamel, edged with gold. The *parure* comprises ear-rings, brooch, an ornament for the front of the corsage, and a bracelet.





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STAMBOL AND ITS SUBURBS.

ALTHOUGH we all claim one common descent, yet even the shortest sojourn in the East will convince the traveller that the different races who live there have never forsaken the habits of the illustrious patriarchs; and although the march of civilization is to be hailed with joy, yet we cannot but regret its innovations upon the peculiarly Oriental type, which is stamped upon these peoples, and blended with our most sacred associations.

Constantinople is an ancient capital, hallowed by the remembrance of Christian conquerors, the representatives of Greece and Rome, who have exercised their regal power and displayed

their royal pageantry upon its soil, and is now the home of many of those ancient races who peopled Asia Minor and Arabia.

In the train of the conquering Moslems came the wanderers from Ararat of the kingdom of Armenia—the representatives of the scattered Israelites, the Arabs of the deserts, Syrians, Greeks and Epyrians—until by degrees there was scarce a nation under Heaven that sent not its prototype to the Ottoman capital; surely then there is no spot under Heaven combining such varied interest; for all these varieties of the human race, though commingling, mingle not, and the study of their several national characteristics may there be pursued without a league of travel.



TOP-KAPU. ENTRANCE TO PERA.

Access to Constantinople has now become easy. Ten or twelve days' voyage by steam to England or France, and as many more through the Mediterranean, or the route through the Continent by the various railways *ad Vienna* and the Danube, can be accomplished in a fortnight. At all events five and twenty days will transport you from the New World to the Old, to the ancient Byzantium, the proud capital of the Constantines, the Stambol of the Mussulmans, whose palaces and dwellings lie along the shores of two great continents, the one hallowed with the earliest scenes and histories on record, and the other, the centre of modern civilization and refinement.

The natural surroundings of this far-famed metropolis have been the favorite theme of the poet and the artist.

The city itself is larger than New York, but its immense area is much more extended, for it includes two large suburbs, Scutari on the Asiatic coast, and Pera on the European. Indeed the whole line of contiguous villages on both shores of the Bosphorus form but one city and one vast Constantinople. Thus the metropolis of the Constantines, with its suburbs enclosing the great "ocean highway," the massive domes of its magnificent mosques, the beautifully tapering *minarets*, bearing aloft the heavenward aspirations of the faithful, with now and then a time-worn column peeping through cypress groves and palatial residences, or an ancient obelisk recalling the days of Egypt's glory, creates a scene of varied enchantment and realizes the tales of bygone times.

There are the cupolas of the public baths and bazaars, and the private dwellings with their peculiarly Oriental architecture, latticed casements and picturesque irregularity, the terraced hill-sides, and fairy-like *kewks* of pleasure. The very appearance of the harbor itself, upon whose bosom ride the heaviest vessels, displaying the flags of every nation, and encircling the city with a forest of masts; the various aquatic conveyances, more graceful than the gondolas of Venice and swifter than the lightest canoe, all combine to present a picture not only unsurpassed and unique in itself, but one that is well worth many miles of travel to witness. Yet all the peculiar beauty of this combination of natural scenery and Byzantine architecture, the magnificent harbor, the sloping hills, with even their rustic and dingy dwellings and picturesque irregularity, failed to create any but a sensation of disgust in the mind of the writer of a certain article in *Harper's Monthly* of February last. He says:

"There was none of that grandeur and glory that so many have written of in the approach to Constantinople. On the contrary the appearance of the city from the sea struck us as wretched and woe-begone in the extreme. A vast collection of wooden houses, destitute of paint, moss-covered and tumbling into ruin, covered the hill of Stambol. From among these the white mosques, crowned with golden domes, rose, indeed, majestically, but they made the city more miserable in appearance from the very contrast. Down to the water's edge the low huts seemed to crowd in a community of poverty and decrepitude, so that I exclaimed in my disappointment, and incontinently abused with words, that were, perhaps, better never uttered, those who had described the splendor of the approach to the city of the Bosphorus."

This want of sensitiveness to the beautiful, this strange deviation from the testimony of all his antecessors, can only be attributed to a love of personal singularity, which has certainly been very distinguished in the present instance. But the eccentricities of this very singular writer will be more apparent as we proceed.

Others again have pretended that the external illusion is destroyed the moment you set foot on shore. The truth is, very few persons on landing immediately enter the capital itself. As there are no wharves, the steamers anchor in the stream, and travellers generally proceed to their respective hotels by the shortest way.

Among the Orientals no such institutions as hotels are ever found—on the contrary the true spirit of hospitality pervades the East, and friends always entertain each other during their temporary sojourn, either in the metropolis or elsewhere. For the accommodation of those who are perfect strangers, there are

large *khans* or quadrangular buildings two or three stories high. In those khans are numerous rooms, which are temporarily hired and furnished by travellers, while their meals are taken at kebab-shops or other native restaurants. But those who have friends and do not avail themselves of their hospitality are regarded as guilty of a slight, or intentional insult.

Hospitality to such an extent being a strange custom among Europeans, is not exercised even by the native Franks of Turkey, who pride themselves in all the peculiarities of Europe. Hence, from the necessity of the case, hotels on a European style have been got up for the accommodation of western travellers. These public-houses are of course situated in Pera, which is the European suburb, and the traveller immediately on his arrival naturally proceeds thither to be installed in one of these *locandas* as they are termed, without gaining a single idea of Stambol itself, and perhaps with an unfavorable impression of the country in general.

Top-hané, the principal landing-place of Pera, where all travellers disembark, is situated at the foot of the hill, nearly opposite the entrance of the harbor. It is called Top-hané, because it is the locality of the imperial cannon foundry, which is a large edifice crowned with cupolas. Here the famous Turkish brass guns were formerly cast; those of modern and more economical times are made of iron at the same establishment by the labor-saving machinery of England, and an American invention of great ingenuity is used in making the percussion caps. There have been added of late several other buildings, where military equipages are manufactured in the latest approved style.

On the shore in front of the foundry, there is a large open square surrounded by iron railing, where the soldiers are drilled and a park of artillery is displayed. Upon this square there is a beautiful royal keösk, having on one side the magnificent mosque of the late Sultan Mahmoud, and on the other the Ordnance Department. The Esky-Djami, or old mosque, in contradistinction to the above-mentioned new one, which is also at this place with its single minaré and unpretending dome, the beautiful marble fountain, with its arabesque gilt entablature, and the row of gay *kahves*, heighten the beauty of the approach to this popular landing-place.

The usual magnificence and even order of all these public and royal edifices is strongly contrasted by the miserable little landing-place adjoining, which is allotted to the disembarkation of thousands of people every day. The platform, like all other platforms, whether civil or political, is always out of repair, and self-preservation turns the attention from the beautiful to the conservative, in order to avoid the gaping chasms. Hundreds of boatmen are vociferating and trying either to gain access or shove off their crafts, while the gray-bearded, green-turbaned *keahya*, or master of the landing, with his long baton or hook of office, manages with wonderful dexterity to hold on to the different boats as they come up or push off in turn. Besides this landing-place is the general depot of provisions for the inhabitants of Top-hané, Pera and Galata; so that piles of wood, heaps of charcoal, bricks, lime and other building materials crowd the spot and render it disagreeable in all its own confusion.

In this confusion of sights and sounds, himself assailed on all sides by Turkish b'hoys, leading up their Rosinantes and yelling "Captan, captan, boo-buono, boo-buono" (captain, this is the best nag), synonymous with the homely sound of "Carriage, sir—ride up, sir?" while suddenly a pack of the renowned dogs of Stambol, with penetrating looks, bark out their anathemas upon the awkward Giaour, who has inadvertently set foot upon the tail of one of the canine brotherhood. No wonder, we must say, that such expressions as "had better never have been uttered" escape the luckless traveller, or that he curses even the beauties of Nature herself.

But would it not be equally unjust to condemn the magnificent city of New York, if you had landed at the foot of Washington Market?

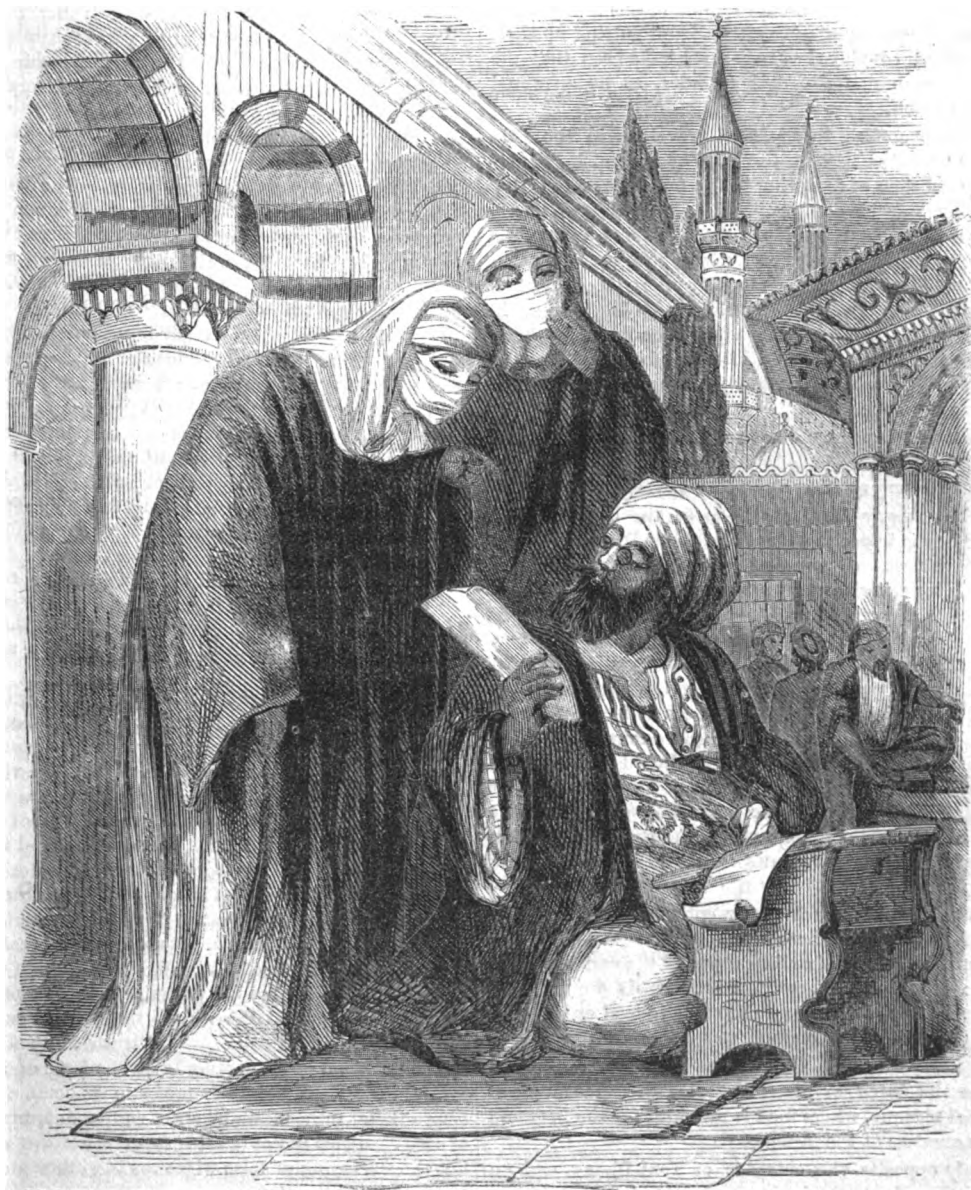
It is true that many of the streets in Constantinople are narrow and ill-paved, but it is equally true that every street in New York is not a Broadway or a Fifth Avenue. Besides there is a uniformity in the cities of England, America and Europe,

though each differs from the other; and there is a degree of similarity in the tastes and habitudes of those who dwell therein. But the moment you set foot among the Asiatic races, there is not only no analogy with the scenes to which you have been accustomed, but the people themselves seem like the inhabitants of a new world. The very figures which float about you in their patriarchal robes and Moslem turbans, with shuffling footsteps; the ladies in mystic veils and all-concealing mantles; the many-tongued voices of the public vendors in the thoroughfares; the quaint vehicles that rumble through the streets; the motley train of loaded men, camels and donkeys; each and all are not only enough to absorb the attention, but

Swedish, Dutch, Russian, German, Italian, French, English, Spanish, and perhaps still other languages, are spoken daily.

As travellers have their daily-recurring wants, language is indispensable to them; and as they are not generally versed in Oriental dialects, a swarm of inferior interpreters or cicerones infest the various locandas, and not only succeed in victimising the Frank gentlemen, but reversing the proverb that "no man is a hero to his own valet de chambre," are so fortunate as to become the heroes of nearly all the travels and sketches of the East, with which their distinguished patrons delight to inundate the press.

Paolo, Ali, Abdallah, Yussef and Co., with their deeds,



TURKISH LETTER-WRITER IN THE COURTYARD OF YENI-DJAMY.

truly convincing that this is, indeed, a strange land; the wanderers about these streets beings of different mould, and these voices all unfamiliar tones! The senses are delighted, the ear is bewildered, and the wondering Saxon, with all his knowledge, finds himself speechless in an atmosphere re-echoing with the confusion of Babel.

Turkish being the language of the country, it is universally spoken, while the different races of the inhabitants use their own vernacular tongues. Hence there is no other city in the world where Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Circassian, Georgian, Jewish, Bulgarian, Albanian, Wallachian, Servian, Hungarian, Dalmatian, Genoese, Maltese, Polish,

whether of prowess or cooking, occupy many a gap in the history or fill many a long page of thrilling adventure. But emergencies occur where the services of interpreters are not available, and ridiculous mistakes often occur.

Once a party of Frenchmen were standing before a hotel in Pera, and were endeavoring to make arrangements with a livery stable keeper for some horses which they wanted to use in the afternoon. They wished to convey the idea that the horses were to be at the door precisely at five o'clock. In their ignorance of the language they were compelled to resort to signs, for which purpose the watch was produced and the hour pointed out on the timepiece. This mode of explanation was

as unintelligible to the poor fellow as their own language, the figures on the dial plate of course not being Turkish. One of the party, perceiving a certain ominous shrug of the shoulders of the livery stable man, suspected that some mistake might still occur, and with the design of ascertaining whether their orders had been rightly understood addressed him in pure Gallic, with the inquiry, *quelle heure ?*

As this sentence has unfortunately a most unhappy significance in Turkish, meaning no less than "damn your eyes," the man was of course astounded; and being impelled by a sense of self-respect, naturally and promptly retorted by saying, *sen-keör*, which means in good Turkish "damn your'n." But as all are doubtless aware that *cinques heures* in French means five o'clock, the party were of course perfectly satisfied and putting up their watch soon retired, convinced as they must have been that the Turkish livery man understood their order, as he answered them in pure French.

It is needless, therefore, to say, that travellers in the East may easily be misled or become the prey of victimising interpreters. Instead then of following in the footsteps of ordinary travellers or the dictations of guide-books and *valets de places*, we will at once land at Baktché-Kapoosoo, the most aristocratic quay of the city on the Golden Horn, where both mornings and afternoons there is a collection of magnificent *cayiks* of all sizes, manned by oarsmen in most unexceptionable liveries, in attendance upon their masters, the pashas, effendis and bankers. On the shore are also grooms walking the beautiful Arabian horses, richly caparisoned, and many private equipages awaiting the arrival of their owners.

A step or two and we are before one of the principal gateways, for Constantinople is a walled city, and has twenty-four gates, which are closed every evening and opened every morning.

Entering the gateway the street leads to the bazaar, whilst on the right is the imperial mosque of Yeni-Djamy. This is one of the magnificent edifices that adorn the city. Close by the shore and towering above the custom-house, which is on the water's edge, the grand architectural proportions of this mosque give it a most imposing appearance from the harbor. Like all the other mosques, it is surrounded by a large courtyard, where public vendors generally congregate. But the courtyard of Yeni-Djamy is more noted, as it is the *locale* of one of the hebdomadal fairs which take place every day of the week in different parts of the city. If it should happen to be on a Monday, which is the day of the fair of Yeni-Djamy, that you are passing by, you would see a great display of all the produce of the country, and all sorts of merchandize "selling off below cost," with a great multitude of the people intent upon economical purchases.

This court of Yeni-Djamy is never entirely deserted on the other days of the week, for here is the general post-office, the canary bird market, a row of coffee-shops and the various stands of the *keatibs* or scribes. These last individuals are in great demand, as very few of the people are able to read or write for themselves, and it is very common to see the Turkish women inditing their epistles.

Near by is the *Imaret*, or alms-house, which forms a part of every imperial mosque, where food is provided for the poor and needy at the expense of the mosque.

Immediately opposite the entrance of Yeni-Djamy, and on the left of the city gateway is the main street, called Divan-Yoloo, or the court road, from the circumstance of its leading to the Porte. On this road or street, which extends from one end of the city to the other, are to be seen many public edifices and objects of curiosity as well as of general interest.

The Porte is a large oblong structure, three stories high, built of brick, stuccoed and painted yellow; its general appearance and portico is much like that of the capitol at Washington, with the exception of the dome. The left wing is occupied by the Grand Vezir, the centre by the Council of State, and the right wing by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It stands in the middle of a large area, enclosed within high walls, in which there are several gates; one of these gates is eminently conspicuous, and is designated the *Baaba-Aali*, or the Sublime Porte or Gate. The Arabic word *baab*, signifying gate,

is synonymous with official authority, hence the Ottoman government derives its appellation.

The immediate vicinity of the Porte abounds in interest. Passing through one of the side gates, you find yourself in a narrow street between two high walls, one of which of course surrounds the Porte, but the other is quite enigmatical, for you see before you a large iron gate standing wide open with two sentinels on guard, while a crowd of men, women and children are constantly passing to and fro. Here seems to be life and bustle, and one would suppose this must be the Sublime Porte itself, so great is the rush thitherward.

You enter with the moving mass, and passing through a second enclosure you are suddenly before a heavy stone structure, two stories high, whose iron-barred windows are rather suggestive, and you instinctively draw a long breath of the pure unrestrained air. What a scene in this courtyard, what a singular gathering of wretchedness even outside of the ominous building! Men with grizzly and half-shaven beards, their tattered garments hanging over them as if loth to linger about such miserable bodies, with an expression of dogged resignation or the indifference of despair on their countenances, are listlessly loitering; sometimes beguiling their weariness with the consoling fumes of their *chibouks*, or basking in the sunlight which shines for all, poor or rich, miserable or happy, conscious or unconscious of its soothing rays. Others who, though unhappy, cannot resist the gnawings of hunger, are engaged in preparing a scanty repast over a pan of lighted charcoal, and some are intensely bent on the destruction of certain personal friends, who infest their bodies and stick closer than any brother, even in misery.

The exercise of hospitality is so inevitable in the East, that no condition or circumstance of life can justify the neglect of customary observances, and even these *détenu*s may be seen entertaining their friends at the small coffee shop which is at the corner.

There is not, however, any desperado look about these persons, for they are not state criminals but imprisoned debtors, who are allowed free ingress and egress from the courtyard to the building before us, their Hotel Clichy, the sponging-house of Turkey.

The law allows the creditor to imprison his debtor *ad libitum*; but of late the term of imprisonment has been reduced to ninety-one days. Those who are thus incarcerated are by no means all defaulters, but many are often the victims of barefaced rascality or designing and powerful enemies. Turkish jurisprudence being based upon the testimony of two witnesses, often permits the most unjust accusations. And thus all classes of persons are brought together in this debtor's prison; and the number of the inmates is consequently never small.

The administrators of justice themselves know full well the fallacy of such proceedings, yet so powerful is self-interest that the *ulemas*, or doctors of law, offer in palliation as an all-convincing argument, that the pecuniary loss of one individual is nothing compared to the risk of the eternal perdition of two possibly perjured witnesses. The truth is, that as they are in the habit of charging costs only on the issue of *ilams* or judgments, the judges naturally prefer to condemn a man brought before them, rather than by strict equity to forego the pleasure of costs. Hence not only all sorts of rascalities are permitted, but the suborning of false witnesses is winked at with the view to encourage litigation.

The interior of the building consists of a large hall divided into two or three compartments or large dormitories, where on the bare boards are spread rugs and bits of carpets, interspersed with piles of splendid bedding and heaps of ragged *abas* or throw-downs—the temporary accommodation for the repose of the various classes of sleepers, rich, middling and very poor. Groups are seen here and there engaged in anxious conversation with friends, who have come to proffer their assistance or council to aid or connive at their release. Some are whiling away the dull hour by games of cards or backgammon, and others are enjoying imaginary scenes of fun, pleasure or fancy, as they listen to the piquant extravagant tales of Oriental fiction.

As there is no *cuisine* connected with this establishment, the

inmates depend upon outsiders and licensed purveyors, who supply them at any rate they choose to demand, thus making this a more genuine sponging-house than even its London or Eldridge street rivals. But as we are not in for ninety-one days, we will stroll to a more inviting row of kahvés on the outside of the outer walls.

The coffee-shops are the *casinos* of Turkey, where the people resort, not only to smoke and sip the fragrant berry, but to meet friends either by rendezvous or otherwise, pick up news, discuss matters and things, or transact business. Hence the kahvés in this vicinity constitute as it were an ante-chamber to the Porte, offices for petition writers, places of resort to sharpers and lobby men.

Here having refreshed our spirits with the *yenidje*, the far famed tobacco of Turkey, and Mocha's berry, we remember that the great city is yet to be explored.

We linger before the beautiful *keşk* called *Koobde-Alti*, which is just opposite the Sublime Porte, and overtopping the walls of the old Seraglio. Here the sultan formerly sat to listen to the complaints of those who had appealed to him from the injustice of the officials. Beneath the gilded and latticed window where his majesty sat, and just within the Sublime Gate, the authorities and the petitioners assembled, and their trial proceeded in the imperial hearing. Such acts of royal clemency have been swept away by the tide of advancing civilization, and the petitioner is now referred back to the authorities who have condemned him, for reconsideration.

We are now under the walls of the far-famed mysterious Seraglio, where so many sultans have lived and died, so many vezirs and ulema have whispered their intriguing plots, so many ladies with all their exquisite loveliness have disappeared like brilliant stars from the firmament, or were extinguished like the bright lights of the palace halls. But the days of the glory of the Seraglio are departed. Sultans no longer sit upon its desolated thrones, ministers and favorites no longer wander through its winding passages, nor do lawless janissaries any more rush along the halls with savage recklessness, seizing even sultans themselves from the sacred retreat of the harem. The vast gardens of delight which exhaled the perfumes of attar gul, and re-echoed the notes of the bulbuls, where the royal lovers were wont to toy with the fairest of earth's daughters, by the side of playing fountains and rippling brooks are desolate and deserted, for the monarch no longer loves the halls of his ancestors, and builds for himself palaces and homes unstained by the blood of his fathers, and pure from the memories of deeds of horror and human massacre.

The Marmora flows on one side of the apex of the triangle where the Seraglio stands, and the swift current of the Bosphorus sweeps round the other. Its precincts cover the ground upon which stood the ancient Byzantium, inclosing an area four miles in circumference. Three distinct walls divide this area into as many separate compartments.

The first is entered by a lofty gate called *Baabu-Humayoun*, or Imperial Gate, in contradistinction to the *Baabu-Aali*, or Sublime Porte. In the wall on each side of this gateway are deep niches, where, in former times, the heads of political offenders of inferior grade were displayed, startling the passers-by with the idea of awful and summary punishment. Within this gate on the right hand is the treasury department, an immense pile of frame buildings. And on the left is the ancient church of St. Irene, now converted into an armory containing curious specimens of the armors and weapons of the crusaders, arranged in the most elegant style.

In front of this edifice are placed several beautiful sarcophagi of red stone, lately excavated and transported from the site of the ancient Troy.

Close by is the royal mint, an immense establishment built of stone, where not only the current money is coined, but the private treasure of the sultan is deposited. A large apartment of this edifice is devoted to the jewellery of the sultan, where the royal insignia are manufactured, as well as the *nishans* or badges of honor.

Next to the mint stands the department of the *evkaf*, or the bureau of the *vakufs*. All the mosques are largely endowed, and this property is termed *vakuf*. This bureau not only controls

the *vakufs*, but is the principal court of chancery, where all suits in real estate are disposed of.

In the middle of the square of this first inclosure, when the Seraglio was the seat of arbitrary power, a *bostangy*, or life guard, might be seen standing by an elevated platform, with a rod in his hand portentously pointing to the heads of pashas and other dignitaries of distant provinces there displayed in trenchers, at the same time proclaiming the crimes of each unfortunate victim. A *yafta* or placard was also upon the wall, on which were inscribed the titles, crimes, &c. of the decapitated. But this platform now constitutes a halting stone for the heavily laden *hamals*.

Such human butchery and scenes of blood were, indeed, once the delight of the Turks. Death in its most horrid forms, without a warning to its victim, oft-times with no telltale heads or prostrate bodies as signs where the arrows had hit, was to this semi-barbarous people a mere accident of a day, only a token of the absolute power of the sultan. The deposed dignitary used to sit in a certain *keşk* close by the Seraglio walls awaiting his destiny, uncertain when the door of the apartment opened whether his eye should rest upon his executioner, or the harbinger of new honors and promotion from his royal master. So many were the occasions when the services of these public executioners were needed, that their skill became most excellent.

As the doomed man with his hands tied behind him was ordered to kneel down, the extended neck in that act received the keen edge of the *yataghan*, and the unerring hand with one fell blow severed the head from the shoulders, ere the knees touched the ground.

Less than a quarter of a century ago such scenes were enacted, but now they are unknown. The last public execution took place some ten years since. An Armenian fireman seeing his comrade, a Mussulman, molested by another Mussulman, interfered and was so unfortunate as to kill his aggressor during the affray.

The Armenian was arrested, tried and found guilty. The penalty of the law was death, but as the penal code had been reformed the government wished to send him to the Bagnio or state prison for life.

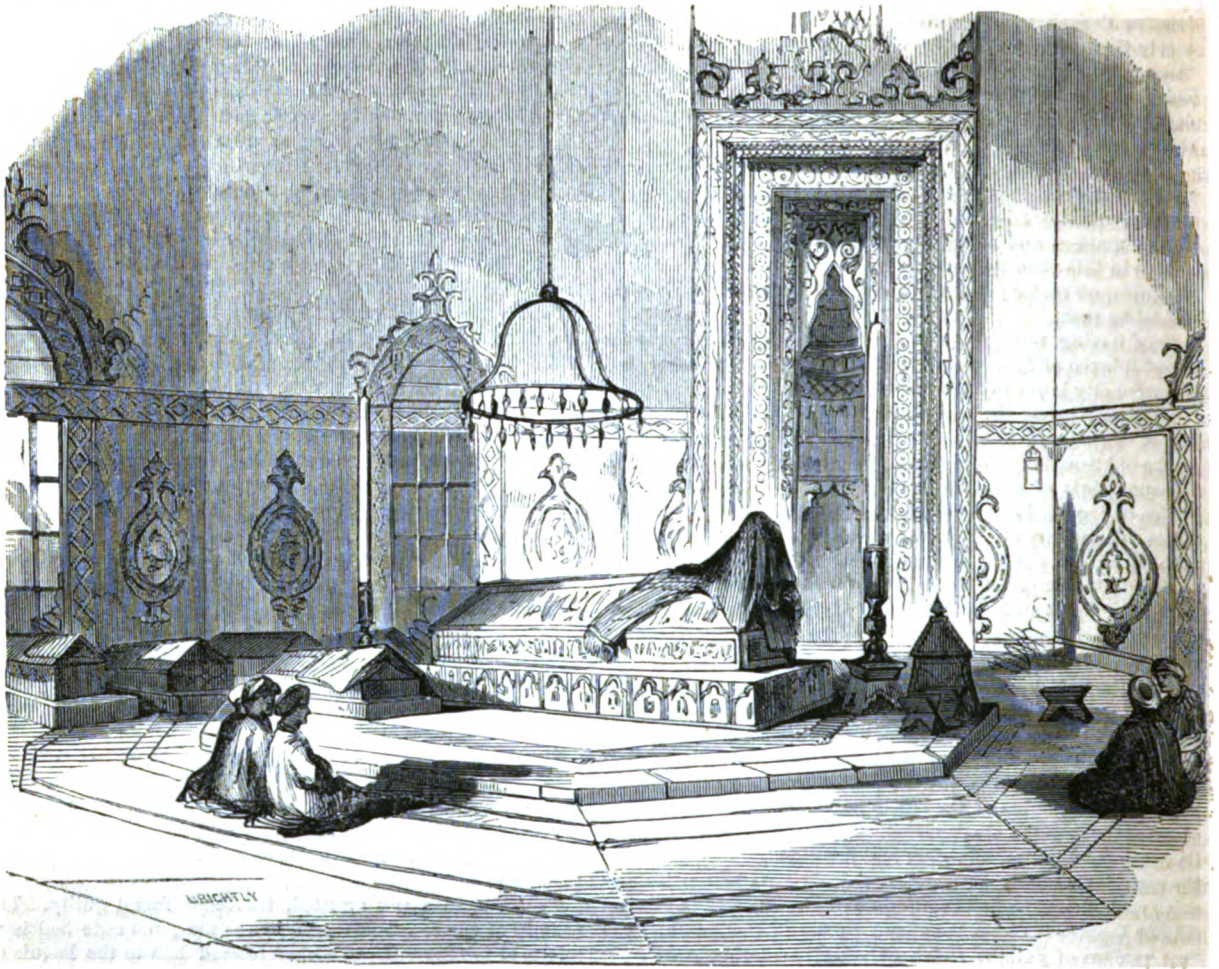
In Turkey, the criminal code is derived from the Koran, which sanctions the ancient and Jewish practice of blood for blood, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth. Hence, in cases of murder the relatives of the victim are consulted, and they thus become the real prosecutors, and not the government.

In this case it was the mother of the deceased Mussulman, who cried *kissass*, blood for blood. But as the sultan was entirely averse to capital punishment, the government tried to dissuade her from the exercise of her right of sanguinary vengeance, by citing to her the alternative which the Koran itself proposes, that is a ransom for the crime. She was offered the sum of thirty thousand piastres, or about twelve hundred dollars, which she steadily refused. Finding that there was no reasoning with this woman of high temper and desperate purpose, it was decided to sentence the young man to be executed. His *yafta* or sentence of death was accordingly written, and as is always customary on such occasions, the reed that traced its characters was broken and cast away as polluted for any further use. The young man was led forth accompanied by the trembling old vixen his prosecutrix, who tottered along leaning upon a staff. When they arrived at the place of execution, she seemed to have attained the acme of her ambition. Her breath came short and heavy from the tumult of her emotions, and her eyes flashed with demoniacal delight. The longed for hour of vengeance was hers, and she cried out for the sacrifice. But no knife was raised, no hand appeared.

"Where is the *jellad*?" or public executioner, she exclaimed. "There is no *jellad* now," they tell her. "Who then is to behead the wretch?"

A shrug of the shoulders by the officers in attendance informs her that it is none of their business.

In dismay she tries to persuade one of the *kavasses*, police officers, to do the deed. She offers money, but all in vain. The men shuddering draw back, exclaiming, "*Isah-fur-lah! Isah-fur-lah*," (God forbid! God forbid!)



MAUSOLEUM OF SULTAN MAHMOUD, AT BROUSSA, ASIA MINOR.

In agony of despair she beats the earth with her staff and wildly she rushes to and fro, cursing all about her, and even bestowing merciless blows with her slippers on the affrighted and helpless kavasses.

The crowd recoil from her with horror, and in audible whispers mutter to each other. "*Hafiz-Allah! childirmush!*" (God preserve us! She raves, she is mad!)

With the hope of convincing her that no other executioner could be found, a sword is placed in her own hand, and she is ordered to use her right to revenge, to kill.

Startled at the novel idea of becoming a public executioner, and yet impelled by disappointment, she, trembling with rage, seizes the weapon and, brandishing it, threatens to produce an indiscriminate destruction upon all around, until overwhelmed with rage, shame and decrepitude, she flings down the sword in disgust and disappears from the scene.

The poor young man is reconducted to the prison, and hopes are entertained of his ultimate commutation.

Time passes—the horrid affair is the theme of all tongues, and the old crone sits brooding in despair, when lo! her reveries were one day interrupted. One of those outcasts from society, who rove from the affinities of the human race, who fear not, shrink not from the shadow of crime, a wandering gipsy knocks at her door.

"Give me but five hundred piastres," he cries, "and lead him forth—his blood is yours."

To the dismay of all, the fated man is at the instance of his unrelenting persecutrix again led forth into the public square, to be beheaded, but not now as formerly, the executioner was there also. The victim knelt, the yataghan was raised and fell, but the head was not severed—six several strokes successively were hurled by that unskilful fiend, until the horror-stricken multitude cry out, "For mercy sake, butcher him, butcher him!"

and he was literally hacked to pieces. This was the last public execution in Turkey.

Passing through another lofty gateway we now enter the second court of the once popular Seraglio, which is adorned by numerous stately trees of ancient growth. Here stands the ancient Divan-hané, a low edifice surmounted with cupolas, and surrounded by a colonnade of gilded pillars. The interior consists of a large hall, where on every Wednesday the grand vezir, lords chief justices and other ministers of the realm used to assemble to administer justice. The sultan was often present at these deliberations; but the person of his majesty was considered too sacred, and his glorious state too dazzling for the public gaze; therefore a latticed apartment was adjoining the hall, where, unperceived by the people, he listened to their proceedings.

This apartment was approached by a private gallery, so that the judges, always in doubt whether their absolute master was within hearing or not, trembled lest his wrath should be invoked upon them by any unjust decision. Sometimes his eye glittered through the round openings in the lattice like a flash of lightning, or his voice was heard like a thunderbolt striking the offender against justice. Thus, like the tyrant Dionysius, the Grand Signior too had his private ear, to which the great affairs of a vast empire sent up their voices.

On every council day there was a most imposing parade of the great military corps of the janisaries before the Divan-hané, when from great heaps of piastres they received their regular pay; thus making a grand display of the wealth of the empire.

Opposite the Divan-hané are the royal kitchens, seven in number, where was formerly provided food for the sultan, for his ladies, his officers and all the members of his immense household, high and low.

As many as five hundred culinary divinities officiated in those

regions, compounding every imaginable form of repasts, and innumerable varieties of conserves, jellies and sherbets, which are so indispensable to the Oriental palate.

Beyond this second court is what was once the *sanctum sanctorum*, or the dwelling of his sublime highness, and this is the Seraglio itself. The entrance is very magnificent, through arched ways built of marble, and supported by columns, opposite to which is the Tahd-Odassi or throne-room.

This is a structure of small dimensions, but is in the most exquisite Oriental style, with a marble portico; the ceiling of which is beautifully ornamented in arabesque and gold upon a ground of azure and green.

Passing over the tessellated pavement, you stand before the entrance to the seat of majesty. The whole façade is elaborately sculptured in brilliant hues, and on each side there is a succession of fountains upon the wall, trickling over marble shells of various sizes in musical cadences, varying according to the dimensions of the different columns of water. The interior is still more gorgeous. Contrary to Oriental usage a subdued light pervades the apartment, softening the rich hues of its decorations, its bright gildings, its gay frescoes of rich and varying tints, and altogether imparting an atmosphere of mystery to the surroundings of enthroned sublimity. The throne is of silver, partially covered with velvet richly embroidered in silver and gold, and studded with the most brilliant gems. As in former times the foreign ambassadors and representatives were here received, let us repeople the scene.

The days of robes and turbans are restored. The Bostangees, or life guards, are on guard at the outer gate, with fantastic head-gear, scarlet uniform and glittering scimitars in their girdles. The errand boys are passing to and fro with all the dignity of Seraglio errand boys, for no outsiders are ever employed. The gaily attired officers of the palace, each with his peculiar turban and accoutrements, the pages with their waving plumes, and a concourse of inferior menials are moving about the scene. Pashas and dignitaries are arriving in rapid succession with their trains of servants; yet all are wrapt in silence; it is the pantomime of royal magnificence, and if a voice breaks the charmed pageant the penalty is enforced, such impressive blows as awe the offender and the bystanders into a perfect desuetude of all vocal sounds, at least in this forbidden atmosphere. In

the second gateway sits the chief executioner and his assistants, with the implements of punishment and terror suspended upon the walls. Here all dignitaries as well as inferiors descend from their horses, quitting as it were every appearance of honor as they approach the immediate purview of royalty itself.

Within there are still more numerous figures; judges and people are entering the Divan-hanè; the fierce janisaries are drawn up about the hall of justice, and among the busy throng appears the foreign ambassador with his suite, in full court costume. He is supported on each side under the arm by the pages of the grand vezir, and conducted to an apartment in the Divan-hane, to be invested in the long pelisse and head-dress of sable, always bestowed by the sultan on such occasions.

Notwithstanding the embroidered surcoat and plumed hat, the European costume seemed so out of place, and the tightly fitted garments so preposterous among these courtiers of flowing robes, that it was only decorous to clothe the forms of these unfortunate *pitchforks*, as the Turks styled the breeched and pigtailed-coated Franks, above all, when they approached the royal presence.

This investiture was bestowed on the minister plenipotentiary and suite, and its value and magnificence was in proportion to the respective rank of the recipients. At the announcement that his majesty awaited his approach, the ambassador and his retinue, all properly invested, and conducted by the lord comptroller, proceeded to the gate of the third court. Here was a crowd of eunuchs, black and white, the guardians of the royal mansion, all dressed in robes of green, blue, or yellow hues, while the mutes exchanged their silent tokens with those about them, and the mis-shapen dwarfs pompously strutted about in all their hideous deformity. From this gate to the throne-room the ambassador walked over the most costly carpets to the marble steps, which were covered with heavy silken cloth. Here the royal chamberlain took charge of him and ushered him into the presence of his majesty. Just opposite the throne a fountain used to play from the ceiling to the cistern, which was exquisitely floored in mosaic of various colors. The sultan was upon the throne, and as the representative approached he was made to incline his person three times by the chamberlains on either side of him, which salutations the sultan might condescend to notice by a single glance. The ambassador was now



BALOUK-HANE—CASTING THE DEAD BODIES OF CRIMINALS INTO THE BOSPHORUS—RED MULLET FISHERIES.

seated on a low stool covered with rich brocade. While the dragoman read the credentials, the presents were exposed to view, and the attachés allowed to kiss the hem of his majesty's robe. The credentials, after being read, were presented to the grand vezir, who always stood near the throne for the purpose, and the ambassador was backed out of the presence by the attending chamberlains. The foreign representative and his attendants were then reconducted to the Divan-hané, and entertained with a sumptuous repast.

These were the scenes in and about the throne-room in the days of the *ancienne cour*; now the only receptions are those of the Bairams, when the sultan receives the salutations of his ministers, and the pageantry is truly royal, but semi-European, and devoid of the peculiar type of those glorious days of gorgeous draperies and many-folded turbans.

Adjoining the throne-room is the depository of the mantle of the Prophet called *Herkau-Sherif*, strictly guarded from public view, especially from the defiling vision of the Giaours. This sacred relic is only displayed on occasions of the greatest emergency, when all non-Mussulmans are positively forbidden to make their appearance.

The absence of all that patriotic enthusiasm which binds the materials of other national fabrics so inseparably together, forces upon the Ottoman government the only alternative, which is an appeal to the superstition of the multitude. And this motive has ever swayed the followers of the Prophet in times of war or of civil trouble and political discord. But the population of Turkey being half Christian, it is apparent that such an appeal is not only partial but highly conducive to internal dissension.

The Ottoman nationality having been established upon ancient and somewhat barbaric principles, sustained by the ardor of proselytism, and promoted by the victories over the crusaders by the crescent and the sword of the Prophet, naturally precluded the rights of citizenship to the conquered. Hence these very subjects of the Turkish empire, who have ever been its main stay, have been shut out from their civil rights, and entirely ignored in all political action.

But since reform is the spirit of the present day, and those very rayahs have been appointed to the titles of pashas and effendis and posts of high importance, there is every reason to hope that such appeals to religious fanaticism will soon be unknown.

Beyond this depository of the Prophet's mantle is the *sanctum sanctorum*, or private apartments and harem of the sultan, for the Koran declares, "The interior of thy dwelling is a sanctuary;" hence no men are allowed to trespass its boundaries. This part of the palace is directly upon the quay, the Marmora flows "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" beneath its windows, and the point of land is called the Seraglio Point. Like all other Turkish dwellings this is divided into two apartments, the selamluk and the harem, the gentleman's and the ladies' apartment. The latter is peculiar to the East, and might here demand a detailed description; but for this we would refer our readers to a recent work, "The Sultan and his People," where the true spirit and domestic arrangements of this institution are fully delineated.

The architecture of the Seraglio is truly Oriental, and differs essentially from the new palaces which have now been erected. Deep projecting eaves, jutting balconies and oriels, and peculiar casements surmounted by orb windows of stained glass, create an antique exterior with all their picturesque irregularity. The interior is very magnificent, and well worth the observation of travellers, who, as it is untenanted, are allowed to wander through its halls and corridors; for the walls and rafters tell no tales of what has passed within.

Yet there is a strange pleasure in visiting old dwellings hallowed by associations, or terrible from the memories of deeds of human oppression and violence. There may be seen the narrow and latticed corridor through which so many sublime and all-powerful sovereigns passed, leaving the reign of state and empire for that of love among the hours of their terrestrial and secluded paradise. There is the very boudoir where the sultan sat with his favorite ladies, and princes and princesses loitered, happy in the caresses of their royal father. There the room

where Sultan Selim fell, a victim to janisary fury, and here the apartment consecrated by the last sighs of the dying Gulnare, the unfortunate Odaluk, the beautiful mother sacrificed lest she should give birth to a child of royal blood.

Here are the suites of apartments of each of the seven *kadims* of the monarch, and there that

"spacious chamber, *oda* is
The Turkish title,"

where all the train of *halayiks* or waiting-maids,

"Their guards being gone, and, as it were, a truce
Establish'd between them and bondage, they
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and play."

Close by is the spacious bathing establishment of the royal household, where the ideas of Oriental taste and luxury seem to have all their realization. The whole structure is of white marble from the Isle of Marmora, and is divided into several compartments, devoted to the use of the different inmates of the harem.

The tessellated pavements, the sculptured cornices ornate with gilding, the pure white founts beneath domes covered with crystal globes, the soft humidity of the atmosphere, and the perfumed air, all conspired to render these baths most alluring. And here the royal ladies were wont to linger the lifelong day.

At the western extremity of the royal harem there is an extensive square, which was formerly so adorned with rose-bushes that it took its name from those odorous flowers and was styled *Gul-hané*. In the middle of this square there is a beautiful kiosk, which was the former residence of the princes, and as these possible heirs to the throne were kept within limits, this was called the *kafis* or cage.

Comparative liberty is now, however, allowed these sons and brothers of royalty; and strange to tell, it was from this locality, this seat of thralldom, that the famous charter of civil and political franchise, the Tanzimat was proclaimed. The kiosk, like the Seraglio, is untenanted; royal sons and daughters no longer seek to beguile their listlessness amid the groves and fountains, the clinking of the golden fetters of princes and princesses is never heard, nor does the sunlight shine upon their glittering *parures*. In truth now, if not aforetime,

"Sad is the garden of roses."

Stately trees and mournful cypresses cast their shadows deeply, birds nestle in the dark foliage, and deer rove unmolested through the silent groves.

On an eminence overtopping the Seraglio a building of monastic style and cloister memories stands conspicuous. Here the monks of St. Sophia used to fast and feast in the days of the old Greek emperors, and in after times it was here also those other votaries to chastity, the guardians of female loveliness, lived and revelled too.

The beautiful column of Theodosius is just before this monastery, towering up with the surrounding cypresses and mingling its marble whiteness with the deep green foliage. It, like the old and unfading trees, is a relic of bygone days; a tell-tale of beautiful architecture, with its Corinthian capital of verde antique and stately stature. An intruder of Giaour fame, it has kept its watch and ward among the handmaidens of the Moslem palace, but the secret whispers and fearful forebodings of the imprisoned beauties, as they lingered around, have left no records upon its marble surface.

Just outside the Seraglio walls is the great mosque of St. Sophia, which, on account of its immense size and antiquity, has been made familiar to the world in general by frequent descriptions.

A more modern and less known edifice is the great National University, which is not far from the above-mentioned mosque; this was during the late war appropriated to the French soldiery as barracks.

It has only been during the reign of Abdul Medjid, the present sultan, that any attempts have been made towards the diffusion of general knowledge—the usual course of study is the Koran, which comprises the rudiments of learning, the classics, the *belles lettres*, the law, the theology, the sum total of all necessary information both for this life and that which is to come. But foreign travel, and even the foreign education of many of the present generation, combined with the march of civilization

have incited emulation among the youth, and laid the corner stone of the Temple of Science upon Turkish soil. This university is under the supervision of a body of the most eminent literary men of the country, presided over by his Excellency Fuad Pasha, son of the celebrated Izzet Mehmed, and himself a distinguished statesman of the reform party. This institution is independent of the control and pernicious influence of the *ulema*; its professors are of foreign and Oriental celebrity, and the course of study both scientific and popular.

Following the course of the Divan-yoloo or court road, we come to the great square of Atmeydan or the ancient Hypodrome, which, as its Greek title *Hypodromos* implies, was formerly devoted to equestrian exercises, and was, we are told, in the days of its ancient splendor ornamented with colonnades, and furnished with seats for the accommodation of the vast concourse who used to assemble there. Though the paraphernalia of the Grecian sports have all disappeared, yet the Turks have translated the name into Atmeydan, and many times on the same racecourse practised their far-famed game of the *jerid* or javelin, and displayed rare feats of horsemanship. But several relics of past magnificence still remain. Like many other remnants of Egyptian art, in a wonderful state of preservation may here be seen the splendid obelisk transported from Thebes. The shaft consists of a single block of red porphyry sixty feet in height, and is covered with hieroglyphics, which appear to be as distinct as when they were chiseled by the hand of Egyptian skill. It is highly polished, and rests upon four brazen cubes. The pedestal is in strong contrast with the column, being of white marble, and covered with sculpture representing on one side the emperor and his family enthroned in regal state, on another the captives of war paying their homage to the conqueror, on a third the emperor is entertained by the sports of the hypodrome, and upon the last he is again portrayed, holding a wreath between his sons.

As if in contrast to this beautiful specimen of architecture, another column is in close proximity. Doubtless, it is the handiwork of the ingenious artisans of those times, who thought colossal proportions might excel the most exquisite workmanship. It is a towering pile of masonry, much resembling the tall chimney of a factory—and so rough was its exterior that the emperor thought proper to cover its deformity with plates of bronze—the trifling value of which has tempted the Turks to reduce it to its former nudity.

A most curious piece of antiquity is also here. A bronze column wreathing upwards in the form of three serpents, whose three heads once seemed to point to the three distinct corners of the city. They say it once supported the golden tripod at Delphi, and from each of these heads there flowed milk, water and wine. The Turks used to regard it as an ominous remnant of supernatural power, and considering it as a protecting talisman to the Greeks, when Mahommed the Conqueror entered the city, he struck off one of the heads, as if to break the magic spell. Yet strange to say, just before Sultan Ibrahim was deposed, another head dropped off portentously. Some time after, a third and last decapitation occurring, the credulous people were again awe-stricken—and the omen was not without a meaning, for a rebellion soon after broke out, the reigning sultan was killed with many of his favorite attendants. Though consoled by seeing it now a truncated stump, the Turkish boys seem to wish to revenge the former power of this ill-omened monument by constantly battering it with stones.

It is not only the surface of the ground of the Hypodrome which is full of interest, but its "subterranean palaces" are still more wonderful. Out of the midst of a vast lake of water issue numerous marble columns supporting an arched roof. This wonderful subterranean work of art commences from the neighborhood of St. Sophia, and extends nearly the whole area of the Hypodrome. Its existence has always been known as a mystery, and it has never been entirely forgotten. It was explored in 1550, and again lost sight of until not long ago, a part of a wall having fallen in, several beautiful marble columns rising from the water were suddenly exposed to the view of the astonished proprietor of a certain house, beneath whose foundations the excavations had taken place. How many years had the inhabitants of that quarter been supplied

with water from this immense cistern without knowing its source!

The reservoirs for water were formerly above ground, and exposed to the open air. But it was supposed that these waters were sometimes poisoned, and this was attributed to the numerous storks which were constantly hovering about the city and building their nests on the chimney tops. These birds are known to have the greatest antipathy to snakes, who rob their nests. Whenever they spied one of these reptiles they would suddenly pounce upon him, and soaring to an incredible height drop their victim. It was thought that these snakes sometimes fell into the open reservoirs, poisoning the water; therefore these immense underground cisterns are supposed to have been constructed. The rills which flow from the neighboring hills are dammed up and collected in lakes above the level of the city, whence they are conveyed through large stone aqueducts. The one which supplies Constantinople itself was constructed by the Greeks of the ancient empire. It spans the valley between two of the hills on which the city is built. The Turks have constructed another aqueduct not far from the entrance of the Black Sea, crossing the valley of *Beşyuk-déré*, by means of which the villages along the European shore of the Bosphorus and the suburb of Pera are supplied.

One side of the Hypodrome is occupied by the extensive cavalry barracks, the Turkish museum and the menagerie, another by the lunatic asylum, and a third by the mosque of Sultan Ahmed. The museum contains an interesting collection of ancient costumes. The idea of preserving these peculiar characteristics of Orientalism, originated with his late highness Ahmed Fethi Pasha, the brother-in-law of the sultan. He had the greatest difficulty in persuading the artisans to restore the robes and turbans of the hated janissary corps. For the memory of the dire destruction of this formidable body in the days of Sultan Mahmoud, was so fresh in their minds, that the people feared to compromise themselves by any appearance of familiarity with the habits and customs of these victims of the royal fury. But they were at last reassured, and these interesting relics of their ancestors were produced for the edification of generations to come. The menagerie was formerly well supplied, for it was customary for governors of distant provinces to send specimens of rare animals. No wild beasts are there now, but this place is transformed into a large clothing establishment for the army.

Idiots and fools are esteemed by the Mohammedans as the favorites of heaven; their spirits are supposed to have deserted their earthly tenements and to be holding converse with angels, while their bodies still wander about the earth. But maniacs are supposed to be possessed by the devil, and are therefore treated with the greatest severity.

As we enter the square which occupies the centre of the famous Timar-hané, or the lunatic asylum, the noise of the clanking of chains reminds us of fettered limbs and desolated intellect.

At a grated window sits the miserable wreck of what was once a man. His shivering form is wrapped in tatters, or it may be a morsel of old blanket. His locks are wildly dishevelled, his beard long and grizzly, and his eyes ready to start from their sockets with their glaring vacancy, while he seems a second Diogenes, only wishing to puff away for ever at his filthy *chibouk*, utterly unconscious of the earnest gaze of the by-standers. Such a man once demanded a little tobacco from a looker-on, who, prompted by a desire to contribute to this his only source of happiness, at once handed him some of the desired weed, when the arm of the donor was suddenly clenched by the maniac. The terror of the gentleman can better be imagined than described, and his shrieks of distress soon summoned the keepers with their cowhides of office. Whereupon the maniac with a sardonic smile, sagely observed, "You come to flog me, eh? which of us is the real fool? He, for trusting a fool, or I, for having fooled him?" Such occasional flickerings of sense and wit sometimes almost persuades one that the light of reason has not all gone out.

Some of them appear perfectly sane, while you converse with them, until you arrive at a certain point, when their real insanity become sadly and even ludicrously evident.



ADILE HANUM, DAUGHTER OF EKID PASHA.

One of the inmates of the asylum was once questioned as to how he came there, whereupon the maniac began to give so rational an account of himself, that one would almost suppose him the victim of persecution.

He said, he was a barber by profession, and doing well, but could not imagine why he was brought there.

"Did you know how to shave properly?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," was the prompt reply, and he began to describe the *modus operandi*.

"I spread the towel over the person, tucking it in around the neck. I then strap my razor and lay it by for immediate use, I fill the basin with warm water, and placing it under the chin bathe the beard, and when the hairs show symptoms of being thoroughly saturated, I then take the cake of soap and begin to" Here he drew a long breath, "begin to lather—lather—lather—lather, lather, lather, ther, ther, ther, ther," moving his right hand and his left in rapid succession as though he was actually engaged in the process. His eyes glared with dead vacancy, his mouth foaming with the effort of articulation, and his whole frame shook spasmodically as he ceaselessly continued to move his hands, and cry out, "lather, lather, lather—lather!—lather!" and so we left him, and for aught we know, he is lathering still!

We will not, however, linger in this sad receptacle of mere mortality, where unkenneled souls have flown and left their mansions without a keeper, but turn our footsteps to the temples, where in every clime and by people of every tongue the spirit yearns for some assimilation to the Creator, at whose breath it became a living soul.

The magnificent mosque of Sultan Ahmed is before us. It is most celebrated in the annals of history. For here for many successive generations the sultans have, on all state occasions, performed their devotions.

Towering above the broad dome of this vast edifice are the tapering points of no less than six minarets, each over a hundred feet in height. These minarets are girdled with three separate galleries, from whence the faithful are called to prayers. In the gray dawn of the morning the *muezzin* ascends the spiral stairway and emerges upon the slight and slender gallery, and covering his ears with his hands he chants, "Allah-Ikber! Allah-Ikber! La Illah, Ill Allah, vé Mouhammed Ressoul-ullah!" &c. (God Omnipotent! God Almighty! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the apostle of God, &c.) All other voices are yet hushed in the vast metropolis, and the solemn chant resounds from minaret to minaret. At this early hour most of the inhabitants awake from their slumbers. This call is repeated five times a day. The mosques are always open, and the devout, who are so inclined, repair to them to perform

their devotions; others spread a carpet at home, some kneel by the roadside, and even on board the steamers. The interior of a mosque is exceedingly simple, as well as the services there performed. The niche indicates the direction of Mecca, to which point they always turn their faces when they pray.

There are no seats, and the people kneel upon the floor, which is either carpeted or covered with matting. They are entirely on the free church system, no places being assigned to any individual, practically illustrating the precept that God is no respecter of persons.

In the morning and afternoon, after the regular service is performed, the mosque of Sultan Ahmed is converted into a school, where the Mussulman youth are instructed in the reading of the Koran.

Leaving the mosque we will now visit the mausoleum of the late Sultan Mahmoud, the father of the reigning monarch.

This is an elegant structure of pure white marble, surmounted by a dome, with projecting eaves in Tartar style, beneath which there is a border of inscriptions in golden characters. On all sides there are long windows protected by gilded gratings.

The inside presents the appearance of an octagonal hall. The walls are covered with quotations from the Koran. Upon the floor, which is covered with carpeting, are several catafalques made of wood covered over with Cashmere shawls. The largest of them represents the tomb of the sultan, and the others those of his children. The fess of the monarch, ornamented with the imperial aigrette in brilliants, is placed at the head of the catafalque. The bodies are deposited below in a grave, which is usually surrounded by masonry and covered with earth. Two tall wax candles in massive stands of silver are placed, one at the head and the other at the foot of the royal tomb, and a globular lamp is suspended from the ceiling, which is kept constantly burning. The royal mausoleums, of which there are eighteen or more in the city, are erected by the sultans or their mothers during their lifetime, and none but those of the imperial blood are there interred. The ladies of the royal harem are buried in a cemetery in the city exclusively allotted to them. Each *turbé* or mausoleum is guarded by six *turbedars*, and there are twelve aged men whose duty it is to repeat the whole Koran every day for the souls of the illustrious dead. Devout Mussulmen are also seen within offering their individual prayers for the same purpose, who are always very liberal to the guardians and the poor in general: for the Koran says that, "Prayer conducts half way to Heaven, fasting brings to the gate, but alms alone procures entrance."

The burial-grounds in and about Constantinople are immense. There are two that are peculiarly interesting. The one at Hass-keöy, on the hills overlooking the Golden Horn, is the great Jewish cemetery. It presents a vast surface of ground glittering with innumerable slabs of white marble, unshaded by a single tree or shrub—a perfect field of desolation. The other "city of the dead" is at Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, and its vast cypress groves are most conspicuous in the approach to Constantinople. The tomb of the Prophet being on the Asiatic continent, the Mussulmans prefer to mingle their mortal dust with that soil. As it is also an Oriental practice to plant a cypress at the foot of the grave, it is no wonder that this favorite cemetery has become so extended. Such is its size that it is said "the area it encloses would supply the city with corn, and the stones which mark its graves would rebuild the walls."

They frequently visit the graves of the deceased, planting flowers in the hollow of the slab, which is left there for that purpose. Amid the mournful foliage of the dark cypresses and the innumerable tombstones, emblems of dissolution, while treading in the footprints of the dim monster one feels, indeed, as if in the very "valley of the shadow of death." Nothing can, however, exceed the graphic description of this locality by Hope in his "Anastasis," to which interesting work we would refer our readers.

But to return to the haunts of men. Bazaar means in the East an open market place, and *charshu* is the name applied to those localities popularly termed bazars. The institution of *charshu* or bazaar is peculiarly Oriental, and was introduced

into Constantinople when Mohammed II. took possession of that city.

They consist of long avenues with arched roofings, tastefully adorned with devices of variegated colors, the light being cautiously admitted through apertures in the ceiling. There is an unbroken succession of niches or stalls on either side, where the merchandise is displayed, and vendors sit upon their cushions, with a wonderful air of stolid resignation when there is a lack of customers.

But the charshu is generally thronged with people riding, driving, walking and loitering. The ladies delight to go a shopping, perhaps more in Turkey than elsewhere, as they have no scruples in availing themselves of this chance of enjoying a pleasant chit-chat with the otherwise excluded race of mankiad. How they ransack the shop, and must inspect every article on every shelf, especially if the merchant be young and comely. The men are forced to submit, to listen, to humor every caprice; and often tremble at the boldness of the privileged ladies, lest perchance some passer-by should suddenly catch the tones of his own wife or daughter, and thus the favored merchant be compromised.

They order the young clerk who has happened to please them to bring certain goods to them at a certain time, and we have known these heroes to be summoned so often, that at last their only safety was in flight. Even sultans and grand vezirs often amuse themselves by strolling through the charshu, carelessly accosting the shopkeepers and bystanders, and often giving evident signs of that admiration for the beautiful in form and feature from which no royalty or rank can exempt the sterner sex.

No weather interferes with a promenade in the charshu, for they are equally sheltered from the inclemency of winter and the scorching heats of summer, and there is every temptation to wander along these crowded thoroughfares so tastefully decorated with beautiful merchandise, and so invitingly open to all purchasers. The *coup d'œil* is very peculiar—the great variety of goods, the earnest countenance of sellers and buyers innumerable, all within eye-sight, and their altercations quite within ear-shot.

There is a bazaar for each species of trade. There are the perfumery, jewelry, pipe, silk, fur, broadcloth bazaars, the bazaars for arms, embroideries, and ready-made clothing, &c. But the one most *à la mode* is the *Kalpakgeelar-Bashe*, where dry goods and fancy articles are disposed of; this is the Broadway of Constantinople, the rest are all Bowerys, Grand, or Canal streets, Sixth avenues, &c.

Through this *Kalpakgeelar-Bashe*, then, a stream of the Eastern world is constantly rushing. Here pell-mell are pashas splendidly mounted, some white attended by black footmen, some black with white footmen. Sultanas and ladies of rank in gilded coaches, and all the world on foot, each and every one intent on something. Some are there for display, some on business, some going nowhere, some are on coquetry intent. At all events, here, even in this dull quiet city of imperturbable Turkdom, is bustle, hurrying to and fro, and unmistakable signs of life—active life. Here, let loose from the sanctity of the harem, are bright eyes, not glistening through closed lattices, but sparkling beneath the snowy folds of their gossamer veils; here are hours with sweet-toned voices, and withered crones of unmelodious accents. Now the traveller may see them, may hear them, may even talk with them. They are simple, vain and very fond of flirting. As the only Franks who have

access to them at home are physicians, while the apparent subject of attention is a beautiful shawl, the fair *hanum* suddenly accosts you, who have elbowed yourself just by her side, "Doctor, I have a great palpitation of the heart, can't you cure it?" or, perhaps she emulates Napoleon's great woman, and informs you that she is childless, such misfortune being always a source of great sorrow to a Turkish woman.

At all events, you may easily cull her whole history, her lord's faults or virtues, her neighbor's jealousies, or whatever clouds or sunshine float in her atmosphere. If you have been successful in assimilating yourself to Turkish taste and ideas you may be invited to a private consultation, but as no one can pass through the fire unscathed, you had better forget the time and place, and the fair lady too.

But there are other temptations in these bazaars; exquisite shawls or cashmere, long chibouks, pure, unclouded and jewelled amber mouthpieces, rare and brilliant gems, rich perfumes and gilded pastiles, made expressly for the royal palace, cloths of silk and gold, a thousand Oriental treasures, all crying out, buy me! But the deepest purse is not fathomless, and the longest road must end, and we are weary with travel and sights. Therefore a little glimpse of interior life at Stambol will be now quite *à propos*. But as we can conduct no gentleman into a harem, we will give a few extracts from the note-book of an American lady, long resident at Constantinople:

May 15.—The two great national festivals of the Osmanli are called the Bairams, one occurs at the end of the long fast of Ramazan, and the other about three months afterwards, when the sultan goes in a state procession to mosque, and there is a general display of Oriental pageantry. There are other occasions when there is almost an equal degree of public excitement, as his majesty, with regal pomp, visits the principal public schools and military establishments.

In the very centre of Pera, the European suburb, there was a building formerly devoted to the education of the royal pages, called Galata-Serai. This edifice has since been appropriated to the medical school. As this institution is one of the fruits of the late attempts at reforms, the sultan generally presides at



GELIN HANUM, OR LADY BRIDE

the annual examination of the students, attended by his personal retinue and the dignitaries of the empire.

There is always a multitude of people of every rank and class assembled along the royal route, often creating the most unique scenes of confusion. Police officers trying to keep back the crowd, turning off carriages from the main road, pushing away all sorts of beasts of burden and vendors in general, themselves undergoing the most vituperative maledictions from the Turkish women, who insist upon being in the foremost ranks, with their innumerable appendages, in the shape of children of all sizes, immense bundles, &c. These women, however, are fully able to fight their own battles, bravely slapping around with their yellow slippers, and pouring out a volley of the most original vociferations. But the more aristocratic portion of the community, ladies and gentlemen, Osmanlis and Europeans, generally secure some eligible shop or private dwelling from which to view the sight. As there is a Broadway in New York, so there is a Doghruyol in Pera, which is the principal thoroughfare. As we happened to live on this street, and nearly opposite the Galata-Serai, we were soon convinced that something unusual was about to occur. Early in the morning kavasses were running to and fro, ordering the *saccas* or water-carriers to water the streets, forcing the people to a general sweeping, and driving away all intruders.

The military were drawn up in single file along the street, and officers on horseback were acting as equestrian telegraphs. As usual all the windows of the houses were crowded with curious faces, and we had many arrivals at our own domicile. As we were eagerly observing all these proceedings, we suddenly heard a strange voice in the apartment, and perceived the benignant countenance of Giaffer, the harem aghassi, or black eunuch of Zeid Pasha's family. "The Hanum Effendi is coming here," said this sable knight of the dames, and slightly bowing withdrew. Giaffer knew when I answered, *pek ehye*, (all will be right), that I understood him; for this announcement was not as a note of preparation to me, but a sort of warning for all gentlemen to clear the premises, who, as a matter of course, took the hint and left the house. Nazyré Hanum soon arrived with her son's wife, Gelin Hanum, or Lady Bride, her daughter, Adilé Hanum, and a couple of halayiks or female slaves. I immediately hastened to meet them at the foot of the staircase, and as is the custom, attempted to kiss the edge of the Buyuk Hanum's *feradgé*, which she politely prevented me from doing; then, after a salutation to the young ladies, supporting her under the arm, I conducted her up stairs to the drawing-room. The slaves now appeared and took away the *feradgés* and *yashmaks* of the ladies, leaving a long strip of muslin upon the head of each one, with which to veil themselves on an emergency. The *yashmak*, or Turkish veil, is not in modern times made of a piece of thick cotton cloth, but consists of about two yards of the finest India mull, and is so light as to weigh no more than a couple of drachms, so transparent as only to enhance their charms, by softening the outlines of their lovely features. The Osmanli ladies always wear some style of head-dress, and many brilliants are displayed upon it. Over this the veil is fastened, by placing one end folded diagonally over the chin and lips, and securing it on the back of the head. The opposite corner is folded in the same way, and arranged across the forehead as low as to shade the eyes. The rest of this veil is gracefully disposed around the neck, bosom and shoulders. The *feradgé* is a large mantle with wide sleeves, and an additional full length width of the material hanging over the back. It is made either of broadcloth, Thibet or bombazine lined with silk, either white or of some other delicate color. Almost all hues are worn, but ladies of distinction generally use black, and draw their *feradgés* close around their necks. This outdoor accoutrement is very convenient and graceful, if properly arranged; and since the *burnous*, an Oriental garment, is now in such high esteem, no doubt the American ladies would also patronise the *feradgé*, if introduced under the proper auspices. At all events we would recommend it as a most economical toilette during these hard times, for being so ample it completely covers the person, and dispenses with the display of robes à quille, robes à volante, or any sort of robes whatever.

The Osmanli ladies do not show even the least edge of their

full trousers; these are drawn up into a silk girdle they use for the purpose, so that all that appears of them *en toilette de promenade* is the veil, which allows their bright eyes, jewelled head-dresses and resplendent complexions to shine through its snowy folds, with the ample *feradgé*, yellow bottines and slippers. They have a pretty way of gathering up their mantles in one hand, which gives them an exceedingly graceful appearance.

As Giaffer had placed himself at the head of the staircase to ward off any masculine inadvertency, and the lattices were hung before the windows, the ladies were perfectly safe in taking their seats upon the *sadir*, in order to view the scene without.

The band stationed before the gates of the Galata-Serai now commenced playing, announcing his majesty's approach. A long train of pages and other attendants on foot first marched in double file, and ranged themselves on each side of the entrance. A delicious perfume pervaded the atmosphere, as six censer-bearers now passed waving their fragrant pastile burners, and his most refulgent majesty appeared. There is something peculiarly interesting about the young sultan. He is rather slender and of medium height, with features that tell of his Circassian origin. His brow is well formed, and his eyebrows arched; the eyes are hazel and the lips finely chiseled, the complexion somewhat pallid, the effect of which is increased by the contrast with his full beard, which is always trimmed short *a la mode*. Instead of the haughty and imperious bearing of his father Mahmoud, there is a general air of timidity, almost of sadness about him which is extremely interesting, and while some would suppose his mind to be laboring with the responsibilities of his vast empire, others might imagine his melancholy to be attributable to some tenderer thoughts. While he is beloved by his people, he is generally respected by all classes of the community, for his liberal sentiments and evident desire to promote the welfare of those who dwell beneath his throne. Even this very day the wonderful degree of toleration manifested in the Ottoman dominions may be mainly traced to the benevolent disposition of the reigning sovereign.

His majesty generally appears in public mounted upon a noble Arabian, and on ordinary occasions most simply attired, wearing his mantle and fess without any decorations or insignia of royalty; but as he was visiting the European quarter of the city, perhaps with a disposition of conformity to the distinguished representatives of foreign potentates, the sultan drove a magnificent European chariot, drawn by four dapple-gray studs. He was alone in the carriage, and held the reins in his hands, which were galloons of gold. He wore the usual state costume, which consisted of a European military coat richly embroidered in gold, with pantaloons of buff cassimere with a gold stripe down the sides; his boots were *vernis*, and his gloves white kid. Upon his head was the national fess, ornamented in front with the royal aigrette in brilliants, mounted with a heavy spray of glass hair of variegated colors. He also wore a short circular cloak of fine blue broadcloth, the standing collar of which was thickly set with diamonds, and upon his breast glittered the royal badge of Medjidiyé. The hilt of his majesty's sword was also studded with brilliants. As he drove through the gateway quite majestically, his carriage being supported by half a dozen running footmen who kept their hands on each side, my patriotic guests exclaimed in audible whispers, "Mashallah! Mashallah!" as an antidote against any effect of the evil eye upon their admirable sovereign.

The pages on either side of the entrance now bowed their heads to the ground, making the *temena* or Oriental salutation, and shouting, "Bin-yasha! Bin-yasha!" or long live our king. Now followed the grand officers of the realm, all mounted on beautiful steeds richly caparisoned, each one attended by his own gaily dressed servants. All these gentlemen were well known to my guests, at least by appearance and reputation, and were the objects of very sarcastic criticism. As the rotund figure of the Minister of Finance passed by:

"Wonderful!" said Nazyré Hanum; "from day to day he is swelling like a great hog."

"I wish we could see him roll down from his horse," said Adilé Hanum.

"Look, look, Hanum Effendi!" said the Lady Bride; "look at the Reis Pasha; is not that saddle cloth beautiful? They say it cost him thirty purses."

Whereupon the pride of the lively Adilé was roused, who with an air of extreme satisfaction exclaimed:

"Don't look any farther, for there comes our Pasha Effendi; he outshines them all. Is he not the personification of nobility, with his gracious presence, elegant manners and magnificent accoutrements? No wonder he is such a favorite with the Franks."

Just then the Buyuk Hanum touched my elbow and whispered, "There goes Raif Effendi." Then sarcastically turning to Adilé, "My daughter, just glance at your own beloved."

But Adilé drew herself up proudly and replied, "Oh! that rascal, if he should hang himself I would not marry him; and I know the Pasha Effendi is only teasing me when he talks about him."

Yet Raif Effendi was one of the young *elegants*, and was superbly mounted upon a fine Arabian; his complexion was fair and his light moustache and beard carefully trimmed; but his whole air was so effeminate, that Adilé had some reason when she advised the ladies, "that if they were in search of a bride for any of their friends, to apply for his ladyship."

So each one of these all-important personages was in turn discussed behind the lattice until the train disappeared within the gate. The ladies now made a movement of departure, and insisted that I should accompany them home. In vain I protested, I must spend a few nights in their new house.

As no European lady is ever seen in public in company with a harem wearing her own national apparel, a transformation had to take place, and Adilé Hanum assured me she would herself make ready my habiliments, which must of course be *à la Turque*, with a dress or two *à l'Américaine*, which she intended to try on; so she gaily left the room to rummage my wardrobes. I put on the trousers, *entarray* and other paraphernalia. Adilé arranged my yashmak in the last fashion, and whispering, "I have so much to tell you," followed me to the *salon*, when Giaffer discovered his cares to be somewhat augmented, and redoubled his assiduities.

There is no end to the various means of locomotion employed by the people of different countries, some for necessity, and others for mere parade. In the East, men, and other beasts of burden generally bear the tug of human affairs. The number of the *hamals*, or porters, is immense, and their strength almost incredible. They have a sort of hod upon their backs, secured by straps over the shoulders, and upon this the burden is placed; no matter how bulky or how heavy, the mass is piled upon their backs. In moving from one house to another, the furniture, bedding, boxes, barrels, stores, closets, bureaux, tables, sofas, scores of chairs at once, are all transported by the *hamals*. As they walk along almost on all fours, the motive power to these heterogeneous masses is lost sight of; and those who believe that tables and chairs can fly about apartments, would consider them as wonderfully practical demonstrations of animal magnetism.

In the transportation of heavier merchandise, such as bales, large blocks of marble, &c., the weight is supported on long poles, which rest upon the shoulders of the *hamals*. These poles are one, two or more in number, in proportion to the load, with a man at each end of the poles. Threading the narrow streets are long trains of camels, generally loaded with charcoal, and headed by a small donkey, which looks especially diminutive beneath the long arched neck of the towering camel. On a train of ten or fifteen camels, a single bell is placed upon the last one, as an announcement to the leader of the completeness of the train, and if the Osmanlis wish to express the idea that where power is centered in a single individual disorder is avoided, they say, "A whole string of camels needs but one bell." The little but wonderfully tough creatures, too often despised, the all-suffering, all-enduring donkeys, are perhaps more belabored than any other beast of burden in Turkey. Fastened upon the backs of these animals you encounter immense pieces of timber, one end dragging along the ground and leaving little space for foot passengers, and great panniers full of bread, fruit, &c. Again they are loaded with barrels of water, jars of oil, bags of flour, and urged on by the vendors themselves.

The roving pedlars pile upon their patient hacks great packs of merchandise, and even closets full of goods, no matter what or how, so long as poor donkey stands up. The materials for house-building, stones, mortar, bricks, are transported in the same way, on a long string of donkeys, who can travel but slowly under their heavy burdens. Then at night they turn the worn-out creatures loose in the burying-grounds, to graze upon sticks and rubbish. Owing to the steepness of the narrow streets, carts and wagons are seldom used. Many old-fashioned Turks may be seen slowly trotting along on donkeys, and independent females mount the hods on the backs of the *hamals*.

On the Bosphorus water conveyances are very numerous—sultan's, pasha's, ambassador's and private cayiks, omnibus cayiks, cayiks of one, two, three, four or five pair of oars, sail boats, boats of burden, and in latter years steamboats. As you step on shore there are innumerable grades of horses, more or less jaded, waiting to bear you up the different hilly ascents. The most common vehicles are *talikas*, either for one or two horses. These are oval four-wheeled coaches, moving on springs, and usually without seats, every one who hires or uses them placing his own cushions and mattresses in the inside. They are furnished with silk curtains, and sometimes enclosed with glass doors. They are most uncomfortable and clumsy conveyances, though an attempt at improvement upon old-fashioned vehicles, neither comfortable to sit, stand, or lie down in, awkward to enter or descend from. Besides these there are European carriages of various sorts, sedan chairs and the oxen arabas.

The ladies who were visiting me, having crossed over the Bosphorus, entered a hired carriage and proceeded up the hill to Pera. This vehicle they had left at a little distance from our house, in order not to attract attention, for their visit to me was *incognito*. They therefore, preceded by Giaffer, with his sword dangling by his side, and cowhide in hand, to drive off all intruders, slowly walked towards the carriage, which, on this occasion, was an old-fashioned ox araba.

Though generally discarded by ladies of rank in favor of modern coaches, this vehicle had something very social in its capaciousness, some pretensions to comfort in its rich mattresses and cushions upon which we sat, some appearance of elegance in the crimson covering which was stretched over arched hoops. Its sides were covered with gilding, and there was a barbaric grandeur in the size of the milk-white oxen that drew it, all decorated with worsted tassels and tinsel foreheads.

They had one out-rider, Giaffer, mounted on one of the sorry looking animals to be found at the landings; and two out-walkers, the arabagees at the head of the oxen, and instead of the boy who usually attends to the goading on of the animals, there was a very prepossessing youth, whose only apparent eccentricity was a tremendous moustache, far beyond the natural growth of one of his years.

This araba is entered by means of a moveable ladder at the back, and as the front of the vehicle is considered the most honorable position, Nazyré Hanum of course occupied that place; but there being space for another person by her the young ladies wished me to take that seat, which of course I declined in their favor.

The Osmanlis are very punctilious in their etiquette; though remarkably *naïve* and simple in their intercourse with one another, they never deviate from the proscribed forms of politeness, however familiar they be; thus with them familiarity never breeds contempt. Whenever they see any indifference to these matters, they lose their respect for the individual, of whatever rank, as being deficient in good breeding; and on the contrary, whenever they encounter a person as much *au fait* as they are themselves, they endeavor to exceed them in politeness; therefore, notwithstanding my protestations, as I was their guest, they insisted upon giving me the place of honor. The Lady Bride followed, and we were all seated but Adilé Hanum, who, as she was ascending the ladder, suddenly shrieked as though some dreadful accident had happened. But turning round to reprove the youth who held the steps, she began to laugh most immoderately.

"What's that?" said the Buyuk Hanum.

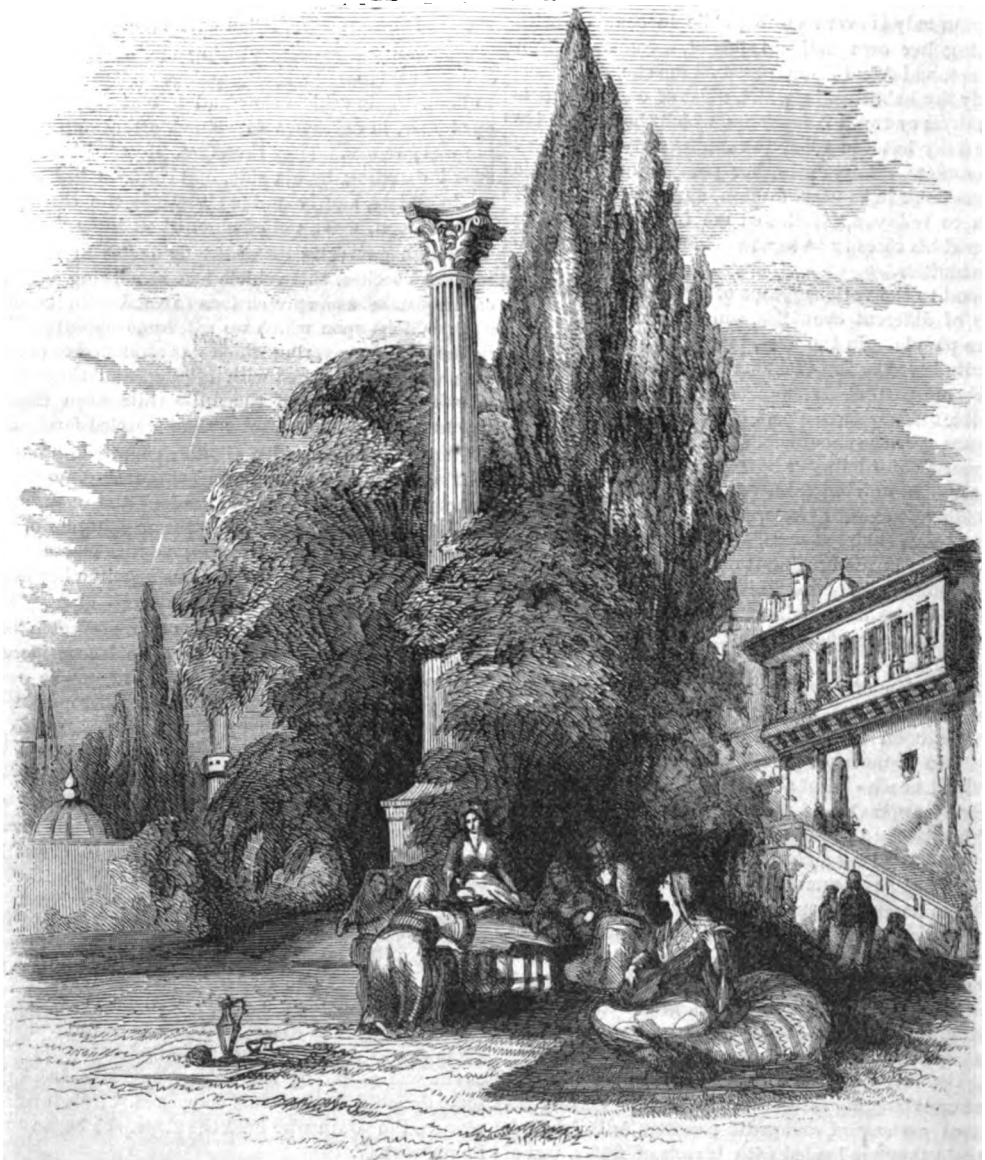
"Oh, this clumsy fellow did not hold the ladder firmly, and I twisted my ankle," replied Adilé.

The halayiks having placed themselves in the rear, and the ladder being stowed under the araba, we at length started; and I observed that the youth in question, instead of keeping by the oxen, preferred lingering near the side of the carriage and within scope of a certain fair young lady's eyes. Adilé Hanum now commenced a lively conversation with him, constantly questioning him about passing events, until she concluded by assuring her mother, "that if the chap would only turn Mussulman, she would certainly marry him." Whether she was in jest or earnest we all felt doubtful, and the Hanum, without wishing to check her liveliness, reminded her of the impropriety of such a remark. Just then as several gentlemen were passing on horseback, Nasyré Hanum begged her daughter to restrain her merriment, for she perceived there was an Armenian banker among them. But Adilé was absorbed in her own thoughts, and observing a sudden paleness upon the features of the young man, began to fear that she had frightened him, whom she tried to reassure by declaring she was only in jest. But he, scarcely daring to raise his eyes, only pointed to the banker on horseback, one glance at whom effectually silenced her. The banker, on his part, perceiving who the ladies were that he had thus suddenly encountered, impelled by a sense of propri-

ety, evaded all signs of recognition and hastily passed by. He was only heard to observe that "certain papers were with his son, who had been in his company a while ago, but was now missing." No sooner had the banker safely passed, than the youth, by the side of the carriage, raising his hand, significantly moved his finger to and fro, and roguishly smiled. This gesture has the same meaning as placing the thumb on the nose and extending the fingers among the Americans, and its force seemed to be fully appreciated by Adilé. On the way we met a carriage containing the harem of another distinguished Mussulman. The ladies stopped to talk with each other, and Nasyré Hanum had the promise of a visit from them the next day. When we reached the landing of Dolma-Bahché, there were two boats belonging to Zeid Pasha in waiting. Our araba was stripped of all its furniture, the red covering from the top being spread over the boat and the cushions placed upon it.

While these arrangements were making, Adilé Hanum, taking a gold piece from her purse, despatched her protégé to purchase some cakes for her, as she pretended to be fainting from hunger.

Our cayiks were propelled by three pair of oars, and these are perhaps the most elegant style of these aquatic conveyances. They are long and pointed, and have two decks, one at each end, which occupy two-thirds of the boat. Between these two are the hold, where the passengers sit, and the benches of the oarsmen.



GARDENS OF THE SERAGLIO, CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA, NEAR MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

The oarsmen are all dressed alike in white shirts, made of a peculiar species of silk gauze, manufactured at Broussa, with wide loose sleeves, girdles of shawl and full trousers. Each man handles a pair of oars, which are not so short as the American sculls, nor so long as the sweeps. The form too is quite different, the whole length being about eight feet; the upper end, which serves for the gripe, is about six inches long, where the oar bulges into an ellipsoid for the length of two feet, and then assumes a cylindrical form about two inches in diameter for half the length, gradually expanding into the blade, whose extremity, instead of being rounded, is in the form of a crescent. The oar, instead of being shipped in a rowlock, is fastened just below the bulge to a single thole-pin by a leather strap. The beauty of this arrangement is that the weight of the oar is thrown upon a fulcrum as it rests upon the gunwale, and it is thereby easily managed. As the inner portion of each oar is longer than half the beam of the boat—in bringing them forward they are obliged to cross one over the other, hence to keep the extremities parallel with the water, the cayik is inclined on what is nautically termed the port side. The length of a boat of three pair of oars is about forty feet, its beam four, and its depth three, and the form is peculiarly graceful. The keel is a perfect segment of a circle, and the deck line slightly concave.

The planking is not clinker built, but smooth and painted black, and as these cayiks are sharp at both ends and draw very little water, they are the simplest boats in the world. There being no seats in the hold, mattresses are generally placed there for the convenience of passengers.

The bow oar's man of our ladies' cayik was holding on to the landing with the hook, the second was greasing the leather bands of the oars, and the stroke oar was standing up to assist the ladies in embarkation, if necessary, while Giaffer was placing them in the boat. As in European carriages so in the cayiks, the front seat is the humblest, and I endeavored to be especially polite by appropriating that place to myself. But Adilé was before me, and as she smilingly extended her hand to me, we seated ourselves, leaving the best corner for the Buyul Hanum. As soon as Giaffer had placed the Lady Bride and the halayiks in the second boat, and handed the customary back shish to the keahya of the landing, he took his post on the poop-deck of our boat.

We were at length in motion, gently but swiftly skimming over the surface of the water—no one moving, lest by disturbing the equilibrium of the boat the hands of the oarsmen should be injured by coming into sudden contact. They rowed beautifully without breaking the movement—so skilled are they in

managing their oars, all striking the water simultaneously, that when viewed from the stern the cayik seems to be propelled by a single pair. Thus beguiling the way with pleasant converse, we were spirited along with incredible velocity till we came to Arnaout-Keöye, on the European shore of the Straits, some five or six miles from the place of our embarkation.

Owing to the circuitous channel of the Bosphorus there are many currents, and as the waters flow from the Black Sea towards the Mediterranean, the jutting points of land on both sides create a sort of rapids, which the strength of the oarsmen cannot overcome; even steamers sometimes are unable to stem them, and are obliged to strike to the opposite shore, to take advantage of the counter current.

It is customary for towmen to be stationed at these various points, and as these men on shore were on the *qui vive*, without forcing us to stop a moment in our course, they promptly threw the end of the rope to our boatmen, which was instantly made fast, and passing it over their shoulders began to run along rapidly. These places are favorite resorts of the lower and middle classes, who, not having the advantage of a residence on the sea shore, collect here to catch the evening breeze and enjoy the prospect as well as to criticise the passers-by.

The point at Arnaout-Keöye is much frequented, because of its publicity and accommodations. Here is a row of coffee-houses, and there are always itinerant vendors of bon-bons, fruit and other eatables loitering about. Groups of gentlemen may be seen in front of these shops smoking and sipping their coffee, whilst the roofs which are just under the declivity of the hills form a sort of terrace for the accommodation of the fair sex, and present a counterpart of the scene below.

As our attention was absorbed by the scene on shore, Adilé suddenly exclaimed, "By heaven, there is our arabagee with my cakes!" while the youth was running breathlessly along the shore, endeavoring to reach her extended hand as we were gliding by. Just as she took the cakes from him, there arose a simultaneous cry of horror from those in the boats and those on shore, for the young man had lost his balance and was precipitated into the water. It was impossible to arrest the progress of our own cayiks, for there is always at this place a multitude of boats, and the least irregularity in the movements of any of them is sufficient to occasion a crash, so that we were forced to proceed to the end of the current. Other boatmen, however, seeing the accident, tried to render assistance to the unfortunate youth. When the ladies turned to look at Adilé Hanum, she was insensible, and as soon as the towman drew away the rope we stopped, and Giaffer was despatched for some lemons, whose odor is considered a powerful restorative in the East. As Adilé was slowly recovering, Giaffer went to inquire about the fate of our young hero, of whom there were no good tidings, though he assured Adilé Hanum that he had been taken up in a boat.

We now resumed our course, but as we approached the second current near the European Castles, the remembrance of the heart-rending scene so overcame Adilé that she again lost all consciousness. Her head was resting upon her mother, while I endeavored to restore her failing senses, and screen her beautiful features from the view of the boatmen. Just at this moment the ten-oared state barge of Zeid Pasha approached, for he too was returning from the procession; but when he perceived Giaffer on the deck of our cayik, recognising his own family, he turned his head in a contrary direction. No Osmanli ever acknowledges his own family in public, and passes them by without the slightest recognition; indeed, respect for the ladies in general precludes even a glance towards them, much less the bold stare which is often bestowed upon the fair sex in the lands of chivalry. But on the present occasion a whisper from his pipe-bearer, who sat upon the stern deck behind the pasha, induced him to raise his eyes towards the boat which contained the prostrate form of his beloved child. Yet he would not stop nor approach them, but ordered his men to push on as rapidly as possible, that he might be at home when the ladies should arrive.

Thus far our course had been along the European shore, but we now struck across to the opposite bank, and were rejoiced to see the pasha's mansion. Giaffer now took up the insensible form of Adilé, and gently carrying her in his arms, laid her upon the sedir of one of the apartments.

THUS DO THE FLOWERS DIE.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

Thus do the flowers die,
Not when the diadems
Crowning the tender stems
Grow sere and dry:
Not when the ripened reeds
Fall with the golden seeds,
And mouldering lie.

Thus do the flowers die,
Not when the waking germs
Fall to the demon worms;
Nor when the eyes
That the sweet buds enfold
Drop in the darksome mould
No more to rise.

But the bright flowers expire,
When from their gentle souls
Love's fragrant breath outrolls
Like balmy fire;
When their pure passionate sighs
In clouds of incense rise,
Blessing all earth and skies,
Thus they expire.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS.—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER I.—THE EMBARRASSMENT OF A FIVE-FRANC PIECE.

PARIS by night! I have not been paid to puff the Colosseum in the Regent's Park, and I do not intend to do so without remuneration; nor am I about to furnish hints for hard-thinking philosophers or morbid poets. The world is bad, and the world is good. This is the old philosophy and the new; and I doubt whether any proverbialist, from Solomon the Great to Solomon the Little—Mr. Martin F. Tupper—can point out the real distribution of those proportions of good and evil which the Great Measurer of the universe has laid out among mankind. No, I only want to show one or two broad features of Paris by night, which shall practically serve my purpose.

Leaving out those enormous fringes of the town which have grown up of late years, partly to lodge the daily increasing multitudes of the horny-palmed working-classes, partly to afford respectable domiciles to that new nondescript order, which delights to call itself "the middle class;" Paris may be taken to consist of four cities. There is the Faubourg St. Germain, the city of the dead—the last home of deposed grandeur and stifled envy—the gloomy retreat of conservatism. There is the Faubourg St. Honore, the city of the living (taking the word in its Parisian sense), the palace of pleasure and luxury, where the wealthy upstart, refused an entrée on the other side of the river, is content to mingle with the extravagant foreigner. There is the Quartier Latin, the city of noise and low debauchery, with study in the midst of it; and lastly, there is the great Faubourg St. Antoine, the city of poverty—the hotbed of crime and sedition—where the artisan, the thief and the conspirator wear the same dress, and slink in and out of the same dirty cabaret.

Let us take one of those glorious spring nights just about Easter, the second season of Paris, short, indeed, but no less gay than that preceding the Carnival. In the Faubourg St. Honore, the crowds, which had been walking or sitting in the Champs Elysées up to the very last moment, had at last dispersed. The licensed beggars, who all day long had squatted under the trees, keeping up an incessant din on cracked fiddles, broken-winded bagpipes, tuneless flageolets, or still less tuneful throats, had hobbled off with their respective instruments to a supper of black bread and garlic in the cellars of the Faubourg St. Antoine. The last carriage had rolled back from the Bois de Boulogne, and none but a few ardent lovers, and stern, martial gendarmes held possession of the allées. The Place de la Concorde was one mass of lighted gas. Along the streets the carriages were rolling rapidly, loaded with masses of tarlatane, or slim figures in black coats and dress boots, and the sluggish fiacres were trotting listlessly onward, with a worthy bourgeois in white waistcoat within, bound for some less-pretending soirée. On the Boulevards the shops were still blazing with light and

their brilliant wares, and along the pavements two closely-packed streams of idlers, of every race and land, were moving slowly, the one up, the other down, as if life were nothing more than a pleasant stroll for threescore years and ten. Before the cafés the crowds of little stone tables were still covered with glasses and cups, and the little green chairs, still occupied by those enthusiastic visitors to Paris, who believe that it is "the thing to do the cafés." At the corner of each street you saw two or three commissioners, in blue canvas jackets and glazed caps, standing for ever on the look-out, exchanging, from time to time, a quiet monosyllable, often followed by a low laugh of derision at some passing Englishman, while your ears were filled with the harsh cries of "La Patrie, La Presse, les journaux du soir," from long-nosed, high-cheeked women sitting in little stunted sentry-boxes.

In the Quartier Latin again there was much gaiety of a coarser description. The shops, indeed, were shut, and the streets narrow and badly lighted. But then each street seemed to be full of nought else than cafés, restaurants or cabarets, from which an odor of inferior viands and pipe-smoke issued, along with the noisy mirth and snatches of song that students delight in all the world over. Within these cafés and estaminets each unlicked student sat by the side of his favorite grisette; he in slouched hat and Vandyke cloak, or, if less romantically natured, with greasy cap and little coat of blue or green, covered with black frogs; she, with well-feigned modesty, wearing a neat white cap and black silk dress. Then, when they had well drunken and eaten, you might see them issue forth in tens and twelves, link arm-in-arm, and parade homewards, shouting:

Mon père est à Paris,
Ma mère est à Versailles;
Et moi, je suis ici
Couché sur de la paille.
Toujours, toujours, la nuit comme le jour
Yuch, yuch, yuch, yuch, tra la la la la.

And those wild boys, with perhaps only a few sous in pocket, are the sons of country gentlemen and even noblemen! Oh! youth, youth, poets have sung thee; but, alas! thou art often little else than bestial!

Well, even the Faubourg St. Germain is gay to-night after its fashion. Madame la Marquise receives a few old legitimist friends, who drink bad tea and poor lemonade, and whisper sneers about the emperor and his court. Madame la Comtesse has a *petit comité*, where a few plain girls will dance demurely, and glance meaningly at modest youths whom they know they must not dream of liking, while dowagers and chanoinesses will talk by the card-tables of the fortune of Henri de B—, and the accomplishments of Léontine de C—. Poor Henri and poor Léontine, who are perfectly indifferent to one another, these good old dames hold your fates in their hands, and some day you will be man and wife, before you have had time to say ten words to one another.

Turn we now to the city of poverty. Turn we into this narrow dark street, and half-way up we shall nearly stumble over the cellar doors of No. 15. We look down into the cellar and see the faint glimmer of a farthing rushlight. We descend the greasy stone steps, and stand in the midst of a workman's home. The candle is stuck in a bottle, which is set on a tub in the middle of the damp den. In one corner we can just discern a litter of straw, and upon it the wan form of a dying woman; a weak, starved-looking child is lying near her bosom.

"Oh! mother, mother," it cries in a shrill tiny voice; "I am so hungry, mother; do give me something to eat."

"Hush, child; hush, darling," murmurs the poor mother in a hollow voice; "your father will soon be back, and he will bring us bread."

Another child is crouching half naked upon the end of the straw. From time to time it utters a low whining cry. "Mother," it says feebly; "I am ill, I am dying."

"Be patient, my poor child," she answers. Then turning with pain and difficulty upon her side, the dying woman strives to stifle her own groans.

Presently there is a step upon the stairs. The mother and children are too weak to start up, but a faint gleam lights up their faces, and they turn their heads towards the entrance.

"It is your father," murmurs the wretched woman, trying to raise herself upon her elbow.

The man, who paused a moment, and stood upon the lowest step but one, was their father, Louis Girardon.

England is a very boastful country, but there is not one of her many boasts so highly cherished, yet so utterly unfounded, as that of her domestic ties. I know that in saying this, I call down thunderbolts upon my head. I care not—truth is more precious than popularity. But to prove it; and first between husband and wife. Has any who has lived longer in France than this writer, ever heard of a husband in any class of life, beating his wife, knocking her about with his fists, brutally asserting his superior strength, and taking advantage of her weakness, as we hear of every day, in every class in England? And if to this it be answered that the husband abroad inflicts a far worse than bodily injury on his wife, and lavishes his love on some wretched mistress, I reply that I do not uphold their morality, only their domesticity.

Again, as between parent and child; where, tell me, do you see in England that tender affection, respect and devotion, which we have seen a thousand times abroad in sons and daughters? Would it not appear even ridiculous to our cold eyes, if a dashing young dandy, starting in his cabriolet for his club, were to press a kiss upon his father's brow each time he left the house? Or where do you see in England generation after generation content to live together in the same house? Is it not almost a rule that the young married couple shall install themselves rather in wretched lodgings, than in the same house with their parents? Nay, the love and honor from child to parent is so strong in France, compared with England, that it is this which partly accounts for the number of made-up marriages, as many a son and daughter would rather marry a cannibal at once than oppose the will of a father or mother. To all which it will be answered that these are matters of custom, not of feeling. And I reply that if you wear a coat of ice, it will soon freeze your blood; but if the blood be very hot, it will melt the coat of ice. Feeling will out, in spite of climate and natural phlegm; and if the worthy inhabitants of Britain had as much of it as they pretend to, they would certainly show it more in their daily social intercourse.

But enough of sermonizing. If you satirize the faults of one class, all the other classes will applaud and encourage you. If you abuse a peculiar vice, or a peculiar fashion, everybody who is too respectable or too timid to run into the one or the other, will cheer you on. But if you tell a whole nation its errors, the whole nation will either despise you as unnatural, or knock you down with the weight of common opinion.

All this is apropos of Louis Girardon, who stood on the lowest step but one of the damp cellar which formed his dwelling house. Girardon was sober, fearfully sober. Now, I ask, would an English husband, under the same circumstances, and in the same class of life, have returned late at night to a starving wife and two children—sober?

Girardon was just the right specimen of a St. Antoine workman in bad circumstances. He was short and ugly, with a thin, very white face, lank black hair, and a wiry mouth. His eyes, which were naturally small, had attained a terrible size of socket from the sinking of his cheeks, so that the lower lids hung down in flabby purses. His dress was the very minimum of decent attire, for, one by one, each article had been pawned to buy bread, while the hope of finding work should last. A short blue canvas blouse and trousers of the same stuff were positively all he wore. Even his black silk neckerchief, dirty though it had been, and his greasy old cap were gone—*chez ma tante*.

But with all this against him, and with hunger and misery to sour him, there was a look of some sweetness, of an unselfish pity on the face of the wretched man as he stood there and stared at the scene I have tried to describe, as if it were new to him, though he had seen it a hundred times.

He descended the last two steps slowly, as one who puts off an unpleasant duty to the last possible moment, and tried to look hopeful and unconcerned; but his misery was too great for him to speak, and he stopped at the end of the bed of

straw, and turned his eyes from his wife's face to that of his sick child.

There was a minute's pause, for the wife, hoping against hope, would not interpret his silence rightly.

"And so?" she said feebly; "and so?"

"So I have returned."

"Have you——?" she stopped, dreading to ask the fearful question on which now hung life and death.

Girardon shook his head slowly. The poor wife, roused by her alarm, started suddenly up.

"What! nothing?" she cried in a voice that seemed to come from a hollow chest; "nothing? not one sou?"

"Not one," answered the man, and his head fell upon his breast.

"Good God!" murmured the wife, and falling back again, she seemed to sink into a lethargy of despair.

The man went to her side and knelt down awkwardly by her. For a minute he could find nothing to say. At last he murmured, "Cheer up, my wife, there is hope yet; I will go and pawn my blouse."

There was no reply for some minutes. Then he repeated in a yet more gentle tone; "I will pawn my blouse, Nina, do you hear?"

"Pawn!" cried the woman, trying to raise herself, and her hollow eyes gleaming; "pawn! it is too late now; too late tonight. We must die."

"No, no! there is hope yet. The Mont-de-Piété is shut, but I can try again. I can—I can—beg."

This word he uttered in a deep hollow voice.

"Look you here, wife," he began rapidly. "I have been out all day; I have been to every cutler's, pretty nearly in Paris; no work. Then I went to Pere Simon, to borrow a few sous. 'No,' says he, 'pay me my two francs now, and I will lend you another.' This was laughing at me. Then I looked out for a porter's job, but the commissionaires were all too sharp. I went down to the river. Nothing to be done there. I have been all over Paris to-day till I am dead beat, and, you know, I have not tasted bread for two days. Well, now, there is no help for it. If you and I die the children must live, and though I have been a master cutler before now, I must give in—I will go and beg."

"And so late as it is—hush child! hush!—there is no one about to beg from."

The children meanwhile were keeping up a low moan.

"Father, have you brought us some supper? Father, I am very ill. Father, get us some bread!"

The poor man drew one of them to him, and rocked it a moment in his arms. Then he set it down again.

"Wait a bit, Nina. I will sit down a moment to rest and think about it, and then I will go out again."

He took the candle and bottle from the barrel, and sitting down on it, hid his face between his hands.

Another man, after the day he had passed, would have fallen asleep in his misery, but hunger is the enemy of rest, and he fell a thinking.

"Oh!" said he, after a while; "If the revolution were come, we should have bread."

"The revolution, indeed," answered his wife; "and what did '48 do for us? It made you a pauper, and brought us here."

"No, no, wife! That was not the revolution. That was those cowardly citizens who spoiled it; that moderate party, as they called themselves, who did not care for the people, and who made a way for this Badinguey, this usurper, this tyrant, who oppresses us."

His voice rose as he spoke, and he grew vehement.

"Hush! hush, Louis! you will be heard."

"And what if I am? Would to God they would carry us all to prison! We should be fed there."

The poor woman had strength only to sigh.

A long pause ensued, and the rushlight burned rapidly to its socket.

"Ha!" cried the man at last; "I have it; I have it," and he started up. "Wait—let me see—wait only half an hour, and I will bring you food."

"What is it? what will you do?"

"No matter, wife, be quiet; I will be back soon," and starting up, he rushed up the stairs.

The man walked at a rapid pace along the street, and turned into the Faubourg St. Antoine, along which he pushed in the direction of the Louvre. There was no longer on his face the expression of misery which it wore in the cellar. He seemed now rather like a cowardly soldier, who, having made up his mind at last to march against a battery, rather than be shot by his commanding officer, lays unto himself the flattering unctiousness that he is a brave man, and marches joyfully to meet the danger.

"I know where I shall find them—lots of them," murmured the starving man; "in the little tapis-franc behind the Rue du Louvre."

But just as he arrived at the corner of that street, he stopped suddenly as if in doubt, and put his hand to his forelock to pull down his cap over his eyes; but, ah! there was no cap there, and the passer-by could watch the working of his mind.

"No, I cannot do it," he muttered to himself. "To be spy for a spy—to be—ah! there is the word—yes, they will call me a traitor; they will despise me justly at last, after despising me so long for my rags. No—it is worse than begging, even from the aristocrats. Ah!" and the scene in his dreary home came back upon the wretched man, "yes, I must beg."

So he walked slowly on, still wavering between two evils, which, in his false pride, he believed to be almost equal.

Beggars, thanks to a well-regulated police, are few in Paris at the present day. A certain number of the maimed, blind and incapable, are licensed, ticketed, and even distributed throughout the city. To these begging is a recognized profession—to all others a crime; yet that comfortable doctrine of expiation by good works, held by the Romanists, opens almost every purse in Paris to the few that there are. Pence are given not exactly for the love of God, but in the selfish hope of covering a multitude of sins. Not that I am uncharitable enough to deny that the bowels of compassion do often open at the sight of suffering; and would that in England it were not a social virtue to shut them up against the hungry and the wretched! Yet so it is. We are told that no charity is proper save that which is systematic, and we are encouraged to let the magistrate or the clergyman know what our left hand ought to ignore. Indeed, I know not whether all the beggary of Alexandria and Smyrna be not better than that cold charity which refuses a penny to the starveling on the street, and carries a sovereign to the next police-station.

If Girardon had dared to ask, he might have collected half a franc before he had reached the Rue St. Honoré, but he had not the courage, and he walked or rather slunk onwards. At last, he saw before him a figure unmistakably English. A handsome young man, in full dress, and with a light cloak thrown loosely over him, had just emerged from his lodgings, and was drawing on a pair of white gloves, while looking about for a passing cab.

It was evident he was on his way to some ball.

"Ah!" thought Girardon, as examining the height and strong build, the whiskers, large features and dignified walk of the stranger, he at once recognized his nationality, "here is a man who is no countryman of mine. He is not one of those who have oppressed me. Of him at least I may ask alms without dishonor, for he comes from a country always open to the refugee, and hospitable to the exile."

He hastened up eagerly to his side.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," he said, "give me something, however small, to save me and my family from starvation!"

To English ears such an appeal was too well known to be heeded, and the Englishman walked on, still drawing down the fingers of his kids.

Disappointed but not discouraged, for he thought that perhaps the Englishman did not understand French, Girardon followed him and pressed his suit.

"My good friend," replied the stranger, in very pure French, "it is useless to ask me, for I have no money." But at the same moment his hand slipped mechanically towards his waistcoat pocket, and Girardon, encouraged by the movement, walked on beside him.

Now it so happened that the Englishman had a single five-franc piece in his pocket. He was going to a ball, where, for more reasons than one he was anxious to shine, but he had brought out just sufficient to pay for his cab both ways. The Englishman had a good heart, but a natural antipathy to beggars. If his five-franc piece had been changed, he would undoubtedly have sacrificed ten sous to get rid of the beggar; but to take the trouble to change it was out of the question, and to ask the applicant for change would have been a cruel mockery, though I have done it myself with success to an English crossing-sweeper. He wavered a moment between self and charity, and gave the verdict in favor of self and his patent-boots. Just as the beggar was about to slink back, he happened, by one of those curious chances which give the coloring to an unromantic world, to pass three fingers of his right hand across his brow.

The Englishman perceived the movement, started, and carried his left hand to his right shoulder. Equally surprised, Girardon placed his hand upon his heart. The Englishman stopped, and looked the man full in the face.

"Reason?" he asked, mysteriously.

"Strength," replied the other at once.

"Feeling," rejoined the Englishman.

"Brother," said the beggar in a low voice, "help me; I am in distress."

"Brother," replied the Englishman, stooping to the ear of the beggar, "I will; but—" and here again the remembrance of his boots disturbed him—"I cannot now. Call on me to-morrow morning, Rue St Honoré, 491, and I will do all I can for you."

"But I am dying of hunger; my wife, my children are dying of starvation. Have you nothing you can give me?"

Oh! fatal five-franc piece; oh! fearful selfishness. There was no possibility of procuring change. If he gave him anything it must be all, and—and—desperate thought, his boots must suffer, and his appearance at the ball be a failure. It would have been easy to go back and get more money. But who ever heard of going back for a beggar? The Englishman shook his head and walked on. A moment afterwards he repented, and pulled the money from his pocket. He turned round, but it was too late—Girardon had fled with a curse upon his lips.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, as he rushed wildly down the street; "Yes, yes, they are all accursed, all heartless; the socialist is as bad as the aristocrat. It is enough. I will fill my belly now with vengeance."

And the Englishman hailed a cab, and drove to his ball. How often a moment's wavering gives the devil the battle field!

CHAPTER II.—THE THREE EMISSARIES.

BOILING with indignation, rendered more furious by hunger and the remembrance of his cellar at home, Louis Girardon needed no other incentive to keep him up to his first resolve. He rushed back to the Rue du Louvre, gliding in and out among the foot passengers, which his low stature enabled him to do with ease, or at times, where the pavement was very narrow, darting recklessly among the cabs and carriages in the road. Once or twice, in his anxiety, he even glided, at the risk of his life, beneath the belly of some cab-horse, to the amazement of the driver; for Girardon thought it was better to be kicked into eternity than to linger on with a gnawing stomach.

At last he arrived at a little narrow dark alley, down which he turned, and stopped before a small cabaret, panting with excitement and running.

The outside of this place was on the model of all the cabarets in Paris. Within the windows were thick white blinds, arranged in radiating folds so as to prevent the eyes of the curious from peering in; and in front of these blinds were placed a few large cups and plates, indicating that coffee and chocolate might be had within, to say nothing of the numerous other liquors which doubtless formed a far more important portion of the business of the house. Above the front was a new signboard representing three individuals with their eyes bent sagaciously on some invisible object, clothed in a neat attire of black, and

wearing small black caps like that of a military undress. Beneath this work of art was an inscription—

Aux Trois Emissaires.

From the freshness of the green paint round the windows, and the fact that the white cups and plates were not broken or even chipped, it might be concluded that The Three Emissaries had been recently renovated. Such, indeed, was the case. Emissary is the polite and official term for a spy, and as the system of political espionage had not been brought to perfection until the reign of the present blessed Emperor of the French, the café had but lately been opened to meet the requirements of a rapidly increasing class.

The Three Emissaries offered various advantages for the rendezvous of those semi-official gentlemen whom it was destined to entertain. In the first place, it was situated in a blind alley, in which there were only two or three other houses, and those of a quiet description. Next, it was placed within an easy distance from both the Tuileries and the Faubourg St. Antoine, which may be considered as the antipodal sites of French politics. Thirdly, and this was the most important point of all, it was kept by an individual who, in forty years of unwearying service under three royal masters, had achieved the reputation of being the most effective detective in Paris, which is saying a great deal. Le Père Michaud, as his customers affectionately styled him, was a man of sixty years of age, and had retired from the service only because a wound in the leg, received in an encounter with a dangerous socialist, had deprived him of that activity which had been his chief source of pride. But the Père Michaud was not utterly idle and useless, wandering all day among his cups and saucers, his liqueur-bottles and glasses, and spreading his coarse napkins over the little marble-topped tables in his café. No; he had become the receptacle for all the secret news of the country, and he still rendered the state occasional service by the information which his long experience enabled him at times to give.

At the door of this haunt of suspicious spirits the traitor stopped. Two things stayed his feet. It was so long since Girardon had entered a café of any sort that he feared to go in, still more so in his wretched rags, and without a sou in his pocket; on the other hand, he knew not what reception his overtures would meet with. But a man who has nothing to lose, and the goad of starvation at his back, is not long in making up his mind, and Girardon turned the handle and went in.

Little would the casual visitor have suspected, as he entered Père Michaud's café, that the sign of The Three Emissaries had any relation to the company assembled there. He would have seen before him fifteen to twenty honest respectable-looking men in costumes of almost every description. Here was a peasant from Brittany in broad-brimmed hat, with long light hair hanging in love locks over his shoulders. There was a young recruit, apparently just arrived in Paris, and thoroughly ignorant of the world. Here, again, was a quiet bourgeois in a neat suit of dark-colored clothes, walking-stick in hand; there a bad imitation of an Englishman, with very large shirt collars, very stiff back and legs, large whiskers, and a hat without a brim. The predominant costume, however, was that of the simple *ouvrier* of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Indeed, there was only one person in the room who, in his single-breasted coat, buttoned up to the chin, and little black undress-cap, at all resembled the figures in the work of art outside. This man, whose long thin face was crowned by a peculiarly low forehead and a few straggling white hairs, was none other than the Père Michaud himself, whose chief delight was still to array himself in the uniform of his quondam office.

But to Girardon, who knew almost every face within that room, the effect was very different, and somewhat appalling. As the door opened, although the lively conversations of the different groups were uninterrupted, every eye mechanically turned towards it, and when he entered, some twenty pairs of dark penetrating optics were fixed upon him; fixed not in the ordinary manner of the curious or inquiring, but with a regard peculiar to the Parisian *mouchard*. Everybody, in short, from the Breton peasant to Père Michaud himself, took a rapid in-

ventory of the new comer. His height and figure were first set down, then the color of his hair and eyes, then his complexion, and so on to the minutest points, until the stranger was thoroughly registered in each man's mind. Nor did the scrutiny end here, for that which the *mouchard* most delights to discover is some peculiarity, some distinguishing mark, whether of person, gait or manner, by which to recognise their man at once, and many eyes remained pointed at Girardon while he walked up the middle of the room, and even when he addressed himself to the Père Michaud.

That father of spies was not a little amazed at the entrance of so ragged a specimen into his respectable liquor-shop. At first, indeed, he thought it might be some *mouchard* in a successful disguise, but his penetrating eye soon convinced him this was not the case. Then, as Girardon waited a moment before coming up to him, he made up his mind that this was some spy or informant employed by one of his customers, and appointed to meet him there. But it was part of Père Michaud's duty, nay, of his character even, to suspect, and Girardon's wild and wretched appearance was by no means calculated to allay his suspicions.

When, then, he walked up to him, as being the only man in the room wearing the uniform which he recognised, the worthy father of spies turned one shoulder towards him and eyed him over it, as you would a dog that comes to sniff at your ankles. Then, in a tone by no means encouraging, he asked, surlily—

"What do you want, *mon ami*?"

Now, those two words are used in France in a somewhat anomalous manner. To the servant you are scolding, you say "*mon ami*." To the peasant, of whom you ask the way, you say "*mon ami*;" nay, to the horse you are spurring on, you may say "*allons, mon ami*," if you like it; but unless you wish to quarrel, take care that you never say it to a friend.

"I wish to speak to you," replied Girardon.

"Well; you can speak," answered the other, drawing himself up.

"But it is a matter of business."

"I do not transact business in the evening."

The Père Michaud easily guessed the nature of the business to be transacted, but it was only consistent with his dignity to be difficult of access; while, on the other hand, he felt no slight satisfaction in finding that all present were watching the interview with considerable interest, and taking a lesson from this professor of duplicity how to receive an unknown applicant.

"But my business cannot be delayed; it is immediate, it is important," urged the unfortunate man.

"On! indeed; and pray, who sent you to me?"

"No one; I come on my own account."

"Well; I am sure I can have no important business with you. I do not know you. You had better call to-morrow morning."

Girardon was in despair. It seemed as if fate had conspired against him; as if even his crimes were destined to fail. He looked round the room, doubtful how to act, and his eyes lighted on a stout woman seated behind the little counter from which the various beverages were dispensed, and wearing a smile of affability which might almost have been mistaken for benevolence.

"Ah!" thought he to himself, "that must be the Mère Michaud, of whom I have heard so much."

And he was right.

Some one has said, or might have said, that "if our ambassadors had been women, we need never have had a single war in Europe." The originator of this saying was both in the right and in the wrong. It is true that women possess both the tact and the talent for conciliation to a far higher extent than men; but only think of their tongues. Imagine a conference at Paris in which England, Russia, France, Austria, and the rest, were represented by lovely leaders of fashion. Why, even if you succeeded in getting them away from Palmyre's and Bacqueville's in time for the meeting, what a terrible conflict of voices would be present! At the same time, it cannot be denied that that the Russians have employed female emissaries with success,

and the princesses Lieven and Trobetskoi have won fresh laurels for the sex.

On the other hand, the nation that loudly arrogates to itself the mastership in the school of gallantry, has not scrupled to attribute openly to its women all the immorality of a character fitted for deception and diplomacy. If France has never made ambassadresses, it has filled its most important agencies with its wives and daughters, and in spite of its Salic law, has allotted them the chief duties in its most serious political intrigues.

Cum magnis parva again; and in her own humble way La Mère Michaud is an illustration of what we say. The secret list allowed her three hundred francs per annum, in order to keep her valuable services on the side of government. In the fat comely form of forty summers, there was, to all appearance, such a spring of good nature as drew to her the confidence of every one that knew her, and the mysteries that her husband could not pierce with his black suspecting eye, she lured from the heart without an effort, as one draws the cork from a soda-water bottle; and while she looked the picture of happy indifference, La Mère Michaud was really the Queen of Emissaries.

In her eyes, then, Girardon found boundless encouragement. In spite of his empty stomach and his many disappointments, he gathered from it courage sufficient to raise his little form on tiptoe, and whisper in the ear of the husband, "This business will stand you in well."

But the other seemed to be inexorable.

"Ha!" he answered in a loud voice, "every one here knows that I have quitted the profession" (he loved to call it a profession); "that I am content with my means, and make nothing by any other transactions."

Which was precisely what no one there did know. However, at these words, when Girardon's heart again sank within him, La Mère Michaud rose from behind the array of bottles and cups on the counter, and came towards her husband. She whispered two words in his ear.

"Well," said the ancient *mouchard*, with condescension, "come, this way, *mon ami*, and we will hear what you have to say for yourself."

The traitor's heart rose again, and he followed the couple to a side-table, and sank exhausted with conflicting fears into a chair. La Mère Michaud sat down opposite to him.

"Madame," he said to her, in his most respectful tone. "I have a very important communication to make, but I have been two days without food, and I fear I shall be unable to speak soon, if you cannot give me a little refreshment."

"Oho!" cried Michaud aloud; "if this is all you came for, my man, you have mistaken your host. You may have what you like, if you choose to pay for it, but this is not a *maison de charité*."

"No," replied the starving man bitterly; "I know it is not, but I cannot give up my secret for nothing, and I am dying of hunger."

The tears rose to his eyes as he spoke, for to be bullied when one is weak with fatigue and starvation is very hard. La Mère Michaud, with her usual discernment, guessed the whole truth. She got up quickly and returned at once with a glass of absinthe in her hand, and a long loaf under her arm, from which she cut a large round, and set it before the starving man.

"Wife, you are a fool," said Michaud, turning upon his heel; but La Mère Michaud thought otherwise.

Girardon could scarcely credit his happiness. The color rushed back to his white hollow cheeks as he poured down the reviving liquor, and attacked the crust of black bread voraciously, till he was almost choked. He had despatched half of it, and was still hungry, more hungry really, perhaps, than before, when the remembrance of his wife and children came back upon him, and with an effort he stuffed the remaining half boldly into his canvas shirt. "Now," said he, "I am ready."

The Père Michaud took the remaining seat, and the three leaned their arms upon the table, and with their faces close together, began a series of question and answer in a low inaudible tone.

What they said, we must not now reveal, but it was clear that the intelligence interested Michaud deeply.

"And for this you can pledge your word," he said in mollified

accents; "you know the penalty for perjury, I suppose? You know that the law punishes false intelligence given with interested motives very severely."

"I know it; but I am ready to prove everything that I have said."

"Then, there is only one thing to be done, and there is no time to be lost." Then he whispered to his wife—"This is an affair of a couple of hundred francs at least. Give the man another glass, for we must take him to the chef-du-bureau at once."

"Ah! you are very good," said Girardon humbly, as La Mère Michaud poured him out a glass of *geneviève*. "Now, do not be angry, but I have a wife and two children at home, who are dying of hunger—indeed they are—could you give me a little something for them?"

La Mère Michaud was not without heart, and what she had was warmed by the prospect of the two hundred francs. She cut another large lump of the black loaf, and poured two or three glasses of *geneviève* into an empty bottle. "There," she said, "go, and good luck to you."

"Well, thought Girardon, as he stuffed these provisions into his canvas shirt, "if nothing else comes of this, I shall at least have got a meal for us all for one night."

As they passed out, Michaud beckoned to the young man who was disguised as a Breton peasant, who rose and followed them out. Just as they moved forward towards the Rue du Louvre, a head which had been peering round the corner was quickly drawn back, and its owner secreted himself under the arch of a porte-cochère; not however before the quick eye of Michaud had perceived the movement.

"Aha!" said he, "my fine fellow; I know you—it's of no use to come prying about on these premises; you can't find out half so much about us as we can about you."

"Who's that?" asked Girardon, who since his meal had become quite bold and even lively.

"A fellow who was on the look-out there round the corner; I have seen him before many a time, and I shall know his name one of these days, when I can take the trouble to dodge him home. He's a man who wears a black beard all over his cheeks, and cut quite close and stumpy."

"Black hair and eyes, thickly built, tall and strong, with a habit of frowning savagely?" asked the young Breton.

"That's the man."

Girardon turned pale. In this description he thought he could recognise a friend.

"Well, it's no good to waste our time on him to-night," continued Michaud; "when you've a spare moment, Briou, just look him up. But he might just happen to be one of you," he added to Girardon; "and so to keep on the safe side, we will try and put him off the scent, in case he is still lurking about here."

So saying, he led them in a direction just the opposite of that which would have brought them to the chef-du-bureau of the secret police.

The man, however, was not to be baffled. He had recognised the figure of Girardon, and to see him in such company was very alarming, whatever might be the cause of it. He, therefore, determined to follow and find out what he could, and slipping from porte-cochère to porte-cochère, in the shadow of the wall, he managed to keep them in sight until they reached the house of the chief of the secret police.

"Oho!" thought the man, as he again hid himself and carefully watched the three figures enter the house. "Here is either a brother in misfortune, or a great traitor; we shall see;" and taking out a little *brûle-gueule* of a pipe, and his pouch of black caporal, he sat down contentedly on a doorstep, and awaited the exit of the late callers.

He had not to wait long. The chef-du-bureau was in bed, and having got up to receive them, was very cross, until, learning from Michaud the reason of their visit, he had thought the matter sufficiently important to refer them all to the minister. At the end of the interview, Michaud had whispered in the chief's ear.

"Ah, yes, true!" the worthy official had replied. "Well,

be at the office to-morrow morning toward ten o'clock, and you shall hear more about it."

This being the extent of Michaud's direct interest in the matter, he left them at the door, and handed over Girardon to the charge of the pseudo-Breton to conduct to the minister. This was no small relief to Girardon, for the face of his new conductor was far more attractive than the suspicious scowl of the Père Michaud.

"Then, you, too, are a *mouchard*, I suppose?" he asked, as they walked in the direction of the minister's.

"I am an emissary of police," replied the young man rather touchily.

"Yes, yes, I beg your pardon," Girardon hurried to say. "I—I meant an emissary—yes, of course—of course. But your disguise is very complete. No one on earth would have thought that you were anything else than what you pretend to be."

"It is no pretence," replied the young man.

"How so; you said you were an emissary?"

"So I am; but I am also a Breton, and I remained in Bretagne until about two years ago."

"Indeed! but what can have induced you to leave the hills of Brittany and adopt such a—a—"

"Such a despicable trade, you would say. Well, you are right. It is a hateful business, and I detest it. But I have very cogent reasons for remaining in it, you may be sure."

"And what are they?"

The young man tossed his head proudly back.

"No matter; it is a long story."

"But will you not tell it me?"

"Not now, at any rate; we have no time, for here we are at the minister's."

As he spoke, they entered the arch that leads from the Rue de Rivoli to the Place du Carrousel; and at the same moment the man with the stumpy black whiskers slunk behind one of the pillars which support the arcade in the former street.

The note with which the chef-du-bureau had furnished them gained them an easy access as far as the minister's antechamber. Although it was now past one o'clock in the morning, that antechamber was nearly full, and of a class with which Girardon was about to identify himself—spies, informants, traitors. It was a busy season. The minister had not slept for ten successive nights, and the telegraph between his private room and the emperor's apartments had been working night and day. A successor of the Napoleons was on the eve of being firmly established. France was on the eve of submitting to a hereditary despotism; and the result was, that on the one hand the emperor was anxious to ingratiate himself with the people, while on the other the people were furious at the prospect of a race of tyrants; that people whom tyrants alone can govern successfully. The course that the emperor had to pursue was clear. Two things he knew, were respected and even dreaded in France—courage and fatality. To devise for himself a scheme of assassination, which should fail only at the critical moment, was his heart's desire. The *how* was now at the very hour, in fact, when our two friends arrived at the ministry, the greatest puzzle.

The ante-room, or rather waiting-room, was nearly full, as I have said; but although the class that filled it were, morally speaking, the lowest, there was not one among them who presented so shabby an appearance as Girardon. It was, perhaps, on this account that one of the *huissiers* who kept the door had no sooner perceived him, than he came up and asked his business. The Breton replied for him, by handing to the door-keeper the note of the chef-du-bureau.

In a few minutes the door opened, and one of the three private secretaries put his head out and spoke to the *huissier*, who immediately handed him the note.

Ten minutes afterwards the door again opened, the same secretary whispered to the same *huissier*, and Girardon and the Breton were ushered together into the presence of the minister.

There is no room in the whole building of the Tuileries which can properly be called small, and although the private cabinet of the *Ministre de l'Etat* was one of the smallest, it was sufficiently imposing to add to the awe which Girardon, with all his

socialism, could not help feeling in the presence of an imperial minister of state—Girardon, who had himself been posted as candidate for a similar office under the provisional government.

The room happened to be one of those new ones which were only occupied a year or two after the establishment of the empire; and this, which the socialist knew, tended to increase that respect for the solidity of the empire which he now felt growing upon him. For here was a room, one of the least significant in the whole palace, in which, nevertheless, not a single point of elegance or comfort had been omitted. The ceiling was richly painted and gilt. The feet sank deep into the rich carpet. The furniture, though destined for work rather than luxury, was handsome, comfortable and even tempting. The walls were covered with maps of every portion of the globe, printed lists, notices, almanacs, orders, &c., &c., and everything indicated that this private cabinet was the second seat of the French Government. There were four substantial mahogany writing-tables in the room, at three of which the secretaries were seated, fully occupied; and two enormous *secrétaires*, filled with drawers of different dimensions, all classified and numbered. A library of purely official volumes, that drove a chill through the spectator, completed the principal objects that arrested attention.

I must not forget to add, however, that at the further end of the room a door stood half open, and disclosed a large closet containing all the apparatus of the electric telegraph, before the handles of which a fourth confidential secretary was so seated as to be able to catch the minister's eye at the same time that he worked the machine.

That which perhaps was most remarkable in the place, was the complete order that reigned throughout it. Although every table was covered with papers and official books, not one was out of its place.

The minister himself stood behind the principal table in the room. He was a short man, with a small birdlike face, and keen active eyes, beneath thick, black eyebrows. He held in his hand the note of the *chef-du-bureau*, and appeared to be reflecting about it as the secretary ushered Girardon and the Breton to the other side of the table. The secretary looked at the minister, pointed to the socialist, bowed and retired to his table without uttering a word. The minister bent a keen gaze upon Girardon, who, timid before Michaud and men of his own class, felt his courage rise at this critical moment, and returned his stare with some determination.

"Your name, my good man?" asked the minister, in an affable tone.

"Louis Girardon," replied the socialist, who disdained to give the official personage a title.

"And your profession?" added the other, smiling slightly.

"Formerly a master cutler."

"And now?"

"A ruined man, and a pauper."

"Have you been long out of work?"

"About six months."

"During which time you have supported yourself in what manner?"

Girardon resolved to look offended at this query. "Honestly and honorably," he replied sulkily.

"I have no doubt of it; but by what kind of work?"

"Well, if you must know, by occasional jobs, as a journeyman cutler, or anything else I could manage to do. I have a wife and family, and—"

"Very good; we will come to that presently. Meanwhile, were you not a deputy under the Provisional Government in April, 1848?"

"I was."

"And you have since become a member of a secret society?"

"Yes."

"Which calls itself?"

"The Young Freemasons."

The minister checked an expression of surprise. This was positively the first time that he had heard of this society; and a gleam of satisfaction played on his face, as he walked to the

door of the closet, and whispered in the ear of the secretary. The handles of the telegraph began to work noisily.

"Has this society," he asked, returning to the table, "any connexion with the original Freemasons?"

"I believe that the original Freemasons do not recognise it."

"Can you then account for the adoption of so strange a name?"

"I believe that it is derived from a likeness of the signs used, and the principles of which they are symbols."

"What are those signs?"

Girardon drew three fingers across his forehead.

"That is the question, I presume?" asked the minister, interrupting him. "And the answer."

Girardon placed his left hand on his right shoulder.

"Is there any other sign?"

Girardon placed his right hand upon his heart.

"Any more?"

"That is all; but there are watchwords."

"Which are?"

"Reason, Strength and Feeling."

"Ah! M. de Caumont," turning to one of the secretaries, "have the kindness to bring your desk to this table, by my side here. These signs are important. Now, my good friend, do me the favor to repeat these signs slowly."

"And what connexion is there," he continued, when the secretary had fully described the passes on paper, "between these and the signs of the true Freemasons?"

"I cannot say exactly; but I believe that the Freemasons pass three fingers of the right hand under the chin for the question, and use signs similar to the other two. Then their three pillars are called Wisdom, Strength and Beauty. Our triad of Reason, Strength and Feeling is almost the same thing in other words."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the minister, impatiently. "Enough about the Freemasons. Let us return to the club of which you are a member. Do you know how long it has been established?"

"Since December 1852."

"Ah! yes, of course." Then thoughtfully, "Were you not one of the first members? Yes—and how many members do you reckon now in Paris?"

"Only fifty."

"Indeed! That accounts for the secret being so long preserved," he said to himself; then added, aloud, "But of course you have correspondents in the provinces? Do you know any towns in which there are branches or cognate lodges of your society?"

"Well, there is Lyons, first of all; then Marseilles, Nantes, Liège, Angers." "Very good—yes;" and the rattle of the telegraph proved that this information also had gone to headquarters. "Well, then, what are the precise objects of the club in question?"

"To restore the Republic to France," replied Girardon, with an air of some pride, almost ridiculous in the penny-traitor.

"A republic, I presume, communist and socialist; and how did you hope to achieve this restoration, as you term it?"

"By subverting the present government."

"Yes, yes; but governments are not overturned by a small body of unimportant men. You must have had some more definite design;" and the minister bent his eyes fixedly on Girardon, who, unable any longer to endure this gaze, hung his head and was silent. The minister walked round to the socialist, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and whispered, "Confess that the Emperor's life was aimed at."

Girardon, fearful to make a confession which, he imagined, might bring him at once to the guillotine or the galleys, remained silent.

"Ah! I see I am right, am I not? Well, well, it is good. Your information is valuable, and we shall proceed at once to prove its sincerity." (Girardon started.) "In the meanwhile, you will, of course, remain in custody here" (Girardon turned deadly pale); "at least till to-morrow" (Girardon breathed again), "when we may perhaps require your services, which you seem so anxious to offer. Of course, if we are satisfied of the validity of your information, his Majesty the Emperor may

perhaps see fit to reward you." Then turning to the Breton, "You are in the service, I believe? I think I have seen your face before. As you are now acquainted with the history of this society, you may be very useful to us to-morrow morning, or in fact to-night. I should recommend your remaining with this person, and"—here he drew Briou aside and whispered—"and if you can draw any further information from him, and put yourself in a position to act as one of the provincial members of this club, you will be meritoriously filling your office."

He then motioned to the two to retire. But Girardon held his ground, with a scowl upon his face.

"I wish to know, sir," he asked, pertinaciously, "why I am to be detained? I offered my information freely, and, as an informant, I am, of course, absolved from all guilt of participation. I demand to be released."

The minister smiled.

"You are detained, my good friend, simply until we shall have ascertained the accuracy of your report. We cannot, of course, be certain of your sincerity, and it would be madness to let you go, perhaps only to warn your associates. Besides, we shall require you to-morrow to give up the names of all the members of the club whom you know."

Poor Girardon looked aghast. He had, indeed, been cutting his own throat; then the recollection of the poor wife and children came back upon him.

"Oh! sir," he cried, "for Heaven's sake let me go. I promise, I vow, to have nothing to do with them—not to utter a word to anybody. But my wife, sir, and my children are dying of starvation. Look, sir, look!" and he opened his blue shirt. "This is what I have collected for them. They have tasted no food for two days. Oh! sir, pray, please let me take this loaf home to them. Send me with a gendarme, any one; but let me go and cheer them up."

There was some good even in the traitor. The minister smiled. Accustomed to suspect, he mistrusted this appeal.

"Look, my good friend," he said; "Briou here shall carry your bread to your wife; and—and he shall take this loaf to them as well. Now, go."

And placing the gold in Briou's hand, he motioned them from the room.

Three minutes later the minister was summoned to the emperor's cabinet, while Girardon was ushered between two gendarmes into a kind of lock-up-room, on the ground floor of the Ministère.

CHAPTER III.—CONSOLATION.

WHEN Briou was gone, Girardon threw himself full length upon a stuffed bench—to him a luxurious couch—and fell asleep. But he had not slept more than two hours when he was awakened by the noise of Briou's return.

Girardon roused himself joyfully.

"Well," he cried, "and how did my wife take it?"

"Ah! poor woman," replied the Breton, "I had much trouble to convince her that you were in no danger; that you were occupied, as I told her, with my master, a Breton gentleman, who, having heard your story, had given you an important commission to do, and had paid you very liberally beforehand. Poor woman! when she saw the gold she was quite overcome, and fell back fainting."

"Ah! my poor wife," said Girardon.

"But it was only for a moment. I always carry a flask of brandy about me. It is a Breton custom. In the cold mists we have there, it is positively necessary, when out shooting, to drink something. So I pulled it out, and poured a few drops down her throat, which brought her to. But, seeing that she was really ill, I thought it better to fetch a doctor."

"Ah! yes, we shall be able to pay for one now."

"Pay for one! why, these doctors are obliged to attend the—those, in short, who cannot pay, gratuitously."

Girardon's socialist pride fired up at this.

"I never accept gratuitous service from any one."

Briou smiled. "This is the man, who with his family was just now on the point of dying of hunger," he thought; but his mind was full of the minister's recommendation, and he would say nothing to offend his new charge.

"Well, gratis or not, I managed to get a doctor out of bed, and when I had done everything I could, I came back here to tell you about them."

"And the children?"

"Are all right, and were very glad apparently to lay into the provisions, to which they did full justice."

"Thank you, thank you," muttered Girardon. After all, my dear fellow, I think I have done right in turning traitor. Eh? what do you say? Better than starving, is it not? At least better than leaving one's wife and family to die of hunger, eh?"

"Traitor," replied Briou soothingly—for he saw that the thought of his treachery lay heavy upon Girardon in spite of his forced carelessness. "Ah! that is not the word. A traitor is a man who betrays that to which he ought to be attached—his country or his cause. But it is evident you have no attachment to that of the socialists. It is clear that you are alive to the absurdities and the wickedness of Communism."

"True," said Girardon, "I am sick of politics and plots, they have never done me any good. On the contrary, they have ruined me. Before 1848 I was a prosperous man. I was won over by shallow arguments, to make knives and swords for the revolutionists; but after I had risked my life and property in doing so, what was my reward? The moderate republic came in. The men who had paved the way to it were forgotten—nay, they were even shunned. I lost my custom and my patronage, and, little by little, I sank and sank till you see me what I am. But no," he added mournfully, "there is one thought which terrifies me. I have broken a solemn and most terrible oath, which I made to the club in 1852."

And the wretched man covered his face with his hands.

"But what if you have broken it?" said Briou, whose policy was to win the confidence of the other. "There are some oaths which can never be binding, because they are immoral. If I take an oath to kill a man, it is clear that my mind has lost its proper balance at the time, and that I am under a bad influence. Well, at another time, I am able to perceive this. I regret and repent of it, and I absolve myself from an obligation which it would be a crime to act up to. No oath can be binding, except one that is taken before God, and with a free conscience, however it may be administered."

"Ah! you are a philosopher," said Girardon, pleased to be helped out of his difficulty in any manner. "But, come, you promised last night to tell me your reasons for turning *mouchard*—emissary I mean. I cannot sleep. Tell me your story."

"And I never sleep; and I am ready to tell you my reasons on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you become my helper and friend. That you place implicit confidence in me; and that you never betray me."

"Good! I agree." And Girardon was only too glad to find a friend in the world.

CHAPTER IV.—BRIOU'S STORY.

MY real name is Antoine Legrand. I have taken that of Briou for the sake of concealment. You see I take off my broad-brimmed hat and pull away these light brown locks, and you find my head has been closely shaved, for my hair was formerly blacker than your own.

I have told you I am a Breton. I come from a little town—or rather a mere hamlet called Baud, in the very heart of Brittany, and far removed from any kind of civilization. Indeed, the place lies on the outskirts of an enormous forest, where the bear and the wolf still lurk and skulk—perhaps the only corner of France where the former still exists—and through which the high road passes, and in spite of a line of horse patrol along it, affords immense advantages for highway attacks. Indeed, it is a wild country. Hill follows hill in every direction, with little cultivation, and at best covered with masses of short apple trees, bearing the best fruit for cider in the whole province. Then there are woods here, and woods there, streams here, there, and everywhere; but man and his domicile are only found in little villages ten or fifteen miles apart from one another. It is in very truth a wild country, and the wilder that

it seems to belong to no modern nation. The peasantry talk Breton and little else. The nobles still live in great fortified castles, and collect their retainers about them. Oh! you cannot imagine how glorious is its simple life compared with this giddy city, where every boor may jostle his master in the street, and no man respects his better. Ay, it is a fine life in Brittany. Winter and summer we wage war with the beasts. They are our only enemies, and it is right that man should busy himself to assert his supremacy, for, *mon Dieu!* the beasts are more numerous than the bipeds in those parts.

Well, the principal chateau in the neighborhood of Baud was that of the Baron de Ronville, whose family had been there since—oh, since the days of Merlin probably; and a proud old fellow he is too, you may be sure. The castle is a glorious old place, with five towers at its flanks and back, crowned with high peaked roofs, and a moat and walls all round it, enclosing its pleasure-gardens laid out in green sunny terraces. Now the baron owns a vast amount of land in the department, but nearly all of it is forest, and devil a bit does it bring him in, as far as money goes, though for sport—and the old fellow delights in the chase—there is not a better estate in the whole of France.

My father was his forester—his chief forester, I mean—and we lived in a little house about a stone's-throw from the chateau. I remember when I was quite a boy, how we used to turn out with the old baron in his rough velvet coat and great jack-boots, with a rifle slung across his shoulders, and a fowling-piece in his hand, to take our chance in the forest. We knocked up what game we could, unless it was a particular day, when my father would turn out the night before, and track the wolf or the bear, or oftener still the wild boar, to its lair, and bring the baron on the scent the next morning. The boar was our chief sport. Sometimes we collected twenty or thirty mongrel dogs, that no one cared to lose, and went out on our Breton ponies for a regular chase after some old sow and her litter. Sometimes we padded the hoof, and then, sooth, it was real work, for the danger enhanced the sport, and a tusk in your calf is no joke, I can tell you, friend citizen. Oh! my life was a glorious one then. and I was happier than all the kings in Christendom.

Well, in '48 I was a lad of eighteen, as hearty and strong and happy as any lad in the province, and one of the best shots in the whole department. But all this was doomed to change. The rumor of the revolution reached even our out-of-the-way country, and we were not to escape it even in the wild forest. You must know that there is a large town not many leagues from Baud, which the first Napoleon once thought of making the capital of Brittany. Before his time it was called Pontivy, and its fine old castle still stands, grown over with ivy and creepers, as I have often seen it—the *Sœurs de Charité* use it as a hospice now, though it was once a warlike fortress—but the great emperor changed its name to Napoleonville, and built a huge new town by the side of the old one.

The new city is anything but a thriving one, and of the manufactories only two or three now remain; and as the true Breton is fonder of the woods and fields than of that kind of work, most of the workmen are brought from Nantes, and a nice set of scoundrels they are, too. It was these men who, having done all they could to ruin the town of Pontivy, determined to explore the department, and as they said, "drag the haughty aristocrats from their nests and fastnesses."

One day I was lounging about in the forest, with my dog and my gun, and as it was just the beginning of March there was not much to do, though I hoped I might still get near a hare or two, when a strange noise suddenly broke upon me from the distance. It was evidently the sound of human voices, but they must have been in considerable number to make the noise they did. I recollected then that the high-road was distant only about a quarter of a mile from where I stood, and I tried to account for anything like a procession, from which this mingled shouting and singing could proceed. But no. There was no fête, I was certain. I, a young fellow of eighteen, was sure to have heard of anything gay going on in the neighborhood. Besides, the noise was much too fierce and furious for a party of mere revellers. Not knowing what to make of it, I took the nearest path, and reached the high-road, just as a band of some

twenty-five or thirty men, ten in a row, came marching along it. Certainly at that time I had not only never seen such a spectacle before, but I had never even dreamed of it. Two-thirds of these men were drunk, and in the most dangerous, that is the pugnacious stage of intoxication, and as I afterwards learned, they had been in this condition neither better nor worse for a whole week. Their clothes were all ragged and filthy, smeared with powder, and even stained with blood. Some of them had drawn a soldier's jacket over their rags, others had stuck a helmet, or a shako, or a képi upon their dirty heads, and their clotted hair floated ragged under it. Others again wore dragoon's sabres, and let them trail along the ground, adding their clank to the wild shouts of their wearers. Not a few seemed to have made a good harvest of it, and had pulled over their burly shoulders splendid civil uniforms much too tight for them, while one or two of the more drunken were strutting along in women's petticoats. But there was nothing for me to laugh at in this absurd medley, for the faces of the miscreants who thus disgraced themselves were too disgusting to be looked at with a smile. Even upon the least atrocious of them there was that bold licentious leer of those who have shed and perhaps drunk the blood of their own brothers, of men who long subordinate abuse their freedom, and become worse than beasts. I guessed it all in a moment. The rumor of the revolution had reached us. We had sighed over it, for the honor of France—

"Come, come!" murmured the quondam socialist.

"Yes, I repeat it; for the honor of France," replied Legrand, warming with the remembrance of the scene; "for we had heard of the savage revelry that had followed the flight of Louis Philippe, and though we cared little for that monarch—we legitimists—yet we did care for the name of France among the nations, and I for one trembled to think that we were to have a repetition of the Satanic fury of that Reign of Terror about which my father had so often talked to me.

"Well; at the first sight of this crew of marching beasts, I felt stupefied with horror. They were evidently marching upon my native village, and what villainy might they not commit there. I fell back against a tree, and looked at them with stifled fury as they came on, singing or rather roaring out that air which I have since discovered to be the *Marseillaise*."

"It is a magnificent air," interrupted the traitor.

"Yes, when sung by true citizens, and those who know how to appreciate liberty. But in the mouths of these brutes it sounded like a hymn to the devil. Well; they soon caught sight of me, with my gun."

"Aha!" cried one; "that's the child for us. A nice boy, *mon Dieu!* and armed too. The more arms we can have the better."

"He must join us. He shall join us," exclaimed several voices; and amid their shouts three of the more drunken of the band separated from the main body, and came forward towards me. I had my finger on the trigger, and it itched to draw upon them, but I restrained.

"What do you want with me?" I cried in a hoarse voice, before they could come too near me.

"Want? We want you to join us, of course. You are a sportsman—we will give you something livelier to shoot at than rabbits and partridges."

"Join you!" I answered, roughly. "Thank you. I have something better to do than sing along the road with a band of drunkards."

"Ha! the young aristocrat," cried one, raising his musket, but the first speaker stopped him.

"Let me manage him," he said. "He will be more use to us alive than dead. Now, my friend citizen," he added, turning to me with a wicked smile, "we will not interrupt your sport, since you seem to think woodcocks are a better mark than talking bipeds. But if you will not join us, have the extreme politeness to direct us to the nearest chateau."

"And what do you want with the nearest chateau?"

"Simply this. We represent the power of the people, now gloriously reigning in France, and we desire to drag from their dens the haughty aristocrats who refuse to recognise it."

"And that you will never do," I cried, "so long as there is a right hand in Brittany."

"Ah! the aristocrat! Ah! the villain," they all cried. "Seize him, seize him, flay him, down with him, down with the lickspittles of the nobility!"

"And amid these shouts the three rushed towards me. I levelled my piece, and lodged the contents of one barrel in the breast of one, and those of the other in the head of a second. The third man wavered, and I leapt back and darted for my life among the trees. It was not too soon, for the next moment a shower of bullets whizzed about my head, and with fearful yells some half-a-dozen of them bounded after me. I was only a boy, but I was courageous. Knowing it was useless to resist such a number of well-armed men, I trusted to my superior knowledge of the place, and broke through the brushwood like a hunted boar. On and on I fled, till the shouts and yells grew fainter and fainter, and I made my way through the forest in the direction of the town. But still I was pursued. I heard the brushwood crack behind me, and from time to time a fearful oath rang in my ears. It must have been some man who was accustomed to forest life, for with all my knowledge of the place he gained upon me. This was a terrible moment, but my mind was made up. Jacquo, my dog, was following close behind me, and the man was close behind Jacquo. I turned my head for a second. I saw that the fellow held his gun in one hand above his head, with his finger close to the trigger, while with the other he pushed aside the branches. I hissed a signal to Jacquo, who turned and flew at his neck. "Sacré nom des noms!" cried the fellow, stopped by the dog. I turned round, and taking my gun in both hands by the barrel, I dealt him a blow with the butt-end that felled him to the ground. One second I stayed to see him fall, and I sickened as I saw the blood and brains gush from his skull.

"Good God!" I murmured to myself. "I am indeed a murderer." But the next moment I consoled myself with the reflection that it was all done in self-defence, and rushed madly on with Jacquo by my side. Thank Heaven! I reached the town in time, and ran shouting into the little market-place. The neighbors came to their doors amazed.

"They are coming, they are coming!" I shouted on all sides. "Make haste, make haste, and rush off to the castle. We must all defend it."

"Who are coming? who are coming?" was the general answer.

"The revolutionists, the assassins, from Pontivy;" and I hurried on to the inn.

"Where is my father?" I shouted, bursting into the parlor.

"Here I am, my boy," said the old man, amazed. "But what the devil is the matter?"

"The matter. Why, in ten minutes we shall all be massacred if you don't make haste. A band of revolutionists are on the road, marching on quickly. I met them, and killed three of them. They are going to attack the chateau."

I had scarcely done panting out these words before the room was full of staring peasants, not knowing what to think or do. My father took his gun calmly, and the innkeeper rushed upstairs for his pieces.

"Now," said my father, in a commanding voice, "I know what this kind of thing is, from the revolution of '30. There is not a minute to be lost. Every one of you must get your arms together, whatever you have got. If you haven't a gun, you must bring a scythe; if you haven't a scythe, get a pitchfork. Collect your wives and children, and run off to the castle as hard as you can. When the fellows find the place empty, they will come down to the chateau, and there we will receive them. Eh, Antoine?"

I did not stay to see the result; but while my father had been talking, I had reloaded both barrels, and rushed off to warn the baron and his household.

I bounded over the drawbridge, and nearly knocked down old Pierre, one of the men-servants, who was standing under the arch.

"Is the baron at home?" I shouted to him, without stopping.

"Why, you're mad!" I heard him grumble.

I felt sure the baron would be in his library, and ran up there; it was a library that had been there for centuries, but

the baron himself scarcely ever took a book down, though he delighted to have it thought that literature was not above him, and there accordingly he would write his letters. I pushed open the door without knocking, and I shall never forget the baron's face of horror as he jumped up.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel," he began.

"There is no time for excuses, M. le Baron—if you do not wish to have your castle burnt down, you must make haste and defend it; a band of revolutionists are on their way here now, and will be here in a quarter of an hour perhaps."

"Revolutionists!" cried the baron, opening his eyes and stumbling back a step. "What! these damnable socialists, these confounded republicans coming here? here, do you say? blood and murder, we will saltpetre them—we will, by—" and, rushing to a window that looked out on the court, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Pierre, Etienne, here! come quick!"

But he had no need to call them, for at that moment a crowd of women and children rushed into the courtyard, wailing and shrieking, as women invariably do, long before the danger was at hand.

"*Mais que diable!*" cried the baron, fiercely, "are these your revolutionists? Tonnerre de Brest, why—"

"No sir, no, these are the people of Baud, whom I warned on my way, and who are coming to take refuge here."

"But where the deuce are their husbands, fathers, brothers and all the male kind? We can't defend all this weak mass ourselves."

"Why, here they come," I answered, as in twos and threes the worthy peasants ran in armed in the quaintest manner with any old weapons they could lay their hands on, and many of them carrying heavy boxes and chests in which they kept their money. As they came in, they looked up to the broad window at which we stood, and took their broad-brimmed hats off to the baron, who watched them intently, murmuring all the while, "Good, good. Here they come—good."

About twenty of them had had time to assemble. The rest were either busy about the outlying farms, or away in the fields and woods. At last I saw my father strut in, poor old fellow, like a self-appointed general, encouraging the women, giving instructions to the men, and making himself generally conspicuous—if not useful.

"Aha!" cried the baron, as he spied him, "aha! old Le-grand, come up here, and let us hold a council of war. But first tell Pierre and Etienne that they must get up the drawbridge if they can."

"The drawbridge? M. le Baron, it will take a dozen men to haul up." Then to the peasants, "Here you, and you, and you, go and help Pierre and Etienne, and be quick. Remember you are concerned not for your own lives only, but for those of M. le Baron and his family."

Meanwhile, the baroness and her maids, and in fact all the servants, had run hurriedly to the corridor in which we stood, and pale and trembling were asking the cause of all this disturbance.

The baron explained it all to her in a modified form.

"And how many of these wretches are there?" she asked of me.

"Madame la Baronne, certainly not more than five-and-twenty. There were three rows of them, and about eight or nine in each row. But then I had the satisfaction, madame, of despatching three of them."

All eyes were opened.

"You killed three of the insurgents? You, my boy? Bravo! well done; we shall make you the captain of our host soon."

But there was no time to lose. A cheer from the archway announced that the drawbridge was up, and after a short conference, the baron, my father and myself descended into the yard, and choosing the best men, sent them to different parts of the chateau to keep guard.

"Ah, if we only knew which side the rascals would attack us first," said my father.

Just then a shriek from the window startled us all.

"Madeleine, Madeleine!" cried the baroness's voice, "where can Madeleine be? Has anybody seen her? Sophie, Elise, run and look for her all over the chateau."

Madeleine was the only child of the baron and baroness, a lovely girl of about twelve years of age. Just then it occurred to me that my gun was loaded only with shot. I was determined to be prepared for the worst, and I made a rapid exchange with a peasant who had a double-barrelled rifle in his hand, but who, I knew, could not do any good with it. It was just in time, for the next moment a head appeared at one of the upper windows, and shouted, "They are here, they are here, they are attacking on the garden side."

The women raised a fearful shriek, and ran, dragging their children into the rooms which they thought most secure, but above all their cries, I heard the voice of the baroness, who stood at the window wringing her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! if Madeleine should be in the garden—some one go and look for her; save her."

I did not need a second appeal. I knew how her father and mother loved this only child, and hastened to the terrace in quest of her. The moment I had issued from the postern-door that led to it, I saw that the ruffians had already crossed the moat, and two of them were now in the garden. In the arms of one wretch I saw the baron's child. A rapid glance showed me a dozen glittering guns projecting from the windows above, and I heard the baron's loud voice exclaim, "For God's sake, don't fire, you will kill my child." Then there was a terrible silence, broken only by the struggles of the poor child to escape. For a moment I doubted how to act. To rush upon the villain would have been useless, for the distance between us was great enough to enable him to join his comrades before I could reach him. I therefore raised the rifle to my shoulder, and sighted him as he moved rapidly away. I never felt such confidence in my life. One second I saw his head before the sight, the next that of the beautiful girl. To another man it would have been agony, but in the ardor of my youth I did not doubt of my aim: I drew, and then staggered back. Through the thick smoke I could just see the miscreant fall. I summoned all my courage and pulled the other trigger. His companion uttered a cry and reeled back. There was a fearful silence, for both parties were amazed. I rushed up and tore the poor girl from her devourer's grasp, for he was only wounded, and held her fast. I saw blood upon her, but I dared not think of it. I placed her in front of me, and hurried back to the postern, amid a shower of bullets. Once within the gate, and I drew the massive bolts, and breathed again.

The child was senseless in my arms.

"Good Heavens!" I murmured, "is she wounded?" And as I carried her along, I saw blood trickling upon the ground. The next moment I had placed her in her mother's arms.

"Blood! blood! oh, mon Dieu!" cried the poor woman. "Is she wounded? Is she killed?"

At that instant I felt a twinge in my arm, and looking at it, saw the blood trickling from my elbow.

"No, madame, it is only I who am wounded." I followed them up stairs, felt my hand pressed warmly by the baron, heard my praises sounded by many voices round, and then, weakened by the loss of blood, I became dizzy, and sat down almost insensible.

When I came to myself again, I saw a crowd of cheerful faces around me. My father was close to me.

"Never mind, old boy," he said, "never mind your wound. We have sent the rascals to the right-about. We have shot five of them, besides the two you wounded, and the rest got frightened, and made off. Poor Leonard is killed, though, and Henri severely wounded."

"And Mademoiselle Madeleine?" I murmured.

"Is untouched. Oh! that was a noble shot of yours, my boy."

"A noble shot—a noble shot!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

I was amply repaid.

"Well," muttered Girardon, "it was well done on your part, I must confess."

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUATION OF BRIOU'S STORY.

WELL, continued Legrand, this skirmish put an end to all our apprehensions from the revolution. A few days later a message was sent down from the provisional government in Paris to the

mayor and borough of Napoleonville, to form a committee of surveillance, and organize a body for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens. This was done, and probably not a few of the rioters who had troubled us so much were shot or guillotined among the refractory.

But no matter. It is much more to the purpose that, from that day, I was accepted as almost a friend of the family at the chateau. Knowing my position, and being by nature rather shy before my elders and betters, I never presumed on the licence given me, while at the same time, as I was too proud to wish to be considered as a dependant of the baron's, I never joined the servants in their meals. Sometimes the baron would say to me, "Come, Antoine, I am going to have breakfast here by myself. Sit down opposite and join me, and tell me how the partridges go on." Sometimes, when I had come in from a long day's shooting with the baron, the baroness would stop me with a "No, Antoine" (she too called me by my christian name), "it's too late for you to dine at home. You know you will only get cold fare. You had better stop and take what you can here." And these invitations I accepted with blushes and bows and considerable doubts whether I ought to accept them or not. The fact is that there is really much more equality between the noble and his tenants in the country, than ever you socialists can effect by violent measures. Then, too, the baron and his wife lived in a mere corner of France. The nearest chateau was ten miles distant, and the two families visited one another perhaps four or five times a year, but that was all; so that the De Ronvilles were glad to have even their forester's son to talk to occasionally.

But they would have been far less pleased if they could have guessed that that forester's son looked lovingly on their only child—the beautiful Madeleine. True, it was four years after the event I have described, that I began to admit to my own conscience that I felt anything more towards her than the respect and attachment of an inferior (a hard word to you, perhaps, but remember that the highest exercise of self-control is to learn how to be inferior); but ever since I had saved her life, I had felt towards the child (for then she was a child) as if her life and mine, endangered together, and together saved, were destined to influence one another in after-times.

But she was now sixteen, and sixteen, I take it, is the acme of a girl's youth in France. She has not only thrown off childhood, but she has learned to blush, and again to conquer her blushes. She is as modest as at fourteen, but more composed. The innocence of childhood, the romance of youth and the sufficiency of womanhood are all blended into sweet sixteen. And when to this Madeleine added a beauty to which I at least have never met a rival, and a certain mystery of character, what wonder if I, her preserver once, now became her lover?

Yet even to myself I scarce dared confess it. When I followed her stealthily in the woods, and was happy if merely the skirt of her dress were kept in view; when I watched her sink upon the soft moss by the side of some hill stream, and draw from her pocket some volume of poetry; when at other times I watched beyond the moat to see her walk upon the soft green terrace near the castle, and turn her large eyes upon the distant view; when at night I would stand up to my knees in the long grass, satisfied if I saw her shadow flit across the blind, I always tried to persuade myself that it was a mere admiration of a purely beautiful face that held me; that I should do the same for any other beauty, and that, as I did not know her really, as I never saw her in a position that tested her character, therefore I could not really be in love with her.

Then I made a great effort to subdue even this admiration. I knew that to love her would be the bane of my life. I knew that I never dared aspire so high. Nay, even the baron, when delighted at some service or other I had done him, had said to me more than once, "Bravo, Antoine, bravo! why, now, if I were an eastern prince, and you had noble blood in you, I would give you my daughter for that;" and there was the difficulty—that noble blood.

Well, I felt all this, young as I was, and I sought to engross myself with some other attraction. But this was impossible. In the girls of my own class, however handsome, I could not help seeing a great inferiority to the one I had taken as my

ideal; and it was all in vain. Then I tried devoting myself to the chase. If I shot a rare bird, I could not help sending it up to the chateau, "for the ladies." If I wandered all day without getting a shot at anything, I only thought the more of the beautiful Madeleine; and knowing the hopelessness of this love, I became miserable.

There was something, too, in her very character that encouraged me in my love—nay, even in hope. She was quite unlike all other girls. With far more modesty than most, she had none of that absurd prudery which before marriage makes a young lady shrink with horror from the mere look of a man. She could speak even to me without reserve, because she was so confident in her womanly dignity, that she knew I should never dare presume upon her condescension. Then, too, she was a lover of solitude. Without a single companion of her own age and rank—an only child, with a father who shot and hunted from morning till night, and a mother for ever busy with the troubles of housekeeping, what was a poor girl to do but roam about the gardens and woods, and make companions of the little books in her father's unused library? And I could see that she grew thoughtful and romantic. I could see—for I watched her—that her large blue eyes, beneath their black lashes, acquired a deeper look. And I knew that she was religious, for at high mass on Sundays, I would bring my chair round in the shadow of one of the pillars where I could not be seen, and feast my eyes upon her solemn face. Then, too, she would go every evening to Salut, and often I would go myself, at the risk of being the only man in the congregation, for the sake of a smile from her, and perhaps a few words as we came out, until I was forced to give it up, for the neighbors all said, "How pious Antoine Legrand is growing," and my father told me that he should make a priest of me soon. I did not care much for this chaff; but as it was a proof that I was observed, I thought it safer not to give rise to suspicions.

Pardieu, what a fool I was! because Mademoiselle de Rouville smiled sweetly and blushed a little when she spoke to me, I thought that she noticed me more than the rest. Idiot! I did not see that there was the same smile and the same blush for every one, because it was her nature to be kind, while her solitary life made her timid.

However, this went on for some time, and I grew worse and worse, until I passed whole nights thinking of a single word, a single look, she had given me during the day, and construing it to mean something when it meant nothing. I have read in the Thousand and One Nights of princes who wasted away, and even died for love of some princess whom they had only seen once, and it is therefore no wonder to me that I should grow ill, and listless, and idle, from love of one whom I saw every day.

But a crisis was destined to come.

One day as I was on my way to the baron, to ask him about his fisheries, I heard loud voices in his study. I stopped, doubting whether I should go in or not, but the very first words were so full of interest to me, that I could not refrain from listening to the rest.

"And I tell you, sir" (this was in the shrill note of the baroness), "that your daughter's health, if nothing else, demands some change. I wish you to perceive that this growing habit of solitude depresses her spirits, and that this depression reacts upon her body. She eats little or nothing. You see, as well as I do, that her complexion is grown fatally white; and yet there is no disease. All that she wants is change of scene, and a little society. Of course, I do not insist upon her forming a matrimonial alliance—"

At these words I felt that I trembled and turned pale.

"—She is, as you say, still very young. There are three or perhaps even four years to wait, but still you know the difficulties which surround such an alliance; you know the obstacles, and the disappointments, and the time wasted, and the sooner that her marriage is contemplated the better."

There was a pause after this speech, and then I heard the baron mutter hoarsely, "Thirty thousand devils!" The baron was partial to oaths of high numerical value, but when he got up to thirty thousand, it was evidently for something very terrible.

"Well?" asked the baroness.

"Well, we will leave this to-morrow. You tear me from the only enjoyments I have. That is nothing; I do not consider myself" (he considered himself generally the first), "and you launch us into Parisian life, for which neither our manners—"

"Speak for yourself, sir."

"Neither our manners, I repeat it; for ten years of Breton life are not calculated to fit people for court etiquette—neither our manners nor our money suffice. You will break up our peaceful life here for one which will be full of bitterness, disappointments and trials. But I submit. The world demands that Madeleine should be presented. Let it be so. We leave for Paris to-morrow, madame."

"To-morrow! absurd. Just consider what has to be done before we can get away. Etienne must have a new livery, Madeleine a new wardrobe. A suitable apartment must be procured for us in Paris. No; this day month, at the earliest."

"Good, good!" replied the baron, delighted at the repulse.

"As you like it, madame; this day month, if you please."

Seeing that the conference was drawing to an end, I retreated to the end of the gallery, to allow the baroness to make her exit. Then I went in, in as few words as possible transacted my business, and then rushed down to the forest to think over the coming grief.

Two days later I was wandering quite disconsolate in the forest, when I perceived that I was approaching a spot which, for four years, I had always sedulously avoided. It was the place where I had felled my last pursuer with the butt-end of my gun. According to Breton custom, a little stone cross had been erected to mark the grave of the murdered man, whose body the priest—whether rightly or wrongly I know not—had refused to bury in consecrated ground. I hated the place then, for the agony of death on that man's face haunted me whenever I thought of that day, even though I knew that I had killed him in self-defence; but somehow, on this day, an irresistible power drew me towards it. I held my breath and softly pushed aside the boughs, when, to my amazement, I saw the figure of the young girl kneeling before it, with her face buried in her hands. I hid myself behind a tree, and watched her with a beating heart. Then I heard her sob violently, and the words, "My God! my God, deliver me from this!" reached me in my lurking-place. At last she rose, and turned towards me her pale face, and her eyes red and swollen with weeping.

I could not resist the desire to speak to her; and I glided from my hiding-place and stood before her. She started, and turned even paler than before. I saw that words were struggling on her lips; but though I waited she did not speak.

"Mademoiselle," I said, tremulously, and removing my hat in the deepest respect; "Mademoiselle, pardon this intrusion. I do not wish to force myself upon your grief, but I could not bear to see you weep, and I come to offer you most humbly and most respectfully my services, if you would command them, and, if you permit it, my consolation."

She looked at me for a moment very sadly, and then, with a forced smile, said, "I thank you, Monsieur Antoine, for your good intentions; but it is quite out of your power to serve me, and the consolation that I desire cannot come from any human being. I have sought it in the right place, and I shall find it."

She had never spoken so openly to me, and I felt emboldened by her confidence.

"Mademoiselle," I said vehemently, "do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that I can do something for you. At least let me speak to you a few words."

"Speak, if you wish it," she answered sadly.

"Do you know," I said, "what spot you are standing on?" She looked down.

"Yes: I do not forget that you once saved my life, sir."

"Ah! mademoiselle. You forced me to remind you of it. For has not the man who saved your life some right to save you from—from?"

"—And I have never repaid that service; but I will do so one day."

"Oh! mademoiselle. You will repay it amply, if you will allow me to serve you, and to speak openly to you."

She hesitated a moment, then still looking down, she said,

"Speak if you wish it, but as briefly as possible;" and she turned away her head.

"Mademoiselle, I know the cause of your grief."

She started, and turned upon me a look full of warning and dignity.

"Yes; I know it. I know that you look forward to this journey with apprehension."

She changed her look to one of inquiry.

"Well?"

"And that not only because you love your native place so well, but because you are aware that projects are being formed for you, which——"

"Sir!" she said with sudden indignation.

"Ah! mademoiselle, forgive me, if I am too bold. But I know that my surmise is right and I can aid you."

"You? how?"

"You do not know that your father, the baron, is opposed to this projected journey?"

"You are mistaken, Monsieur Antoine," she interrupted, with a smile of incredulity. "It was my father who urged it upon me, himself."

"Mademoiselle, I have reason to know that I am right. I heard it from his own lips. The baron is strongly opposed to it, and it is only the settled determination of the baroness, your mother, that has brought him over. But it is not too late. There is still time to win your father to your side. Go to him, mademoiselle, tell him how hateful this project is to you; and I am confident that he cannot refuse to aid you—you, whom he loves so much."

She smiled doubtfully, and yet I thought I saw a ray of hope about her face. After a moment's reflection, she asked, "And you are confident of what you say, Monsieur Antoine?"

"Mademoiselle," I replied passionately, "may I die at this cross, as my pursuer died four years ago, if I have deceived you."

"Then, I thank you, and I will try your plan. Now, leave me, if you please."

So saying, she stretched out her little hand towards me. For a moment I doubted my senses. She had never given me her hand before, since she was a mere child. I seized it, and pressed it warmly. I was bending down to kiss it respectfully, when she drew it from me, and darted away.

But my plan succeeded, and the journey to Paris was put off till the next year.

The next time I met her was in the corridor coming from her father's room. Her face was radiant with happiness.

"Oh! M. Antoine," she cried, "you have saved my life a second time. We are not going to Paris. Thank you. Thank you." And she ran off, with some favorite book under her arm.

And I, fool that I was, saw in all this a reason for hoping. I had gained her confidence. I had become useful to her. I rendered her my debtor. I might still merit her love. Oh! but that was too high a wish.

Time passed, and during a whole year my mind dwelt continually on this one subject, and every little event, every look and word, every rumor depressed or raised me, according as it were favorable or not. In short, I was mad with love.

The rest of my story is soon told. The increase of the imperial fleet had made a great run upon ship timber. The baron had some of the finest oak in Brittany, and Brittany possesses the finest oak in France, so that, having pocketed an unexpected sum, he was less opposed than before to the trip to Paris. They went, and I remained behind.

I will not weary you with an account of the misery I suffered in this absence, of the suspicions of my father and the neighbors, and of the intense longing that I felt to follow them to Paris. But no, I thought, in Paris I should see even less of her than at home. In Paris, I should have no excuse for going in and out about the house, as I did at Baud. And so I abandoned the idea. But a whole year passed, and they did not return. Then I determined to throw off this yoke that enslaved me. As I grew older, I began to think it was unmanly to be the slave to an affection, which at best was hopeless, if not even ridiculous. Then too, she could not return from Paris the same as she entered it. Surrounded there by young nobles, by

men whose powers of attraction were backed by their social positions and fortunes, it was impossible that her heart could escape, even if she were not spoiled.

And I was not very far wrong. Notice was given of their coming back, and I determined to be present with the rest to welcome them. On the evening fixed we had waited long, when we heard the rumble of a carriage up the drive, but great was our astonishment when it came in sight, to see a magnificent chariot, drawn by four post-horses, instead of the shabby antiquated shandradan and pair in which the baron's family were wont to travel. But we were not long lost in amazement, for this carriage was followed by another, which we at once recognized as the "old original," and which was covered with a multitude of boxes, the baron alone occupying the inside. The first carriage drew up pompously, and a tall, handsome man of thirty or thirty-two years, dressed in the height of Paris fashion, leapt out and offered his hand to the baroness and to Madeleine.

My heart beat fiercely at this sight, and my eyes were fixed on the face of the young girl. She was much altered. All the simplicity of her dress, and much of that of her manner, had made way for Parisian elegance and Parisian politeness—that sickening system of hypocrisy. She who had always greeted us as friends, now smiled to us graciously, but as a mistress but passed on without seeing me at all.

That evening I was sitting reading for the hundredth time a poem of Victor Hugo's, in a volume belonging to Mademoiselle de Ronville, which I had abstracted in her absence from the library—it was a poem marked by her in pencil—and trying to recall the Madeleine of old, as I had once known her, now so changed, when my father stalked in, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"Aha!" cried he, "here's news, my wife. Miss Madeleine is going to be married!"

"Oh!" I cried painfully, and striving to keep down my emotion.

"Yes, and that to the stranger who arrived with them to-day. *Tonnerre de Brest*; he is a great lord, a Count Lud-Ludowsky, I think it is; however, some outlandish name—and such a fortune! Why, that was his carriage they came in to-day, and he brings three servants with him, as well dressed, *ma foi*! and as dignified as any noble in the land; they are. It will be a fine match for our little beauty."

"And how do you know this?" I gasped out.

"Know it, by St. Hubert! know it, indeed! Why, I had it from the baron himself. 'Ah!' says he to me, 'we've brought you a sportsman, Legrand, that you don't have every day—a gentleman who has the run of Compiègne and Fontainebleau, a count of the highest water. So you must be awfully civil to him, for who knows he may one day be your master.' 'My master' says I, 'excuse me, M. le Baron, but I shall never leave your service, while I live.' 'Ay, but suppose he became one of the family—my son—eh! you would stick with him when I was gone—eh? Legrand, eh?' 'You gone, sir?' I answered; 'why, I'm ten years your senior, and so I shall go first, if the devil wants me.' 'Which he's sure to do, Legrand, but look you, the Count Ludowsky is fearfully in love with my daughter, and he shall have her; but I don't think it right or fair that two young people should marry before they know each other well, and learn to like one another. Va—I had rather our Madeleine married Etienne or Pierre, than a man whom she could not bear.'

"Well, I congratulated M. le Baron as well as I could, and on the stairs coming away, whom should I meet but Etienne! So I begin to talk to him about the match. Now Etienne, do you see, is quite stuck up after having been in Paris. Lord! he's got such a superb livery, and he struts about in it, just as if his father had been peer of France, instead of a pig-driver. 'Oh!' says he, 'it's a very poor match for the young baroness.' 'Poor match,' says I, 'nonsense! A swell count with lots of money!' 'Ah!' says he, stroking his chin, which he holds very high in the air, I can tell you, 'ah! if you knew the offers our young baroness had when she was in town, you would think her mother and father had made a very bad choice.' Well, I was glad to hear she was admired in Paris—but, Dieu! of course she would be—but

I could not stand any more of Etienne's humbug, so I came away."

I had listened to every syllable my father uttered, and when he had done I went out and strolled about in agony. At last, after all kinds of confused plans and purposes, I resolved to watch the face of Mademoiselle de Ronville, and discover, if possible, whether her heart was in this match or not.

"And if not," I muttered fiercely to myself, "if not, swear she shall not marry him. I know she cannot be mine, but she shall not be miserable. I have saved her before, I will save her again."

And so I watched her, and became convinced by degrees that she was miserable. I saw that when she spoke to the count her smile was forced—I saw that when alone she was sunk in melancholy. I never dared to speak to her, but I watched and waited.

Heaven sent the good time at last. One day I was out with the count, carrying his bag, which he was too lazy to carry himself, while my father and the baron had struck off after some snipe. From time to time the count looked anxiously at his watch. The birds were put up, but he forgot to fire at them, and I was growing quite tired of this game when at last he turned and asked me if we were not near the high-road.

"About a hundred yards, M. le Comte," I answered; "that path will bring you to it."

"Well then, my good fellow, wait for me here a while, and I will rejoin you."

I allowed him to get out of sight, and then followed him, and concealed myself behind a tree. He sat down on a log of wood, and looked anxiously along the road. At length I heard the rattle of a horse's hoofs; the count jumped up, and the horseman seeing him, drew rein.

"You have brought me a despatch?" asked the count.

"Yes, count," replied the stranger familiarly; "here it is, and very important too. Your presence is required at once in Paris. I have ridden hard to be here in time, I can tell you."

The count took the despatch, and the rider looked round uneasily.

"Oh! there is nothing to fear here," said Ludowsky, no living creature but birds and beasts to hear or see you."

"Well then, I have to tell you, that the young Badinguey is now becoming a certainty; and in consequence of this, the Faubourg-club has decided upon a coalition, if possible, with the Rouges—that is, with some of them; but without you nothing can be done."

"Then what are their proposals?"

"The despatch will tell you. Some propose to finish the young one, but those who take a bolder flight want to strike at the parent stem."

Just then the count looked round. I thought my position dangerous, and stole back to the spot where I was to wait for him; and as I waited, I endeavored to make out the meaning of this strange conversation. "Ah!" thought I at last, "one thing is clear, that the count is engaged in political intrigues. Whether he is a legitimist or not, I cannot tell; but at any rate, I will sound this matter more deeply, and if I can discover anything, I will expose the count and save Madeleine."

The next morning he left for Paris. A month later the family followed him. But before they left, my fate was decided. Mademoiselle de Ronville fell ill. I believed I knew the cause of this illness; and in a moment of folly I wrote three lines to this effect—"Mademoiselle, only assure me that you have no desire to marry the Count Ludowsky, and I will rescue you, as I did once before."

Three days passed, and my note remained unnoticed. On the fourth day the baron sent for me. When I entered his library, he was livid with rage. My letter lay open on the table.

"Antoine Legrand," said the baron, pointing to it, "did you write that note?"

"I did, sir."

"Then you are dismissed my service; and if I ever see you within the precincts of the chateau again, your life shall answer for it."

"Sir, I—I—"

"Not another word—Begone!"

The same day the family left for Paris.

The next I collected all the money I could, my wages as under-forester for some years, and followed them to this city.

Legrand now lowered his voice.

"Do you understand now why I am in this odious service? Do you see, that although perfectly indifferent to the imperial cause, I have wedded myself to it, for the sole purpose of denouncing and ruining the Count Ludowsky?"

An Englishman listening to this story would have taken this view of its hero. Antoine Legrand is a thorough Frenchman, and that is a strange medley. He can lie *ad libitum*; he has no principle to keep him from deceit and treachery; he has no Christianity to debar his employing every means to ruin a rival and secure his own satisfaction, if not to further his own interests. But Antoine Legrand has one fine trait in his character—he loves the beautiful and the pure, purely; and for this love he has sacrificed self. Antoine Legrand is not a bad character in France.

But Girardon, bred amid duplicity and suspicion, reflected on it in quite another fashion. "This man," thought he, "has cleverly worked out his story, in order to make me believe that he is not really devoted to the interests of the service to which he belongs, and he has tried to interest me in his personal motives, in order that I may assist him in furthering the ends of that service under cover of a romantic vengeance."

But Girardon was one of those clear-sighted individuals who can look into the contents of millstones, and in this case he saw too far. Antoine Legrand was a somewhat better man than he imagined. Antoine was sincere in this vengeance, and had told him a true story, because he counted on the confidence and aid of Girardon, whose ductility and weakness of character were very apparent.

"And now," said Legrand, "I have given you my confidence, and I know—I am certain you will not abuse it. Let us make a compact to assist one another. My services are all at your disposal; and from my official experience, I can assure you that they have some value. I only ask one thing in return. Give me the name and address of one of the members of your club, and I will guarantee that you shall not be troubled by the minister for the rest to-morrow morning."

Girardon was not loth to do this. He only reflected for which of these members he had the least affection.

"Well," said he at last, "there is an Englishman who lives at 491 Rue St. Honoré—a young man with light hair. You may attack him as much as you like, for I hate him."

Now Girardon had never seen the Englishman before the previous night; but oh! the dear life, for all our hatred of it, we hate those more who will not aid us to keep it fast.

(To be continued.)

ORGANS—THEIR HISTORY.

THERE is no instrument to compare with the organ, either for its vast compass, or for the power with which it impassions the soul. Its solemn swelling sounds, or its reedlike utterances, scarcely audible in the floating whisperings of the vaulted roof, move alike our deepest feelings. We feel exalted in our hearts whenever and wherever its myriad voices are heard. No wonder, then, that inventive genius and creating skill have been for centuries at work to perfect this sublime "kist of whistles," as the reformer Knox contemptuously termed it; and that even nations have vied with each other to produce a *chef d'œuvre* of this description. We read of organs being used by the Greeks and Latins, and the word occurs still earlier in the Old Testament; but we are not to suppose that there was any great similarity between the organ of those days and the organ of modern times. The origin of this instrument is, doubtless, the Pan pipes, or Pandean reed. To obviate the fatiguing motion of the head and hands, by inflating the pipes in some other manner, men seem to have labored for centuries. The first step towards this end was the invention of a wooden box, the top of which was bored with just as many holes as there were pipes to stand on it. From the box proceeded a small

reed, into which the performer blew with his mouth. A leathern bag, similar to that used in the bagpipes, was then invented, to hold a greater volume of air. As the pipes were increased and enlarged, it became evident that the leathern bag was insufficient to supply the quantity of wind required. This defect was remedied by the invention, or rather application, of bellows, yielding a continuous supply to the leathern bag, which, from this time, served the office of our modern wind-chest.

From an early period organs were used in the public services of the church. It is said by some writers that Pope Vitalian was the first who employed it, that is, about the year 666; but, according to another historian, it appears to have been in common use in the churches of Spain two hundred years before Vitalian's time. Pepin, king of the Franks, introduced it into western Europe, having besought the Byzantine Emperor Constantine to forward one to him. This instrument—a great organ with leaden pipes—was, consequently, despatched in charge of a special embassy, and placed in the church of St. Corneille, at Compiègne. Haroun al Raschid, the celebrated sultan of the East, is also said to have presented an organ to the Emperor Charlemagne. This, if tradition speaks truth, was placed in a church at Aix la Chapelle, and so sweet and tender was its tone that a young woman died of mere ecstasy on hearing it. Soon after, we find organs in common use in England, and constructed by English artists with pipes of copper, fixed in gilt frames. St. Dunstan erected, or fabricated, an organ, the pipes of which were made of brass. Winchester seems to have possessed a monster organ at this time. According to a description written by the monk Wulstan, it was an organ constructed on a double ground, having twelve bellows above, ranged in a row, and fourteen lying below. They were worked by seventy strong men, laboring with their arms covered with perspiration, each inciting his companions "to drive the wind up with all his strength, that the full-bosomed box might speak with its four hundred pipes, which the hand of the organist governs."

The close of the eleventh century forms another epoch in the history of organ building. About this time, it is said that an organ was erected in the cathedral of Magdeburg, with a keyboard consisting of sixteen keys. Previous to this period, the number of notes ranged from nine to eleven. The keys of the Magdeburg organ were an ell long, and three inches broad. Still the bellows were not as yet convenient. They were fashioned in folds, like forge or smith's bellows, and were not provided with weights as in our modern organs. Our ancestors, too, had no idea of proportioning the wind; but its force depended solely on the strength of the bellows blower. The great organ of the cathedral of Halberstadt had twenty bellows, six less than that of Winchester cathedral, and four less than that of Magdeburg cathedral. These were worked in the following manner: upon each bellows was fixed a wooden shoe; the men who worked them hung their hands on a transverse bar, and each man, placing his feet in the shoes of the bellows, alternately lowered one and raised the other. Very much like riding the treadmill!

A Neapolitan artist made an organ for a certain Duke of Mantua, the keys, pipes, key-board and bellows of which were of alabaster. The grotesque decorations and machinery of old organ cases are worthy of a notice here. In one instance the whole case was ornamented with statues, heads of angels, vases, foliage, and even the figures of animals. Sometimes the front pipes were painted to represent grotesque figures, and the lips of the pipe to resemble the jaws of a lion. Trumpets were placed in the hands of those wooden angels, which, by means of mechanism, could be moved to and from the mouth. Carillons and kettle drums were performed upon by the moveable arms of these angels; and sometimes a gigantic angel would be exhibited, hovering in a glory over the organ, and beating time with his baton as the conductor of this supra-mundane orchestra. There were wandering suns and moons, and jingling stars in motion. Cuckoos, nightingales and every species of bird, singing or rather chirping. Eagles flapped their wings or flew towards an artificial sun. The climax, however, of all these rarities was the fox tail. It was intended to frighten away from the organ all inquisitive persons; thus when they

pulled out a particular draw-stop, suddenly a large fox tail flew into their faces.

Descending now to more modern times, the largest organ in Europe is that of Haerlem. Its height is one hundred and eight feet, and width fifty. It contains five thousand pipes, resembling columns of silver, rising from the ground to the roof. A tone of thunder rolls round the building when its full power is put on. The organ at the new church, Amsterdam, has fifty-two whole stops, besides half stops; and two rows of keys for the feet and three for the fingers, together with a set of pipes which imitate a chorus of human voices.

The great organ now placed in the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, was built especially for the Handel Commemoration Festival by Messrs. Gray and Davison, and is of colossal proportions and unprecedented power. Some idea may be entertained of its magnitude when it is stated that it stands on more ground than is allotted to most ordinary houses, its width being forty feet, its depth thirty. The organ, therefore, covers a superficies of one thousand two hundred feet. It contains four thousand five hundred and ten sounding pipes, varying in size from thirty-two feet in length, with a diameter sufficient to admit easily the passage of a man's body, to less than one inch in length, with the bore of an ordinary quill. In order to place these four thousand five hundred and ten pipes efficiently at the performer's disposal, at least six thousand eight hundred other separate working parts are necessary, many of these being complete machines in themselves, and the entire mass weighs fifty tons. There are four complete rows of keys in the festival organ, each row having a compass of fifty-eight notes, and commanding a distinct department. The necessary quantity of wind is supplied and distributed by twenty-two pairs of bellows, four pair, however, only being employed to furnish the supply of air, the remainder acting merely as reservoirs in determining and regulating the pressure at which it is delivered to the various wind-chests. At present the bellows are worked by ten blowers, but when the organ is completed hydraulic engines will be used with pressure obtained from the water towers. It combines all derivable musical beauty with force and grandeur of tone sufficient to qualify it for the part it was destined to bear in the great Handel Commemoration.

SUCKING UP WATER FROM SAND.—Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert: "The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed, about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple, but truly philosophical and effectual method might have been applied in many cases in different countries where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first made known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers on our western deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface."

ATHENS.—The excavations of the theatre of Herodes Atticus, near Athens, are almost completed. The whole front, which is built in the Roman style, is now freed from rubbish, and the proscenium and the marble seats are exposed to view. The latter are capable of providing ample room for twelve thousand people. They have evidently suffered much from the action of fire. A male statue of considerable beauty was lately found amongst the ruins. The head and right arm were wanting, but the head was afterwards dug up. The hair was gilt, the eye-lashes painted, and the iris of the eye colored.

When climbing roses fail to run, which is often the case, the remedy is to cut away all but three or four of the strongest shoots, and permit none but these to grow the first season. By this means you can cause your climbing roses to grow to almost any extent desired.

A PASSION FOR MOUNTAIN PEAKS.—By HOWARD PAUL.



MONT BLANC is unquestionably the lion of the Vale of Chamouni—the mountain magnet that attracts tourists from all parts of the globe. Everybody has read of De Saussure, his anxieties and achievements, and a myriad Alpine Directories tell of the exploits of Auldjo, Barry, Bosworth, Count Bouillé, and Gabriel Hedrengen the Swedish adventurer. No one who has passed the glaciers fails to hear of Madame Henriette d'Angeville, and her heroism on the summit of the "Monarch," and all the cockneys are in high feather at recounting the pleasant stories of Albert Smith, who makes Mont Blanc a matter of twenty thousand pounds, and quietly puts it in his pockets (who would not brave the perils of a mountain

if its peak was tipped with a golden inducement)? Everybody has read of the *Grands Mulets* and the rosy sunsets—the Grand Plateau and the moonlight—the sharply-defined *Aiguilles* and the *Dome du Gouté*—the Cascade of *Pélerin*, and the Ice-towers of the *Bossons*—the chasms in the *Tacconay*, and the terrors of the *Mur de la Côte*. All these wonders are the special property of wondrous Mont Blanc, and under these gorgeous circumstances he can afford to rear his white head with his robes of cloud, and diadems of snow, in so cold and haughty a manner. How unchanging and imperious his *calotte*!

At least once a year there is a candidate for the horrors of the summit, which is the "event of the season" with the resident

tourists. And to say truth, an ascension and its preparations are calculated to bestir a community like that of Chamouni, who, bored with the Brevent, and familiar with every fissure of the Montanvert, turn to any new excitement with alacrity.

The Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Grimsel, and a thousand peaks and passes that one gets on familiar terms with in Savoy and

Switzerland, go for nothing, in point of interest and prestige, when compared with Mont Blanc. From the first anxious glance we get of it on the Jura, near the Fort de l'Ecluse, with the light blue waters of the Rhone at our feet, to the grand view from the Florentine bridge at Sallenche, and finally straying neath its shadows in the Chamouni valley, one is kept in a throb of excitement.

The diligence, or *char*, no matter in what section of Savoy you be travelling, is certain to be crowded with enthusiastic people of both sexes, talking of Mont Blanc, some rapturously, others doubtingly, a few knowingly, and as is usually the case, one or two incipient Humboldts, who persist in talking over to the general annoyance of the passengers, their own brilliant notions of how ascents generally, and the ascent of Mont Blanc in particular, should be conducted. These fledgling perilmongers are apt to be pale-faced medical students, young sprigs of aristocracy, or junior partners in linen-draper concerns, who have about as much idea of the real dangers of Mont Blanc as that popular snow-pile has of them. Young men who cut great figures in Hyde Park import very little of their home confidence to the glacier-land of Switzerland. It is marvellously interesting to plan undertakings on the top of a coach, but the top of a mountain is a very different matter. A reckless young gentleman in the comfortable *coupé* of the diligence may let his imagination mount, and glidingly arrive at the summit of his hopes—but mounting stupendous ice-precipices and attaining mountain summits is another story.

The ladies, too, are always very rapturous in regard to Mont Blanc. For many reasons. Some are startled by its grandeur—others have read Lord Byron's familiar lines in *Childe Harold*—others think its top is "so nice and white," and occasionally a languid *bas bleu* sighs that it denies its snowy crest to the footfalls of the gentler sex. In this respect Mont Blanc is wanting in taste. Its icy barriers are inaccessible to female feet (twinkling things)! and in sympathy for the sex even mountains should move to obedience. What a joyous task it would be to traverse those snow-paved avenues if we had ladies as guides instead of a mob of ill-looking Savoyards, anxious only for their pittance, with no eye for the picturesque; who can see no sublimity in an avalanche, and hear no music in the war of a mountain torrent. How the dangers would be assuaged, and the perils embroidered, with a female voice, low and sweet, to accompany us on the journey. Every ice-point in the sunlight

would wear a richer hue. Each yawning crevice would be robbed of its fears. Desolation would become a delight.

But beyond the "Cascade of the Pilgrims," with its rainbow flood of bright water, it is almost impossible for ladies to go. They must be content to use their lorgnettes on the Brevent; to pluck slips of rhododendrons on the brown shelves of the Montanvert; to gaze at the countless cloud-wreathed pinnacles from the vale; and with pavilion visits to the Flegère, to trace the winding waters of the Arve. The "upper grandeurs" of Mont Blanc to them must be a sealed book. Its heavenward mysteries must lie cold and silent, away from their scrutiny.

I remember meeting a lady at Ravenna who had crossed the St. Bernard on a mule (after the fashion of Napoleon le Grand), who confidently looked forward to the epoch when all mountain passes and summits would be reached by the gentle means of comfortable balloons. If this were to come to pass, then ladies will not be excluded from enjoying the beauties of unamiable inaccessibilities, of which Mont Blanc and Himalaya are twin tyrants. The "Chamouni and Mont Blanc Incorporated Patent Steam Balloon Company" would certainly be a novelty, and—if a prediction will not appear absurd—would do a *safe-paying business*. The idea once projected would run all over Savoy, Piedmont and Italy, and the European world would hear of nothing but "cheap trips to Lombardy or the Oberland, resting a minute on each sun-tipped peak;" or a flight to the Rigi, dropping passengers at the Buét, the Col du Bonhomme, and the Bernese Alps. Splendid speculation! but one at present "in the clouds."

If one did not go to Chamouni with the express idea of paying one's respects—more, of doing homage—to Mont Blanc, the town would scarcely recompense the wear and tear of the journey from Sallenche. The *char* bruises the limbs, stirs up the bile worse than a toss on the Bay of Biscay, jolts us into a state of morbid wretchedness, and makes us wish the vehicle at the bottom of any sea that the irritated imagination may suggest. But when the steep, dull portions of the route are passed, where the mountains all look alike, and the valleys have a strong family likeness; when the glimmer of the glaciers rises above the roofs of the chalets, and the glorious dome of Mont Blanc looks majestically down on the vale beneath—then troubles fade, and sorrows are forgotten. You salute the noble crest with a feeling akin to awe—and if the moon be up, and the mist has flown, a wizard spell steals over the senses and plunges the soul in a wild excess of rapture.

There are several points of view where one can advantageously touch one's hat to the monarch. The Col du Balme is a glorious spot to take in the chain of peaks bordering the valley which is spread out like a chequered map at the feet, with its frosted summit pure and beautiful in the sharp mid air. The Sallenche view is also a favorite, and many portions of the valley have their claims to eminence in this respect. The enthusiast will not be content with either the Col, the town, or the valley, but seek the highest spots, and the most distant glimpses, to embrace every possible outline and angle of beauty.

Though by no means original in this feeling, for many years I have had a passion for mountain-peaks, and of all others that of Mont Blanc. Twice have I visited the Chamouni valley for the purpose of making the ascent, and twice failed—inglorious record as this may seem. Not that I lack enterprise (though I say it, who perhaps should not); not that the dread of dangers subverted the desire, nor that I could not bring to bear the energy and fortitude the task requires. There are other reasons which I shall presently detail. There is a consolation in the knowledge that my failures were only two of ten thousand, for if a faithful catalogue had been maintained they would surely reach that number. I am, therefore, not the only individual who has turned his back on the defiant peak with a vexed spirit, and then wonder why nature hath shut her portals of snow directly in my face. It was clear I was not a "chosen one," no matter how burning my ardor or intense my desires. Bulwer has written a famous line, "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail," and there is a sea of apophthegms floating from lip to lip in which we are told "not to be cast down," but "try on, try ever," and "upward, onward, Excelsior!" but all this praiseworthy advice does not

stand one's friend when Mont Blanc makes up his mind that you shall not stroll on his crown. He mocks your mightiest efforts, laughs at your spent skill, and coldly spurns you from his breast. It takes more than maxims to surmount a chasm, and in the matter of glaciers, a pair of hobnailed boots is worth the tersest epithets ever coined. Never go to Savoy with nothing to your back but proverbs. They will serve you only as stairs of sand.

My first essay in the Chamouni vale was early in the month of June; and having consulted the *chef* of the guides, he assured me that it was at least a month too early to make the ascent. At that time, not fully comprehending the difficulties, I pressed the matter, and at my suggestion he collected the guides, and separately questioned each as to the propriety of the undertaking. A murmur ran through the group, and with one exception, they all refused, urging that the glaciers were in too dangerous a condition at that early period of the year. A glance at the Arve afterwards convinced me of their knowledge in this respect, as that stream was swollen from the water of the glaciers, to the extent of overflowing, in many places. Ten hours after, I crossed the *Tête Noire*, with the conviction that Mont Blanc would, some other day, claim the honor of my society—and it did.

I left my card for him next, late in the month of August, when the weather was superb, and not a wreath of mist had been seen in the valley for a week. Chamouni (provoking *not*) was full of company at the time, and the whole community, from La Comtesse d'Anglebert, at the Hôtel Royal, to the dirty hurdy-gurdy boy at the Pèlerins, predicted I should be successful. Julie Favret, the belle of Savoy, with whom I had been cultivating a flirtation, went so far as to begin a huge chaplet of flowers, with which I was to be crowned when I descended. Lame Auguste, who sold chip chamois to tourists at his hut at the foot of the Montanvert, laid a wager with Madame Couttets, the village crone—the wager being a case of raw honey. A party of Englishmen, who usually did nothing but yawn over *Galignani's Messenger* in the morning, play cribbage in the afternoon, and write silly couplets in the Album during the evening—these worthies, spurred up by a new turn in the wheel of Chamouni excitement, bet incontinent amounts on the result of my expedition. One of them I had a shrewd suspicion was a gamester in his own dominions, for he looked at me as he would the "points" of a horse entered for a high stake, and once asked me if I had happened to bring a *Bell's Life* from London. I was glad this person bet against me, for I felt it was naughty to go up the mountain with his good wishes.

An idea sometimes only wants a fillip to convert it into an actuality, and for the want of something better to do, the Chamouni-ites rapidly spread the idea of betting on my projected achievement. The ladies bet Alpine-stocks with the gentlemen, and the gentlemen among themselves advanced to francs and Napoleons. Even the boys caught the notion, and rashly risked centimes and sweetstuff on the result. The clear weather, the absence of mountain-clouds, and the bright crisp atmosphere directed popular opinion in my favor, and a flood of hopes and amiable wishes were poured on the "bold adventurer." I woke up in the morning and found myself famous in a small way; my every step seemed to carry a weight with it, and the entire town suddenly felt an intense interest in my powers of muscular endurance. A thousand tender inquiries were put to me.

"I hope you are accustomed to walking," said one.

"I trust your lungs are sound," observed another.

"Pray, strain every nerve to reach the top," advised a third, who evidently had a commercial desire for my success.

"Be careful that your wind holds out," suggested a fourth, a very corpulent individual, suspicious that all human nature's respiratory organs, like his own, were weak.

Then the ladies had a share of pleasant advice to bestow.

"Dress warmly and take plenty of chocolate drops," said one of the dear creatures, who had been reading De Saussure's *Memoirs*, and thought Mont Blanc a dreadful affair.

"I should fancy a bottle of warm water would be a nice thing to put to your feet on the Grands Mulets," remarked another.

"By all means take plenty of cold tea and a flask of cognac," said an amiable old lady, whose three blue-eyed daughters crowded around me with the sweetest of smiles.

I listened patiently to all this kind advice; heard their various suggestions, and thanked the blue-eyed girls for their dainty offers of sponge-cake and rosettes—the latter to be pinned on my sombrero. The men were less delicate in their attentions, but had more or less to propose in the matter of preparation. The night before the morning I was to start, albeit I retired early for the purpose of refreshing, I did not close my eyes, or if I did, they might as well have been open. All I could do was to get up and look out of the window at the moon, and then seek my pillow again, which in no way encouraged the desire to slumber.

I arose at five, and the flurid east, as far as the mountain barriers would permit the gaze to extend, gave promise of a brilliant day. Many of the guests of the Hôtel de Londres were assembled in the courtyard to see me start, and the guides and porters (seven in number), were equipped and loaded in due form. I was attired in a coarse, warm suit of dark woollen stuff, with knapsack full of minor necessities, in the way of socks, veils, spectacles (a protection against the glare of the sun on the ice), and little bars of chocolate. A mule, elaborately caparisoned by my favorite guide, stood at the door, on which I was to ride as far as the Pélérins. A hasty breakfast in the *salle à manger*, a stupendous shaking of hands, a few glances of bright eyes from the lattices overlooking the courtyard, the bustle and confusion among the porters, the division of the knapsacks and lanterns, with three loud cheers from the assembled lookers-on—these matters settled and enacted, off I went on my mule, with the guides leading the way, and the porters and a lot of their rabble-compatriots bringing up the rear in a very picturesque manner.

Our cortege, as it turned the angle of the road conducting to the Cascade des Pélérins, looked extremely formidable indeed; for on leaving the town, a detachment of peasant swains and their plump, rosy-cheeked loves, gaily dressed in holiday costume, who were proceeding to the green alleys of the Valois for the purpose of a day's rustic conviviality, fell jocundly into our train, and helped to give it quite a festive character for a little time. It was like a leaf torn out of a Swiss romance—a pleasant dream of Alpine fancy, for these blithe peasants, free and unrestrained as their own mountain-torrents, danced gaily along the bridle-path, and carolled the merriest of Swiss lays. We suffered considerably in appearance when they abandoned our line.

For two hours we toiled through a copse of pine and shrubs up a rugged path, avoiding the ravine and torrent on the left, and occasionally having glimpses of the ice-turret of the Glacier des Bossons on the right, as the path assumed a hasty elevation in its course. I was the only one of the party mounted, but my animal, in its steep, zigzag progress, threw me into so many painful attitudes, that I was truly delighted when I got to my feet at the Châlet de la Para, on the arid hillside.

The châlet was quite deserted, and looked very bleak and crazy, but the guides insisted on refreshing here, and producing the flasks of cognac and vin ordinaire, throwing down the knapsacks and staffs. Jean Carrier, my head guide, whispered in my ear that a mishap had occurred already, at which I almost shuddered. "A mishap at this early stage of the journey," thought I; "what may we expect when we get on the desolate ridges of the glacier?"

"What is the matter, Jean?" I demanded.

In a solemn tone, he assured me that two of the porters gave indications of having meddled too freely with the cognac; that one of them had lost his shoes in coming up the Pélérins road; and that the other had sworn that his pay ought to be doubled after leaving the Pierre Pointue. I summoned the two delinquents, and questioned them sharply as to their conduct, with the promise that I should report their behavior, whatever it might be, to the *chef* of the bureau. This assurance carried its weight, for instantly they drew themselves up, endeavored to look excessively clear-headed—which, by the way, was a failure—and, with a maudlin accent, promised to deport themselves correctly. Jean seemed to fear the possibility of their

tumbling down a crevice of the glacier, and suggested a remedy to bring them partly to a sense of the dangers that were to come. Procuring a mass of ice, he stretched them both on the ground, and rubbed it sharply over their foreheads, until the skin glowed fiercely with the severe application. Then he took away the cognac flasks concealed in their jackets, and shook them full five minutes with tremendous force. This eccentric process elicited boisterous screams from the rest of the caravan, and the poor fellows finally assumed an erect position, looking very forlorn, but far less drowsy. Jean thought they had been tortured into a sense of duty, and, resuming the packs, we proceeded on the journey.

On quitting the châlet, the ground grew at every step more desolate and arid, and, with the exception of a clump of rhododendron here and there, struggling with the sharp air for existence, there was nothing to be seen but fragments of rock, and the coarse stones left in the descent of avalanches. We found the famous Pierre Pointue nothing more than a great mass of granite. Here I consulted my thermometer, and it stood at thirty-three degrees—just above the freezing point—but, the exertion being excessive, we did not observe the change of temperature. We were now traversing the huge buttress of the Aiguille du Midi, which was somewhat dangerous, great rocks rearing their broad fronts on the left, and the right looking over the precipice down to the *moraine* of the vast glacier. The view that here presented itself was very impressive; but, as the precipice is steep, and the route narrow and uncertain, I found it better to keep my eyes ahead, and not permit them to wander over the craggy grandeurs of the glacier. A false step might have had a fatal termination.

Another half-hour, after crossing a troublesome collection of stray boulders, and we reached what the guides termed the Pierre à l'Echelle, where we found a ladder in tolerable repair, and an old knapsack, full of short billets of wood, which had evidently been left by some former pilgrim. Jean told me that a ladder is constantly kept here, to assist travellers in crossing crevices, and I found its service was most important after getting into the glacier.

It was still twenty minutes' walk to the border of the ice, which we reached without difficulty. We had here a fine view of the Montagne de la Côte, on which the celebrated De Saussure, the pioneer of this hazardous route, proceeded, on his ascent in 1787. Beneath us the valley sloped away, and its châteaux and sloping pasturages looked like a confused and chequered surface far in the distance. The pine forests on the mountains looked like a sere livery, while many of the chain of peaks, rising behind the village, stood out bold and lofty, their summits tipped with white. Above us vast ridges of snow rose on all sides, and through them we could distinguish colossal masses of glittering ice, that looked as if they had been split and torn asunder by the fury of a tempest. Looking up the glacier, jutting pinnacles and frosted crags fiercely broke the gaze. These glistened in the sunlight, so that we could scarcely look at them. The shattered surface of the two ridges shutting in the channel we were about to traverse, presented ledges of ice of inconceivable magnitude. Had we been nearer to them, our wonder would have been still more excited, as the vastness of the view, and the impossibility to calculate distance, destroys all idea of proportionate bulk.

Before venturing on the glacier, I proposed to Jean to order luncheon, and the knapsacks were unpacked. One carried the loaves, another the wine, and in this manner we had apportioned the cumbrous necessities. From some cause—accident, most probably—part of the legs of mutton had been left behind; and to "return to the mutton," after the progress we had made, would have been melancholy. Notwithstanding, one of the guides, a clumsy, stalwart fellow, with more appetite than reason, proposed to return and fetch them, while we amused ourselves with throwing stones on the glacier. I thanked him for his suggestion, but preferred putting our hunger on short allowance, and getting on with the journey. Degenerate Savoyard! to dare to hamper our perilous way with legs of cold mutton! The offer was far worse than "burning a neighbor's barn to procure two roast eggs," as is related in some droll legend of Normandy.

It was a curious sight to see our party scattered about the grimy border of the glacier, dividing our time with sandwiches, and gazing at the ice-peaks rising in their lofty grandeur. It was a strange combination of pinnacles and appetite; cold fowl and crags; luncheon and loveliness! One of the guides had a copy of the *Journal pour Rire*, in which a fowl had been wrapped, containing a caricature, over which he was laughing heartily, stamping his feet between the pauses, to keep the blood in circulation.

Jean Carrier now went ahead on the glacier, and the snow being firm, we found no difficulty in proceeding while we kept in each other's track. We all put on glasses and veils, and found them extremely useful in protecting our eyes from the dazzling shimmer of the sun on the ice. As we advanced, we found the way less practicable, and frequently encountered chasms of terrific width, which caused us to make détours of several hundred yards. The upper part of the glacier, as seen from the valley, presents no remarkable features beyond that of a score of glaciers met with in Switzerland; but, when on it, how startling the impression! A million ice-crags, rent and torn asunder in the most grotesque shapes, and scattered on all sides, form a scene of the most splendid and overwhelming character.

We found it necessary, as a mutual protection, to tie ourselves together with cords, and step with extreme caution. The fissures were every moment growing more numerous, and small walls of ice had to be clambered by means of footholds cut with a hatchet by Jean, who displayed wonderful nerve and skill in his operations. Several of these walls or arches were steep and narrow, and after two of the guides had reached the top, the rest of us were half-drawn up, assisting ourselves as best we could, by clinging like flies to the footholds. I stood more in awe of treacherous paths across the crevices than any other of the various dangers, as a single block of the path giving way, the whole would slide, and we should be hurled mercilessly down a chasm of unknown depth. I was truly glad when we began the ascent of the Grands Mulets, the lofty rocks that rise from

the desert of ice at the extremity of the glacier we had just toiled over. They are called the Grands Mulets, from their fancied resemblance to the backs of mules, but I confess I was unable to catch the similitude. They looked to me from the valley more like little dark cones.

We scrambled on to these rocks with no little trouble, and immediately set about arranging the knapsacks and contents, which had been violently knocked about by our troubles on the glacier. Jean arranged a sort of tent for me on a platform of rock, with batons and a couple of blankets, that looked excessively inviting, considering we were two thousand feet above the line of eternal frost. It was not the cold, though, that annoyed us after we had changed our garments, but the fierce heat of the burning sun striking on the cornices of the rock. The tent so kindly thought of served as a protection against its rays; and, after covering the surface of the ledge with two or three knapsacks, and blankets over these, I managed to assume a lounging position, and rest from the fatigue just undergone.

I fancied, as I lay in my tent, that I could hear the firing of cannon from Chamouni, and asked Jean if the reports did not strike him as being those of ordnance? He listened, but the noise was not repeated, and he told me it must have been the crash of a distant avalanche. My impressions were afterwards corroborated, for our progress had been anxiously watched, by means of telescopes, from the Brevent and the vale, and, when they observed our arrival at the Mulets, had then discharged a cannon in honor of the successful accomplishment of the first great stage of the ascent. This I learned subsequently on my return to Chamouni, and also that "my backers" were in tremendous glee when they ascertained I had made the Mulets as early as three o'clock, which certainly looked encouraging.

Our bivouac on the cone-like rocks presented a wild and singular aspect. We seemed to be wrecked on a great barque of rock in an immense ocean of tempest-driven ice, desolate, and lost, beyond human reach. This was merely a thought, however for here we were out of the way of the avalanches,



MONT BLANC AND THE MER DE GLACE.

and in no danger of slipping down crevices. The only thing we had to look out for was not to go too near the edge of the parapets and slip off, but this only wanted an exercise of ordinary caution. The guides and porters busied themselves in re-arranging the packs, looking after the provisions (a task Savoyards take a passionate delight in), and making flags, by fastening pairs of trowsers to the batons, and then waving them fiercely, with loud screams. This latter proceeding had a dash of eccentricity in it, especially as the breeches made unsatisfactory flags near to them, however they may have looked at a distance.

The novelty of our position, the pure air, and the favorable situation for rest, all combined to put us in good spirits. When the sun shifted his beams from my ledge we prepared dinner—fashionable hour, it being about five—and all fell to in earnest. The porters, who had had the greatest share of the toils, as they were loaded down with the packs and different articles, displayed appetites that would have commanded premiums at a "World's Banquet"—if it were possible to organise a "feast of all nations." A fowl disappeared like a dream, and a bottle of Bordeaux was not slow in making a scarlet exit. I told Jean that if they went on at this rate, we should have to send back to Chamouni for more provisions. He smiled and replied, "*Oui, Monsieur.*"

There was no shaking the table-cloth, or "putting the chairs to rights," after dinner, and, throwing the fossil remnants of the feast down the side of the rocks, the men built two small fires, and crouched around them to smoke and make chocolate. They seemed to be perfectly at home, perched like eagles on these heights, and laughed and sang in the best possible humor. One of them chanted the most int ruinable lay I ever heard, which seemed to be half patois and half German, and was listened to with the keenest attention by the rest of the group. Crouched around the fire, just at nightfall, with the red blaze struggling through the gray twilight, and falling on their faces, the scene was vividly picturesque.

I was extremely struck, not only with the length of the song I had heard, but with the marked effect it seemed to produce on the listeners. I could not resist asking my ever-willing Jean what it was all about, and he explained that it was an old ballad called the Gugler's song, which was composed at Berne, in consequence of some victory, many centuries ago, by the Bernese. He went on to tell me the argument—how the banner of the canton had a black bear on it with red paws (which I thought extremely unnatural), and how this bear grew enraged at some English people coming across the Lowenstein, which caused him to say he would protect his land with sword and arrow. At last a hostile meeting takes place somewhere, the location of which I could not determine, and the upshot is that this bear organises himself into a select committee to superintend an immense battle, at which a great many nice people are killed, and the rest have to fly for their lives. This may not be a very clear transcript of Jean's courteous translation, but certain it is, a bear seemed to be prowling through the song, and hugged, as it were, the verses together. The execution of it occupied at least half an hour, and its incidents must have been stirring and patriotic to have engaged the attention of the men that length of time.

It was arranged that we should quit the Mulets, and start for the Grand Plateau as soon as the moon arose, but it seems we reckoned without our host. During our banquet a mass of clouds appeared in the south-east, and gradually spread around the loftiest summits, including the *calotte* of Mont Blanc. Jean seemed to be uneasy at this, and stood, with his arms folded, gazing above, as if something important was passing in his mind. At length he clambered over to my tent, and, with a serious air, communicated the unpleasant conviction that he believed the weather was suddenly going to change. The very thought palled me for the moment, as I knew it would be impossible to ascend La Côte if there was a cloud in that quarter. I suggested it might possibly clear up before midnight. He shook his head doubtfully, but promised to wait. After passing, securely, one of the most difficult portions of the journey, this was indeed dispiriting, and I anxiously watched my barometer with the hope of detecting a favorable change in the glass.

The clouds, instead of disappearing, slowly thickened, and by midnight all around was dense, dark and threatening. The guides held a consultation, and determined that an attempt to proceed would be rash, with the weather wearing an unsettled prospect. Jean added that we had better descend to the valley early in the morning, or we might suffer from what seemed to be an approaching storm. With all my anxiety to accomplish the ascent I could offer no objections, feeling convinced that he based his advice on an experience and sagacity which I had not.

The sunset glories seen from these rocks have been so often vividly detailed by able writers that I will not attempt to describe what I saw. A feeble pen like mine could never do justice to the gorgeous scenes that passed around and above me. I remember them as a magnificent dream, wild, splendid and inconceivable! I was spell-bound and entranced by the changing glories that hovered like fairy visions on every side. It was an atmospheric romance; soft, transparent, changing and beautiful, beyond human comprehension. I trembled with rapture as I watched those wondrous effects; and when they passed away, it was as if I had awakened from a strange unearthly vision, the memory of which filled me with emotions I could not comprehend.

After the resolve to remain at the Mulets all night, the guides arranged themselves about the ledges of the rocks as best they could, and soon were wrapped in slumber. Jean sought my tent, and was also quickly asleep, and I alone kept watch in the dreary ice-bound solitude. It was fearfully impressive, with not a star to be seen, nor light, except the dim cold reflection from the ice of the glaciers that lay silently beneath. The clouds above still thickened, and gloom, black and impenetrable, hung over us like a canopy of evil.

At last the morning dawned. It was raw, chilly and uncomfortable. The clouds were still overhanging the high peaks, and we prepared to descend. The guides attacked the remainder of the provisions, and once more assumed the packs, now well nigh emptied of their contents. I was so stiff and paralyzed by the cold, and regretful of the necessity of returning, that I could partake of nothing but a cup of chocolate. The men seemed to regard the whole affair as a "matter of course," and uttered nothing in complaint beyond a few idle remarks, which in no way tended to soothe my disappointment. In twenty minutes after, bidding adieu to the rocks, the descent of which required some caution, we were full upon the glacier.

The re-passage of this vast ice-field was marked by no incidents of importance. It was the same toilsome undertaking as before, and when I set foot again on the Pierre à l'Echelle, I had a feeling steal over me which seemed to whisper that I had fulfilled my mission to the approaches of Mont Blanc. With all my desire to attain the summit, I felt that the myriad anxieties, labor, oppression and danger, overbalanced the solitary glory of standing on the crown of the Monarch. I was contented in the knowledge that I was once more alive, and on a soil unencumbered with danger. I reached Chamouni in a deplorable state of exhaustion, where every comfort was prepared for my reception. I sought my bed with a weary, intense disgust of everything in the shape of mountains and glaciers. I was literally worn out. Just as I was settling my jaded faculties into slumber, Jean rattled at my door to say that a furious flood of rain was dashing over our recent path. We had escaped it. I remember I attempted to utter a sentiment of thankfulness, but the effort died on my lips. I was asleep.

THE MISTRESS OF A FAMILY.—The house-mother! what a beautiful, comprehensive word it is! how suggestive of all that is wise and kindly, comfortable and good! Surely, whether the lot comes to her naturally, in the happy gradations of wifehood and motherhood, or as the maiden-mistress of an adopted family, or when the possession of a large fortune, received or earned, gives her, with all the cares and duties, many of the advantages of matronhood—every such woman must acknowledge that it is a solemn as well as a happy thing to be the mistress of a family.

THE TWO WIVES

The tea-things were removed, the children had gone to bed, and Charles Lighte, throwing down his newspaper, seated himself on the sofa beside his wife. A hand slid into his own, thinner and less delicate than when, long ago, it had first met his—but the same confiding, loving hand; and out of the fulness of her heart the good wife spoke.

"I have been thinking, Charles," said she, "as I watched this bright firelight flickering over our comfortable room, how happily we live; how much we ought to do for others, in return for the blessings that are daily heaped upon our heads."

"Yes, Carrie," he replied; "but these blessings are earned by daily work. You women sit at home by your comfortable fires, and little think how your husbands and fathers are toiling meantime to procure the shelter, and fuel, and food, for which you are so grateful to Providence."

An arch smile lighted the still pretty face as the wife answered, "Ah, and you husbands and fathers enter the orderly house, and eat the well-cooked, punctual meals, and play with the neat, well-dressed and well-disciplined children, and enjoy the evening comfort and repose, without thinking how your wife, with head, and hand, and heart, must have toiled to bring about these quiet results. I might easily give you practical proofs of what I have asserted; but I delight in having you think of home as a place for enjoyment and repose—a warm, sunny harbor, after the storms and chills of the world outside; therefore I take my own rest at the time you take yours. Is not this better than to be always keeping before you, by help of a little management, the conviction that I am a weary victim? Our interests are mutual, and I feel that the consciousness that I am resting adds to your repose."

Mr. Lighte's face glowed with pleasure at his wife's candid, simple, confiding words; she sympathized with and understood him. How he loved her! How good, and true, and gentle she had always been! Thus he thought, as they both sat dreaming by the fireside.

Mrs. Lighte awoke first from the reverie; she was not accustomed to waste time in dreams.

"Charles," said she, "while I think of it, for I forgot it this morning, the lump sugar is all out; we must have another loaf." They had been married some years, and the transition from sentiment to household wants was natural.

The sugar question brought Charles Lighte back to the purpose for which he had thrown aside his newspaper. "Don't you think, Carrie," said he, "that now we have so many children, and they are all young, we might use moist sugar instead of lump?"

"What shall I do for company?" said his wife; "and, besides, children have as sensitive palates as we have. I recollect well how, in my childhood, I disliked coarse, cheap food."

"And now your family are all epicures," said her husband.

"What!" said Mrs. Lighte, "gluttons?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "but if meat has been kept an hour too long, or bread a trifle stale, or eggs not new, or the pudding heavy, nothing will do but you must procure a substitute. The things are not really bad; many would eat them for the sake of economy."

"Is there no good result from my epicurianism?" asked his wife.

"Yes," said Mr. Lighte. "I am willing to own that no man has more nutritious and palatable food on his table than I have; but, Carrie, the times are hard, and we must begin to economise."

"Now I understand," said she; "you have been talking with Mr. Murke. I thought you meant to dissolve your co-partnership in the spring. That man will spoil you with his meanness."

"I cannot afford to dissolve yet," said Mr. Lighte; "my family expenses are too heavy. And besides, I am not sure but what you call meanness in Murke is, after all, commendable foresight. Do you not remember what a spendthrift he was in his first wife's time?"

"No, Charles. I remember that when we were lovers we

used to admire his generous, disinterested conduct. I do not know a man whose position was more truly enviable than his, at the time of which we speak."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lighte, "besieged by high and low for help—never sure of a moment at his own command! Do you call it enviable to be at every one's beck and call?"

"His pleasure lay in his duty," said Mrs. Lighte. "How his honest face would glow with delight, as in his boyish way he walked up and down our parlor, relating the success of some benevolent scheme! What a pity he could not have died then!—the rough exterior would have fallen away from a strong yet gentle soul, as beautiful and radiant as an angel."

"But, Carrie, you little enthusiast, what would have happened to his wife and children? Had William Murke died ten years ago they might have been in the poor-house, for he had not saved a penny then; now they will all inherit handsome fortunes."

"Oh, Charles, you cannot be in earnest! The world has not so blinded you, but you must feel that the wealth in his purse is a poor compensation for the wealth that is fast dying out of his soul. Think what a cheerless home, think how his children are neglected, how ignorant they are allowed to remain of all the courtesies and amenities of life, and what little scarecrows in appearance!"

"Scandal, Carrie, scandal!" said Mr. Lighte.

"Truth!" she replied. "But a truth is as bad as scandal. That second wife will be his ruin yet, mark my prophecy! She has retrenched, until she has scraped all the beauty and polish and gilding, all the treasure and worth out of his house, and poured them into his money bags. Is that an advantage? Is money better than the money's worth? Miserly people worship the symbol, and forget or neglect the truth it symbolises."

"You are too hard upon Mrs. Murke," said Mr. Lighte. "She brought her husband a small dowry, and had a right to demand that he should add his share to the family fund. She is saving for his children."

"Of what advantage will money be, when they do not know how to use and enjoy it?" said Mrs. Lighte. "Wealth only lifts vulgarity and ignorance upon a pedestal, where they shall be a surer mark for ridicule and contempt. But, Charlie, let us leave the Murkes to manage their own way; and tell me what you think of sending the children to a dancing-school; they are quite old enough, and if you think you cannot afford the expense, I can do very well without the silk dress you promised me."

"I am tired of those old dresses you have turned so many times," said her husband; "you must have the silk; and as for the children, pray what real need is there of their learning to dance?"

"It is an elegant accomplishment," replied Mrs. Lighte; "it makes them graceful and genteel; prepares them in short for the society in which we hope they will maintain an honorable place."

"How ambitious you are! But have your way; I will trust a mother's instinct against all reasoning."

The ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Murke had vanished, but only for one evening; day after day they returned to perplex and weary, but never vanquish good little Mrs. Lighte. It was—"Carrie, Murke has taken a house out of town. The rent is cheaper, but that's not the best—he assures me that by moving he is rid of scores of relatives and friends who formerly made a convenience of his house. Now the next house to Murke's, he tells me, is unoccupied—had we not better remove thither?"

"Let us remain where we are, my husband," said Mrs. Lighte; "and while we have a crust of bread, let us share it with our friends."

So Mr. Lighte went cheerfully to his office, rejoicing that Providence had given him so wise a helpmate. But the ghosts returned.

"How quiet you are, Carrie!" said Mr. Lighte.

"To tell the truth," she replied, "my teeth have ached for a fortnight, and I am half worn out with pain."

"Why did you not tell me earlier?" said her husband.

"Pray go to a dentist immediately."

"I knew this would be the first thought with you; and den-

tists ask such exorbitant prices, I could not bear to add one of Dr. Bemis's bills to our expenses; but I will walk as far as his house with you this very afternoon."

"That's right; yet, Carrie, now I remember, —Murke recommended a Mr. Huddle, who stops teeth for just half what Bemis charges."

"Is that *all* he told you?" said Mrs. Lighte. "Yes," replied Mr. Lighte.

"Mr. Huddle stopped Mrs. Murke's teeth so badly," continued Mrs. Lighte, "that in three years half of them had broken out, and the other half were blackened with decay; even after this, their eldest daughter was sent to the same person, and her fine teeth will be sacrificed in consequence."

"But Huddle is making a beautiful set of false teeth for Mrs. Murke," said Mr. Lighte.

"You'll soon see if they are not always breaking, and set in such brassy gold that they fill her mouth with canker."

"Ah, I yield, you are foresighted!" and the husband and wife departed on their way to Dr. Bemis's shop.

Yet the ghosts tracked them home again.

"Carrie," said Mr. Lighte, "Mrs. Murke has sent away her servant; and her board and wages and waste are subtracted at once from the family expenses; do you not think that we might do the same?"

"No, my dear. I am constantly and fully occupied already."

"I know that, but Murke says you can get worlds of work out of children; keep Ellen at home from school awhile, the rest from study will do her good. Edward can clean the boots, &c.; and the little ones also may gradually be drawn into harness."

"My children are not colts!" Mrs. Lighte had never addressed her husband with so much asperity before. "It is but a little they could do at best, and why compel them to this? Are we not too sure that in after life care and toil will be their lot; and well for them, poor things, if it do not make up the whole sum of their lives!"

"Let us prepare them for it then by early teaching," said Mr. Lighte.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lighte, "by the teaching of example; we shall never make them industrious men and women by disgusting them with work in their childhood; let us accustom them to a cheerful, orderly household, to palatable food and decent clothing; they will not readily submit to a change in after years. Let us make our children remember home as a pleasant place, not as a theatre of exactions, mortification and querulous complaints."

The ghosts came once more; and the children siding with their mother, the influence of the Murkes was this time vanquished and annihilated.

"Carrie, Murke and I have been comparing expenses, and it frightens me to find my own triple the amount of his; we must retrench."

"In what way?" she asked. "I am ready."

"In a hundred ways," he replied. "Our house is too large, our fires are too numerous, our table is too luxurious, our children dress too well, we have too much company, our pew at church is too expensive; the Murkes have a pew close by the door, they hear quite as well, and pay only half the sum that is required for ours; they shut up two-thirds of their house, and thus are rid of the expense of fuel."

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Lighte; "their water-pipes have frozen and flooded it three times this winter; the expense of repairing costs more than tons of coal."

"That was only an accident," said Mr. Lighte. "Murke covers his fires with damp ashes, and the coal burns half as long again in consequence."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lighte, "and their sitting-room is like Greenland."

"Cool rooms make children hardy," returned Mr. Lighte.

"Oh, father," broke in a little voice, "don't attempt to heat our room with ashes and water! Coming home from school the other day I should have cried with cold, but I kept thinking of our good, bright fire."

"Yes," outspoke another, "and last week I called Willie

Murke in here to warm his hands, he looked so cold as he was running by. He said he wished that he had a mother like mine."

"Hush, children, don't interrupt when your mother and I are talking," said Mr. Lighte; then turning to his wife he continued, "the butcher calls here, Carrie, twice a week; and Murke says they use salted and dried meat, which they procure at wholesale prices, and pickle it themselves."

"Do you like pork very much?" whispered Lizzie Lighte, pulling her mother's sleeve.

"And Mrs. Murke doesn't use butter nor lard for making cakes," continued Mr. Lighte; "a little cheap shop dripping, they assured me, will answer every purpose."

"I know one thing," ventured Lizzie, "I'm glad mother doesn't use it."

"Then these potatoes, small and poor as they are, cost more than a halfpenny a piece. Murke substitutes suet dumplings."

"Boiled in cabbage-water, I suppose, and of course very palatable! Give me another piece of chicken, Charles, if you please," was Mrs. Lighte's only reply.

"What do they make instead of rice pudding?" asked Lizzie, who was very fond of the latter delicacy.

Mrs. Lighte looked smilingly for her husband's answer.

"They do not eat such luxuries, my child. Mr. Murke is saving against he grows old."

"Why, father, we will take care of you when you are old; and I mean to have a home just like ours," said the child.

"Yet the Murkes do have some luxuries, for when the cake gets burnt, as is frequently the case, Mary brings some to school for her luncheon; she says her mother told her that it would make her breath sweet, but that solid cake was poisonous; I shouldn't think she'd give poison to her company."

The ghost was banished; but the thrifty woman, known as Mrs. Murke, came one last time to the home of Charles Lighte.

There was to be a funeral on the morrow; the sofa by the fireside was empty, and dust was gathering over the workbox that stood on the centre table; a group of children were huddling together, crying as if their hearts would break.

After a life of toil she had folded her hands at last, and the corpse of Carrie lay waiting for burial—Carrie, the provident mother, the faithful wife, the good, gentle, sympathising friend; and as Charles Lighte stood watching her, with sorrow too deep for tears, Mrs. Murke came, she said, to offer consolation.

"Yes, she was good, and a kind neighbor to me," said Mrs. Murke. "I shall never forget her early influence over my husband; but, Mr. Lighte, we must not waste time in grief, and every sorrow has its compensations—you have now one less to support in these hard times. Your wife had a great many children, and was ambitious for them, and liked to keep up a good appearance in the world. She was an excellent woman, but you may find another that will do as well as she, and save your money beside."

"Ah," broke forth the husband, too grieved for anger, "she spent the money for us; she watched, and planned, and wasted all her strength for our welfare; this house is full of the works of her hands. My heart is full of recollections of her patient love and industry. I have too often pained the gentle heart that is sleeping here by repeating your advice. Yesterday my partnership with your husband was dissolved; to-day, Mrs. Murke, I beg leave to dissolve my acquaintance with yourself."

And they buried her, that good Carrie. "With the fruit of her hands," she had "planted a vineyard;" and when she was dead her husband and children dwelt therein.

The Murkes added gold to gold, and "laded their souls with that thick clay." They built a fine house, and gave a great formal party every year; then covered the furniture, packed away the silver, locked the parlors, and lived in a few back rooms.

Mr. Murke's daughters married early; to escape their ungenial home they accepted the first adventurers that offered themselves, and one by one came back to her father with wasted health, and ruined hopes, and a family of children. His sons rushed into dishonesty and extravagance, and were a living disgrace and sorrow to the parents' hearts.

Doling out with many a sigh the scanty pittance which they consider needful for the wants of their children and grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Murke live alone in their house, pore over newspapers and deeds, discuss stocks, bonds, and notes, and feel miserably poor; as well as they may, who have lost their souls for the sake of that which perisheth.

Mr. Lighte, with sufficient property for all his wants, divides his time between many households, all copies of the dear one he can never forget; and in each of which he is eagerly welcomed and cared for with watchful love. His children continually develop before his eyes the traits which he has now learned to appreciate in his buried wife. They have taken the place in society for which their mother fitted them, have married into good families, are surrounded with refined friends, and make themselves attractive by whatever among the comforts and elegancies of life may be within their reach.

As Charles Lighte, an old man now, sits thus at the fireside of his children, and watches his daughters ornaments to society, blessings to their homes, comforters to the destitute—and his sons, forward in all good works and manly enterprises—tears, not of loneliness but of gratitude, fill his eyes, and he thinks how the good wife, “being dead, yet speaketh.” Yea. “let her own works praise her.”

Reader, I would not disparage the excellent and needful virtue of economy; but only suggest by this sketch, drawn from actual life, that there is a judicious expenditure which leads to wealth, and a niggardly accumulation which leads to misery.

THE CAFE DU ROI AT PARIS.

THIS once celebrated restaurant at Paris, secretly patronised by the royalists under the Empire, acquired its name in rather a strange fashion. One warm evening in autumn, a young man, somewhat overdressed, with a very considerable border of pinkish silk stockings seen above the margin of his low boots, and a most inordinate amount of coat-collar, lounged along the *Boulevard des Italiens*, occasionally ogling the passers-by, but, oftener still, throwing an admiring glance at himself, as the splendid windows of plate-glass reflected back his own figure. He had just reached the angle of the Rue Vivienne, and was about to turn, when two persons advanced towards him. They were both young, and, and although palpably men of a certain rank and condition, were equally what is called out-at-elbows; hats that exhibited long intimacy with rain and wind; shoes of very questionable color; coats suspiciously buttoned about the throat, being all signs of circumstances that were far from flourishing.

“Oh! Chopard, is't thou? And thou, too, Brissole; how goes it? What an age since we have met! Art long in Paris?”

“About two hours,” replied the first. “Just as I stepped out of the Place des Victoires I met our old friend here; and now, strange enough, we meet you. Three old schoolfellows!”

“An instant later, and we should have missed each other,” said Brissole. “I was about to take my place for Nancy.”

“To quit Paris?”

“Yes; I've had enough of it.”

“What means this?” asked Chopard; “'tis folly. Why, man, I've come to make my fortune!”

“So much the worse!” rejoined Brissole. “I have tried it for five years, and now look at me.”

“And thou?” said the dashing young man.

“I have just had a piece hooted off the stage at Lyons, and so have come to Paris.”

“But what has been thy luck?” cried Brissole. “Thou art, to all appearance, more fortunate.”

“Aye, Jerome, how fares the world with thee?”

“Pretty well,” said the other, laughing. “Just now I'm King of Westphalia.”

“The deuce!” exclaimed the two unfortunates, bowing respectfully; “and where is this country?”

“Bah!” added Brissole, “what matters. It produces fine hams.”

“Come and sup with me,” said the new-fledged king. “This

is Villaret's—I'm the host. Be easy; you Brissole, I appoint my private secretary—you Chopard, my *maitre de chapelle*.”

The young men bowed their thanks, and, nothing loth, followed the king into supper.

The pleasant hours flew rapidly by—bright visions of the future lent charms to happiness; but, still, daybreak would come, and with it the sleepy waiter and the bill—“eight hundred francs.”

“The deuce!” said Jerome, “and I have no money. You Brissole, pay the fellow.”

“Your majesty, I have no money.”

“Then you must do so, Chopard.”

“I haven't a sou.”

“Send the landlord in,” said Jerome, with a groan. “Ah, Villaret, there you are; we have forgotten our purses, but as soon as I reach home I will send a servant with the money.”

“I have no doubt of it, gentlemen—but it would please me better to receive it now, particularly as I have not the honor to know the distinguished company.”

Brissole and Chopard began to bluster and find fault with the wine, &c.

“If I had the happiness of knowing messieurs,” said Villaret, “I should hope on another occasion to please them better.”

“I am the *maitre de chapelle* to the King of Westphalia,” said Chopard.

Villaret bowed.

“And I private secretary and privy purse to his majesty,” said Brissole.

M. Villaret bowed this time sarcastically.

“And pray what office does this gentleman hold in his majesty's service,” he said, with mock humility.

“I am the King of Westphalia,” replied Jerome, with an attempt at dignity, which the copious supper rather interfered with.

“François,” cried the indignant Villaret, “fetch the *garde*!”

“No!” said Jerome, springing to his feet, “no *garde*, no police. Here, take my watch—it is worth double your bill. I will send for it.”

The landlord rather reluctantly agreed, but immediately after their departure, on examining the watch more minutely, he found the emblematic “N” of the emperor. Fearing it had been stolen, he hurried to the Commissary of the police, who sent to Fouché, who went to Napoleon, and told the whole story. The watch was a present from Napoleon to Jerome, but it was the want of dignity, which characterised the whole affair, that enraged him.

King, secretary and *maitre de chapelle* were sent off to Westphalia, with strict injunctions to keep the story to themselves.

The café no longer exists, but Jerome still lives in royal state, an ex-king, the uncle of an emperor, in the Palais Royal.

PARLOR PASTIME.—CURIOUS PHOSPHORIC EXPERIMENT.—Procure a clean oil flask, and fill it about three parts with water; now drop in a half a drachm (one sixteenth of an ounce) of phosphorus; then hang up the bottle in such a manner that you can place a lighted lamp under it. As soon as the water is warm streams of fire will dart from the bottom of the water resembling sky-rockets; some particles will adhere to the sides of the glass representing stars, and will display brilliant rays. These appearances will continue till the water begins to simmer, when immediately a beautiful aurora-borealis begins, and gradually ascends till it collects to a pointed flame: then blow out the lamp, and the point formed will rush down, forming beautiful clouds of fire, rolling over each other for some time, and, as these disappear, a beautiful hemisphere of stars presents itself. After waiting a minute or two light the lamp again, and the same will be repeated. The stars may be increased by alternately lighting and blowing out the lamp several times consecutively. The liquid in the flask will allow of several repetitions of the experiment.

THERE are two things which will make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

A 'COON CHASE IN KENTUCKY.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.



FOREMOST of all the wild creatures of America in point of being generally known is the raccoon (*Procyon lotor*). None has a wider geographical distribution, as its "range" embraces the entire continent, from the Polar Sea to Terra del Fuego. Some naturalists have denied that it is found in South America. This denial is founded on the fact that neither Frezier, Ulloa, nor Molina, have spoken of it. But how many other animals have these crude naturalists omitted to describe? I make bold to assert that the raccoon exists in South America, as well as in the tropical forests of Guiana as in the colder regions of the Table Land, everywhere that there exists tree-timber. In most parts where the Spanish language is spoken, it is known as the "zorzo negro," or black fox. Indeed, there are two species in South America, the common one (*Procyon lotor*) and the crab-eater (*Procyon cancrivorus*). In North America it is one of the most common of wild animals. In all parts you may meet with it. In the hot lowlands of Louisiana—in the tropical "chaparrals" of Mexico—in the snowy regions of Canada—and in the vernal valleys of California. Unlike the deer, the wild cat, and the wolverene, it is never mistaken for any other animal, nor is any animal taken for it. It is as well known in America as the red fox is in England, and with a somewhat similar reputation. Although there is a variety in color and size, there is no ambiguity about species or genus. Wherever the English language

is spoken it has but one name, the "raccoon." In America every man, woman and child know the "sly ole 'coon." This animal has been placed by naturalists in the family *Ursidae*, genus *Procyon*. Linnæus made it a bear, and classed it with *Ursus*. It has, in my opinion, but little in common with the bear, and far more resembles the fox. Hence the Spanish name of "zorzo negro" (black fox). A writer quaintly describes it thus: "The limbs of a bear, the body of a badger, the head of a fox, the nose of a dog, the tail of a cat, and sharp claws by which it climbs trees like a monkey." I cannot admit the similarity of its tail to that of a cat. The tail of the raccoon is full and bushy, which is not true of the cat's tail. There is only a similarity in the annulated or banded appearance, which in the tail of the raccoon is a marked characteristic.

The raccoon, to speak in round terms, is about the size of an English fox, but somewhat thicker and "bunchier" in the body. His legs are short in proportion, and as he is *plantigrade* in the hind feet, he stands and runs low, and cat-like. His muzzle is extremely pointed and slender, adapted to his habit of prying into every chink and corner, in search of spiders, beetles and other creatures.

The general color of the raccoon is dark brown (nearly black) on the upper part of the body mixed with iron gray. Underneath he is of a lighter hue. There is, here and there, a little fawn-color intermixed. A broad black band runs across the eyes and unites under the throat. This band is surrounded and sharply defined with a grayish white color, which gives a unique expression to the "countenance" of the "'coon." One of his chief beauties is his tail, which is characteristic in its markings. It exhibits twelve annulations or ring-bands, six black and six grayish-white, in regular alternation. The tip is black, and the tail itself is very full or "bushy." When the 'coon skin is made into a cap—which it often is among hunters and frontiersmen—the tail is left to hang as a drooping plume; and I must say that such a head-dress is far from ungraceful. In some "settlements" the 'coon-skin cap is quite the fashion among the young "backwoodsmen."

The raccoon is an animal of an extremely amorous disposition; but there is a fact connected with the sex of this creature which is curious; the female is larger than the male. Not only



'COON SHOOTING.

larger, but in every respect a finer-looking animal. The hair, long on both, is more full and glossy upon the female, its tints deeper and more beautiful. This is contrary to the general order of nature. By those unacquainted with this fact, the female is mistaken for the male, and vice versa, as in the case of hawks and eagles.

The fur of the raccoon has long been an article of commerce, as it is used in making beaver hats; but as these have given place in most countries to the silk article, the 'coon skin now commands but a small price.

The raccoon is a tree-climber of the first quality. He climbs with his sharp curved claws, not by hanging, as is the case with the bear tribe. His lair, or place of retreat, is in a tree—some hollow, with its entrance high up. Such trees are common in the great primeval forests of America. In this tree-cave he has his, or rather her nest, where the female brings forth three, four, five or six "cubs" at a birth. This takes place in early spring—usually the first week in April.

The raccoon is a creature of the woods. On the prairies and in treeless regions he is not known. He prefers heavy timber, where there are huge logs and hollow trees in plenty. He requires the neighborhood of water, and in connection with this may be mentioned a curious habit of his, that is, of plunging all his food into the water before devouring it. It will be remembered that the otter has a similar habit. It is from this peculiarity that the raccoon derives his specific name of *Lotor* (washer). He does not always moisten his morsel thus, but pretty generally. He is fond, moreover, of frequent ablutions, and no animal is more clean and tidy. He is almost omnivorous. He eats poultry or wild fowls. He devours frogs, lizards, larvæ and insects without distinction. He is fond of sweets, and is very destructive to the sugar-cane and Indian corn of the planters. When the ear of the maize is young, or as it is termed in the milk, it is very sweet. Then the raccoon loves to prey upon it. Whole troops at night visit the corn-fields and commit extensive havoc. These mischievous habits make him many enemies, and in fact he has but few friends. He kills hares, rabbits and squirrels when he can catch them, and will rob a bird's nest in the most ruthless manner. He is particularly fond of shell-fish; and the *unios*, with which many of the fresh-water lakes and rivers of America abound, form part of his food. These he opens as adroitly with his claws as an oysterman could with his knife. The raccoon is partial to the "soft-shell" crabs and small tortoises common in the American waters. The negroes describe a mode which the raccoon has for taking the turtles. It is curious, if true, and it may be remarked that "Uncle Tom" knows the habits of the raccoon better than any other man. This sable old gentleman states that the 'coon fishes for turtles! that he squats upon the bank of the stream, allowing his bushy tail to hang over into the water; that the turtle swimming about in search of food or amusement, spies the hairy appendage and lays hold of it; and that the 'coon, feeling the "nibble," suddenly draws the testaceous swimmer upon dry land, and then "cleans out de shell" at his leisure! This smacks of Buffon.

The 'coon is often domesticated in America. It is harmless as a dog or cat except when crossed by children, when it will snarl, snap and bite like the most crabbed cur. He is troublesome, however, where poultry is kept, and this prevents his being much of a favorite. Indeed, he is not one, for he is hunted everywhere, and killed—wherever it can be done—on sight.

So much for the raccoon and his habits. Let us now hunt him. To do this properly we must get upon a negro plantation and enter into partnership with some old "colored gem-man."

There is a curious connection between the negro and the raccoon. It is not a tie of sympathy, but a link of antagonism. The 'coon is the negro's game. 'Coon hunting is peculiarly a negro sport. The negro is the 'coon's mortal enemy. He kills the 'coon when and wherever he can, and eats him too. He loves his "meat," which is pork-tasted, and in young 'coons palatable enough, but in old ones rather rank. This, however, our "darkie" friend does not much mind, particularly if his master be a "stingy old boss," and keeps him on rice instead of meat rations. The negro, moreover, makes an odd "bit"

(twelve and a half cents) by the skin, which he disposes of to the neighboring "storekeeper." The 'coon hunt, too, is a "nocturnal" sport, and therefore does not interfere with his regular labor. By right the night belongs to him, and he may then dispose of his time as he pleases, which he often does in this very way. The negro is not allowed to carry fire-arms, and for this reason the squirrel may perch upon a high limb, jerk its tail about and defy him; the hare may run swiftly away, and the wild turkey may tantalise him with its incessant "gobbling." But the 'coon can be killed without fire-arms. The 'coon can be overtaken and "treed." The negro is not denied the use of an axe, and no man knows better how to handle it than he. The coon, therefore, is his natural game, and much sport does he have in its pursuit. Nearly the same may be said of the opossum (*Didelphis Virginiana*); but the "possum" is more rare, and it is not our intention now to describe that very curious creature. From both 'coon and 'possum does the poor negro derive infinite sport—many a sweet excitement that cheers his long winter nights, and checkers with brighter spots the dull and darksome monotony of his slave-life. I have often thought what a pity it would be if the 'coon and the opossum should be extirpated before slavery itself became extinct. Let us share with the negro in his peculiar sport, and join in a real 'coon chase. I shall describe one as it actually occurred, or as nearly as I can remember it.

It took place in Kentucky, where I was sojourning for some time upon a "nigger plantation." It was the first affair of the kind I had been present at, and I was somewhat curious as to the mode of carrying it on. My companion and inductor was a certain "Uncle Abe," a gentleman very much after the style and complexion of Uncle Tom; but I should think, rather more addicted to "field sports." It should be observed that in the slave country every neighborhood has its noted 'coon hunter. He is usually a wary old "nigger," who knows all the tricks and dodges of the 'coon. He either owns a dog himself, or has trained one of his master's, in that peculiar line. It is of little importance what breed the dog may be. I have known curs that were excellent "coon dogs." All that is wanted is, that he have a good nose, and that he be a good runner, and of sufficient bulk to be able to bully a 'coon when taken. This a very small dog cannot do, as the 'coon frequently makes a desperate fight before yielding. Mastiffs, terriers, and half-bred pointers make the best "coon dogs."

Uncle Abe was the mighty hunter, the Nimrod of the neighborhood in which I happened to reside; and Uncle Abe's dog—a stout terrier—was esteemed the "smartest 'coon dog" in a circle of twenty miles. In going out with Uncle Abe, therefore, I had full confidence that I would see sport.

On one side of the plantation was a heavily timbered "bottom," through which meandered a small stream, in America called a "creek." This bottom was a favorite *habitat* of the 'coons, as there were large trees growing near the water, many of which were hollow either in their trunks or some of their huge limbs. Moreover, there were vast trellises of vines extending from tree to tree; some of them, as the fox and muscadine (*Vitis labrusca*), yielding sweet grapes, of which the raccoons are very fond.

To this bottom then we directed our course, Abe acting as guide and holding his dog Pompo, in the leash. Abe carried no other weapon than an axe, while I had armed myself with a double-barrel. Pompo knew as well as either of us the errand on which we were bent, as appeared from his flashing eyes and the impatient leaps which he made to get free.

We had to cross a large corn-field, a full half-mile in breadth, before we reached the woods. Between this and the timber was a zigzag fence—the common "rail" fence of the American farmer. For some distance beyond the fence the timber was small, but farther on was the creek "bottom," where the 'coons were more likely to make their dwelling-place. We did not however proceed to the bottom. Abe knew better than that. The young 'coons were just then "in the milk," and the 'coon-hunter expected to find his game nearer the field. It was settled, therefore, that we should follow the line of the fence, in hopes that the dog would strike a fresh trail, leading either to or from the corn-field.

It was now night—two hours after sundown. The 'coon-chase, I have already said, is a nocturnal sport. The raccoon does range by day, but rarely, and only in dark and solitary woods. He often basks by day upon high limbs, or the broken tops of trees. I have shot several of his tribe while asleep, or sunning themselves in such situations. Perhaps before they knew their great enemy man, they were less nocturnal in their activity.

We had a fine moonlight; but so far as a view of the chase was concerned, that would benefit us but little. During the hunt there is not much to be seen of either dog or 'coon, as it is always a scramble through trees and underwood. The dog trusts altogether to his nose, and the hunter to his ears; for the latter has no other guide save the yelp or bark of his canine assistant. Nevertheless, moonlight, or a clear night, is indispensable; without one or the other, it would be impossible to follow through the woods. A view of a 'coon-chase is a luxury enjoyed only by the bats and owls.

Pompo was now let loose in the corn; while Abe and I walked quietly along the fence, keeping on different sides. Abe remained in the field for the purpose of handing over the dog, as the fence was high—a regular "ten rail, with stalks and riders." A 'coon could easily cross it, but not a dog, without help.

We had not gone more than a hundred yards, when a quick sharp yelp from Pompo announced that he had come suddenly upon something in the corn-field.

"A varmint!" cried Abe; and the next moment appeared the dog, running up full tilt among the maize plants and up to the fence. I could see some dark object before him, that passed over the rails with a sudden spring and bounded into the timbers.

"A varmint, massa!" repeated Abe, as he lifted the dog over, and followed himself.

I knew that in Abe's vocabulary—for that night at least—a "varmint" meant a 'coon; and as we dashed through the brushwood, following the dog, I felt all the excitement of a 'coon-chase.

It was not a long one—I should think of about five minutes' duration; at the end of which time, the yelp of the dog, which had hitherto guided us, changed into a regular and continuous barking. On hearing this, Abe quietly announced—

"The varmint am tired."

Our only thought now was to get to the tree as speedily as possible, but another thought entered our minds as we advanced. That was, what sort of a tree had the 'coon taken shelter in? This was an important question, and its answer involved the success or failure of our hunt. If a very large tree, we might "whistle" for the 'coon. Abe knew this well, and as we passed on expressed his doubts about the result. The bark of Pompo sounded some hundred yards off in the very heaviest of the bottom timber. It was not likely, therefore, that the 'coon had taken to a small tree, while there were large ones near at hand. Our only hope was that he had climbed one that was not "holiow." In that case we might still have a chance with the double-barrel and buckshot. Abe had but little hope.

"He hab reach him own tree, massa; an that am sartin to be a big un wi' a hole near um top. Wagh! 'twar datar fence. But for the dratted fence old Pomp nebber lot um reach um own tree. Wagh!"

From this I learned that one point in the character of a good 'coon dog was speed. The 'coon runs well for a few hundred yards. He rarely strays farther from his lair. If he can beat his pursuer for this distance he is safe, as his retreat is always in a hollow tree of great size. There is no other way of getting at him there, except by felling the tree, and this the most zealous 'coon hunter would not think of attempting. The labor of cutting down such a tree would be worth a dozen 'coons. A swift dog, therefore, will overtake the raccoon, and force him to the nearest tree—often a small one, where he is either shaken off or the tree cut down. Sometimes the hunter climbs after and forces him to leap out, so as to fall into the very jaws of the watchful dog below.

In Abe's opinion Pompo would have "treed" his 'coon

before reaching the bottom, had not the fence interfered, but now—

"Told ye so, massa!" muttered he, interrupting my thoughts. "Look dar! dar's de tree—trunk thick as a haystack. Wagh!"

I looked in the direction indicated by my companion. I saw Pompo standing by the root of a very large tree, looking upward, shaking his tail, and barking at intervals. Before I had time to make any farther observations Abe's voice again sounded in my ears.

"Gollies! it am a Buttonwood! Why, Pomp, ole fellur, you hab made a mistake—de varmint ain't dar. 'Cooney nebber trees upon buttonwood—nebber—you oughter know better'n dat, ole fool!"

Abe's speech drew my attention to the tree. I saw that it was the American sycamore (*Plantanus Occidentalis*), familiarly known by the trivial name "buttonwood," from the use to which its wood is sometimes put. But why should the 'coon not "tree" upon it, as well as any other? I put the question to my companion.

"'Cause, massa, its bark am slickery. De varmint nebber takes to 'im. He likes de oak an de poplum an de scaly-bark. Gosh! but he am dar!" continued Abe, raising his voice, and looking outward—"Look yonder, massa! He had climb by de great vine. Dat's right, Pomp! you am right after all, and dis nigga's fool. Hee—up, ole dog! hee—up!"

Following the direction in which Abe pointed, my ear rested on a huge parasite of the *Liana* kind, that rising out of the ground at some distance, slanted upward and joined the sycamore near its top. This had no doubt been the ladder by which the 'coon had climbed. The discovery, however, did not mend the matter as far as we were concerned. The 'coon had got into the buttonwood, fifty feet from the ground, where the tree had had been broken off by the lightning or the wind, and where the mouth of a large cavity was distinctly visible by the light of the moon. The trunk was one of the largest, and it would have been sheer folly (so we concluded) to have attempted felling it. We left the spot without further ado, and took our way back to the corn-field. The dog had now been silent for some time, and we were in the hopes that another "varmint" might have stolen into the corn.

Our hopes were not doomed to disappointment. Pompo had scarcely entered the field when a second 'coon was sprung, which, like the other, ran directly for the fence and the woods.

Pompo followed as fast as he could be flung over; and this 'coon was also "treed" in a few minutes. From the direction of the bark, we calculated that it must be near where the other had escaped us; but our astonishment equalled our chagrin, when upon arriving at the spot, we found that both the "varmints" had taken to the same tree!

With some rather emphatic ejaculations we returned to the corn-field, and after a short while a third 'coon was raised, which, like the others, made of course for the timber. Pompo ran upon his trail with an angry yelping, that soon changed into the well-known signal that he had treed the game. We ran after through brush and brake, and soon came up with the dog. If our astonishment was great before, it was now beyond bounds. The identical buttonwood with its great parasite was before us. The dog barked at its foot. The third 'coon had taken shelter in its capacious cavity.

"Wagh! massa!" ejaculated Abe, in a voice of terror, "it's de same varmint. It ain't no 'coon, it's de debil! For de lub o' God, massa, let's get away from here!"

Of course I followed his advice, as to get at the 'coons was out of the question.

We returned once more to the corn-field, but we found that we had at least cleared it of 'coons. It was still early, however, and I was determined not to give up the hunt until I had assisted in killing a 'coon. By Abe's advice, therefore, we struck into the woods, with the intention of making a circuit where the trees were small. Some 'coon might be prowling there in search of birds' nests. So thought Abe.

He was right in his conjecture. A fourth was started, and off went Pompo after him. In a few minutes the quick constant bark echoed back. This time we were sure, from the direction, in a new tree.

It proved to be so, and such a small one that on coming up, we saw the animal squatted upon the branches, not twenty feet from the ground. We were now sure of him, as we thought; and I had raised my gun to fire, when all at once, as if guessing my intent, the 'coon sprang into another tree, and then ran down to the ground and off again, with Pompo yelling in his track.

Of course we expected that the dog would speedily tree him again, which after a few minutes he did, but this time in the heavy timber. We hastened forward, guided by the bark. To the extreme of my astonishment, and I fancy to the very extreme of Abe's terror, we again found ourselves at the foot of the buttonwood.

Abe's wool stood on end. Superstition was the butt end of his religion; and he not only protested, but I am satisfied that he believed that all the four 'coons were one and the same individual, and that individual "de debil." Great 'coon-hunter as he was, he would have gone home, if I had let him. But I had no thoughts of giving up the matter in that easy way. I was roused by the repeated disappointment. A new resolve had entered my mind. I was determined to get the 'coons out of the buttonwood, cost what it might. The tree must come down, if it should take us till morning to fell it. With this determination, I caught hold of Abe's axe, and struck the first blow. To my surprise and delight the tree sounded. I repeated the stroke. The sharp axe went crashing inwards. The tree was hollow to the ground; on the side where I had commenced chopping, it was but a shell. A few more blows, and I had made a hole large enough to put a head through. Felling such a tree would be no great job after all, and I saw that it would hardly occupy an hour. The tree must come down.

Abe seeing me so resolute, had somewhat recovered his courage and his senses, and now laid hold of the axe. Abe was a "first-hand" at "chopping," and the hole soon gaped wider.

"If de hole run clar up, massa," said he, resting for a moment, "we can smoke out de varmint—wid de punk and de grass hefe we can smoke out de debil himself. 'Spose we try 'im, massa?"

"Good!" cried I catching at Abe's suggestion, and in a few minutes we had made a fire in the hole, and covered it with leaves, grass and weeds.

The smoke soon did its work. We saw it ooze out above at the entrance of the 'coon hole—at first in a slight filmy stream, and then in thick volumes. We heard a scraping and rattling within the hollow trunk, and a moment after a dark object sprang out upon the liana, and ran a short way downward. Another followed, and another, and another, until a string of no less than six raccoons squatted along the parasite, threatening to run downward!

The scene that followed was indescribable. I had seized my gun, and both barrels were emptied in a "squirrel's jump." Two of the 'coons came to the ground, badly wounded. Pompo tackled another that had run down the liana, and was attempting to get off; while Abe with his axe clove the skull of a fourth that had tried to escape in a similar manner. The other two ran back into the "funnel," but only to come out again just in time to receive a shot each from the reloaded gun, which brought both of them tumbling from the tree. We succeeded in bagging the whole family; and thus finished what Abe declared to be the greatest "'coon chase on de record;" and so we took the "back track to hum."

MY FIRST LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

At twenty I was considered rather a handsome man than otherwise: in fact, whatever may have been the opinion of certain of the envious and malignant, I had myself no doubt whatever on the subject. I was not rich, it is true, but my family was as old as the Conquest, my father a baronet, and myself a cornet of dragoons.

I have no doubt that the generality of people would consider my position—excepting the fact of possessing an elder brother—an exceedingly enviable one. They are mistaken. A younger son with an estate strictly entailed is no such enviable personage after all, as he himself soon discovers.

Still I was happy. It was Christmas time, and Lady Maria Templeton was on a visit to my mother and sisters.

I never did, and I never shall again see such beauty as hers. It shed light as she walked. She was dazzlingly fair in skin, and yet her hair was black. She was tall, slight and sylph-like, and yet no man could venture to call her any other than a haughty beauty. But her eyes! talk of eyes of most unholy blue, of sapphires beaming with gem-like sparkles. I know not what to compare hers to.

There was my brother Tom, the heir to the baronetcy, Fanny and Mary, Lady Maria and myself. She was our cousin and an heiress.

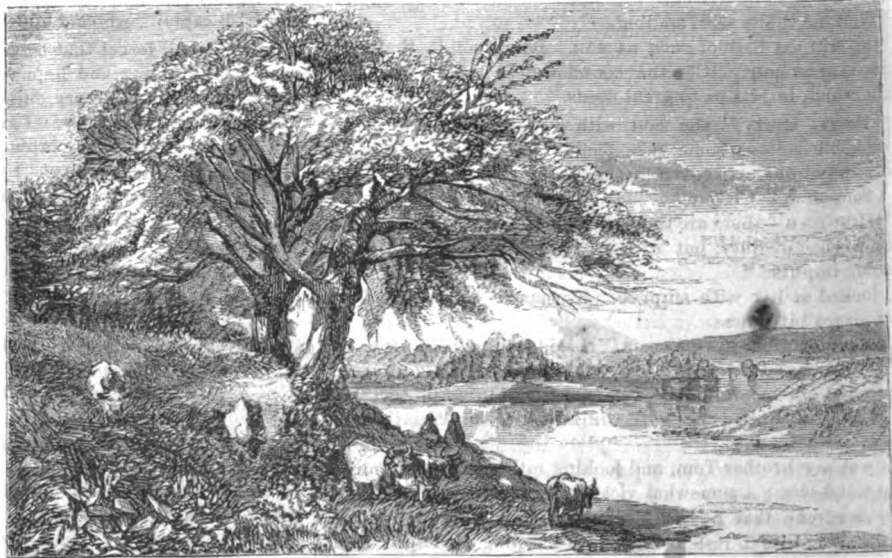
She had five thousand a year. This I did not know at the time, or possibly much that followed might not have occurred. I was not old enough to be a fortune-hunter, while my pride would have prevented the chance of my falling in love under circumstances which might have made me suspected. But I did though, and up to my very ears.

Tom was a hearty fellow, fond of his gun and his dogs, his horses and hounds, and not averse to indulgence in those Raccie revels which, even to this day, are not unpatronised by some of the gentlemen of England. He was, I have heard also, the terror of rural swains and the admired of every lady within ten miles of Courtney Chase. But even he was struck by Lady Maria.

I met her at eventide. We had met before often, but as mere children, when we had quarrelled and made it up, and been fast friends and bitter enemies within an hour. But now she was a lovely woman and I a cornet of dragoons.

I never was so taken aback in my life. Young as I was, I had put down the impertinence of one or two elder men, who thought they had caught a green hand. I had made a decent figure at mess and club, and Almack's, and generally, in fact, was supposed to know a thing or two.

I had stared a lady once out of countenance at the opera, but



BANKS OF THE RHODUS.—A. D. SHATTUCK.

when I stepped up to Maria, to compliment her, as everybody else was doing, I blushed, stammered, and finally it ended in my muttering something about "Happy—next dance?"

"Certainly," said Lady Maria, in the most unaffected manner in the world, taking my arm as she spoke. "Now don't look so very woe-begone, Mr. Thomas, or I shall laugh. So, Harry, you are in the army. Why didn't you come down in uniform, spurs and all?"

There was something so easy, so whimsical, so bantering in her tone, that I could not help blushing up to the eyes. Was that merry, delightful laugh with me or at me? For the life of me I could not tell.

"You are aware, Lady Maria," I began in a somewhat stately tone, "that, unless upon state occasions we dispense with our uniform as much as possible."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Cornet Harcourt," she replied, "I am fully aware of the etiquette of the thing; but then I thought—you were so new to it—that you might like to make a sensation for once."

For once! I, the handsomest man in "ours," to be talked to in this way, and by a little girl who a year ago had been in pinafores! I could not reply on the instant, and so pretended to pull my gloves on.

We danced. As we moved to the soft cadence of the music, my heart began to beat with unusual rapidity. In the dawn of manhood, while the feelings are fresh and virgin, when everything on earth appears bright and lovely, to find one's self supporting a beautiful woman in one's arms, the air balmy with fragrant odors, lights dazzling, and music intoxicating with its effeminate sounds, is to dwell awhile in a paradise of which we never, perhaps, again obtain so perfect a vision.

And then to talk with her afterwards! She was so full of animation and life, so really kind, with all her playful spirit of sarcasm, that I soon found myself at my ease, even answering some of her bantering remarks.

I was no mere carpet soldier. I longed for some field on which to distinguish myself. I burned for fame, for world-wide renown. Lady Maria soon found this out, and then her bantering ceased altogether; her voice sank lower, her eyes sparkled, her bosom heaved, as in whispered accents she wished me success and fortune.

"You are of the favored of the earth, Harry," she said, drawing me on one side towards the conservatory; "poor us can do nothing but wish you men good speed. Oh, how I sometimes long to be a man, that I, too, might be a soldier, a sailor, an orator, or a statesman. It seems to me so sad a life to be born in a station where one can be nothing."

"Oh, Maria!" cried I, enthusiastically, "'tis far better as it is. If we wish to be great as soldiers, or sailors, or statesmen, why is it?"

"Tell me," she said, smiling.

"To win the love of such as you. Rely upon it, that is the prize man covets. It is the consciousness that woman will smile which impels us to great deeds."

"Harry, Harry," she said, with something of a sigh, "at your age I believe some such feeling does exist, but it soon fades away, and man covets success for its own sake."

"Some few," I began.

"Most men—there are those choice spirits who do great deeds from a sense of duty, but with most men ambition is the sole guiding impulse."

I looked at her with surprise. She spoke warmly, and yet with secret bitterness.

"A philosopher in petticoats!" I said, in laughing tone.

"I have lived more in the world than you have, Harry," continued Maria, smiling; "but here comes your brother Tom to claim his turn; we will continue our conversation by-and-bye."

It was my brother Tom, and looking rather surly, too, at our long *tête à tête*. A somewhat vicious glance which he cast at me convinced me that he was deeply interested in my beautiful companion. As I resigned her arm a feeling of despair came over me. I knew I was in love.

I retired behind some fragrant bushes, and reflected an instant. It was quite clear to me that Lady Maria was intended

for the heir to the baronetcy. He had, at all events, made the selection, and what hope was there for me? He had title, position, a home, and a goodly income on his side, while I was a mere adventurer, a younger son, an encumbrance on the estate.

And with the law of primogeniture, and the example it sets, people are found to wonder at the dearth of early marriages, and at the fact that so many never marry at all.

It is not that they cannot afford to marry, but they cannot keep up the style they have been accustomed to at home. A wealthy nobleman, a commoner's son, while at home has as many luxuries as the heir. It is hard, then, in his eyes, to descend to the plebeian villa and no carriage, even though happiness be the result.

The evil law of entail, and the agglomeration of wealth in the hands of the few, is the great cause of modern indifference to marriage. The middle classes, unfortunately, are too fond of aping their betters.

But why moralise when I have so much to tell? I watched them narrowly. Tom was grave, even sulky, while Lady Maria was more than ordinarily gay. She fairly laughed at him, and presently the grave, eldest son of the house condescended to smile. This was just as the dance ended, and as Tom was naturally in request, I again joined her.

"What made my brother so grave?" I asked.

"Poor fellow!" she said, with a burst of merriment, "he was lamenting the hardships to which eldest sons are subject."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes, he really did, poor fellow. He is obliged to dance with everybody, and, therefore, cannot show me that exclusive attention which, he was pleased to say, my beauty, accomplishments, &c., deserved."

"He was quite right," said I, drily.

"How so?"

"Who can see any one in the room while you are present?"

"*Et tu, Brute!*" cried Lady Maria, laughing; "don't be ridiculous. Because we are old friends, and like to talk of old times, do not try to flatter me. I hate adulation. I am what heaven made me. When is to be your first campaign?"

"There is talk of India," I said; "but nothing is decided."

"India!" she cried, with something of a start and a blush; "indeed!"

"I have heard it said, but scarcely wish it so much as I did."

"Why?"

"I have met you."

"Now, Harry, do not look so sentimental and make such tender speeches, or I shall laugh. I suppose you mean to dance, so you had better ask me, as here comes John Powers bent upon the same intent."

I eagerly led her to her place, to the great dissatisfaction of the Irish captain, who *did* know of her fortune.

I never shall forget that evening. I had come down to Courtney Chase a young and happy subaltern in her majesty's service—light-hearted, merry, full of fun and frolic, without a care or thought of the morrow. I gradually found myself becoming anxious, thoughtful—my brow was obscured by care—my heart beat with painful rapidity. I was in love. The boy had become a man in one evening. And yet I was happy. There was a delicious intoxication in the sound of her voice, in her soft, white hand, as it lay in mine—there was rapture in the waltz, when her beaming eyes met mine, and our very hearts seemed to beat in unison.

It is an hour of bliss when the senses are steeped in voluptuous languor, when Nature seems decked in wondrous loveliness, when all that is in the world smiles upon us, when emotions new and delicious come gushing to our hearts, we cannot find words to describe. It is as the opening of the portals of a new existence—it is love's young dream.

I handed her down to supper amid the groans of one or two of the men, and not without some spiteful looks from the dear young creatures I had totally neglected. But what cared I?

CHAPTER II.

The next day, and one or two that succeeded, were spent in riding, driving, walking, or in home amusements, according to

the state of the weather. But no matter what the occupation which took up our time, I continued my assiduities to Lady Maria, the daughter of a poor earl, but the heiress to a distant relative's wealth and estates.

Tom was equally attentive, but I am bound to say his attentions were not equally well met. My heart began to beat as I found myself the favorite.

Wild visions of the future began to cross my brain. I wanted a few months of being of age, when I should become my own master, and that of a small property I held from my mother.

No selfish reflection on the folly of marrying on three hundred a year entered my head. That was precisely my income, besides my pay. I thought I could live upon it, and even so blissful did the prospect seem that I actually determined to sell out rather than delay my happiness. I was wild with passion. I reflected on nothing. I believed in but one thing—my love, ardent, devoted and sincere for Maria.

Men, and women too, have the cruel courage to laugh at these early passions, and to cover them with ridicule. It is possible that many, perhaps the majority of youths, are incapable of feeling love endurable and eternal at so early a period of their career. On this point I am incapable of giving an opinion. But this I do know, that in my case, it was the one passion of my life. I felt as keenly, as deeply, as devotedly, as ever mortal man did feel—more keenly I do believe than those whose blunted feelings are in after life attracted by beauty and grace.

Life had no charms, existence no delight save her. Others thought so, too, and as I was aware of my brother's preference, I brought the affair to an issue.

It was Christmas-eve. The day was lovely. The snow was hard and crisp and dry. Shakespeare's line would truly not have applied, for no

Rain and wind beat dark December.

We had walked out. I, as usual, by the exercise of a little manoeuvring, had Lady Maria on my arm. My brother Tom, who was slower in his movements, was forced to content himself with sister Fanny.

I suppose he did not wish to appear to watch us; so as we came to Dilcot-lane he turned to the right, as we turned to the left. The paths met about a mile below. Our path was down a valley, with rows of dark fir-trees on either side—a sheltered and a pleasant place it was in summer, and not without its attraction in the winter, even if its being free from gusty wind puffs were alone considered. About a quarter of the distance was passed over in silence. I could not talk. Lady Maria tried me once or twice. I answered in monosyllables.

At length she began the conversation in a tone so tender and considerate I could not but respond.

"Dear Harry," she said, "are you not well?"

"Well enough in body."

"What!" cried Lady Maria, in her more joyous tone, "something pressing on your mind—can you find no physician? Can I do anything?"

"You, and you only," I said, gravely.

She looked up at me with a keen and penetrating glance, which I shall never forget. She turned pale as she did so, and bent her eyes upon the ground.

"Well, Harry?" she said, sadly.

"Maria, it is no use my disguising the truth any longer. I love you. I love you with all my heart and soul. Nay, do not interrupt me. From the very first evening I came home my senses have left me. I am wild with intense, with earnest passion. Mine is no boy's fancy. I have cast my whole soul upon this one issue—you or nothing. With you, this earth would be the most joyous of earths; without you, a dreary waste. I have not spoken without reflection. Maria, I have said that I wish to succeed in life, but I begin to fancy that love is worth all ambition. I am willing to leave the army. In a few months I shall be of age; my fortune is small, but if I dared to hope that you—you—could but learn to love me, it would be enough for both."

"Harry, is it possible," said the lovely girl, with beaming eyes, "that you know not of my wealth, of my fortune?"

"Fortune!" I gasped, letting go her arm, and looking terror-stricken.

"Go on," said Maria, kindly, "that would make no difference to me."

"Dearest, beloved girl of my heart, pardon my presumption. I had no suspicion that you were any other than the portionless girl I knew a year ago. Had I suspected this," I added, proudly, "I should have crushed the dawning passion within my heart, 'tis now too late—rich or poor, my heart is irrevocably gone. I should have delayed, I should have hesitated, but I feared my brother might speak first. He is somebody—I am nobody."

"Your brother Harry would have been rejected," said Lady Maria, drily; "and now, dear Harry, I would not willingly offend you, but you must let me think this but a burst of boyish passion."

I staggered as she spoke.

"No! I was a boy when I came here—a happy, merry, care-less boy; I am now a man, and you have made me so. It remains for you to decide whether my manhood shall be one of glorious happiness, or whether I become a desperate and hopeless wretch, whose career upon earth Heaven in its mercy will shorten."

"Don't! don't!" she cried; "don't say such wicked things!"

"They are not wicked, Maria. It is even so. Like the gambler, I have unwittingly placed my whole existence on the hazard of a die—death or life upon a woman's smile. You may try to deceive yourself; but you must believe me. When once a man's eyes have fixed themselves in love upon you, it is for ever."

"Harry Harcourt," said Lady Maria, quickly, "I would not believe it true for all the wealth of the Indies."

"Why?" said I, trembling as with the ague.

"Because I can never be yours," she continued, with a deep sigh.

"You do not love me," I gasped.

"Harry Harcourt, why press me on this painful subject? I tell you plainly I can never—no, never be yours."

"But why?"

"I am engaged to another, and shall be married in a month."

"Ah! I suspected it—my brother!" I shrieked.

"No; to one you do not know, and whose name in your present humor I would rather not mention."

"Heaven have mercy on me! is this reality, or some horrid dream? Can it be true? another's!"

"I am very sorry, Harry," she said, in her softest, tenderest tone. "I should not have come, had I suspected—"

"Sorry! sorry!" I cried, "sorry, indeed! Why? 'Tis but a boy's heart broken, nothing more. But—but—is this engagement irrevocable?"

"I have been engaged this twelvemonth," faltered poor Maria, who really did feel for me.

"And you love him?"

"He is a man of noble character, a man to respect rather than love. He is much older than I am—and yet I had looked forward with delight to our union, as of one wise and discreet, promising great happiness—until just now."

"Until just now," I repeated.

"Yes, Harry—if that is any satisfaction to you—know that I regret my precipitancy. I should have seen more of the world ere I tied myself. Do not mistake me. Your passion takes me by surprise; but had I been free, gratitude, pride, for you are a noble fellow, Harry, would probably have led me to return your generous, your disinterested affection. It is now too late. My word is irrevocably given, and to talk even of what might have been is a crime. Not another word, Harry, or I leave you. Calm yourself, or everybody will be talking about us. I shall leave as soon as possible. Would that I had not come!"

I believe earth has no such other pain as that. How I passed over that Christmas-eve, and how I endured that Christmas-day, I know not. I heard the siren's voice, but I understood it not.

It was very late, and the merry party was about to break up. I had made my arrangements to start at daybreak.

"Lady Maria," I said, in as stately a manner as I could assume—it was very unkind and very ungenerous, but I could not

help it—"I am come to wish you good-bye. I leave to-morrow to join my regiment."

"So soon," she replied, raising her eyes brimful of tears to mine. "Why go? The Christmas merry-makings are not over; and who knows, ere the New Year you may be heart whole or happy!"

"Never—I must go," I said, coldly.

"Harry," she replied, meekly, "do not go. Your father, brother, sisters, will all blame me. You were to stay until Twelfth-day."

"I cannot endure this torture—it is too much," I cried.

"Harry, Harry, stay for my sake—or rather I will go."

"I will not allow it. My departure is irrevocably fixed—"

"Infatuated boy!" she said, and turned away to hide her tears.

Before a week I had exchanged into a regiment on the verge of departure to India.

CHAPTER III.

I SPARE the readers my campaigns in India. I arrived there in a desperate mood. I had rejected the advances of the young ladies who accompanied me on my journey. I hated the sight of a woman. I landed a misanthrope—disappointed, and glad to follow a career which promised early death.

I can safely say that during the four years' campaign in which I served, the image of Maria Templeton was never absent from my mind. Despite everything I loved her still.

At the end of this time I was invalided home. I was very ill—wounds and cholera had laid me as low as they well could. During the whole time I never wrote home once, and received no letters. I had my income unspent at my banker's. I determined to die comfortably, so travelled overland to Marseilles, and thence to Paris. I felt I had not many months to live, so took up my quarters at the Hotel des Princes. As invalid I engaged an apartment on the first floor—expensive, but very comfortable.

I was a selfish, morbid valetudinarian, full of fancies and monomanias; a tyrant to my servant, disagreeable to all around me. What cared I? The world and I had no further relation. I was dying.

On my arrival in Paris I had some spare cash, but drew on my London agents for more, after advising them of my arrival. I bade them transfer any balance which might be due to my banker in Paris. I received an answer by return of post.

"The balance due to you and now in our hands is seventeen thousand some odd pounds. Are we to transfer the whole amount to your account, or will you draw for whatever you may require? We shall feel highly honored by the latter course, which will show your intention of continuing our services."

What on earth did they mean? The men must have lost their senses.

I turned to the back of the letter—"Sir Henry Harcourt, Bart."

"My father and brother dead?" I cried involuntarily. I hastened to my banker's.

"Were you not aware, Sir Henry?" said L—, the banker.

"Had not the slightest idea. Excuse me, I will call again."

And I hurried back to my hotel in a mood of mind which may be more readily imagined than described. My father and brother had both died, believing me an undutiful son and a bad brother, when I was but engrossed in the web of a hopeless passion, which I now resolved to conquer.

I had sisters, a station to keep up. I coldly resolved to marry some quiet English girl, and in the peace and tranquillity of a country life to forget my sorrows. Or would I get Fanny and Mary married, and be the good brother and uncle. At all events, I would do something. Strange that I no longer thought of dying. My head was, however, in a great whirl, and I felt rather faint. Hurrying on I reached my hotel, hastened upstairs, opened the door, and sank upon a sofa. I believe I did not faint, but sleep soon overcame me. It was nearly evening when I awoke, and I saw that I was not alone. Two females sat in conversation by the window. It must be my two sisters. I started to my feet.

"Sir Henry," said a low voice.

I shivered all over.

"Lady Maria," I replied, in cold and freezing accents, "this is an honor I little expected, and one which I must say I can scarcely appreciate."

"Nay, sir," said she, a little, and only a little, haughtily, "it is I who have to demand an explanation. These are my apartments. I returned just now, and you may imagine my bewilderment on finding a gentleman fast asleep on my sofa—my delight on finding it was you."

"Delight, madam!" I said, for I was firm and collected now; "I can scarcely understand your delight at meeting with your victim, and lest you should find an explanation of your words difficult, allow me to retire."

"Stay, one moment," exclaimed Lady Maria; though pale, she was more beautiful than ever; there was a soft melancholy in her eyes which I dared not minutely examine; "One moment, Sir Henry. Have you received no letter from Fanny?"

"Not from living soul, madam. I did not give my address to any one. I hurried from place to place, and never, if I could help it, visited the same locality twice."

"Then why have you come here?"

"To die!"

"To die! you are as well as ever you were in your life."

"Madam, from that hour when in your seductive society I learned the fatal art of love, I have never known one moment's happiness or health. In sickness, in battle, on the field, in the tent—I could find no rest. Your image was ever there. I have chased the tiger and the wild elephant, in the hope by such savage amusement to blunt my feelings, but in vain. Behold, madam, for once a man who for four years has been dying for love—four years! During this time what have you been doing?"

"Waiting for you, Harry," said the siren, with her soft eyes full of tears.

"Waiting for me, madam!" I cried, in a towering passion;

"are you then a widow? Worse—worse—then—a wife."

"I never married, Harry," she continued meekly.

"Never married!" I gasped.

"Never married, *infatuated boy!* You little knew that, young as you were, you had awakened in my bosom feelings which I dared not avow. I was an affianced wife. Still I did not give up all hope. I determined to confess all to him, to explain frankly your offer and my altered sentiments, pledging myself however, to fulfill my part of the contract if he held me to my vow. I could not even hint this to you, and yet I did ask you to wait—I begged you to stay. I hinted what might happen. Do you not recollect, *infatuated boy?* But you wildly disappeared. Had you paused and reflected, we might by this time have been a steady old married couple!"

It was a dream of joy I could not realize to myself. I sank on my chair half fainting. When I came to, I found Lady Maria and her aunt, Mrs. Curt, bathing my temples.

"But how came I here—in your room?" I said, after some whispered words.

"Well," said Lady Maria, blushing, "I read in the *Morning Post* of your arrival at the Hotel des Princes, very ill. I thought you were hurrying home, in answer to a letter of your sister Fanny's, in which I had allowed her to tell you all; so I thought as you were very ill, the nurse you wanted was—"

"Your future wife," said Mrs. Curt, laughing, while Maria Templeton blushed crimson.

"Heaven bless you!" I muttered, and catching her in my arms, I imprinted on her lips the first kiss of love, though the aunt did frown a little.

I need scarcely add that I did not die. Fanny and Mary joined us in a few days, and we were married at the British Embassy.

I am happy, very happy, perhaps all the happier for my trials; yet I often regret the four years of misery I endured through my precipitancy. Still I have great reason to be grateful that the genuine passion of my life should have terminated so well, and that, unlike so many in this world, my wife should be *My First Love*.

THE NIGHTINGALE THAT LOST ITS VOICE THROUGH LOVE; OR, THE LITTLE BIRD THAT WHISPERED INTO THE KING'S EAR.

A PRETTY STORY—IMITATED FROM THE CHINESE.

BY HORACE MATHEW.



ONCE upon a time—but a long, long time ago—so long ago, that his name is almost forgotten—there lived an emperor in China. This emperor dwelt in a beautiful porcelain tower. This porcelain tower was the largest in the world. People came from other countries to look at it. It was so high, that travellers in distant parts guided themselves by the steeple. The sides of it were painted all over with the most lovely dragons, and when they were lighted up at night, the effect was positively beautiful. The dragons looked so terrible, too, that a wild beast no sooner saw them than he turned pale and ran away as fast as he could. Round the corners of each separate

story, also, were hung millions of little silver bells. When the wind blew softly of an evening, it was quite delightful to hear them. As the silvery sound came floating through the air, you fancied it was music that was being rained from Heaven. This wonderful tower was situated in the middle of a garden that was no less wonderful than itself. This garden was so extensive that children had been repeatedly lost in it, and not found for days. Still more wonderful were the immense lakes, on which big ships floated with the ease of walnut-shells. But more wonderful even than the porcelain tower; than the garden, and the lakes, and all the wonderful things put together, was a wonderful little nightingale who lived in a forest hard by, and who sang so deliciously, that whoever listened, listened with all his soul, and for the time was lifted off the earth. To listen was to lose all sense of this world, and to be transported to a finer one. For hours and hours would the fishermen and woodcutters throw aside their work, and surrender themselves without a thought of food or money to the bird's enchanting voice. All the strangers who flocked to China agreed that the porcelain tower and the emperor's garden were certainly very beautiful things in their way; but still they were not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with the nightingale of the forest. There was no wonder in China like it! At last, in the whole length and breadth of the celestial empire, there was nothing else talked about but this wonderful bird—until the emperor was the only person in his dominions who had never heard a word about it. This must not be wondered at, for the

emperor had, ever since his imperial birth, lived in an atmosphere of flattery, and he had always been accustomed to hear that there was nothing so wonderful in creation as himself, his tower and his gardens; and he had heard this so often, that it would decidedly have been the greatest wonder in the world, greater even than the nightingale itself, if he had not believed it.

Nevertheless the fame of the bird went on enlarging. Every day it sang was an event recorded in history. Travellers told wonderful things about it. Scientific men published the most convincing treatises, some giving it a plumage of gold, and others presenting it with a diamond beak and a tongue of emeralds and rubies. There was not a feather of its little body, according to them, but what sparkled with some valuable stone,



THE EMPEROR AND HIS PRIME MINISTER.

until it became another wonder in China, that no jeweller thought of catching this precious nightingale, not so much for the richness of its voice, as for the value of its body. It is true no two accounts published agreed in the smallest particular excepting in the extravagance of their statements; but still all the printing-presses of the empire went on groaning under the publication of the many incredible properties of this extraordinary bird. This continued for years, until so many books were published, that one fell at last into the hands of the emperor. It was a small work, consisting only of fifteen volumes. The emperor was not in the habit of reading much, but as the present work was entirely about himself, he persevered by a great effort, as far as the tenth page, when he suddenly gave a shriek that made all the silver bells in the porcelain tower ring again. "What is this I see? Of all the wonders of China, it must be confessed that the most wonderful is the nightingale." He shrieked again, after reading the above treasonable confession, and the prime minister, who was sleeping on a sofa in the next room, hastened to his rescue.

"I insist upon knowing," said his majesty, his eyes flashing with celestial fire, "what is the meaning of this nightingale? Is it alive or dead? How comes it I have never been told about it, and that I am left to learn for the first time from a book an event of so much importance?"

The prime minister kept salaaming, but he could not edge in a word. He was a tall, thin man, and reckoned exceedingly clever. He never said, no matter upon what provocation, a word more than he ought to say. In fact, his conversation rarely extended beyond two words, which were "Pooh! pooh!" This was the ready-furnished



PRIME MINISTER POOH-POOH.



THE PRIME MINISTER INVITES THE NIGHTINGALE TO COURT.

answer he had for all questions, and so, by "Pooh-poohing" everything, he was looked upon as being the wisest man in the kingdom.

"Isn't it most extraordinary, sir," exclaimed the emperor, darting at him a look, which, if he hadn't been so thin, must have pierced him like an arrow—"isn't it most extraordinary, sir," the emperor repeated, "that there should be a nightingale in my states, and that I should be the last person to be told anything about it! I should like to be informed, sir, what you do in your office?"

"I didn't know, sir," replied the prime minister, bowing and scraping, "all that I do know, your imperial majesty, is—Pooh! pooh!"

"Pooh! pooh!" retorted the emperor, "I tell you, sir, you ought to know. A prime minister ought to know everything."

"But, sir, this nightingale has never been presented at court—etiquette requires—Pooh! pooh!"

"Pooh! pooh!" exclaimed his imperial majesty, in the greatest wrath, "I tell you what it is, sir—if this nightingale is not presented to me this very evening, I'll 'Pooh! pooh!' you, sir, with a vengeance!"

The prime minister ran away in a fright. He hunted everywhere—upstairs, downstairs, at the bottom of the opium cellar (of which he alone, by virtue of his office, had the key), and at the top of every tower; but still there was no nightingale to be found. He was so tired that he fearlessly confessed he had not had such a hard day's work since he had been in power, and seriously talked of resigning.

At last, fatigued to death, he summoned a cabinet council, and the result of six hours' sitting was, that the ministers, seeing the urgency of the case, resolved for once to break through all precedent, and to assist the prime minister as far as they could in the prosecution of his laborious duties. Accordingly they all sallied out, to a clerk. They beat every bush—they shook every little plant, whilst the most nimble ministers, with an alacrity worthy of the days



THE NIGHTINGALE AT COURT.

Vol. III., No. 3-15

when they went out birds-nesting for soup, climbed up the easiest trees; but still there was not the flutter of a nightingale to be heard. At last, in searching the kitchen, where they thought there might be a chance of meeting with it, they stumbled on a clue. A young scullery-maid, dirty but pretty, came forward, and said she knew where the bird was to be found; it had only sung to her that very morning, when she had been taking some broken scraps of stewed mice to her mother.

"Do you, my pretty damsel," joyfully burst forth the prime minister, patting her playfully under the chin, "then I promise you, if you are right, that I will introduce you into the dining-room the next time the emperor dines, and you shall see him eat his dinner."

Clapping her hands with glee at this happy prospect, the girl led the way. They heard the braying of a donkey, and the bellowing of a calf, and the croaking of frogs; and though the minister thought they had, at each fresh sound, recognized the lovely voice of the nightingale, still the pretty scullery-maid made them follow her; and a pretty dance she led them. At last she halted under a tree, and pointing upwards, said, "There is the pretty fellow—that's he on the branch."



THE EMPEROR AND THE NIGHTINGALE.



THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE LADIES.

But the prime minister only saw a plain-looking bird; he looked and looked, and could see no gold about the feathers, no diamonds about the beak, no precious stones whatever. "But, perhaps," thought he, "the sight of so many illustrious persons may have made it feel timid; it is not accustomed to see so much glory all at once." Accordingly he ordered his colleagues to withdraw, and hiding his hands in his pockets, listened again. Still not a note, nor the moving of a feather was heard. At this delay he lost all patience, and was about to give the girl into custody for having made a fool of him, when a sigh escaping from the scullery-maid's gentle breast, the bird began to sing.

The winds were instantly hushed, and nature stood still to listen. "Oh beautiful, beautiful," exclaimed the prime minister, and the whole cabinet, down to the lowest clerk, exclaimed "beautiful" after him. When the nightingale had finished, the prime minister fell down upon his knees, and forgot, for the first time in his life, to say "Pooh! pooh!"

He then held a cabinet council. The result of a long deliberation was, that "the bird certainly sung divinely—that without

question it would have a great success at court—but it was a thousand pities it was so ugly.”

“Most wonderful biped of the feathery species,” he said, saluting the nightingale, as if it were a prince of the celestial blood, “I invite you, in the name of his majesty, my imperial master, to his court; the desire lurks in the imperial bosom to hear the melody of your heavenly voice.”

“My voice,” answered the nightingale, modestly, “produces a much finer effect in the midst of the charms of nature; but since such is the wish of your imperial majesty, I will accept his invitation. Please let it be in the evening.”

The hour and the evening were fixed, and away ran the prime minister and all the court to carry to the emperor the joyful news. Oh! what an excitement there was! if a fairy had descended upon earth there could not have been greater joy. The palace was painted from head to foot, the bells resilvered, the dragons were touched up, and the cleverest artists were engaged to give effect to the magnificence of the entertainment; the air rang with crackers, and the heavens were illumined night and day with fireworks; the tradesmen would have made their fortunes if they could only have executed one-half the orders they received for the most expensive roses; and the barbers and hairdressers were so engaged, that many of the greatest mandarins were obliged to appear at court unshaven, and their pigtails in the most disordered state. As for the emperor, he could not sit, nor talk, nor eat, nor drink, nor read, nor sleep, nor do anything but look at the clock; and yet he was so happy that he ordered unlimited cats and dogs to be distributed to his loving objects for three consecutive days; the larders of the palace, extensive as they are known to be, were nearly emptied by this astounding liberality.

At length the eventful evening drew nigh. There was a delicious breeze, so the many millions of silver bells were put in motion, as if they were ringing a voluntary chime in honor of the nightingale's arrival; and when the nightingale came the breeze fell and the bells ceased, and you could have heard a leaf fall.

The richest room in the palace was so full that there was a fear of the porcelain walls cracking; and outside, the heads of the listening multitude were so closely packed together, that they looked like an even pavement on which you might have walked for hundreds of miles. All China seemed to be there; and when you consider the immensity of its population, you may well say to yourself, “Never did a favorite singer have before so large an audience.”

In the midst of this excitement, where was the scullery-maid? Why, she was completely forgotten, and at that moment was crying her eyes out in the scullery! Such is the fact, too often, of all public benefactors, who enrich their country with any great discovery!

A beautiful music-stand of ivory and silver had been prepared and placed in the middle of the room; this stand was placed on the backs of three distinguished nobles, with injunctions that if they moved in the slightest, they would be bamboozed to death.

When the nightingale flew in at the window, it took its place on the stand as naturally as possible. It was not in the least moved, but looked at the emperor as calmly as if it had been in the habit of seeing an emperor every day of its life. After a short prelude of the richest notes, like a prosperous man who jingles pieces of gold in his pocket, to give you a notion of his wealth, the nightingale began to unroll the unbounded resources of its voice. Its song was so plaintive, so heavenly, so full of melancholy and sweetness, so overflowing with melody, through which, at times, were heard the broken accents of grief, that in less than five minutes the whole court, fine ladies and all, was in tears, and the prime minister forgot himself so far as to omit saying, “Pooh! pooh!” At last, when the nightingale had finished, it was discovered that the emperor was dead, and unfortunately there was no knowing how long his majesty had been in that state. The court was speechless with astonishment, for there was no precedent of such an event in the annals of China, and no one knew how to act, when the nightingale, nothing daunted, perched upon the imperial shoulder, and by singing a short song in his majesty's ear, soon

brought him to life again. At this moment the breeze blew, the silver bells broke into a peal of joy all over the empire, and the emperor, casting the golden slipper, which is the highest badge of honor worn in China, off his own neck, attempted to place it round the neck of the nightingale.

The bird, however, delicately declined the compliment, thanking his majesty at the same time, but begging to assure him that such honors were not half so precious in its humble eyes as the smiles of his majesty's countenance. These sentiments of gratitude were not expressed in any known language, but by the medium of a few notes, which the emperor declared he understood better than any words. In this way his majesty stopped up all night, conversing with his favorite bird; and many were the wonderful things he learnt, which he had never dreamt of before.

But the fine ladies of the court were excessively jealous of the attention and favor shown to the “ugly bird.” They tried to imitate it, but their imitations only ending in ridicule against themselves, they then resorted to scandal, and said the bitterest things they could invent to injure the nightingale in the estimation of his majesty; not the first time that a royal favorite has been reviled by wicked slander at court.

he emperor, however, had the good sense not to listen to these mischievous rumors. He cared about listening to only one thing, and that was the beautiful singing of the nightingale. He would listen to it for hours, and never tired of the pleasure. No one knew what the bird whispered into his ear—for his tones could not be translated by any ear less fine than his majesty's—but it was the subject of universal remark that the emperor had never penetrated so keenly into human motives, never discovered so many secrets, that the owners thought were locked up securely in their breasts, seeing them all as easily as if they had been insects in a glass case, as after he had been having an interview with his musical councillor.

The emperor, in the depth of his gratitude, bestowed all the honors of the empire upon his favorite. In addition to the golden slipper, which a servant always carried on a velvet cushion after it, and, besides a palace in silver flagree, which he had erected expressly for it, by his court jeweller, he put at its disposal twelve children of the oldest families, whose duties were always to wait upon it, and to tie ribbons to its feet, to prevent its flying away, when it wanted to take an airing.

The nightingale was not happy with these restrictions, or these honors, which only pulled it down to the earth instead of allowing it to fly to heaven, as its nature prompted it to do, but it did not like to offend his majesty, out of whose hand it was in the habit of feeding. It longed for the quiet beauties of the fields, where it could fly as it pleased, and sighed once more for the solitude of the great forest, where it was at liberty to wander and to do exactly what it liked, without being watched or followed; but the pleasure of whispering advice into his majesty's ear, which frequently had the effect of rewarding the good and punishing the guilty, had also its charms which persuaded it to stop a little longer in the palace. It loved to be the cause of helping the indigent and encouraging the weak; it loved to be able by a breath to rescue deserving men from disgrace or poverty, and by a word of truth to wipe off the brow of honor the stains which flattery or envy had flung upon it. Such power was like the air of heaven to its gentle breast, and the knowledge that it had been the cause of removing an injury or conferring a benefit, filled its young heart with sunshine, that made it forget for the moment the stifling prison in which it was confined. On those occasions it sang with such pure pleasure that it mattered but little where it was, whether under a gilded roof, or the green arches of a forest, or the blue dome of an open field, for joy tuned its voice, and lifted it in thankfulness far above the world.

In the meantime jealousies grew like weeds at court, and there was nothing too bad that could be said against the poor nightingale. The more good it did, the more it was defamed; the more evil it exposed, the greater became the outcry against it. This outcry was also swollen by the rage of every hypocrite, whose mask by its revelations had been pulled off, and by the hatred of every impostor whose rogueries it had denounced. You can imagine what a noise there must have been in the palace,

and what plots were going on in dark corners for the overthrow of the court favorite.

Conspiracies succeeded conspiracies as fast as the waves in a storm follow one another. At length the storm broke out, and fearful was the noise made throughout the universe. The throne of the emperor shook with the reverberation, and fears were entertained for the safety of the great wall of China.

And this was how it came to pass. The prime minister, who had never slept a wink since the great popularity of the feathered favorite, put his head by the side of a clever conjuror's, who had just arrived from an ignoble place called Pa Ris. The result of this combination was the construction of another nightingale, who would soon, so every one declared, knock the first one off its perch.

They took it in a box of amber to the emperor. On the side of the box was written, in pearls as big as walnuts, "The Greatest Wonder in the World." The emperor removed the lid, which was quite weighty with the amount of his virtues that were embossed in diamonds upon it, and what was his great imperial astonishment upon beholding the very picture of his little favorite; only it was a picture a thousand times handsomer than the original. It was a glittering mass of precious stones. It shone so, that in the dark a maiden might have written her love-letters by the side of it. With its feet you might have lived happy for the remainder of your days, and its little beak, not so long as an eyelash, was of that value you might have bribed all the prime ministers in the universe with it.

The conjuror touched a spring and the nightingale instantly burst into song. When the applause had finished, the bird bowed its glittering head, fluttered its ruby wings, and wagged its tail so joyously, that a thousand rays of light were sprinkled, as from a fountain, from it. The court were unanimous in declaring they had never seen or heard anything like it. It was pronounced to be as far superior to the other nightingale as light was to darkness, as the sun was to a Chinese lantern.

The nightingale sang again, and sang no less than thirty-two times the same tune. It was irreproachably correct to the thousandth fraction of a note. Its sighs were delivered each time with an equal amount of tenderness, and its joyousness never varied a semi-quaver in hilarious accuracy. It poured its sorrows and its loves out according to a set scale, and you might listen until your hair grew white, but you would never detect the smallest breath of difference in its singing. There it would sing, day or night, at a moment's notice, and would go on as long as you liked to turn the spring. This wonderful nightingale was about to begin its song for the thirty-third time, when the emperor, growing somewhat sick of this musical monotony, ordered his vassals to bring in the rival bird. He would hear the two sing a duet, and then would decide as to their claims. The prime minister exclaimed, "Pooh! pooh!"—there could not be a doubt as to the result; besides, look at the rich plumage of the one, and the dinginess of the other, whose feathers would disgrace a wicker cage hung in a prison window. It was the superiority of art over nature, which no one had dared to dispute; but still, if his imperial majesty wished it, it was, of course, his duty to obey, though his own private conviction was decidedly "Pooh! pooh!"

Breathless with this long speech, he went in search of the favorite. The search, however, was a fruitless one. They searched through the palace, they sailed over the big lake, they looked under every sloe-bush in the garden, they shook every tree in the great forest, but the nightingale was not to be seen anywhere. The truth is, the poor neglected bird had flown far away in sheer disgust.

It was pronounced to be an ungrateful little creature by all the courtiers, who secretly rejoiced over its departure, and expected to come into possession of some of the lucrative offices (keeper of the emperor's conscience amongst others) which had been hung with endless stars and ribands round the neck of the court favorite.

The emperor was pained beyond Chinese expression. He retired to his bedroom, and never left it.

The courtiers enlarged, as courtiers can enlarge, upon the indisputable merits of their mechanical wonder, but his majesty

was deaf alike to them and to the bird's singing. Occasionally, as he sat with his pipe at the window, looking towards the great forest, and eyeing every little speck of an object that flew out of it, he would wind up the jewelled toy; but, after two or three roulades, the dreadful monotony of the same tune would jar, like an ill-hinged door upon his soul, and he would fall back in his bed more melancholy than before.

The court physicians tried every medicine in the world, but the emperor grew no better; he would not see a soul. The prime minister was stripped of his peacock's feathers, and sent into exile. The finances of the empire fell into the most dreadful confusion. The mandarins robbed right and left—lawyers shot up in all directions—fresh prisons had to be built—the price of the loaf became dearer than opium; and, what was worse, the Tartars were spreading, like a plague, all over the country.

In the midst of these disasters, the automaton lost its voice. This was looked upon as an ill omen, though the truth was that the scullery-girl, to whose care it had been entrusted to dust and keep clean, had, in washing it, allowed some of the water to get down its delicate throat, and so its works had got rusty, and would not discourse any more eloquent music. The alarm that ensued was more than any historian could describe. You met with nothing but black faces—you heard nothing but groans of the blackest despair; it was as if a general mourning had fallen upon the hearts and bodies of the entire household. In a few days, superstition, with its churchyard banner, had frightened every one away, and the palace was abandoned to the mice and the poor emperor.

The thousand silver bells that hung round the imperial pagoda shook as with fear in the breeze, and seemed to ring a funeral dirge. The trees moaned—the waters of the great lake murmured gently, as if lamenting the dreadful state of things, and from the big forest the wind came with a mournful sound that clearly foreboded evil, and made the stoutest tremble in their wooden shoes; and the poor nightingale was hundreds of miles away, little dreaming that the emperor was at the point of death, and that his throne was crumbling fast to pieces. In melancholy truth, grief had made it indifferent to the beauties or nature. To the changes of the season, to the every-day wonders of the universe, in the brightness of the morning, when the air was joyous with universal thanksgivings, it was silent as an owl; and in the peaceful stillness of the evening, its voice, which formerly had been the loudest in its homage, was no longer heard singing the praises of the departed day. It flew restlessly from grove to grove without a home, without a resting-place; and lovers, who had been in the habit, when their work was over, of strolling out to listen to its beautiful song, returned home disappointed. It pined away, until its friends no longer knew it to be sure the same bird, and the rumor ran through all the forests of Asia, that the nightingale had lost its voice from excess of love!

How long this despondency continued, or how long the emperor remained on the brink of the grave, the Chinese annals omit to mention. But one day, whilst nursing its sullen grief in the blackness of a cavern, the nightingale overheard from some soldiers the vast preparations that were being made to upset the imperial dynasty. This news took such an effect upon it, that its voice instantly returned. Impelled as much by love as by fear, it flew in the direction of the palace, and never rested for two days until it reached the window-sill of the room in which the emperor was confined. In a few rapid notes it warned him of the imminent danger that was hanging over him. The emperor listened enraptured, and the more he listened, the more did he become sensible of the extreme awkwardness of his position. The familiar voice ran like new blood through his enfeebled frame, and, springing from his couch, he sallied out to put himself at the head of his army. The nightingale flew before him, and conducted him to a few trusty friends, whose hearts had been proof against the seductions of red tape and power. These the faithful bird led to the presence of the rebels, at the head of whom stood in vile pre-eminence the abominable Pooh-Pooh. Here took place a miracle, such as has never been known before, and is not likely to be known again.

The facts, culled from the most authentic historians of the period, are these: The rebels were about to strike. A million swords were raised, a million javelins were pointed at the breast of the emperor, when the nightingale began to sing. Into a few gushing notes it poured the full heavenly beauty of its voice. Never had it sung with such thrilling purity, with so much loving tenderness and pathos! The effect was irresistible. The whole army became motionless, spell-bound. In vain did Pooh-Pooh call upon them to do their duty—they could not move a little finger. They were every one of them paralysed, transfixed to the spot with admiration for the nightingale's singing. They had no power to do anything but listen. Their souls were carried away into other regions, and losing all consciousness of where they were or what they were doing, they drop their arms upon the ground, and the whole rebel army was taken prisoner: and the beauty of it was, that not a man of them knew it, until the nightingale had ceased singing!

The emperor returned to his pagoda, and fireworks were let off for several days. He wanted the nightingale to remain in the palace, and promise never to leave him; but the bird, wiser than its master, declined the honor. "No," it said, warbling so prettily that the earth (so Chinese historians record) stood still to listen; "my real palace is in the open fields, in the forest, in the gardens, amongst the flowers and trees. Your empire is my palace, and as it is rather too large for your imperial majesty to run through, I will undertake to do it for you. I will visit some new spot every day, and every evening I will come and whisper into your majesty's ear the history of what I have seen, the truth of what I have heard. Not a secret will I keep from you. I will sing the thanks of those whom you have made happy; and the petitions of the unfortunate, whose sorrows cannot reach your knowledge, shall entrust their petitions to me, and their wants shall fall upon your heart, like a mother's prayer, to melt it and to bless it; it shall be my pleasure to sing about the good and the evil which surround you, and to guide you in the objects you should love, and to caution you against the objects you should hate. Virtue shall lend such purity to my voice that you will listen with all your soul, and love the sweet accents in which she makes me speak, whilst vice shall give such harshness to my notes as shall make you turn away with loathing from the subject of my song. Allow me full liberty to wander where I like, and to speak what I please; and each evening, when your head is on your pillow, I will return and whisper in your ear the results of my day's observations. Those observations will depend on yourself, whether they will be sweet and peaceful, to lull you to sleep, or angry and jarring, to drive slumber from your side. But you must not attempt to fetter me. If you put upon me the slightest restraint, or try to hinder me from acting and speaking in my own simple way, you instantly lose me as a friend. To preserve the full beauty and power of my voice, I must be entirely free;" and so saying, the nightingale flew out of the window.

The chronicles report that the emperor had the superior wisdom to follow this advice, and the consequence was that the celestial people were never so happy as under his government. If his rule of conduct had only been followed—if the reigning emperor had had a little bird to come and whisper in his ear every night—a revolution would not be going on in China at this present moment.

Other grave chronicles declare that the greater part of the above story is an allegory, in which is proved the great superiority of art over nature, and how prone man is to discard the latter for the former, preferring the mechanical to the real. They also gravely affirm that every emperor, every man, has a little bird that regularly every night hops upon his pillow, and whispers the truth to him. At times, this truth is patiently listened to—at others, a deaf ear is turned to its admonitions, but, nevertheless, it is impossible to stop its utterance, for the still small voice is sure to make itself heard again the next evening. The peculiarity of this voice is that it takes its tone from the man's conduct during the day, being pure or discordant, according to the nature of his actions. In other words, they maintain that the voice, which so sings to a man every night, is the voice of his own conscience!

THE SPY SYSTEM IN PARIS.

I was sauntering one afternoon lately with a friend in the Champs Elysees. The aspect of this promenade was strangely changed. The benches upon which the Parisians usually sit in the sun were all deserted. Loungers of all nations make the Champs Elysees ordinarily a sort of living and moving ethnological museum; but that day the most notable figures were a number of new and sinister faces, some of whom might have been taken for miserable and some of them for genteel beggars. I observed them trying to overhear the conversation of myself and my friend, which happened to be only about the French taste in horses and equipages. Looking at a shabby little individual, I said to my friend, but not loud enough to be heard, "That is a spy;" and my friend exclaimed, "What a villainous face!" While we were looking at him, he came up to me, and addressing me in Italian, obsequiously begged a few oboli, or small coins. Turning to my friend, I said in French, "I believe he is a beggar." When I put my hand to my pocket to give him alms, the spy seized me by the left arm, and told me that I was an Italian, and he was an "Inspettore." I said, "So I thought." He told me he desired a little conversation with me, and that I must go with him to the commissary of police.

My friend, believing I was talking with a beggar, was looking at the carriages, when I called out to him, "I am arrested!" The inspector said my friend must come as well. On our way to the office of the commissary, the excited little inspector told me I spoke Italian, and was an Italian, and that it was useless for me to deny it. The inspector then commenced a formal interrogation. "What is your name?" I gave him my card. "You are an Italian. You understand Italian. What are you doing in Paris?"

"I will answer that question to monsieur the commissary," said I.

"Ah! well, you refuse to tell what you are?"

Seeing me arrested and held by the arm, several elderly gentlemen and ladies darted at me looks of terror and horror. In the office of the commissary the inspector said he could not believe my card, because myself and my friend were walking with an *air suspect*, or in a suspicious manner. Moreover I knew he belonged to the police. This correct guess seemed to have given him great offence. Now to avoid detecting spies is not difficult, for they display what they are by the insolent gleams of conscious power always darting from their eyes. The secretary of the commissary, fortunately for me, answered he was sure, and would answer for it, that I was not an Italian, but an Englishman long resident in the neighborhood; but he turned to my friend and said, "And you sir, of what nation are you?" The suddenness of the question having taken my friend aback, I was obliged to answer for him—"Monsieur is a Russian." The inspector then said to me, "I beg pardon." Looking at him steadfastly, I said, "Oh! there are so many rascals about, you cannot be too zealous."

Luckily for me, this incident happened where I was well known, and my companion was not an Italian, but a Russian; otherwise I should have suffered some days' imprisonment, and my daughter days and nights of agony, just because a French inspector mistook a Scotch Highlander for an Italian conspirator.

A TRUTHFUL AND CHEAP BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer, and is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

If girls would have roses for their cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies, and get up with the morning glories.

PENLISK.

PART I. SOPHIA.

JUNE, 184— "We know where we are, but we know not where we may be," is the paraphrase I am inclined to make of the wise apophthegm. A year, six months, nay three months ago, had any one prophesied to me my present location, how I should have stared and been incredulous! Yet here I am, in this queerest of Cornish towns, a sort of prisoner in the midst of this largest of young families, and altogether cheated and disappointed of that for which I came. Confound it, what a fool I was to come at all! Gladfield warned me; he has been here once. Does any one ever come a second time, I wonder? Isn't Penlisk a bourne to which no traveller ever returns?

"What!" cried Gladfield, "going down to Penlisk to stay with the Cardews? Alas, my friend, 'tis all over with thee, then. I shall never see thee any more."

"Be good enough to explain," said I somewhat stiffly, for certain conscious reasons of my own.

"Why, in the first place, Penlisk is—Penlisk. You'll know the force of the word when once you're there. If you escape alive from it I shall marvel. Secondly, the Cardew family consists of about seventeen daughters, all brought up to the matrimonial business. As for escaping *that* there's no chance for you whatever. Poor fellow!"

"Well, reserve your compassion till I claim it," I loftily rejoined. "I see nothing wonderful nor pitiable in the case. Mr. Cardew is an old friend and connection of my father's, and is kind enough to ask me to stay with him for a week or two. Cornwall is a part of the country that I have never seen; and in short I like to go. We're not all such bigots to Pall Mall and St. James's street as you have grown. So good-bye, my fine fellow; I wish you joy of your precious London in these June days."

"*Bon voyage!*" he laughed as we parted.

He turned into the Acropolis Club-house. I went to my bootmaker to refresh his memory as to certain articles destined to tread the unknown land of Cornwall the following week.

Well, I told Gladfield the truth; but not all the truth. The fact is, I should probably not have accepted Mr. Cardew's cordial invitation—though he is my father's friend, and though I am unacquainted with the West Country—had not another consideration weighed in the balance. That consideration was—O beauty, potent enchantress! O bewildering, fascinating, provoking, perplexing Woman generally, and Sophia Cardew especially!

Yes, I met her several times this spring. She was staying with her cousins in Brunswick Square. Any thing so pretty and fair and piquante I thought I had never seen. It was like meeting a sea-breeze to look at her fresh face at one of those everlasting evening-parties that Brunswick Square people delight in inflicting on their friends. Once, too, at a Chiswick flower-show I walked by her side for a whole hour, and looked at her instead of the flowers, and responded to all her artless expressions of delight and admiration; and I must say that, to the best of my belief, my attentions were neither disagreeable nor unappreciated. She wore a pink dress and a white bonnet, and had a tiny little parasol with long fringe that had a knack of catching at various things *en passant*. To help her out of such little disasters was indeed a happy privilege; and to be smiled at and thanked, and see the little parasol waved about again with the prettiest air of triumph; ah, Lionel Stayre, no wonder you confessed to yourself the same night, when you heard that next day she was to return to her home in the Cornish fastnesses—no wonder you recognised the pang that wrenched your very inmost being, and knew that this, this, this was the real, true, abiding sentiment, compared to which all the others had been but false, illusory, evanescent.

Well, well, well, well, and here I am, in that very home, in the midst of an unknown land; and here, for my sins and follies, I seem booked to remain. Confound it, I say again! Look here, this is the state of the case. Travelled by express as far as I could; coached the rest; arrived at Penlisk. There, at the portico of the Royal Hotel, where the coach stopped,

stood Mr. Cardew and two sons to receive me. Hearty welcome. Conducted to the Cardew mansion, not fifty yards from the hotel, situated, like it, in the Grand Square of Penlisk. Entered Cardew drawing-room, heart beating like the express engine. Stout, kindly-looking, motherly lady in brown satin rises to greet me; little girl nursing doll at the window peers at me shyly with eyes—younger sisters to Sophia's; but Sophia is not there. Heart beats *diminuendo rallentando*. A few civilities are exchanged, in the midst of which,

"Rosalie," says Mrs. Cardew to little girl, "go and tell—"

Ah! heart goes on again *accelerando con strepito*.

"—Betsy to bring wine-glasses. We don't dine till five," she adds, turning to me; "and I am sure you will be glad of refreshment."

I replied befittingly. Heart had fallen down altogether as low as it could, I thought; but I found a deeper deep for it to live in, when, ten minutes afterwards, Mrs. Cardew observed, in answer to some artful question of mine respecting Miss Rosalie, "Oh no, there are two younger than she is; Robert is the next eldest, and then Charlottan, and then Charlie, and then—But you met our eldest girl, I think, in London this spring. Sophia-Jane!"—(Sophia-Jane! a name I detest. What a mania these Cornish folk have for spoiling one pretty name by tying it indivisibly on to another in this way!)—"mentioned having seen you at the Glovers."

I bowed, and trusted Miss Cardew was well.

"Oh yes, the dear child; she and Charlottan are away on a visit just now in Devonshire, and enjoying themselves greatly. M—m—m—m—gur—m—m—"

This last is intended for no reflection on Mrs. Cardew's pronunciation. It is simply what I heard during the remainder of her speech. I swallowed my wine, and then made a speedy retreat to my apartment. I will draw a veil over the feelings of the next hour; suffice it they were fierce, wild, furious. How to devise an excuse for leaving, when I had come to stay three weeks certain, and as much longer as I could—there was the rub. I looked out of my window on the Grand Square. Everything was in a white heat: tranquilly baking stood the little stone houses that ran up into the street at the end; the Royal Hotel looked large and massive, like an over-done cake; the town-hall, of massive granite, shone and sparkled exasperatingly; and the stone post in the centre of the square, with an iron cage for a lamp at the top, glared defiantly, I thought. On the one side that this last threw a long brown shadow, was clustered together all the human life then visible—two or three miners, and a very small boy languidly playing at marbles with himself. But no, I wrong the population of Penlisk. At one of the windows of the tall Londonish houses, standing at right angles with that in which I was, I perceived the figures of two ladies—nay, their faces. How could I help it? for they were regarding me with intentness, and an eager desire for information impressed upon their features, such as one seldom meets with elsewhere than in a country town. Not till I had amply returned their gaze did they remove it; and then it was with a gloomy dissatisfied air, as of people wrongfully interrupted in the pursuit of their legitimate studies. But far be it from me to decry such tastes for laudable inquiry. How soon may it be my own case! Nay, already I have—but let me not anticipate.

Dinner-time arrived, and I had to make myself pleasant to my host and hostess and the two boys. This was our party, and I don't think it was any prepossession on my part which caused me to find it rather slow. Robert and Charlie bent their heads over their plates, stole furtive glances at me, and only spoke to each other under their breath, with choked gurgling laughter after each remark. Mr. Cardew tried various topics, and I tried to be interested in them, vainly; and the hostess confined her conversation to incessant demands on my appetite, and recommendations of the several good things with which the table was laden. During dessert Mr. Cardew proposed a drive. Should I like a drive? I caught at it eagerly; and it was arranged that Charlie, Robert, and I should go together in the "bouncer"—so they call dog-carts in these parts—to some place with a queer name that sounded like Polpellick.

So we went along a road with high green banks each side and

an undulating country around, with ploughed fields, corn-fields and hay-fields, duly divided by hedges; and a church here, and a clump of cottages there, and so on. Well, I could have seen the same thing within twenty miles of my native Notting Hill. Had I travelled two hundred and fifty miles for this? Presently Charlie pointed with his whip, and in a gruff, shy voice, remarked,

"There's St. Cuick." (Mind, I won't be responsible for the orthography of these Cornish names, nor for the canonical correctness of Cornish saints. I never heard before of such saints as Cuick, Quier and Cheot; but they have a church apiece down here, and are all right, I suppose.)

"There's St. Cuick," said Charlie.

I looked, and saw in the distance a tower with four points, and trees about it.

"Oh!" said I, intelligently, "that's St. Cuick, is it?"

"Yes—there's a story about it—don't you know?" pursued Charlie, waxing more confident and loquacious.

And he told me the story at some length, with occasional interruptions and emendations from Master Robert behind. In the very midst of it, a sharp turn in the road, or rather lane, brought us wheel to wheel with a great hay-wagon, toiling on in the same direction with ourselves. Snap—dash—crash—it was the work of a minute, and then I found myself comfortably deposited among the knotted ferns and greenery of the left hand bank, and staring at the two boys, who seemed to have fallen on their feet like cats, and were already rushing to the horse's head, and roaring out at the top of their voices to that animal and to the wagoner. The latter at length appeared dimly to understand that something was wrong. There followed an interval of loud speaking in an extraordinary dialect I couldn't attempt to follow: then they began to unharness the horse; I thought I might as well lend a hand, and accordingly went through the evolution necessary to what a novelist would call "springing to my feet;" but it was a lamentable failure. With an irrepressible groan I fell back again, recognising that something was wrong. At first I thought I had broken both legs, but it proved to be only one—only one, only helplessness and cripplehood for a month or two; only a month or two at Penlisk—caged, prisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined: ye avenging fates! All this passed through my mind with the first sickening pang of the broken bone. No wonder that a second groan, deeper than the first, escaped me, attracting the attention of Charlie, who evidently regarded me with profound scorn for being such a "sop" as to care about a tumble from a dog-cart. Bless you, he was used to it; he thought nothing about it.

"But I've broken my right leg, Charlie," said I, meekly and entreatingly; "and I can't move; and—"

And then I effected the climax to my generally unheroic behavior by fainting dead. • • • Three stars beautifully express the blank lapse of time that ensued; and they may as well stand for the tedious way back to Penlisk, when I lay among the hay in the wagon, which fortunately for me was going our way. What need is there to recapitulate all that followed? Mrs. Cardew's alarm, and sympathy, and kindness; Mr. Cardew's grim edition of the same, interspersed with emphatic criticism on Charlie's driving; the band of little boys gathered round the door to see me carried in; and the earnest, frowning interest taken in the whole proceeding by the two ladies opposite; then the surgeon, and a long time of feverish suffering; and at last a little sleep. I lost count of the few days that followed; all I know is, that here I am, just now allowed to be moved on to the sofa by my bedroom window, and to read, write and talk as I like.

As for talking, it doesn't come much in my way; Mr. Cardew is too busy a man to have time for long chats, except in the evening, when I'm tired and glad to go to bed. The boys haven't got over their fright and relapse of shyness yet. As for my hostess—bless her warm motherly heart!—she is as kind and tender a nurse as breathes in this land of ours (which, as regards its nurses, may well claim to be called Christian England); but conversation is not her forte. She can discourse of her neighbors, her children, her house, her servants, and of illness generally; and on various styles of remedial treatment

she will wax eloquent; but out of these themes she is dumb. So when I had heard all about Robert's scarlet fever, and how all the children had the measles at once, six years ago, and how Charlottan sprained her ankle, and Sophia-Jane (ah, Sophia!) ran the point of a parasol into her eye when she was quite a baby, &c., these subjects once exhausted, we were stranded high and dry upon the shores of Silence.

Then as regards reading. Well, they ransacked the book shelves for me, and produced a heterogeneous lot of volumes among which, of course, were "Paul and Virginia," and "Travels in India," published some fifty years ago, Tillotson's "Sermons," and an odd volume of "Sir Charles Grandison." Happily there were others also, more modern and entertaining; but I found it impossible to read much. At the present writing, looking out of window is the employment which I find most conducive to my manly entertainment. When Charlie comes up to see me, I detain him to ask the names of the various passers-by. This answers the double use of wearing off his shyness, and enlightening my mind: I think I know most of the townspeople by sight. I can now detect Mrs. Rodby, or Mrs. Quid, at the end of the street; and have learnt to distinguish the different members of the tribe of brown-hatted damsels, and even to remember their names, and apply them properly. I know, for instance, Eliza Mary "Samuel" Noon from Eliza Mary Daniel Noon, her cousin; and I think this sort of discrimination is creditable, besides being particularly necessary in Penlisk, where there seem to me to be dozens of people bearing similar, if not identical, appellations. At first I was puzzled enough by such answers as these to my catechism:

"Who is that, Charlie?"

"She's called Budd—Christiana Budd."

"And the others, behind?"

"Mrs. and Miss Tabb."

"Who is that young man?"

"Reginald Budd."

"Brother of Miss Christiana, I suppose?"

"O no; no relation. He's a lawyer—he's in partnership with Mr. Soam."

"Is that Mr. Soam speaking to him?"

"No; that's Mr. Frome of Bidmon; not Mr. From that's in pa's office, you know. No relation; but he's a lawyer, too."

Of course he was. I soon became prepared for that almost inevitable answer to any question concerning the profession or employment of the men who attracted my notice. Nothing struck me with a keener sense of desolation in Penlisk than this finding myself literally surrounded with lawyers. At first my solicitude and compassion for the unlucky town itself was almost painful; but this feeling was gradually assuaged when I discovered by experience that at least three-fourths of these legal gentlemen were providentially rendered harmless by the fact of their having nothing to do. No: their days seemed to flow by in such calm and innocuous employments as escorting a brown hat or two through the street, going into the club-room at the hotel to see the papers, or standing on the hotel-steps to watch the mail come in. I should do them wrong, I am sure, if I held them accountable for more mischief than may be involved in these pursuits; a more innocent set of attorneys were never enrolled, I believe; and it is an exquisite instance of the beautiful theory of compensation; for were it otherwise, were all these lawyers regular specimens of the animal, claws, teeth and practice complete—poor Penlisk had emulated the fate of the Kilkenny cats long since. No town could exist five years with such a population.

Well, these observations and speculations bring me wearily through the day; but I confess I grow sick at heart of nights, and long for some more nourishing mental aliment than looking out of window affords me.

Nevertheless I do not deny that necessity has proved a good tutor; and I take kindly to the only relaxation at present within my power. I am not without an interest in the affairs of the people I see. And Charlie is growing communicative. Only this morning came in with a face eloquent of news, and burst out with it to his mother as she sat placidly sewing beside my sofa.

"Ma, there's going to be a picnic on Friday-week at St. Nel-

lion's cottage ; and a dance. Thirty people are asked. All the Noons, and the Thirks, and the Whists are coming." And he ran over a dozen more of the queer Penlisk one-syllabled names. "And they want our pony ; and they have asked me and Bob. We may go, mayn't we, ma? And the pony too?"

"Who gives the picnic, my dear? And don't speak so loud; remember poor Mr. Stayre is an invalid."

"It's the bachelors' picnic, ma," Charlie resumed in a whisper. "Captain Quid came home for a fortnight's leave yesterday; and he and John Clayton and the two Polfrys are getting it up. Look there!" cried he, in excitement, and at the top of his voice—"there goes Stephen Polfry into the hotel to order the wine. And there's Captain Quid and Mrs. Quid coming up the street. Lor! And there comes Henrietta Whist and Miss Parkis. If that isn't fun—by George!"

He subsided into intent observation. As for me, I was already using my eyes diligently. Yes, there came the bronzed young sailor and his mother; and meeting them, the two ladies. Miss Parkis I knew by sight; Miss Whist, from Bidmon, was a stranger—and a graceful and pretty one. There was a greeting, hand-shaking, talking, laughing. Then they all walked on together; and Charlie took breath.

"By George!" said he again, the exclamation seeming wonderfully to relieve his mind; and then he looked at his mother, who was knitting again in her usual serenity.

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter?" I inquired, "is there any thing so remarkable in the fact of Captain Quid meeting Miss Parkis and Miss Whist?"

"Oh, you don't know all the fuss there was: Miss Parkis used to like young Quid years ago; and he—well, he wasn't smitten, p'raps, but I do believe he was spooney for a little while. But that was three years ago. Now, since he's come back, they say he's regularly in love with Henrietta Whist. She is pretty, isn't she?"

I was curious to know the subtle distinction between spooney, smitten, and regularly in love, and asked for interpretation. At which he wriggled about shyly for a few minutes, after the manner of boys, and colored and stammered a little.

"You see, when a fellow's only spooney, he makes a noise about it, and goes after a girl, and flirts, and all that; but when it's a regular smite, he takes it quietly, and isn't half so mad, somehow. Don't you understand?"

I did, too well. I nodded. Mrs. Cardew here broke in with some warmth.

"What in the world do you know about such things, Charles? Talk about what you understand, my dear, and leave other matters alone."

"Well, ma, every body says Captain Quid is after Henrietta Whist. And as for Miss Parkis, she's such a flirt!—why, ma, you know at the last ball how she went on with young Wood. And all last summer—"

"Yes, it's certainly true," said Mrs. Cardew, drawn irresistibly into the stream of conversation; "and Miss Parkis has been a great deal talked about for her flirting with gentlemen. She is getting on, you see; can't be far from thirty now; and they do say she is ready to accept the first offer she can get. There was a great fuss some years ago, when her engagement with a Mr. Lupton of St. Fiery was broken off. It was entirely her own fault, I believe. She behaved very indiscreetly, there is no doubt. When an engaged young lady flirts so tremendously with a stranger (as Mr. Simcox was; he came from London, on a visit to Mr. Tubbs), and goes on so foolishly as she did, you can't wonder at people talking. But I make a point," concluded the good lady, drawing herself up with an air of Roman virtue, "never to repeat the reports I hear. Penlisk is such a place for gossip—quite dreadful. The only way is to keep quite aloof from it all."

"And, ma, Bob and I can go on Wednesday, can't we? Pa says we can, if you like it."

"Well, I suppose—dear me, what a pity but Mr. Stayre could go! You are so completely a prisoner—you will see nothing of Cornwall." And, for the hundredth time, Mrs. Cardew bewailed the acknowledged fact of my broken leg. More to the purpose were her maternal regrets that Charlottan and Sophia-Jane would not return in time to join the party. No; they

would not be back for three weeks yet, and could not by any possibility join the picnic that was to take place in eight days. It was a pity, it really was.

"But, ma," roared Charlie, in the energy of a sudden thought, "isn't Kitty to be here on Tuesday? For a jolly long holiday too! Pa said so—pa had a letter this morning. Ma, I say, isn't she?"

"Do not make such a noise, my dear. Yes, to be sure, I forgot dear Kitty. Kitty is coming to us for her holidays, of course. Yes, she will be with us; she will like to go to the picnic, poor child. I must tell Mrs. Quid she is to be at home." And she prosed on, dear placid soul, long after Charlie had leapt out of the room, and was across the square into the street, out of sight.

Well, this picnic was really a boon to me in my then exhausted state. It was fun to watch the young ladies of Penlisk, walking together in couples after their manner, meeting each other, and immediately plunging into eager converse on the one important subject. It was fun also when these fair braces of birds encountered a masculine covey. In Penlisk, I observe, gentlemen prefer to move about in flocks, so to speak. They rarely risk themselves abroad but in bands or lines of three or four at the least. To see them form into square at the approach of the brown hats, and receive the charge unshrinking, is one of the prettiest sights my window affords me.

But, alas, a calamity was hovering near. Charlie first announced it one evening, as I was contemplating the crimson light shining through the beech trees of Major Boyce's garden opposite; the daily glimpse of sunset that I always watched for.

"Ah, there it is!" ejaculated the lad, following the direction of my eyes; "red enough, isn't it? Out on the hill, all that side of the sky's regularly on fire, with a great heap of clouds lying about the sun; and the Quakers' annual meeting begins to-morrow! Well, I suppose there never was anything planned, that bad weather didn't come in to spoil it."

"I don't think it is going to rain," I said languidly, rather puzzled by his dismal look; "and besides, what does the Quakers' meeting signify to you?"

He looked at me with a sort of impatient compassion of my ignorance.

"Signify! why there never was a Quakers' annual yet, without pelting rain all the time. And it lasts the week; and our picnic's fixed for Friday. Now don't you see?"

I did see, and remained humbly silent. Charlie rested his elbows on the window-sill, and moodily looked out. Observation might take its customary Sunday evening ration. People were straggling by, returned from their after-church walk. The genteel population were but scantily represented. The "lower orders" seemed to have had almost the exclusive enjoyment of the glorious sunset, the pleasant evening air. One or two groups of Quakers, indeed, were to be seen; and I heard Charlie grumble, under his breath, as they passed. He evidently considered them as responsible for the bad weather he was anticipating. But they looked placid and harmless, as usual. I confess to a prepossession in favor of Quakers; I rather liked Penlisk for being so abundant in them. The women especially; soft-eyed and soft-robed, so exquisitely neat and pure-looking. "Every Quakeress is a lily," says Charles Lamb; and there was one sweet old lady whose face I saw through the vista of her telescopic bonnet, who certainly well justified the comparison.

Well, I had enough of Quakers next morning. The meeting commenced in the forenoon; and the soberly-clad, demure folk trooped by, the men bearing large umbrellas; for, alas, too truly didst thou prophesy, Charlie; the rain had set in, and with earnest, steady good-will. Penlisk is celebrated for rain; I give my testimony to the justice of fame, so far. Never did I see such a quiet, contented, continual downpour as this, which, with no apparent violence or remarkable accessions of energy, soon made the the face of the Grand Square to stream with scores of little narrow channels, in a manner very unbefitting its dignity:

At first I found a certain amusement in watching this unique sort of weather. There were sights to be seen too. Two little boys running through the torrent, enjoying the fun of getting.

wet, while the maid toiled after them with an umbrella; Major Boyce looking out of window with his hands in his pockets; the Bidmon van coming in—drenched horses and driver, miserable-looking inside-passengers. All this was during the first and exciting part of the morning; later, the Grand Square was deserted indeed: I watched for half an hour and only saw one girl run into the baker's shop opposite, and a pig, who was enjoying the nutritious and salubrious refreshment of proceeding through the gutter on three legs and a nose.

I leaned back on my sofa, and felt dismal, I confess. I had received that morning a note from Gladfield, containing brief but unctuous mention of sundry parties to Greenwich, Richmond, &c., and a brilliant fête at Lady ———'s villa at Twickenham, whereto I had been invited. Ordinarily I don't care for whitebait feasts, or summer-parties to people's villas. But coming on me now, tied to my sofa, and with the look-out from my window over Penlisk Square for the sole food of my eyes, and Penlisk gossip alone for my mental sustenance, well, I inclined somewhat to Greenwich and Twickenham.

The children were fretful with confinement to the house, and inharmonious sounds from the distant nursery began to assail my ears. The drip, drip, of the ceaseless rain on the window-pane afflicted me with nervous impatience. The misty view of the country over the tops of the opposite houses caused me to experience a sort of fury. What was it even when the rain cleared off? A more uninteresting tract of country did not exist, I was ready to deplore: corn-fields, clover-fields, divided from each other by hedges; a little copse here, and there the ugly embankment of the railway that has been in progress so many years, and is still going on "slowly." "Slowly" indeed! Everything I saw, heard of, or thought of in Penlisk, was "slow." And I had travelled upwards of two hundred miles, to break my leg and enjoy the delight of this entertaining town and charming neighborhood.

Then Mrs. Cardew came to sit with me, and tried to amuse me by repeating some of the gossip of the place, interspersed with her own moral reflections on the ill-nature of some people, and how Penlisk really was considered a very scandalising town; but how she always kept aloof from it all, and left her neighbors alone, as she herself wished to be left alone; though, of course, she didn't care if they did talk about her, being perfectly indifferent to anything they might say, &c. And then she went on to say how Mrs. Pell of the villas had had an awning erected over her drawing-room window; and how absurdly Mrs. Snell, next door, had tried to imitate it with a tablecloth; and Miss Geel had put up an old piece of carpet, &c.; also, how everybody was talking about the way in which Miss Parkis ran after Captain Quid; and that all the Penlisk young ladies found it impossible to go any where in or out of the town, without taking Spy Street in their way.

"Where Mrs. Quid's house is, you know, my dear. Really, the way girls run after gentlemen in this place is beyond belief. It doesn't be so in my young days. But now, if you'll believe me, Mr. Stayre, there isn't an eligible young man in Penlisk who isn't really pestered with admirers. I call it shameful. I am only thankful both my dear girls are safely engaged, and not to Penlisk gentlemen; I should be very sorry if a daughter of mine had a husband so spoiled by admiration as these young men are here."

I duly sympathised. Did I mention that I had been for some time in possession of the fact of Sophia's engagement? Yes, she and her sister were engaged to two brothers, with whose family they were now staying. Engaged just after her return from London, this spring. Oh, yes. But what mattered it to me? What was Sophia-Jane to me? The means of bringing me to Penlisk simply. There had been times when I was tempted to wish I had never looked on Sophia-Jane. . . . When I reverted to Mrs. Cardew's conversation, she was speculating on the effect I should produce, when I was sufficiently recovered to appear on the surface of Penlisk society.

"You will have your share, I don't doubt," said the candid lady: and she went on, till I know I was blushing like any girl; for I own my idea of woman is something too sweet and sacred for me to endure with impunity its being so rudely touched upon. The notion of the artless admiration—so in-

genuously manifested by these young ladies, as Mrs. Cardew described—for Messrs. Polfry, Clayton and Quid, or finally, myself, was not pleasant. I am aware I lay myself open to a sneer by this declaration. "You're very young," one or two would say to me. Stinging as that adjective is to a youth under five-and-twenty, I am content to brave its sharpness. I have had a mother, and I have a sister; and I trust never to grow so old as to cease to think purely and reverently of all women—if only for their dear sakes.

I did not like Penlisk any better after Mrs. Cardew's friendly endeavor to entertain me that wet morning: I was wearied out body and mind; I felt sick for fresh air; I yearned for a wholesome breeze, that my lungs and my spirit might inhale strength and health again. But there seemed no chance of either. The rain persisted and persisted all through that day and night, and the next morning it was the same. Gray, hopeless, dreary, the same prospect repelled my eyes. When Charlie came up to play a game of chess, his thoughts were gloomily entangled with the weather and the picnic; and I gave him scholar's mate, and relieved his mind by declining to play any more. In the afternoon, Mrs. Cardew's motherly kindness was pained by my haggard, wretched looks, and the doctor deciding that I might be safely permitted so to do, and that change of scene might do me good—I was led into the family sitting-room, and established on a sofa by the window. There was a garden to look at, green and pleasant, looking happy enough in the drenching rain; a blessed relief from that monotonous, gray, dull street. I really felt comforted. I found a lazy enjoyment in making acquaintance with the physiognomy and details of this new apartment. The other had grown into a very nightmare: the pattern of the paper, the shape of the chairs, the folds of the curtains, actually chafed my eyes that were so accustomed to them. I liked to see the children, who were allowed to come in on condition of being quiet. I made acquaintance with Rosalie; and was informed by the sturdy boy they called baby that he didn't like me, and that he had been in the splash; which last information his delighted mother explained to me meant that he had run out at the open door half an hour before, and tumbled into a pool of water—bless him!

In fact, I found my position improved. Moreover, I had pleasant food for reflection in the doctor's verdict that in another week I might safely travel: and my state of mind grew more composed and placid, in evidence of which, after dinner I fell into a sweet and profound sleep.

PART II. KITTY.

I was awakened by a sensation as of a draught of cold air across my face, and the sound of rustling skirts and rapid footsteps. Opening my eyes, I saw Mrs. Cardew's flounce disappear behind the door, which was then carefully closed. But the good lady could not stop the chorus which was issuing from her many children assembled in the passage.

"Kitty's come, ma; Kitty's come!" She's in the gig; she's wet through."

And then the utterances became unintelligible, and evidently a great deal of embracing was going on. Finally, the troops appeared to be filing off up-stairs. I closed my eyes again.

"Another child, I suppose, to add to the small Cardew circle. I hope it's a quiet one."

And I yawned, and began to consider that I was tired—with sleep probably, as the mantel-clock informed me I had been taking that refreshment for four consecutive hours. I sat up, looked out at the rain, which was going on as usual, and then at the Cornish newspaper. When little Rosalie popped her head in at the door to see if I were asleep, I was studying the provincial intelligence, and was not at all grieved at the interruption. Then followed Mrs. Cardew, anxious to know if I could bear the fatigue of the family tea-party; if not, they would have tea in another room. I eagerly deprecated the last amendment; I assured her that my own thoughts were the most fatiguing of influences, and that I was only wearied of solitude. I also adverted to the new-comer, and kindly hoped the little girl wasn't very wet. My hostess looked puzzled; but quick-witted Rosalie leaped to the correct conclusion at once.

"He means Kitty, mamma. He doesn't know that Kitty's a young lady. Why, she's older than sister Sophia-Jane, Mr. Stayre!" the child volunteered to inform me. The intelligence gave me a sort of prick. I really felt half-ashamed of my natural interest and curiosity in the new arrival, now I knew she was "a young lady." I resolved in my own mind to keep completely quiet; to look on and say nothing; and not be moved from my equanimity though Miss Kitty proved a Venus, Hebe and Minerva in one. Which she didn't. There was nothing of the heathen goddess about the lady, who presently came into the room, surrounded by the glad group of eager children. Meanwhile, in the intervals of tea-brewing, Mrs. Cardew had explained to me that Miss Trevanion—Kitty—was Mr. Cardew's sister's orphan daughter. She was in a situation as governess at Bristol, and always spent her summer holidays with them. This year her pupils were going to spend two months in Germany, so she would remain with them till September. She was going on to tell how they wished her always to live with them, but she had such an independent little spirit that—when the subject of discourse ended it by appearing on the scene. After all I had been quite right, and she was a "little girl:" a tiny little thing, brown complexioned, and with eyes of no particular color or lustre, I thought, and features nothing to signify. But a pleasant, healthful-looking, vivacious, and sweet-voiced young woman, as I decided to myself after five minutes' observation. My feelings were purely reasonable, you may perceive. Had I felt in the least inclined to sentimentalise, could I have thought of her for one instant as "a young woman?" No.

Nevertheless, tea time passed all the more pleasantly for the new-comer. I, lazily stretched on my sofa, sipping my tea, listened to the talking, and was silent and observant, according to my self-imposed rule. After the first introduction, and when my hostess had been happily interrupted in the very commencement of a long description of "poor Mr. Stayre's accident," no notice was taken of me; and I could see that, very soon, Miss Trevanion was completely oblivious of the presence of a "stranger." She was at home, with those who loved her and whom she loved. It was quite pleasant to see her happy face. I noted the hearty greeting of Mr. Cardew to his niece. I remarked Charlie's blunt boyish fondness for his cousin, and the general air of liveliness that her coming diffused among their whole circle. The children were allowed to come to tea in the parlour in honor of her arrival. It was quite a little festival.

"Glad to be back in old Penlisk, eh, Kitty?" said Mr. Cardew. "Does the place look natural?"

"Oh, doesn't it!" she said, her eyes shining; and then she laughed at the ungoverness-like exclamation and was silent for half a minute.

"It poured the whole way from Rock Point," said Charlie, who, it seemed, had been to meet her at the station, and driven her the twenty miles thence. "Our Kitty's a good one to travel. She didn't care; I think she liked it."

"I was glad to see the old road again," she said; "the sight of the hedges, and the beautiful high fern-grown banks, was a happiness in itself. Even the rain was like a friend. It doesn't rain so freshly and honestly about Bristol, as it does here in Cornwall. Oh, there's no place like it in the whole world!"

"More there is," grunted Charlie *sotto voce*; while Mr. Cardew said, "Well done, Kitty! The West Country never needs an advocate when you're here," and stroked the young lady's hair, at which she looked up at him, smiling and coloring, and

appearing, for the minute at least quite pretty, as I was constrained to admit myself.

"You'll find Penlisk very much as you left it, my dear," Mrs. Cardew chimed in; "no changes, no improvements that I see. It's a very stand-still place."

"I don't wish it changed, aunt," said Miss Trevanion promptly. "I like the quaint gray houses, and the narrow hilly streets. Don't get it improved on my account, please. I wouldn't have it made modern and convenient, and like other towns, for the world."

"You little Conservative! don't you know we're all Reformers in Penlisk?" cried her uncle.

"Well, let people reform themselves, and leave the town alone," she replied, laughing; to which Mrs. Cardew gravely assented.

"Yes, indeed; they might well do that: there's plenty of room," she said, shaking her head ominously.

"How so, dear aunt?" cried Kitty's clear, courageous little voice. "People are not worse in Penlisk than in other places, are they?"

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear," the matron rejoined. "They are bad enough here. Things go on really I can't tell you how. Such flirting, and boldness, and foolishness, among the girls. As for the men, I never knew such a set of vain, stuck-up, senseless creatures as they are become. They get worse and worse."

"All the men vain, and all the women bold! Oh, aunt, I can't believe that of Penlisk men and women. I like my townspeople, and I want to think well of them."

"If you can. Well, we shall see," said the severe lady, whose husband, laughing as he rose from the breakfast-table, patted his niece on the shoulder, and said, "You see you're wanted. Poor Penlisk needs a champion."

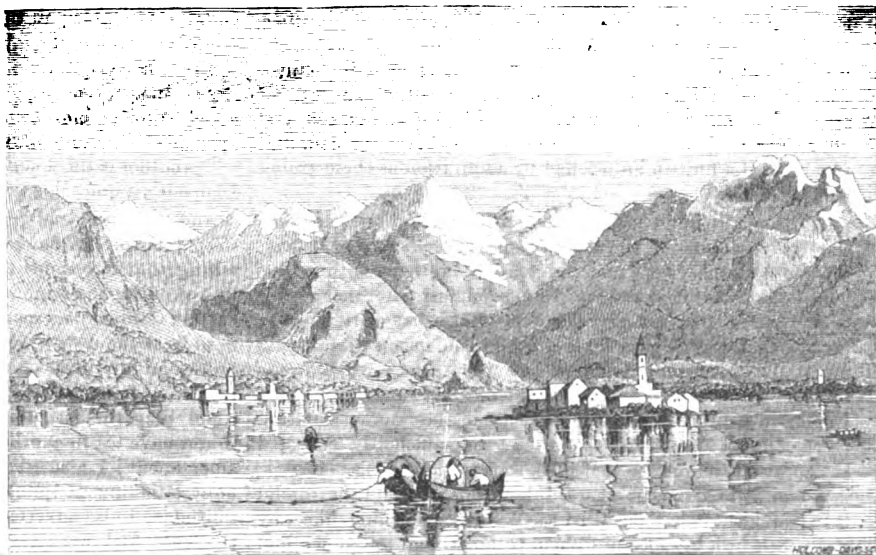
Mrs. Cardew shook her head gravely, and resumed, "Well, my dear, you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself in a few days. Charlie, did you give your cousin that card of invitation to the bachelors' picnic? It's for next Friday, my love. The boys are going. You'll like it, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes!" and the girl's pleasant laugh rang cheerily to my distant sofa, as she read over the card, and asked how she should reply to it.

"The Bachelors of Penlisk request the honor——" What a formidable phalanx one imagines! The honor of my company was never before requested by so many at once. What am I to say, aunt? "Miss Trevanion will be happy to accept the Bachelors of Penlisk——" That sounds strange for a beginning; I shouldn't wonder if people said it was 'bold.'"

"Ha, ha! that sort of thing would be uncommonly like you, Kitty," roared Charlie, in superb satire.

"Tell it not in Gath," interjected Mr. Cardew, who also



LAKE MAGGIORE.—S. R. GIFFORD, N. A.

seemed amused at the idea, as he collected his letters, and turned to leave the room.

"My dear, you had much better tell it in Gath than in Penlisk," gravely rejoined his matter-of-fact wife. "A word is enough for some of the people here to——"

"Oh, aunt, dear aunt!" cried Kitty, laughing and deprecating.

I saw that she had wound her arm round her aunt's capacious waist, and was looking up coaxingly in her face. The good lady's cynical mood was not potent to withstand such softening influences. She bent down and kissed her.

"My dear, my dear; I wish there were more like you. But really the scandalising that goes on here——"

"It's all because Sophy and Lotty are away. When they are at home, you never hear any of the foolish gossip that is going about. There are some dreadful old ladies of your acquaintance, dear aunt, who make a point of fastening on you when you are left daughterless and unprotected. Let them look to themselves: Kitty's at home!"

And I heard the vibration of her laugh along the passage, and up the staircase, as she went with her aunt and the children to the nursery. And, indeed, it must be confessed that the fact, "Kitty's at home," made itself sufficiently manifest day by day. Never was there such a busy, important little person. She was here, there, everywhere. She pervaded the house like a fresh breeze let in at the windows. I wondered how they ever got on without her. "Where's Kitty?" was the constant cry of all the family, from Mr. Cardew as he came in at dinner time, down to baby, who roared for "Kicky" in his infantine lisp, and would not be pacified till he was taken into that young lady's embrace. She helped her aunt with her sewing; she helped the nurse dress the children; she helped her uncle sort his letters, and find his mislaid papers; she helped the boys in all their many requirements; and she had time besides to devote to every living thing that claimed her services. The very cat had a sleeker look since she came. The boys' pony looked for its wisp of fresh grass at her hands every time it came to the gate; and listened, with one ear bent back, to her pleasant voice, calling it pet names. There never was such a bright, cheerful, ready, clever little thing; I am prepared to own that much. The visitors that come to pay calls (now I am located in the sitting-room I see them all, and am duly edified by their conversation) wear a more genial expression, and take a pleasanter tone when she comes into the room. People can't help responding to her cheery, frank sweetness of look and manner. Only once—no, twice—have I seen that happy serenity of hers ruffled. Only twice—and she has been here a week now—have I seen the slightest hint of what old ladies call "a little temper" in Miss Katherine Trevanion. The first time, I was the unlucky provocative. It was the day after she came; and, somehow, when she was sitting at the table, beside her aunt, helping to diminish the contents of the mending-basket, I found myself swerving from the rule of perfect indifference and taciturnity which I had imposed on myself—somehow I found I was trying to draw Miss Trevanion into conversation. And although her voice took a somewhat subdued cadence, and her manner received the slightest possible accession of dignity, I found it was not such a difficult achievement as I have known it prove in some cases. This young lady's was one of those simple, unself-conscious natures who have too little vanity to be what is generally termed "shy," and who, perhaps, have too much real reticence to appear very "reserved" on the surface; even as the deepest streams generally are the clearest. She responded courteously and frankly to my remarks on the weather, her journey, and such harmless topics; but apparently did not care to promote conversation by starting any subject on her own account. So our talk flagged when I had to stop and consider what I should say next. Mrs. Cardew filled up the pause—

"Poor Mr. Stayre was very unfortunate, wasn't he, Kitty? His accident happened the very first day he was here."

"Very unfortunate," she assented. And raising her compassionate brown eyes to my face, she added, "And you can have seen nothing of the country?"

"Oh, I went to St.—St. Something's Well," I said, with an

infatuated idea that I was going to be very witty and agreeable. "I saw a high road, and some lanes—corn fields, and so on."

"Do you catalogue the prospect in that fashion?" she returned, with an amused smile curling her lip. And I had not the sense to perceive she was amused at and not with me.

"Oh, this is not a very pretty part of Cornwall," said Mrs. Cardew in her slow, placid way. "About Tretheil and Nook there is much more to see. We've nothing at all remarkable about Penlisk."

"Except the rain, ma'am," I impulsively put in, with a laugh. Whereupon I could see that my laugh displeased Miss Trevanion, whose color came rapidly into her face, and retreated slowly, as I noted it had a trick of doing when she was particularly earnest, or surprised, or pleased, or, as now, not pleased. And it was on the present occasion that I discovered that this young lady was susceptible of other emotions than those gentle and amiable ones which I had hitherto seen her display. I cannot say I liked her less for resenting my impertinence. Want of appreciation of her beloved Cornwall was evidently a capital crime in her eyes; and I chid myself for the half-sneer into which I had been betrayed. No chance of retrieving myself was afforded me that morning, however. Not another glance was deigned in my direction; and an inquiry from her of her aunt, as to the best way of patching little Rosalie's frock, elicited from the matron a slow stream of work-table talk, utterly mysterious to me, which sufficiently put any other subject out of the question.

But next morning it happened that two ladies called to see Mrs. Cardew, in whom I recognized my friends of the inquiring minds, whose faces I had so often encountered peering over the blinds of the opposite house. The two Miss Bodes were angular ladies of that calibre of appearance which has so unjustly become identified as "old-maidish." Their four steel gray eyes pierced into whatever they were directed towards; I declare I repeatedly felt four little pricks as of punctures about my face during their visit. Their two Roman noses came down in dignified curves over their two thin mouths and pointed chins. They were not lovely to behold; and I did not find their manners make amends by sweetness and urbanity for their hard features and sour looks. After shaking hands gravely and even gloomily with Mrs. Cardew and Miss Trevanion, and bending stiffly to me, in acknowledgment of my presentation, they sat down, and fell into sombre conversation on the weather, on the state of Penlisk streets, &c., &c. Turning to me with an awful air, at once solemn and brusque:

"How do you like our town?" questioned one, looking inexorable as the Grand Inquisitor. I was glad to escape a possible heresy, by pleading ignorance on the subject.

"Ah—broke your leg. Seen nothing, I suppose? Pity. Not that you lose much. Penlisk's a stupid place. Nothing to see."

"Indeed," I said, seeing that she paused for some acknowledgment of her intelligence.

"Dullest place in the world. Nothing going on but scandal. Not that I ought to speak against it to you," continued this candid lady, with a wiry little laugh. "Young men are considered precious hereabouts. They like to catch them and keep them when they come here; that is the young ladies do. Don't mean you, Miss Kitty; you live away; we don't call you a Penlisk woman."

"But I call myself one, and I am one," cried the young lady, in whose cheeks I had observed the crimson signal of displeasure fluttering ever since Miss Bode commenced her instructive conversation with me; "and I am not ashamed of my town."

"Nor of your townfolk?" suggested the thin lips.

"No, except when they decry each other, and try to prejudice strangers against their town," said Miss Trevanion fearlessly. "I think that mean and unworthy; and I dislike and am ashamed of meanness and unworthiness wherever I meet with them."

I expected an outbreak, perhaps a pitched battle, to follow this frank expression of opinion; but it seemed that Miss Trevanion was better acquainted with the person she had to deal

with, who smiled sourly and only said: "There's plenty to be ashamed of in Penlisk, my dear. But I'm glad you like it so much;"—and paused; in the which pause came in the voice of the other sister, who was gruffly and confidentially bending her distinguished features very close to Mrs. Cardew.

"All the town is talking of it. She was seen walking with him three miles away on the Tretheil road. Mr. Graves happened to be passing on horseback, and saw them. If it isn't an engagement—"

"My dear Lavinia," interposed the second Roman nose, "you know very well it cannot be an engagement. A very discreditable flirtation, doubtless—but nothing more. After the things that young man has said of Matilda Ann Parkis, it's impossible!" with tremendous emphasis.

"Certainly she has been very much talked about," admitted Mrs. Cardew.

"Talked about! It was a public thing. Such barefaced pursuit of a young man, my dear Mrs. Cardew, I suppose never was known. He had to go home to dinner by the back lanes, a different way every day, to avoid her; and then she actually dodged him, ma'am. One day, Mrs. Price told me, she saw him dart down the archway under the brewery, when he saw her parasol at the end of the street; and he came out again by Hanger's Lane. But there she was before him, Mrs. Price said."

"Mrs. Price had better attend to her family, than look after other people's affairs, and talk about them as she does," observed my Miss Bode loftily. "That woman spends all her time in prying about her neighbors, and telling what she sees and hears; while her children go wild about the streets, and the baby's long robe is in tatters. I've seen it."

"Well, Mrs. Price or not," persisted the other, "we all know what Matilda Ann Parkis is capable of."

"Oh, I don't doubt my own eyes, my dear; and I've seen such manoeuvring and flirting—such conduct convinces me. But as for believing half of what I hear in Penlisk, I never do. As for Mrs. Price, she is quite as bad in her way as Miss Parkis is in hers; I don't know if it isn't worse. After all, Matilda Ann is only like the rest of the Penlisk girls. They all run after the gentlemen; it's a well-known fact."

"Oh!" cried a clear, indignant voice, and paused to draw a deep breath. Yes; Kitty was in arms. Figuratively speaking, she had buckled on her breastplate, drawn her sword, and thrown aside the sheath; and now she charged the foe, the crimson flag flying, the light as of glancing steel flashing in her eyes. As the signal to "advance" was that quick, sharp, emphatic "Oh!" she went on with the hurried but clear utterance of strong earnestness: "Is there nothing of good that you can find to say of these girls? Don't you know that Miss Parkis, for instance—motherless from her infancy—now works hard to support her invalid father as well as herself?"

"Nobody denies that, my dear," inserted the enemy doggedly. "I never said she wasn't industrious. That doesn't prevent her being as arrant a flirt as exists in the three kingdoms."

"You might at least have mentioned that she possessed some good qualities, before you proceeded to detail the bad ones."

"My dear, it would have been beside the question; we were mentioning flirtation. No good qualities are connected with barefaced coquetry, that I know of."

"She has been motherless since infancy," repeated Kitty, her eyes growing very bright, almost glistening with her earnestness. "Much ought to be forgiven a motherless girl."

"Well, well; I admit she isn't so much worse than plenty other girls who haven't her excuses," Miss Bode observed, hastily. "The flirting business goes on pretty briskly in Penlisk, setting her little affairs out of the question."

"Well, even if they are as bad as you say," persisted Miss Trevanion, with strong reproach, "can't you pity them in silence? Don't you feel that it is being almost as bad as the offender, to go about expatiating on the offence, circulating the knowledge, dwelling upon it, exulting in it? And you must know that it is not true what you say of 'all the Penlisk girls.' You know many that are good, sweet, womanly; can't you tell

us of their doings? Doesn't Henrietta Whist go about the poor cottages, reading to the old people, teaching the children—helping everybody? Isn't Maria Budd loved wherever she goes? I have heard you say, that when you were ill, it was like sunshine in the room when her sweet face entered it. Are not my own two cousins dear and good girls, that any place might be proud of? Oh, Miss Bode, you do yourself more injustice than you can render to Penlisk or its people, when you libel them wholesale, as you have been doing. No one would suppose you to be capable of the kind, generous things I have known you to do, if we judged you by what you say."

"Kitty, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Cardew.

"Oh, let her go on; I don't mind what she says," said Miss Bode, smiling with a more genial expression than I had hitherto seen on her face; "I've known her since she was a baby, and she's privileged."

"Yes, but you ought to mind what I say," cried the little warrior, waving the figurative sword high above her head. "You ought to have more pride in being a Cornish woman, and a Penlisk woman, than to seek out and expatiate on the weaknesses of the place to—strangers."

"Well, if that's the grievance, I dare say that Mr. Stayre will listen to your account of Penlisk, my dear," came a parting fire. But Miss Trevanion interrupted with quick displeasure:

"No, indeed; I leave it to speak for itself. Neither Cornwall nor its people require my advocacy, or any one's. No, indeed!" she said again, the earnest voice quivering, the clear eyes flashing.

"Miss Trevanion is perfectly right," said I, eagerly sympathizing; "that which we love, be it country or friend, is tacitly humiliated by being praised to indifferent ears. Cornwall generally, and Penlisk particularly, may be left to speak for themselves, I imagine."

"Penlisk people may, I assure you," snapped the cynical Miss Bode, as she rose to take leave; "they're a gossiping set. Yes, Katherine, my dear, they are. I dare say you have found that out already, Mr. Stayre? I should like to know your candid opinion of our town and people. But I'm not likely to hear it, I'm aware."

And with her queer sour smile, she nodded; and the two sisters departed, escorted to the door by the valorous Kitty. I heard vocal sounds as of a sharp skirmish all along the passage, till it stopped at the closing of the front door. Mrs. Cardew, meanwhile, had commenced a sort of monologue on the usual theme of Penlisk gossipry, of which I only heard the opening observations; for, indeed, I had lapsed into profound meditation. The exact subject therefore, I should now have some difficulty in deciding. It began with Penlisk and its society, but certainly did not end there. No; for I found myself murmuring under my breath, but with deep mental emphasis, six words: "The greatest of these is charity."

There is certainly nothing like the temporary loss of a habitual blessing to teach our selfish hearts appreciation and gratitude. And it is curious how a regained power, like that of moving, walking and going about, transfigures everything, and makes the worn-out old world quite new and bright again. I think I never in my life enjoyed so keenly the fresh air, the benignant sunshine, the summer radiance that was over everything, as I did during the other afternoon, when I was allowed, for the first time since my accident, to "take an airing." How beautiful the country looked! I don't know the name of the place whither we went, but the way was through lanes arched with richly-foliaged trees, and whose high banks were glorious with ferns in a very triumph and exultation of luxuriance, and fragrant with honeysuckle, that seemed flung in garlands about the hedges everywhere. Now and again we had glimpses of the country beyond; here sinking into a green wooded valley, and there undulating into corn fields, or rising into abrupt brown hills that shut in the horizon sternly. It was a perpetually varying landscape; and yet amid all its changes, it preserved a striking individuality. I could understand Miss Trevanion's glad pride in the "dear old Cornish land," as she looked round and recognized the familiar landmarks. Charlie did all the talking part of the enthusiasm; she only looked her

delight. Mrs. Cardew was mildly conversational, after her wont, and required no answers; and I was well content to do nothing but regale my eyes with what was set before them. At one place Charlie and his cousin alighted, and gathered bunches of wild-flowers, some of which were given me. How beautiful wild-flowers are! how brilliant yet tender, and delicate yet vital, in color, and form, and growth! Yes; and I admitted that never, in any part of England, had I before seen such infinite variety of floral wealth as this wayside hodge afforded. I was as happy as a child with my flowers; and I examined and studied, and tried to remember their names after we came home. For the drive ended—but more are to come; I am to go out every day. In another week I may walk out, says the doctor. Excellent good news! I long to ramble about, and peer into the hidden beauties of this Cornwall. Even immediately around Penlisk there is much to see, I feel sure.

To-day is the day of the picnic. Miss Trevanion, Charlie and Bob set out early; looking extremely sweet, in a white frock, and a bonnet, with forget-me-nots about it—I mean, of course, the lady. I hope they will enjoy themselves. It is a beautiful day. The square has been quite gay, and also noisy, all the morning, with carriages, dog-carts and every genteel variety of vehicle, besides the two wagons carrying provisions and servants—all bound for St. Nellion's Cottage. A party of gentlemen on horseback have just gone by—queer-looking fellows; and it's odd how seldom one sees a man ride well in the country. There goes Mrs. Price too, leaving the baby squalling in the arms of that young, stupid-looking nurse. Fine development of the maternal instinct in Penlisk ladies; with all those flounces, and that shawl, and the most radiant of faces, she sets off on a party of pleasure, neglecting all the most sacred—

Halte la! I am positively retrograding into the uncharitable and scandalizing mood. What would Kitty—Miss Trevanion—say? I'll take up the book she left on the table and read.

Ah! Mrs. Price has jumped out of the chaise and is standing on the door-step, fondling and soothing the baby. I maligned her; saw imperfectly; decided hastily—because I had nothing to do. Behold the materials out of which slanders are manufactured. After all, am I any better than the Penlisk gossips I have so often decried and laughed at, in what my conscience tells me was a pharisaical spirit? Not better, but a great deal worse, I believe. For I have lived in a wider area; my ideas have had a less limited range; I have been taught at least more elevated views and aspirations; and I have had a more varied experience wherewith to supply the storehouse of Thought and Memory. All these things make the tendency to scandal in me twentyfold less excusable and more hateful.

Pharisaical indeed was I in presuming to judge my Penlisk acquaintance as I have done. What old gossip in all country-towndom could have taken more kindly to prying and concerning myself with other folks' affairs than did I, when my interests were suddenly limited to the four walls of my room and the view from the window? Has any one ever yielded more easily than myself, I wonder, to the influence of that disastrous epidemic—idleness? Have I not found it the mother of ill-nature, of vain-trifling, of foolishness of many kinds?

I remember thinking thus one day. I ventured to communicate my thoughts to Miss Trevanion, who was arranging flowers in the drawing-room, while I, from the garden outside, lounged on the window-sill watching her. And I concluded my discourse by volunteering to excuse in the most amiable and charitable manner all the shortcomings and faults of all the Penlisk people, of whom I had often thought, and sometimes spoken, severely enough. The malicious small-talk, the unkind depreciation of each other, the little envies and hatreds and divers uncharitablenesses of some, the enthusiastic pursuit of masculine society by others—I smoothed down, softened off, looked indulgently on. To my surprise, my remarks were not at all warmly responded to by the arranger of the flowers. She kept her head bent over the geraniums and verbenas; but I could detect the color rising into the clear cheek, and that the delicate lips quivered, with their own peculiar evidence of emotion. All she said was, "You think so?" in a low tone, less of sympathy than of reproach.

"What do you think, then?" I said. The head was bent lower yet, and a lovely branch of flowering myrtle was busily

manipulated, I noticed. A shower of snowy leaves fell from between the slender, ruthless fingers. Still not a word, and I repeated my question; whereat she snapped the myrtle spray in two, and then pushed back the braids of dark hair from her forehead. These little troubled evolutions over, nothing was left but to speak; which she did, as if desperately, at last, and with a sort of sigh trembling through the rapidly yet distinctly uttered words:

"I think that we have no right either to palliate faults, or to judge those who are faulty."

And after this sententious little speech she slipped to the other side of the room, with two filled vases of flowers, which she was a long time arranging on the console. Evidently she desired no rejoinder, nor to enter into any discussion on the merits or demerits of her townfolk. She, at least, is purely free from the provincial tendency to "talk over" her neighbors, their sayings and doings. Yes; I confess I feel humiliated when I think how much nobility and simple, unconscious goodness is existent in that slight, girlish little creature, with her delicate intelligence, her refinement, and sense, and feeling; who is "out on the world," making her own way, earning her own bread, and is so blithe and sweet and womanly withal.

And here am I, a man with my fortune provided—saved by my good father before me. Behold me, to whom everything has been made easy throughout my life: hardship, difficulty, struggle—I have known none of those things which cause a man to exercise his strength, call upon his energies, and test the calibre of his manhood.

I begin to think myself a small fellow enough. I never thought so before either, which is the more humbling to me now. How superior I have held myself, for instance, to the people here! How freely, and with what judicial authority, have I commented upon them, their faults and follies! Especially with what presumptuous conceit have I looked down on men who are content to lead "vegetable lives" in this remote place—their interests narrowed, their aspirations lowered, as I have pronounced them necessarily to be!

Look at home, Lionel Stayre. What have I done so very great in the world, I wonder? Now I come to think of it, nothing! What lofty aspirations have I striven after? what grand examples have I followed? And yet with what perfect self-complacency have I always looked on myself and my life, till now! How I have mentally thanked Heaven that placed me in circumstances favorable to my intellectual culture, and the growth of experience! How glad I have been that I was not as other men are!—in Penlisk, for instance.

Some how, a different air has breathed itself into my philosophy. I am more inclined to be severe on the accomplished men of the world, among whom my acquaintance hitherto has principally been—who turn all their advantages to ignoble, or at best inadequate uses; and who, though their intellectual aspirations may be higher than those of the quiet lives that pass in country places, are certainly neither morally nor spiritually to be exalted above them. And these are the men whom I have been ambitious of emulating. After all, I question whether men like Mr. Cardew and Stephen Polfry do not lead better lives than such as they.

No doubt an enforced time of quiet, such as these six weeks have been to me, wholesomely enforces meditation and introspection. I don't remember ever feeling so little satisfied with myself in all my life before. It seems to me that my twenty-six years have been profitless, vain, unworthy; I have distinguished them by no particular ill-doing, that is all the negative praise I can bestow. And some men at my age have a past to look back on, which, if it be not glorious, is at least glowing with the promise of the future. But I, with no object, no profession, no place in the world, not even a pursuit, except that very vague one of "student."

It shall be a vague one no longer. When I go back to London, to the old chambers, it shall no longer be to the old life. I declare solemnly I will make acquaintance with that most sacred and ennobling institution of Work.

When I go back? Yes; that won't be just yet. But I record my vow.

It is astonishing how swiftly time slips by when a man is enjoying the recovered use of his powers of walking. I could never have believed that I should so lose all count of days, and even weeks—at Penlisk too, of all places. Yesterday came a letter from my brother-in-law, reminding me of my long-ago promise to come and neip him shoot his partridges on the first week of September. Next Tuesday week he says I am to come. Can it be possible? Are we in the last days of August? By the almanac, yes; by everything else, I could have sworn it was a mistake.

Miss Trevanion's pupils, however, have returned from their tour, and she has to return to Bristol in a week.

So I suppose the summer is over. But this is quite irrelevant. I was saying how quickly time flies. Indeed I have found how dangerous it is to decide too hastily on the merits or demerits of either places or people. My first impression of Penlisk was decidedly not favorable. I thought the town ugly, the neighborhood uninteresting. Had I been asked, "of what sort of people the society was composed," my opinion would have been equally uncomplimentary, equally unjust. Men idle and conceited, I should have affirmed; the young ones insufferably presumptuous, the elders dogmatic and illiberal. Young ladies frivolous and given to flirting; elderly and married ones uncharitable, and addicted to gossip.

But now I have been about, and have become tolerably familiar with all that whereof before I only knew the surface. I like the quaint old town; I have pleasure in its primitive pebbled streets; its steep ascents and declines; its Grand Square, its inconvenient market, and its irregular rows of houses. And for the green lanes that intersect the country round, in whatever direction the rambler goes, have I not learned to know them, and to love them well? Are not the high banks—rich with various ferns, and starred with wild-flowers—dear to me as a familiar tune? And then, farther away, on those glorious moors—purple in the sunshine and brown in the shadow—what exultation of full free life have I not drunk in with the waves of that fresh pure wind that, like a sea, is for ever sweeping and swelling over them! Two days we spent on those moors, scouring across them on horseback, or resting under the shadow of some of those strange other-world-looking tors, that are scattered, as by the convulsions of some Titanic struggle, over and about the hills. From the summit of one of them we saw a goodly portion of the fair land of Cornwall spread around us, as at our feet, with the silver line of sea girding it in at either side; and between the rich variety of hill and vale, wood and water, mine, moor and pasture, that I think only this Western Country affords so lavishly, and with such beauty of diversity. Then, how delicious were the rides back in the cool calm evening, with the after-glow of the sunset glorifying everything, from the very mine-stacks on the distant hill to the rose-sprays in the hedges and the braids of Katherine Trevanion's brown hair! How pleasant, too, was her own intense delight in the beauty of it all! How childlike was its absorption—how woman-like its keen appreciation, its vivid feeling! At last, somehow, I used to turn to her face as to a picture more beautiful than the landscape itself, because it interpreted so perfectly the emotion that is more subtly exquisite, more divinely infinite, than any visible grandeur or beauty. The love of a pure heart for beauty is more beautiful even than that which it loves—at least I felt so looking at her.

I suppose any one who happened to see this sort of scribbled journal of mine, would think that—

Well, let them think so; it matters very little to me;—nothing matters much to me, indeed, now. I am right glad and thankful that I have known so true and noble a woman, even though the love that has grown out of the knowledge be ever unknown, and the place in my heart and my life a blank. She does not care for me; I see that very well. And what am I, that she should? But some day, perhaps—though I am a fool to speculate on such a chimerical possibility.

In two days I leave Penlisk. I have no excuse for staying longer. Egerton is peremptory. I am strong as an elephant now; and with all my wish to remain, and for all the genuine and most elastic Cornish hospitality of the Cardew, I begin to perceive that nine weeks is rather a long term for a first visit.

And Sophia-Jane and Charlottan returned home last week, and their several betrotheds are coming to spend a few days before long. The house will be full enough without me. I must go; and I fixed the day yesterday. She goes back to Bristol next week—to the governess-life, which she speaks of so cheerfully and contentedly, yet which must be—how unworthy, how inadequate for her! If she loved me—if she but loved me—would I not find a dearer, more transcendent joy than any other life could hold for me, in keeping her safe as in a sanctuary of tenderness and care, where never a rough stone should come near her feet, nor a chill wind smite her dear face? But she does not love me—and I am as in another world, where nothing that I can do has power to help or to guard her.

These thoughts do no good. I will turn the page, and begin afresh, in London, with the new life that is coming. A week in Hertfordshire, and then to work. Ay, to more work than I contemplated when I made my vow. For to do is easy; but to suffer suspense, uncertainty, ignorance, all the tribe of biting, wearing pains that attend on such an utter separation as this that is coming, that will be hard enough.

But courage! Shall I flinch at the first hardship, when I was but lately deprecating the too smooth current of my destiny?

And farewell, Penlisk—good, dear, old place, ever a sweet and pleasant name to me. I can feel nothing but love for thee and for thy people, now on the eve of leaving them. Thy little streets, thy queer houses, thy people lounging or sauntering about the streets, or keenly investigating the outside world from the windows of the houses—I regard them all regretfully, almost fondly. And farewell, Cornwall, grand and beautiful West Country, where the sea wears its fullest purple, its purest crest of snow; where the moors are wild and desolate as in a deserted world, but where the rich woods wave with glorious abundant life as in a world but newly created; where the little villages lie nestled in the rifts of the uplands, and the rivers wind between hills clouded with oak-foliage, and the little dells and bosky nooks are at once exultant in the wealth of ferns and flowers, tropical in their luxury of growth, and exquisite with a minute perfectness of vegetation, that seems like a forgotten trace of fairydom. I must turn my face from all its wealth of wild beauty; I must turn my thoughts to grimmer realities than have engrossed them since I have been here.

But I yearn over all that I have seen and loved and been gladdened by during these weeks, and I bless them in my heart. And I will say no more but farewell—farewell.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Cornwall, June 185— Three days ago, routing out my desk, I came upon this old scribbled book. What a pleasant ghost it is! Though time is more precious to me now than when I spent hours in scrawling its pages over, I could not help lingering over it, turning to half-remembered passages, thinking about never-forgotten thoughts and feelings, till I was interrupted by a light hand on my shoulder and a voice in my ear.

"You slow husband! won't you ever come?"

And indeed, Mrs. Stayre was ready dressed for the walk we had planned to take that delicious summer evening, and I, as usual, was behindhand.

"Look here" said I deprecatingly, and pointing to a sentence or two in the book; which no sooner had her quick eyes caught and comprehended, than she won the paper volume from my hold, and ran with it to her own especial chair by the window, where she generally sits while I write, of mornings. Therein she now established herself, and bent down, poring over the manuscript, her mouth smiling—smiling with a very intensity of feeling. What the feeling was, any other observer would have found it difficult to tell; for, while the mouth was thus smiling, the eyes were glistening, the lids trembling and swelling, till at last the tears fell fast, dropping on the paper, till I forbade and intercepted them from that destination.

Amid the said tears, however, she persisted in reading on, and rebelled against any attempt to abstract the book; declaring in her usual autocratic manner, that it was the very thing in the whole world that she could have best liked, most wished to read, and that it was better than walking in the fairest of

Cornish lanes by the sunlight of the most radiant of June evenings. Whereupon I left her to her studies, and quietly resumed my own interrupted work of sorting letters, &c., in the old desk. Occasionally I was attracted by the rustle of her silk dress, as she moved in the quick fashion, alert and bird-like, that is familiar to her when her feelings are aroused to a yet keener vitality than ordinary. Sometimes, too, she would give me a glance from under the little hand that shaded her face—a rapid glance, with a smile, a flash of mischief, a tear, a pretended frown, all condensed into one instant's point. Once or twice she even deigned a few words, not of the most flattering nature.

"Oh, you were a real 'young man' in those days; you thought well of yourself; you were a most happy, complacent person! Kitty did you a great deal of good. But how astonished you must have been when you first discovered that a young lady existed to whom you were not irresistible!—now, weren't you?"

This last with a serious air of inquiry. Not attending to my indignant rejoinder, however, she was lost in the diary again, till a fresh provocation forced her to utterance.

"Shameful injustice! Poor Miss Bode! excellent woman! Oh, Lionel, how could you so malign her? Not only her, either; you have made a case, like the clever theorist you are, out of nothing. Disgraceful exaggerations about everybody and everything! Dear old Penlisk! Discreditable chronicler!"

And so on. I am not going to repeat all she said of reproach and blame. Perhaps she is partly right, and I am partly wrong. Not altogether, I think; though Penlisk (near which we are staying at this very time) is now so much altered from its previous self of ten years back, that I feel a difficulty in recognising where my strictures on it were righteous, or where they were simply the growth of my own feeling of pain and discomfort. Any how, it is a long time since I have thought of it otherwise than with tenderness most entire.

But to return to last evening. Twilight came on, and still the student persevered over the scrawled pages; leaning her head against the window-pane to catch the utmost light, manœuvring her little figure in all sorts of ways to achieve the same end. At last I sank back in my great chair, and ceased to watch her by closing my eyes. Meditation, thus wooed, came. She took me back to the Penlisk of ten years ago; to the house in the Grand Square, and the family therein. She showed me Mr. and Mrs. Cardew, with the snow less thick on their hair, and old age ten years farther off than at this day; Sophia-Jane and Charlottan, instead of the comfortable matrons I saw a week since, were straight, slender girls; Charlie, the rising engineer, was the awkward, warm-hearted boy, full of mischief and blunders—all of which youthful endowments only the warm-heartedness now remains; Rosalie was a child, who is now the belle of Penlisk, teaching the unhappy young men of that town a more severe code of manners, a more rigorous discipline, than could have been supposed possible for that "conceited set" to submit to, ten years ago; Bob was playing at marbles, who is now studying surgery; and the little children that were then accomplished damsels now, who play the piano, and expect to be asked to parties next winter.

And Katherine Trevanion—"Kitty"—who first aroused the real nature in me, and rubbed away the crust of conventionalism that threatened to ossify me into aimlessness and uselessness for the rest of my life—what has become of her?

But at this point of my reverie I was aroused by the touch of a soft little hand on mine; and opening my eyes, I saw in the dusky twilight a shadowy form I knew, with its fair smoothly-braided head resting against my knee. Nothing it said for a long while; and when words came, they were subdued by a tremble in the tone that sounded as tears look; happy tears though.

"Dearest, I feel pained with impotence of gratitude when I think of that time, ten years ago. How unhappy I was! Oh, that dreadful after-time at Bristol, when I heard nothing, knew nothing, and only believed that you had forgotten me, as I felt I deserved to be forgotten!"

"Little hypocrite! yet how coolly you parted from me, the morning I left Penlisk!"

"Of course I did," erecting her head with sudden warmth.

"Would you have had me fling myself at your feet, burst into tears, and say, 'Oh, I like you very much; please don't go away!'—did you expect anything of that kind?"

"Things of that kind were rather in the style of the Penlisk young ladies in those days," I observed demurely; and enjoying the angry little twitch of the fingers I held fast in mine; "you mustn't blame me if I did look for something of the sort, therefore, and was accordingly disappointed."

"Yes, yes, that telltale journal sufficiently explains the presumptuous and conceited frame of mind in which you left Penlisk," she said, gradually softening from prickliness to rose-leaved tenderness at the remembrance. "Poor darling! How miserable we made one another!"

"I confess I have never forgiven you for my share of it," I affirmed; "the deathblow to my vanity that you inflicted. Well, you will hear more of it some day."

"And what a wonderful evening that was when you suddenly appeared at Bristol!" she went on, pursuing her own train of thought; "how overwhelming it was to see you enter Mrs. Brooke's drawing-room, and find you were the stranger from London that had been dining with them that day!"

"Ah, the amount of perseverance and dauntless impudence which it took to procure an introduction to that extremely stupid family—"

"They were not stupid, Lionel," she interferred entering on her usual championship of the attacked, "but worthy, excellent, kind people. They were always very fond of me."

"Still, you know, that fact does not imply the possession of much goodness. I have the misfortune to be in the same case; yet, as you often say, I am the hardest-hearted, most disagreeable husband that you ever had."

"Nevertheless the Brookes were neither hard-hearted nor disagreeable," she insisted; "and they were very good to me—and to you too, ingrate that you are! How hospitable they were, constantly inviting you to the house! I am sure you ought at least to have appreciated that."

"So I did, perfectly. Lizzie Brooke was of a marriageable age, a very pretty girl too; and you know what an agreeable young man I was—an eligible *parti* also—smiled on by every single lady I happened to meet."

"I am quite sure I never smiled on you."

"But you see it was only because you felt so much, that you—"

Here my malicious mouth was stopped by a soft application, namely, the palm of a small hand.

"Be quiet, traitor! Oh, I am well pleased that your vanity did receive its deathblow, and at my hands too! What a promising young Goliath it was! How clever of me to vanquish it before you became my property!"

"Don't talk of it, my love; it was a very painful operation. I sigh sometimes when I remember what an important person I was before I unluckily met you. How wonderfully superior to the rest of mankind I thought myself! how beyond and above everybody else in manners, mind, morals, everything! Conceited, infatuated fool!"

"You know very well you thought nothing of the kind," came the impetuous reply (fully expected by me); "you know you were as different to other young men as my favorite Sir Galahad would be, if he were to appear in Regent street to-morrow; you know you never thought about yourself, that you were always so kind and unselfish and good, that you made everybody love you. Do people love conceited young men in that way? Of course they don't; they can't. I should never have cared for you if you had been different to what you are."

I let her go on, and did not try to undeceive her in her fond belief. I think, though, that it is something better than vanity that causes me to like so well to hear her thus discourse. Her playful strictures, her pretended blame, make me smile often; her praise, the expression of her unutterable love and trust, Heaven knows, makes me feel humble enough. And so, I say, she proceeded unchecked:

"No, indeed; it would have spared me a large amount of trouble, if you had really been the sort of person you describe. But you laugh at everybody when you are in a mischievous mood, and you will not even spare yourself."

"It is a fault common to men, and increasing with years," I gravely stated. "I dare say I shall write a good satire some of these days."

"I am sure you never will."

"A bad one, then; perhaps so. The last *Quarterly Review* politely informed me that my theories were nonsensical, my style bombastic, and my books insufferably dull altogether. No doubt they are right; reviewers always are, you know."

"As for the *Quarterly Review*—"

But wifely contempt could find no utterance. She was silent for a long time; then, in her dearest, sweetest tone, said softly:

"I have been thinking of something better than even your books—of your life; all the years since that journal was written, and the years before, that you have so often told me about; and how strange it was that you should come to Penlink; and how strangely—no, not strangely, but happily and graciously and mercifully—everything has indeed 'worked together for good.' And, dearest, I go back to my old cry, 'I can't be grateful enough.'"

And to this there could be no reply, my pure, true, noble Katherine. I, too, try not to be ungrateful; but I dare not say my heart swells in worthy harmony with thine.

And thus, for the second time, I close this little paper volume, and again its last lines are written at Penlink. Again I say, farewell, Penlink. But although our two months' stay is nearly at an end, and we must soon turn our steps homeward: and though good-bye must then be said to the West Country, and the quaint little town we both of us love right well—it is a very different "going away" to that of ten years ago. For I take Kitty with me this time—Kitty, who is the very angel of the dear home we return to—Kitty, who is sitting at this minute by the window before me, working busily, with her brown eyes seriously bent down, and her face expressive of profound peace and contentment; looking on which, I think I may well feel all tenderness for the place wherein I first beheld that dear face, and never either see or think of old Penlink without coupling its name with a blessing earnest and heartfelt.

THE PEASANT GIRL OF ROME.

The long Italian summer day was in its glowing noontide. There was not the slightest breeze to fan the close, almost suffocating atmosphere, and the sun seemed to hang from the sky like an immense globe of actual fire, scorching all it looked upon.

Within the walls of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, a boy of thirteen years was standing before an easel, on which he was anxiously endeavoring to imitate the perfections of the Madonna of Michael Angelo. A loaf of brown bread and a jar of water stood beside him, from which he was evidently about to make his noontide meal; and from time to time he cast a look upon it that told of the healthy appetite of a hungry lad, which such meagre fare could hardly satisfy.

"I wonder if my father thinks I shall become a better painter by starving upon bread and water," said the boy, musingly, as his distaste for the dinner seemed to increase. "I would like to be in Dresden now, this hot, stifling day, instead of among these musty arches, and partake of such a dinner as only my own dear mother can cook."

At this moment a deep and somewhat harsh voice called to him from one of the distant aisles to make haste and finish his dinner, and not be dreaming all day.

"Dreaming!" said the boy, softly. "I sleep too hard at night, and work too hard by day, to leave much room for dreaming."

He turned to the unsatisfying lunch, however, and then continued his work, although the beads of perspiration stood thickly upon his fair, white forehead, and almost dripped from the long shining curls of his auburn hair. He worked silently and without intermission, until the dim light of the chapel was fading into darkness; but even then the harsh voice asked if he could not see a little longer.

"No, father," answered the boy, "my eyes are aching now;

and these last touches will have to be effaced to-morrow. Let me go now, for my head is dizzy!"

At the door of the chapel the father joined him, and seeing that the boy looked really ill, he began to be alarmed. He had not noticed before that his son was so emaciated, nor had the thought occurred to him that the mouldering walls, and damp, humid air of the chapel, were sapping the life from which he had hoped so much.

"You shall have a change, Antonio, indeed you shall," said the father, in a softer tone than he had used before. "Next week—nay, to-morrow, perhaps." The child's large, melancholy-looking eyes sparkled; he thought that his father was going to propose going home for a season, until this terrible weather was over. The next words struck a chill to his home-sick heart. "To-morrow, perhaps, you will commence your studies at the Vatican. I am impatient to have you begin to follow Raphael."

"Dearest father," said the boy, sadly, "I am afraid I shall never realize your hopes of my becoming a great painter. I love the art sometimes, but at others I do so weary of the details. If I could but become a painter without this wearisome study! But, father, do not frown so. I am not thinking of giving it up, but only warning you that I shall, after all, do no great things in my profession."

"You will not disappoint me, Antonio, if you are only true to yourself. I will give you time to recruit a little before you commence at the Vatican. You shall not study there to-morrow, but only go there as a visitor. Does that suit you?"

A faint smile and nod was the boy's answer. "A fresh breeze on my forehead, a good run in the open air, and my mother's nice food, would do me more good," he said to himself. But he knew that his father would call him childish for thinking of food or play; and so the weary lad reached his home in one of the humblest quarters of Rome, and threw himself on the bed, where he slept heavily, until his father roused him at early dawn. Then a hasty and scanty repast, and he followed his father along the streets in his way to the Vatican. Here the boy's real and innate love of art made him forget himself and his weariness before the inimitable paintings of the divine Raphael. His father saw his entranced look as he stood before these beautiful creations, and whispered to himself: "The boy will be a painter yet."

Antonio Raphael Mengo was born in Bohemia in 1728. His father, a Danish artist, settled in Dresden after the birth of this child. When the boy was a mere infant, the father decided that he should be a distinguished painter, laying his plans to that effect even before he knew he would possess an ordinary capacity. His joy was unbounded when the little creature began to exhibit the most lively sense of the beautiful; and at the age of six years he began to instruct him in oil, miniature and enamel painting.

The father's grand error was in not allowing Antonio to be a child. In his zeal for his favorite art, he forgot that the physical nature needs culture and relaxation, and that to be truly intellectual as a man, the child must first become a healthy animal. But, like most enthusiasts, he rode his hobby too far; and although Antonio readily became all that his father wished, yet the memory of his overtasked youth embittered his life, and the privations which he endured in pursuit of art naturally lessened his enjoyment of it.

Three years passed away, however, and Antonio returned to Dresden. Soon after his return, when he was not quite seventeen, Augustus appointed him court painter. He had now become enthusiastically attached to his art. At the age of twenty he executed a painting of the Holy Family, which elicited great admiration. This was the crowning excellence of his youthful compositions, and he was appointed as principal court painter, probably upon the strength of this piece. It was executed at Rome for he now began to feel that he could paint better under the inspiration of Italian scenes than on the banks of the Elbe; forgetting the home-sickness and heart-sickness that deepened the sombre twilight of the Sistine Chapel.

In one of his walks in the outskirts of Rome, he saw a beautiful peasant girl, whom he wished much to secure as a model for one of his figures in the Holy Family, which painting he was

about to commence. She was surrounded by a troop of boys and girls, evidently, from the resemblance, her own brothers and sisters. They were teasing her to sing for them to dance, and the sweet, loving look which she bent upon them as she complied with their request, was too charming for Antonio to resist. Her voice—such a voice as is only heard in Italy—completed the charm. It need not be added that Antonio found his way again and again to the spot, in order to impress his mind fully with her image, hoping to be able to transfer it to the canvas without troubling her to sit to him. He found it difficult, however, to do justice to her face, and he set off one morning to ask her to come once at least to his studio, to enable him to make the alterations which it needed, to satisfy his sense of her beauty.

It was a sylvan place, that of Allegra's abode. Her father, a vine-dresser, but above the common peasantry by habits, principles and education, had stimulated his children to more than ordinary attainments, while they still kept the innocent and graceful simplicity of their rank. It was to him that the painter applied for permission to introduce his daughter's figure into his work, and Minetti thought that so honest a face as Antonio possessed might surely be trusted. Still his fatherly care induced him to wait for her in the ante-room of the studio, at several successive sittings, till he was assured his child was as safe in the care of the painter as in his own. Had she descended from a line of kings, Antonio could not have been more deeply respectful than he was to the peasant girl.

One more sitting, and then Allegra might be lost to him for ever. This was the thought which revealed to the painter the state of his own heart. Young, inexperienced and unambitious, save in the single matter of his profession, Antonio would not have blushed to exhibit the Italian peasant girl to the whole world as his chosen wife. His father, he knew, had higher hopes for him; but his gentle mother would smile and be so content with his choice. He thought of all these things while she was sitting there, with her calm, serene, and deeply religious face, her soft, liquid eyes turned upward as if in prayer, and her long hair lying in thick flutings of jet upon her cheek and neck. There were tears, too, in those beautiful eyes; and Antonio was not blind to the belief that it was for him she wept—for the breaking of those tender ties which their short intercourse had established between them.

"Allegra!" he said, in the lowest tones of that voice which had been sweet music to her ear, "could you leave your home and kindred to follow the uncertain fortunes of an artist?"

She did not, could not comprehend his meaning at once, and her wondering look made him repeat his words. When, at length, she understood him, her face lighted up like the sunshine of an April day. That night there were both sorrow and happiness in the vine-dressers' home; for Allegra was the light of that home, and although they rejoiced in her new hopes, still it would be very desolate without her presence.

It was summer when the young bridegroom carried his beautiful bride to the pleasant home on the banks of the Elbe; and the father and mother welcomed with kindness the chosen of their son.

Daily, almost hourly, Antonio's reputation increased, and with it came troops of friends, powerful ones too, and each and all paid the homage of the heart to the beauty and virtues of the artist's peasant-wife. At twenty-six, Antonio was appointed director of the new academy in the capitol. Invited to Spain by Charles III., he executed the Descent from the Cross, and other paintings; and returning to Rome, where he was now induced to take up his residence, he was employed by the pope on a large allegorical painting in fresco. Here he collected a vast number of drawings, vases, engravings, and all the expensive paraphernalia of his art; and everything which a refined taste and the ample compensation of his labors could command, was bestowed upon Allegra and his children. Beautiful as seraphs, these children were not destined to a long life, but most of them passed away in early childhood. But they lived upon their father's canvas, some with the dark eyes and raven hair of their mother, and some with golden locks, and orbs "soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child," the true German complexion.

Another summer day in Rome. The setting sun sheds its last gleam over a long procession, the slow passing on of which indicates that no festal nor triumphant occasion has called out the thronging multitude. There are the great, the gifted, and the mighty. Princes, and nobles, and poets, the flower of Roman station and Roman genius, thought it no degradation to follow him to the grave, who was deemed worthy to lie beside the divine Raphael. And lo! there cometh the peasant girl of the Tiber, with her fair children, to gaze once more upon that noble face which for twenty-eight years she has never looked on save in joy, until now.

A noble monument marks the resting-place of the artist, beside him who was his model upon earth. It was erected to his memory by his friend, the Cavalier d'Assara. Another, erected by the empress of Russia, stands in St. Peter's; so that the mighty of the earth may well be said to bear deep tribute to the memory of the lonely and unknown child, who brooded through the silent hours at the Sistine Chapel, over the thought that genius would never come to him.

A GREEK FUNERAL.—I was attracted one morning to the window by a curious subdued kind of chant, and saw a procession, headed by Greek priests in their colored and richly embroidered robes, carrying crosiers, candles, incense, &c. After them, borne about knee-high, came an open coffin, which, however, from the drapery hanging round it, had not the appearance of one. In it lay the body of a young Greek woman, dressed in full ball costume—a wreath of white roses on her head, a white veil falling on either side, and a bouquet in her hand. For a moment I could not believe she was dead. The sun was glaring on the scene, and seemed to give a glow to her face, which was rather pretty; the braided hair, black eyebrows and eyelashes taking away from the ghastly look of death. I think her lips were colored, but I was too much absorbed to be able to take in all the details of this, to me, most curious scene, and for many a day I was haunted by the marble face of that Greek girl, with the brilliant sun shining on it. I afterwards became quite accustomed to these Greek funerals, having frequently almost brushed the corpse as it was carried past; but I could not often avoid a feeling of horror at seeing a poor distorted countenance, giving evidence of a suffering and painful death, decorated with embroidery, tinsel and flowers; for they heap on all sorts of finery, and the poor class often borrow clothing for this occasion, when they do not themselves possess anything they think fine enough. The reason, I am told, for thus adorning their dead is—the Greeks believe that in the resurrection their friends will rise either well or badly dressed, as their remains have been committed to the tomb. A lady told me she had been asked on one occasion to lend a pair of white satin shoes by some poor person, who wanted to decorate the body of a relative for the ceremony; for it is a mere ceremony, the bodies being disinterred at night and burned.

The tomb at San Lorenzo, near Florence, Italy, which contained the remains of all the Medici family from their progenitor to the last sovereign of the race, was lately opened for the purpose of substituting new coffins for the mouldering wooden ones. It was a day of great excitement and curiosity in Florence to see the remains of this once noted and powerful family. There were about sixty coffins in the tomb. With the mercantile precision for which this race was distinguished, each body had attached a medal bearing an effigy of the living man, all ticketed and labelled. Some of the bodies that had lain in their coffin two hundred and fifty years were as fresh as if but placed there yesterday. Francis, the son of Cosmo the First, was so well preserved as to favor the report that he was killed by some arsenical preparation. They were all clad in the court costume of their period, and furnished an interesting series of the changes of dress.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

SORRISTY is like a window curtain—it pleases as an ornament; but its use is to keep out the light.



AT HOME — A. P. TAIT, N. A.

THE RANDOLPHS.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

SULLIVAN's island, upon which is built the unpretending little town of Moultrieville, and on which stands the celebrated Fort Moultrie, of revolutionary fame, is the favorite resort of the people of Charleston, South Carolina, during the heats of summer. It is a long narrow strip of sandy land, rising gently and as if lazily out of the waters of Charleston harbor, about six miles from the city. Its soil and atmosphere are extremely unfavorable to common vegetation, and the island would seem to be only a desert waste, did not the beautiful palmetto and a few aquatic plants flourish there with great luxuriance.

On the side nearest the city there was formerly a splendid beach. I well remember the time when in front of the long string of airy, summer cottages, with their green blinds and wide piazzas, it was necessary to trudge wearily over quite a wide expanse of sand, covered with a marine deposit of dried sea-weed and other matters, before the beautiful, firm and shining beach could be attained. Now, unfortunately, so much have the waters encroached upon that side of the island, that a solid breakwater alone prevents the advancing billows from undermining the frail structures and bearing them away from their sandy foundations into the insatiate jaws of the ocean.

It was nearly the end of September, and the islanders began to fear the approach of the stormy season. There was a good deal of yellow fever in Charleston, though it could scarcely be called epidemic; yet those who were unacclimated feared to return to the city, and though many had left the island, a goodly number still remained. Among these was a family, the members of which, though native Carolinians, had spent so many summers at the island, as to render them fit subjects for the fever.

The day had been unusually sultry; there was that oppressive stillness in the atmosphere which made one almost gasp for breath; and in the afternoon the sky assumed a leaden hue, which gave to the wide expanse of waters a peculiarly dark and sullen appearance. Mrs. Randolph, the mother of the family, sat in her favorite rocking-chair and tried to read. One book after another was taken from the little table beside her, opened and laid down again; her thoughts were far away. As the day wore on, her uneasiness visibly increased. Her twin daughters,

sweet children of nine years old, came bounding in from the school-room, followed by their governess, a delicate high-born looking girl of eighteen, who led by the hand a pretty boy, the youngest, her little five-year old scholar. A proud, queenlike figure entered the room soon after, and seated herself at the window, looking listlessly out upon the gloomy waters. This was Caroline, the eldest daughter.

The twins, Mary and Anna, stopped suddenly when they saw their mother's countenance, and went quietly up and kissed her; then seated themselves on the carpet at her feet. Annie Coyle, the governess, sat knitting a rich-looking purse. There was an almost oppressive silence, which was at length broken by Mrs. Randolph.

"Caroline," she inquired, "do you see the boat?"

"I think I do, mother," she replied, "but the atmosphere is so hazy, that I cannot tell whether she has moved from the wharf. It is about the time for her to start; but I would not be surprised if she did not come this evening, it looks so stormy."

Mary and Anna flew to the other front window, and strained their eyes to see whether the boat had left the city, but they could not make it out.

"What do you say, cousin Annie?" said Anna; "perhaps you can see better than we do."

Annie Coyle rose, approached the window, and gazed for awhile in the direction of the city; but as her eyes were blinded by tears, of course she could not see. She shook her head sadly and seated herself again without a word. The little Robert nestled up to her, and finally climbed into her lap, and she put aside her knitting, and laid her cheek upon his curly head. The silence again became oppressive, and it was expressive too. A bright-looking young mulatto woman rushed into the room. "The steamboats done started from the wharf, mistis," she exclaimed; "mas' I tell uncle Harry to get the carriage, and go to the cove for marster and mars' Jeemes, ma'am?"

Mrs. Randolph grew suddenly pale, and her lips moved as if to speak; but her tongue refused its office, and merely giving a silently assenting token, she left the room by a door leading into the back piazza, and leaning her head upon one of its pillars gazed silently upon the dark waters, which now began to be agitated by the rising wind. The waves rolled heavily in upon the back beach, and murmured sad forebodings to her troubled heart.

All the rest, excepting Annie Coyle and the mulatto girl Sue,

had assembled in the front piazza, to decide for themselves whether the boat was really coming. Sue had been followed into the sitting-room by mom Nancy, the family nurse, who had evidently intended to be the first to announce the approach of the boat, but Sue, being younger and more active, had gained entrance before her.

Nancy now stood with her head thrown back and her arms akimbo, regarding Sue with a look of supreme contempt; while she vainly strove to give utterance to a torrent of angry feeling.

"You owdacious impudent mulatto nigger!" she at length found breath to say; "'tain't 'nuff to be puttin' on airs with the people in the kitchen, but you must be flyin' in my face 'pon all 'casions with your mistis and your marster, and your uncle Harry! Who made Harry your uncle, I wonder! You better not be bringing them nasty Virginny ways here, madam, and what's more, you better mind how you fool with me, madam! you and your yaller-face brother, that don't know the proper place you belongs to! You wasn't brought up like we was, I can tell you, madam!"

Sue was afraid to give mom Nancy an impudent answer, so she contented herself with giving her head an extra toss, sucking her teeth, and sailing out of the room in most majestic style. But in the yard, where she found her brother Tom, she gave free vent to her feelings, and abused mom Nancy to her heart's content.

The boat could now be distinctly seen ploughing its way rather slowly against the wind and tide. The spacious family carriage was at the door, and the blooded horses pawed and pranced in their impatience to be gone. Mrs. Randolph, closely veiled, almost tottered down the steps of the back piazza and seated herself in the carriage. Caroline's step was less stately than usual, as she followed her mother. "Drive on, daddy Harry!" said she. And the horses dashed gaily off as soon as Tom shut the carriage door and sprang upon the footman's seat behind. They left Annie in the piazza.

The little steamer touched the wharf just as the carriage reached the cove, and Mrs. Randolph leaned anxiously out of the window, as one passenger after another emerged from the boat. Tom had hastened on board. Presently he was seen returning with a disappointed countenance, and without those he had gone to seek.

"Well, Tom, what's the matter?" exclaimed Caroline. "Where are they?"

"They's not nowhars on the boat, mistis," replied Tom.

"Not there!" exclaimed Caroline; "did you inquire? did you see the captain?"

Mrs. Randolph, who had sunk back in the carriage, said not a word, but gazed at Tom as if her life depended on his answer.

"Yes, indeed, mistis, I did," said Tom; "and he says he hasn't seen nor heard anything of marster to-day."

"Ask him please to step to the carriage," said Mrs. Randolph, rousing herself suddenly.

The captain came immediately, and bowed to the ladies with great respect.

"I expected my husband and son, captain," said Mrs. Randolph, in a somewhat tremulous voice; "what is—what can be—did not Mr. Randolph tell you he would return this evening?"

"Unfortunately, my dear madam, my son-in-law has had charge of the boat for three or four trips; I have been in the country, and did not return till to-day, so that I am not able to give you any information," said the captain.

"I must go with you to the city then, captain," Mrs. Randolph said. "for my son has returned from Virginia very sick, and I must get to him."

"Impossible, my dear madam!" exclaimed the captain, "why bless my soul! see what a storm is coming! I ought not to have left the city; and now I cannot venture back."

"Oh do, captain! for the love of God!" cried the afflicted mother.

The captain only rubbed his hands in perplexity, and shook his head.

"Mother!" said Caroline, "let us return home. The storm

increases every moment. Father and brother James will be well taken care of in Charleston."

The coachman, Harry, an old family servant and friend, had descended from his box, and stood at the carriage door holding the reins firmly, while Tom was a little in the background.

"My dear missis, ma'am," said Harry, "lef 'um in de Lord's hands; mass' Jeemes berry safe dere. You better git home quick as you kin, my missis."

"Yes, mistis, that cloud thar ain't so black for nothing!" chimed in Tom, just as Mrs. Randolph had directed Harry to shut the carriage door and drive home.

"You shet you mouth, you Tom!" said Harry, as he hastily closed the door; "you'll git yourself in trouble yet, young man! you much better 'tend to you own business, sir!" And all the way home he was muttering to himself, and drawing odious comparisons between the Virginia and the Carolina "niggers." It was evident that a deadly feud had arisen between the sable representatives of the two Southern States.

When the carriage entered the yard, Annie Coyle was standing on the piazza, in the same spot where they had left her. She looked rigid, as if turned to stone. Mrs. Randolph was struck by her appearance, and forgetting for a moment her own sorrow, she approached and laid her hand upon Annie's shoulder. "What ails you, my child?" she asked.

Annie gave her a pitiful, despairing look, and answered, "nothing, ma'am." Then, after hesitating a moment, she continued, "Where are they, aunt?"

Mrs. Randolph thus suddenly recalled to herself, answered with a quivering lip, "God knows, my child! They have not come!" And slowly and sadly they entered the house together.

As night approached, the storm increased. The distant roll of the thunder and the deep-toned bass of the foaming breakers, which, even amid the deepening gloom, could now be distinctly seen, made music at once awful and sublime. Upon the island the alarm was universal, and family after family passed the residence of Mrs. Randolph, hurrying to the fort for safety. They had received several messages from the commandant, Colonel G—, advising them to retire also to the fort; but knowing that it would be crowded, they hesitated, not wishing to go until it became absolutely necessary. The whole family, white and colored, were seated together in solemn silence. It was at length broken by Harry.

"Missis," said he, "ain't you better mek up you mind to let we all go to de foat? You nebber kin git through de night here; leas'tways I don't think so."

"Daddy Harry," replied his mistress, "I am quite willing that you all should go; I suppose you will be safer there. I'm not afraid to be left."

Several began to speak at once. Mom Nancy, however, first succeeded in being heard, for she had risen up and stood before her mistress. She was the family nurse, and always a privileged character.

"My dear missis," said she, "can't be you think dah Harry been speakin' for heself? 'Tis you, missis, and the children he have 'pon he mind."

"Please, mistis," interrupted Sue, but mom Nancy stopped her short. "Look here, gal!" she exclaimed, shaking her fist in her face, but speaking in an under tone, "I tell you, you better mind yourself! I can't stand much more!"

"Hurrah for ole Phiginy!" exclaimed one of the little negroes; "now you guine git 'um!" A hard pinch from Tom stopped the little fellow's fun, and changed his grin to a smothered whimper.

Mom Nancy remained standing, and continued, "Missis, the Lord kin tek jus' as good care of we here, as He kin in the fort; but—" she hesitated, and continued in a solemn, reverential tone, "my dear missis, it is written, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' You better go to the foat, my missis."

Mrs. Randolph arose and went into the piazza. The tide had now encroached far beyond its usual bounds, and she saw with dismay that it had actually reached the house. But casting her eyes in the direction of the city, she there saw a sight which froze her blood, and caused her to utter an exclamation of hor-

ror, which brought all the family, black and white, at once into the piazza.

In addition to the horrors of the storm an awful fire was raging in Charleston. Through the deepening twilight gloom the lurid flames could plainly be perceived; and what was worse, the fire appeared to be in the upper part of the city, and might be, for aught the frightened family knew, just in the neighborhood of their town residence, where they had every reason to suppose that their beloved invalid then was.

Mrs. Randolph, naturally nervous, seemed ready to sink under such an accumulation of troubles; and, trembling in every limb, she suffered herself to be guided by her thoughtful and affectionate servants. Mom Nancy wrapped her in her husband's cloak, and then bringing her bonnet, after tying it under the chin, she secured it firmly by means of one of her own clean, large head-handkerchiefs. Fort Moultrie was but a stone's throw from the house, and with the aid of daddy Harry and mom Nancy, one on each side, she reached it in safety, but more dead than alive. The faithful negroes then returned for the rest.

Carrie, always haughty, self-relying and even selfish, walked proudly alone; but the children were carried in the arms of the negroes; even Tom and Sue being allowed by the Carolina faction to bear their portion of the burden. But where was Annie Coyle?

She had disappeared during the general consternation caused by the discovery of the fire. With a countenance ghastly pale, with tightly compressed lips and a heart almost bursting with anguish, she had flown to her chamber, thrown a large blanket shawl over her head and shoulders, and hurried to the commandant's quarters.

"Good Heavens! little Annie! what brings you here?" began Col. G— in his usual gay, bantering tone; but he stopped suddenly when he saw her countenance, and taking both of her icy hands in his, he gazed earnestly and inquiringly into her face.

"The boat! the boat!" she gasped; man the boat and send for them, colonel, for the love of God!"

"My dear Annie, what do you mean?" said he; "send for whom?"

"For uncle Randolph and cousin James!" she exclaimed; "the fire! the fire!"

"Calm yourself my dear child," said Col. G—; "sit down and tell me calmly what you mean, for I have not the remotest idea." And he called his wife, who came hastening in, and going up to Annie, kissed her affectionately. Annie threw her arms round Mrs. G—'s neck, and bursting into tears, wept long and unrestrainedly. They were glad to see her weep, and did not interrupt her.

The soothing luxury of tears and the comparative quiet and safety of the colonel's quarters—protected as they were on all sides by the fort—calmed the excited girl; and after a few moments she was able to communicate her fears and her wishes.

"You know the town is on fire, colonel," she began—

"Yes! yes! I know that!" said he quickly. "If the rain would only come!"

"Uncle Randolph went up in the boat this morning for cousin James," she continued, "who has returned from Virginia very ill"—and she grew pale again and her lips quivered—"he knows by this time—I mean uncle Randolph knows—what has caused his illness; but oh! they don't! They don't dream of it! How could they?" And she arose hastily and walked three or four times across the room. Colonel and Mrs. G— would not interrupt her, for they saw that she was sorely tried.

At length she approached Mrs. G—, and seating herself on the carpet at her feet, leaned her head against her lap and continued: "Oh, it is horrible! horrible! How can I tell you? And how can I ever face them all when they know it?"

"You need not be afraid to tell us, dear Annie," said Mrs. G— soothingly.

"I know that," said Annie; "but it is so dreadful! Oh! Mrs. G— cousin James has been shot in a duel; and—and—oh God! oh God! shot by his own cousin! shot by my brother!"

Mrs. G— could not help starting, but she checked the exclamation of surprise and sorrow that was on her lips.

"How do you know, Annie? how did you hear this?" she asked.

"I had a note from my brother this morning," Annie replied; "he has followed James on to Charleston, and is suffering the torments of the —" she stopped suddenly. "Oh! what a day I have passed!" she continued; "think what I have suffered!"

"My poor child!" exclaimed the colonel, "it is dreadful, sure enough! But things may not be so bad as you think. Did he tell you the particulars? How was it? Some boyish quarrel, I suppose."

"Never mind the particulars," said Annie, who, now that she had been able to tell her fearful secret to sympathizing friends, felt wonderfully calmed and strengthened. "Never mind the particulars, colonel, but see if you can't do something. I am almost certain the fire is in that part of the city where uncle Randolph lives; and it is going to be an awful fire, with this wind and no rain!"

"I'm afraid so!" exclaimed Colonel G—.

"Oh, colonel!" said Annie, "it seems like madness to speak of it—but couldn't you man the fort boat, and send up for them?"

"Man the boat!" exclaimed Colonel G—. "Impossible! I wouldn't order the poor fellows out in such an evening, and they'd hardly volunteer."

"They should be handsomely paid," said Annie, "I'd sell all my jewels, to pay them, and brother would reward them well, I know."

"They would go for you without reward, if they possibly could," said Colonel G—; "for your unwearied kindness to their wives and families has completely won their hearts; but I'm afraid it can't be done. However," he continued, "I will go and see what the prospects are."

As he opened the door, although the city itself was hidden from view by the ramparts, the light of the fire could be distinctly seen. He ran up a flight of steps, and stood for a few moments on the highest spot he could find. He was convinced that Annie had been right in her conjecture, and that the fire was in the part of the city where Mr. Randolph lived. The wind had suddenly lulled, however, and he thought that the violence of the storm was over.

"I've a great mind to send the boat up," he said to himself; "if the wind don't rise again, they wouldn't mind this sea much; I'll go and see anyhow."

The drum was beaten, the men called together, and a statement of the case was made to them, omitting, of course, any allusion to the duel. Rather to the surprise of the colonel, there were plenty of volunteers. It was all for Annie's sake, whose goodness had won their hearts.

Let us leave the boat to plunge and plough her way amid the agitated billows; the oarsmen were skilful, and the storm continued to abate.

When the colonel returned to Annie and told her of his success, and that the boat was actually on its way to the city, tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes. For all the efforts she had made for the improvement of the soldiers and their families, she was now richly repaid. For the lessons of the Sunday school, for the Bibles and tracts she had distributed, for the hours spent by the bedside of the sick and dying, she was reaping her reward.

But now, for the first time since she had left the family so suddenly on discovering the fire, she thought of Mrs. Randolph and her dear little pupils. Between Caroline and herself there had never been much sympathy, for Caroline was proud and looked down upon her as a poor relation. A fashionable boarding-school had been the ruin of Caroline Randolph.

"I must go to my aunt now, colonel," said Annie; "I wonder where she is. They were trying to persuade her to come to the fort. Do you suppose she is here?"

"Wait, my child! I'll go and see," replied the colonel.

Annie followed him, however, and soon found her aunt in a large room which had been thrown open to the fugitives from the storm. Here, feeling perfectly secure, and enjoying the

novelty of the scene, were old and young, white and black, crowded together. But in the darkest corner she could find, shrinking from observation, sat the anxious mother, surrounded by her little ones, and attended still by her attached and faithful servants.

"I should like to know where you have been, Annie Coyle," said Caroline.

"She has been in my room," replied Colonel G——, before Annie could speak.

Caroline honored the colonel with a long and haughty stare, and deigned no further parley. In a short time the colonel left them to attend to the duties of his station.

An hour or two elapsed, or it might have been three hours, spent by Annie in that anxious wretchedness which accompanies a state of suspense, when Colonel G—— appeared just within the door, and beckoned her out.

"The boat is coming," said he, in a low tone, "what shall I do?"

"If I could only get mom Nancy or daddy Harry out," she replied, "they would help us to manage; but aunt Randolph must not know anything about it yet."

"You stay here then, my child, for two or three moments," said the colonel. "I'll manage it." And it was not long before the two servants came to the spot where Annie stood. He followed them instantly.

They at once explained to the old people the exact situation of affairs; that the fort boat had been dispatched to the city for Mr. Randolph and his son, that it was now near the island, and that preparations must be made to receive them, though it was of course quite uncertain whether they were in the boat.

"Is you goin' to take them to the house, or bring them here?" inquired mom Nancy.

"It is too much crowded here now," promptly replied the colonel. "They will be much more comfortable at home; the tide has turned, and I think there is no more danger from the storm—at least for several hours; though I really think it is all over."

"Then I will go home an git the house ready for 'em," said Nancy, "and you better go down to the cove, dah, Harry. Or isn't you better git the carriage? What you think, massa? what you think, Miss Annie?"

"Carriage, indeed, ole woman!" exclaimed Harry; "you tink I goin' tek my horses out in dis high win'? You tink I goin' trust mass' Jeemes and massa with dem wild horses? You ought to be know better dan dat, ole woman!" Then touching his hat respectfully, he turned to the colonel, and said, "Jis give me your 'rections, massa, an' I'll foller 'em; dat I will, massa."

"You come down to the cove with me, Harry," said the colonel; "and you, Annie, had better go on to the house with mom Nancy, and get things ready there, my child."

The boat reached the cove just as the colonel and Harry got there. By the light of the moon, which had now risen, they descried the portly figure of Mr. Randolph, and saw that he was holding his sick son, almost like an infant, in his arms. To go to the Point-house, wrench a door from its hinges, spread a mattress upon it and bring it to the boat was the colonel's first care, assisted by Harry. Few words were spoken as they lifted out of the boat the almost lifeless form of James Randolph and laid him on the litter; it was not a time for words. But with compressed lips and an anxious countenance, Mr. Randolph wrung the outstretched hands of the colonel and Harry; and while six of the soldiers tenderly carried the litter, they began their slow and mournful walk toward the deserted house. A figure muffled in a cloak, and with his hat drawn over his eyes, had stepped into the boat just as it was moving from the city wharf, and now followed the sad and silent procession at a little distance.

When the soldiers had reached the city, and the messenger from the boat rang the bell at Mr. Randolph's door, his physician and himself were consulting together about removing James from the house, which was in imminent danger from the fire. They came to the conclusion that he would have to be removed, and just then the message came that the fort boat had been sent for them. The opinion of the doctor was that as the

removal somewhere was necessary, he had better be taken at once to the island; as, for the sake of all concerned, it was better that the family should be together. Soon after they started from the house it caught fire and was burnt to the ground.

It was a sad meeting all round. The wounded youth was entirely exhausted, and could not say a word; but he gazed into his mother's tearful eyes, as she sat by his bedside, and held his burning hand. Annie went sadly about the house, thinking of every one but herself, doing all that was necessary in a gentle, quiet way; but she kept somewhat aloof from the family, feeling almost guilty herself, because the great sorrow had been brought upon them by the hand of her brother. He, poor fellow! wretched and solitary, was wandering around the house not daring to show himself, and not knowing how to open a communication with his sister. It was he who had stepped into the boat as it was leaving the city.

Misfortunes seldom come alone. Tom had returned from the fort considerably intoxicated, having been supplied with liquor by some of the negroes assembled there. He soon picked a quarrel with Harry about the relative merits of Virginia and South Carolina, and, maddened by some taunt, snatched up a carving-knife which lay on the kitchen table and stabbed Harry quite severely. He was sober in a moment when he saw what he had done; but, fearing that Harry would die, he ran off and concealed himself in the myrtles.

Somehow or other poor Annie seemed to feel responsible for all these Virginia troubles. She was herself a Virginian, and the two mulattoes, Sue and Tom, had formerly been owned by her father. To Col. G—— alone—who had now installed himself into the office of head manager in the house of sorrow—could she go, as to a father, and pour out all her grief. How little did she know how entirely the heart of the sick youth was yearning for her, and how his mother loved her and longed to call her daughter. When she came into the room James would follow her with his languid eyes, and heave a sigh of disappointment if, as she usually did, she left the room without having come near him. Mr. Randolph loved her too, but he was a stern man, and never paraded his feelings.

The family physician, who had come down the next day by the first morning's boat, pronounced James's situation to be a very dangerous and critical one. He shook his head too, after visiting old Harry, and said he would not answer for the consequences. Harry had been taken into the house, and was nursed and cared for with the utmost tenderness. Mom Nancy, who was Harry's wife, went to and fro from one bedside to another. Distressed as she was, both on account of her young master and her husband, she had a word of comfort for all; for mom Nancy was an eminent Christian, and regarded the trials of this life as kind messages sent by a kind and tender Father. Her strong faith and childlike submission to the will of God were always remarkable; but they shone with wonderful brightness in such seasons as the one through which she was now passing.

Towards poor "Virginia Sue" particularly, who was now in such distress about her brother, mom Nancy's heart was entirely softened; and she took every opportunity to speak to her in tones of kindness. "'Tis dah Harry's own fault too, my chile," she said, "and you musn't fret so; dah Harry no business to aggrawate 'um when he bin drunk. Don't fret, my chile; the doctor's 'fraid my ole man goin' to die, but I know dah Harry better'n he do; he ain't goin' die this time. Is you seen Tom? Wher'bouts he is?"

"Tom made me swar, aunt Nancy," replied Sue, "that I wouldn't tell no person whar he is; not even marster nor missis. And ef you please, aunt Nancy, don't watch me when you see me goin' any whars."

"I is got too much to do to watch people, my dear chile," said Nancy; "but do you tell Tom dah Harry ain't goin' to die this time; you hear, Sue?"

"Very well, aunt Nancy, I'll tell him so," replied Sue; "and I hope to God it may be so; Tom never 'll come home if uncle Harry dies; and what's more, I do b'lieve he'd kill himself."

"Things is very dark now, my chile," said Nancy; "that's true, please God! But it'll git light again, you see now!"

"You don't think young marster will get well, mom Nancy?" inquired Sue.

Nancy moved her head slowly from side to side, and only answered, "God knows, my chile!"

It was Annie's habit whenever she could not control her feelings, or when she needed solitude, to walk the piazza for hours together, although from time to time she would step into the sick rooms to see if she was needed. Often during these lonely promenades she saw a figure which her heart told her was that of her poor brother; but whenever she would stop to gaze more earnestly the figure would disappear. After seeing it in the moonlight, two or three times in the course of a night, which seemed as if it would never end, she leaned her head against one of the corner pillars and wept and sobbed aloud. The figure stopped, approached, and finally came softly up the steps; and before Annie was aware that he was near her, the brother's arms were around his sister's neck.

Her first impulse was to scream; but she commanded herself and hastily drew her brother into a shed-room opening out into the piazza, which was seldom or never used. There in silence and darkness Annie wept upon her brother's bosom. He could not shed a tear; it would have relieved him if he could have done so; but his bloodshot eyes were dry and burning, his head was hot and throbbing, while his hands were icy cold.

At length, when the violence of Annie's grief had somewhat subsided, he spoke. "God bless you, my sister!" he said; "you are worthy of a better fate. I must not remain here, I must go; you will not curse me, my sister!"

"Oh, Richard! oh, Richard!" she gasped, and then with a convulsive effort she gained sufficient self-command to speak with some degree of calmness. "I will go with you, my brother," she said, "wherever you may wander; there are only two of us left, and we must not be parted. But I cannot go yet, not—not—till it is decided one way or the other."

"At least then, dear Annie," he exclaimed, "let me get away from under this roof! This is no place for me. The same roof must not cover us both. And yet, before God, I did not mean to do it! I meant to fire in the air."

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed Annie. "Oh say those blessed words again!"

"As God is to be my judge," said Richard solemnly, "as I hope for His mercy at my last hour, I did not mean to do it! But I cannot stay here! I must not be found here! I must go back to the city. Poor Tom, too! I have seen him. He is wandering about in the myrtles, and is the picture of despair. I will take him with me."

"You must not go yet, brother!" said Annie, "nor Tom either. Stay here. Stay in this very room. I can keep the key, and nobody ever wants to come in here. Will you, brother?"

"I don't know," said Richard; "I will stay a while. I want to be alone. I want to think. Leave me now, sister, and come back again after a while. Now I have seen you I am satisfied. I wanted to tell you that I did not mean to do it; and now I care for nothing else."

There was a calm despair in his tone that alarmed his sister. She arose, went tottering to the window, threw open the shutter, and a broad stream of moonlight illumined the room. She came and stood before him.

When she saw the fire in his eye, and the cold despair of his countenance, "Brother!" she said, "would you add to my sorrows? would you kill me at once?"

He gazed wistfully into her face, his lips quivered, he thrust his hand into his pocket, took out a small bundle, and placed it in her hand. She untied it, took off the paper covering, staggered once more to the window and threw it out with all her might. They heard a faint jingling as of broken glass, and both exclaimed in one breath, "Thank God!" It was a phial of laudanum!

When Annie returned to her brother he was weeping quiet, gentle tears, that did him both in soul and body a world of good.

She stood by him for a moment, and let him weep on in silence. "Brother!" said she at length, "I must go, they will

miss me, they may want me; promise me that you will remain here till I return. Will you promise?"

"I promise you," said he; and she left him with a lighter heart. She had saved her brother! She was not completely desolate! She called Sue, whom she knew she could trust, and giving her the key of the shed-room door, bade her watch for an opportunity, when she knew she was unperceived, and take a mattress and bed clothes into the shed-room, and make up as comfortable a bed on the floor as she could; telling her at the same time who was there. Then she returned to her brother, to inform him of the circumstance, and to assure him that he could put implicit faith in Sue.

The condition of poor James became more and more desperate. The doctor looked unusually anxious, and desired a consultation. Mr. Randolph stood at the foot of the bed, immovable as a statue, with arms folded, and eyes fixed upon his unconscious son. The mother still occupied her seat by the bedside, and her face was buried in the pillow. The house was hushed to the stillness of death, for it seemed to all as if death had entered there. The doctors said that the crisis had come; but they gave very little hope of a favorable change. The rising sun was just dispersing the shades of night, and its early morning rays shone mildly in at the western window, and played upon the pillow of the sick young man.

A deep and terrible anxiety sat upon each face, and one by one the whole family assembled in the room. Not all mom Nancy's eloquence, no entreaties, no commands could keep old Harry in bed. "No!" said he, "mas' James musn't die widout I'm dere; let me 'lone, ole woman! I mus' go, an' I will go!" And, feeble as he was, he made one of the anxious group who stood silently around, and watched the sufferer.

James opened his eyes at length, and the doctor stood ready to administer a strengthening draught. He took it, and gazed languidly round the room. Poor Tom, who, ever since he had heard from Sue of the extreme danger of his young master, had been creeping round the house—found himself, somehow or the other, in the room, to which all, by a mournful sympathy, were attracted.

James spoke at length; and his first word, the first conscious word he had spoken since he had been brought into the house—was for Annie. One hand held his mother's, and the other he stretched towards his cousin. She had not strength to move; but Mr. Randolph, without uttering a word, almost took her in his arms and bore her tenderly to the bedside. She took the emaciated hand which was extended towards her, and leaned over the sufferer to hear the feeble words which were issuing from his lips. "Annie," he said, "I love you—have loved you long—be a daughter to my mother when I am gone—your brother—'twas not his fault—we were both heated with wine—at a dinner party—I sent the challenge—tell him not to sorrow—you must all forgive him," and utterly exhausted, he gave a faint sigh, and ceased speaking.

The doctor came forward. "This will not do," he said; "you must keep still, James, if you wish to get well."

"Can I get well, doctor?" asked James, in a feeble whisper. "I hope so, I think so," replied the doctor, "if you will keep perfectly quiet."

"Just one thing more," said he, "lest I should die. Father, mother, promise me to forgive Richard; say that you forgive him."

"I do! I do!" sobbed Mrs. Randolph; but the father shook his head and was silent.

Just then a beaming smile lit up the sufferer's face, and all eyes followed the direction his eyes had taken. There, standing in the middle of the room, was Richard himself; seeing nothing, conscious of nothing, but of his wounded and apparently dying cousin.

Involuntarily, James held out both hands to his cousin; he seemed endued with supernatural strength. "This is too much!" he said; "I am too happy; come here, Richard!"

Richard needed not a second bidding; and the two cousins were soon locked in each other's arms. What words passed between them no one heard; but as Richard kissed his cousin's bloodless lips, and turned away at the doctor's bidding, he found his

uncle at his side ; who shook him kindly by the hand, and said, " Fear not, Richard ; all is right between us now ! "

It pleased Heaven to avert the heavy blow which had seemed to threaten Mr. Randolph's family, and they came forth from the furnace of affliction, like gold, which had been tried and purified by fire.

MY ELOPEMENT—AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN WHO WISHED TO GET MARRIED ON THREE HUNDRED A YEAR.

CHAPTER I.

I SHALL not mention my name. You may call me what you like. Augustus, Reginald, Almanzor—anything will do. What I am going to tell happened many years since ; and I should not publish it at all were it not for the fact that I was put to certain little expenses in the affair, and think now that I cannot do better than endeavor to recover them, by supplying every particular of the unfortunate transaction in the shape of a tale.

Not only shall I abstain from mentioning my own name, but I shall also carefully avoid giving any, even the slightest clue to the identity of the young lady, who, by-the-bye, must be now a middle-aged lady. This reminds me that I also am not so young as I was : but no matter.

We were talking the other night at the club about getting married on three hundred a year. The most absurd nonsense was uttered. One fellow said you could live without wine ; another, that dinner parties were not essential to happiness, and so on ; but they'll take precious good care not to get married themselves, for all that. It isn't a question whether a man *can* get married on three hundred a year, for any man with a tongue in his head, and half a sovereign in his pocket, can persuade some girl or other to have him, and what's more, can pay the necessary fees—if he doesn't mind getting married by bauns, which appears now to be the fashion. No ; the question is whether you can be as jolly on three hundred a year, married, as you may sometimes contrive to be with that amount of income when you are single (I say sometimes, for, after all, three hundred a year is not much, and very few fellows who are condemned to live upon it can succeed in making both ends meet).

Well, my answer to the question is this, that if a single man can only just live upon three hundred a year, a married man can't do it at all ; that is to say, not if he means to give anything to his wife and children. Women don't eat much, and fortunately don't drink at all ; but they wear a lot of clothes, and don't object to jewellery. Then wives have an inveterate, and I suppose invincible, habit of having children, and children want nurses, and boots, and drums, and all sorts of things.

There is one kind of marriage, however, which suits a man of three hundred a year admirably. I mean marriage with a rich heiress. A man with only three hundred a year may safely marry a woman who has three thousand. This is just what I tried to do, and it wasn't quite so easy as you may imagine, though I was thirty-two at the time, and the girl only sixteen. She was so infernally romantic, you see, and I'm not romantic at all. I can make love and all that sort of thing, and know when to squeeze a woman's hand—and never did so either too soon or too late (except with the one I am going to tell you about, and she wouldn't stand it at any time). But I can't manufacture sentiment very fast, having never been accustomed to the society of school girls ; and that's just what spoiled the whole business. Still, I do think that if a young girl gets into a postchaise with you, the least she can do is to behave herself until the end of the journey. I've been thinking about it ever since, and all I regret now is that I didn't make a confounded row about it at the time.

As I said before, I can't mention her name, because I promised I wouldn't, and for other reasons besides. However, her father was a rich manufacturer—say at Manchester ; and her mother had been dead and buried long before—say at Kensal Green. As for the daughter, I think she was a pretty girl, but I know she was immensely rich. The money that girl had in

the funds was something enormous, although this was only what she had got from her mother. Her father was sure to leave her a lot of money besides ; but, of course, I knew there would be a quarrel with the old man after the elopement. However, she could not help having a clear sixty thousand pounds, and although it was all settled on herself, we could have lived deuced well on the interest.

As we must call her something (I suppose, Mr. Editor, you would not admit a heroine without any name at all ?) we will call her Julia. I first heard of her from my sister, who was at school with her at Paris, at Madame Favre's, in the Champs Elysées. It was what is called a " finishing " school, and I think it deserved the name, for it turned out some of the most finished coquettes I ever saw. Julia, however, had not yet reached coquettishness. The coquettes were all in the sixth class—that class which contains the " philosophers " in the French collegiate system. Julia was only in the fifth—corresponding to " rhetoric " in the colleges—and had not yet gone beyond sentiment and romance. It must be remembered that she was not more than sixteen.

The course of studies pursued at Madame Favre's—at least in the upper classes—was, in fact, nothing more nor less than a course of love. Was it the course of true love ? asks the reader. I am inclined to think it was not, if only from the fact that, as a general rule, it did " run smooth." In the fourth class, the little girls of thirteen and fourteen read " Paul and Virginia," or other tales of a comparatively innocent nature ; in the fifth they studied the novels of Richardson and Rousseau ; but in the sixth, they affected to have lived through " such childishness," and thought of nothing but their chances of establishing themselves in large houses, with rich husbands ready to pay the largest bills.

Where the novels came from I don't know—probably they procured them through the servants from some circulating library. But I am quite certain they used to read them, and it was chiefly owing to my supposed resemblance to some fellow called Ernest de Waldemar—the hero of one of the books—that Julia (as we have now agreed to call her) ultimately consented to elope with me.

The first time I saw her was at a distribution of prizes in the summer of 18—. I knew she was English by two things. First of all, she had beautiful light-brown hair, such as French girls seldom have ; secondly, the priest who gave the prizes away did not kiss her on the forehead. Whenever one of the French girls went up for a prize, Father Some-one-or-other, who presided at the distribution, crowned her with a wreath, gave her a very small book and a very large certificate of good conduct, and then imprinted a cold, chaste kiss on her brow, as the young lady bent forward with much meekness to receive it. The Protestant girls, however, did not see the fun, as they expressed it, of being kissed by an ugly old father confessor, and it was quite understood that they were not to receive the customary salute.

My sister, who had no prize to take (our family was never remarkable for brilliant accomplishments) was sitting by my side ; and as Julia passed before us, with her little book and her large certificate, she smiled and stopped to receive her congratulations.

As a compatriot, and the brother of one of her fellow-pupils, I took upon myself to congratulate Miss Julia also. She started, blushed, and, after I had gone, told my sister that I was the very image of Ernest de Waldemar.

" And who is this Ernest ? " I inquired.

" How foolish you are ! " was the reply. " Ernest de Waldemar is her hero. Laure de Marsan and Julia are both in love with him, and as for Julia, she scarcely ever talks of anything else."

" And what will she do to me for being like him ? Is she very savage ? "

" Why, how stupid you must be ! She likes you for it. She thinks you are so like him that you must have all his noble qualities."

" Poor girl ! " I remarked.

" Not so poor as you imagine," replied my sister, making,

almost unconsciously, one of those puns in which some young ladies delight. "How much do you suppose she has a year?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Well, I don't know exactly myself, but I know she has hundreds and thousands of pounds in the funds."

"If she has only a few thousand pounds in the funds, she will not get much a year out of that."

"Well, I'll ask her. I know it's a great deal."

"Do," I replied. "I should very much like to know."

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I saw my sister again she brought me an invitation to a ball which was to take place at Madame Favre's.

"Julia will be so glad if you come," she added.

I had almost forgotten Julia's existence, but now that I was reminded of it, I asked about the small sum of money in the funds.

"Small sum, indeed!" exclaimed my sister. "She's sixty thousand pounds left her by her mother. Nothing can prevent her having it when she is of age, or before if she marries with her father's consent."

"Oh, he'll never give his consent," I observed, half to myself.

"Never give his consent! And why not?" asked my sister.

"No, that's not what I meant," I replied. But I omitted to add that I had been thinking of proposing to her myself, and had just imagined the probable answer to any such offer on my part.

Then I went on to reflect that a girl with sixty thousand pounds was not to be met with every day, and that I should be a flat to miss such a chance. As for proposing to her in a formal manner, that was all nonsense. The father would say she was too young, and then marry her to some one else. I had been served that way once before.

As I knew my sister would, as a matter of course, disapprove of my plan for carrying off her interesting young schoolfellow, I thought it best to keep all my plans to myself. The first thing to do was to make love to Julia; so, at least, it appeared to me, though I discovered when I saw her that she was already as much in love with me as she could possibly be. It was impossible to produce a better impression upon her than she had already received, and it was just possible that this impression might be injured if I conversed with her too much: for, to tell the truth, I never was a good talker. It always appeared to me that love-making was a good deal like fishing. If the young lady is not thoroughly hooked, you must use all your art until you have her fast; but if you are quite sure you have taken her by the gills, pull her ashore at once. At all events, don't begin playing with her, for, after all, you can but catch her, and you *might* break your line.

Therefore, all things considered, I determined not to make love to Miss Julia at all, but to leave all that sort of thing to her own imagination and the good offices of Mademoiselle Laure de Marsan, whom I found a most worthy coadjutor. Laure, as we have seen, had herself been in love with Ernest de Waldemar, but she generously admitted that Julia loved him—that is to say, loved *me*—better than she did: and, like a good, affectionate girl, gave him up—I mean gave *me* up—to her dear friend and schoolfellow. But having done so, she took a most admirable, because disinterested, interest in the progress of our loves. She was for ever talking to Julia about me, and aided me in every possible manner in conveying letters to Julia.

When I said I did not make love to Julia, I forgot the letters. But I saw that it was expected I should send a few. In fact, Laure hinted as much, and I of course lost no time in complying with the suggestion of so accomplished a confidante. The letters were declared to be very much like those of Ernest de Waldemar; and, as they happened to have been copied literally from certain epistles by the author of the novel in which that estimable hero figures, I have no doubt that this resemblance really existed.

At last I entreated Julia to "fly with me." This was exactly five months after my first interview with her. It was at another school-ball, given in honor of the new year. (Since my elopement with Julia, the balls at Madame Favre's have only taken

place once a year; and, for some years afterwards, it was a rule that at least one teacher should stand up in every quadrille that was danced—a regulation which has considerably interfered with the gaiety of the proceedings.)

CHAPTER III.

THIS was how we arranged it—thanks to the skilful machinations of the romantic, but ingenious, Laure de Marsan.

On a certain day in February, Julia was to start for Italy with her aunt, a lady who resided in Paris, and who was in the habit of visiting her niece about once in three months. Julia's father was anxious his daughter should make this journey, but the aunt herself did not seem very desirous that her niece should accompany her. So, at least, I heard from my spies and confidantes; and I believe I was pretty well served by them.

Julia, by my directions, or rather by those of Mademoiselle de Marsan, in which I always acquiesced, expressed her readiness, in the first instance, to accompany her aunt. The school bills were paid up to March, and everything was prepared for the young lady's departure. Then, a few days before the time fixed for commencing the journey (which was no joke then, let me tell you), Julia became suddenly afraid of the fatigue—a bad excuse, but one which we knew the aunt would willingly accept.

The aunt was stopping at the Hotel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu. On the eve of the departure Julia went to her, told her she would prefer not to go to Italy at all, that she would much rather go back to England, and that she would write to her father to come and fetch her."

"Well, my love," said the aunt, as she embraced her; "you know you're our spoiled child, and do just as you like, so, as you wish it, you must go back to England."

Julia returned that night to the school, and the next morning at seven o'clock met me at the very hotel which her aunt had left at six. If Madame Favre questioned her coachman, all he could reply was, that he had been told to drive the young lady to the Hotel des Princes, and that to the Hotel des Princes he had driven her.

The postchaise was waiting for me in the courtyard, and at half-past seven we had passed the barrier, and were galloping along the high road to Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

JULIA cried a little at first, but I persuaded her that it was useless to do so, bringing forward several excellent reasons in support of my argument, and at length she became pacified.

"How is Laure?" I inquired.

"Quite well," said Julia, wiping her eyes. "She sent her love to you."

"Have you her cousin's address at Lyons?"

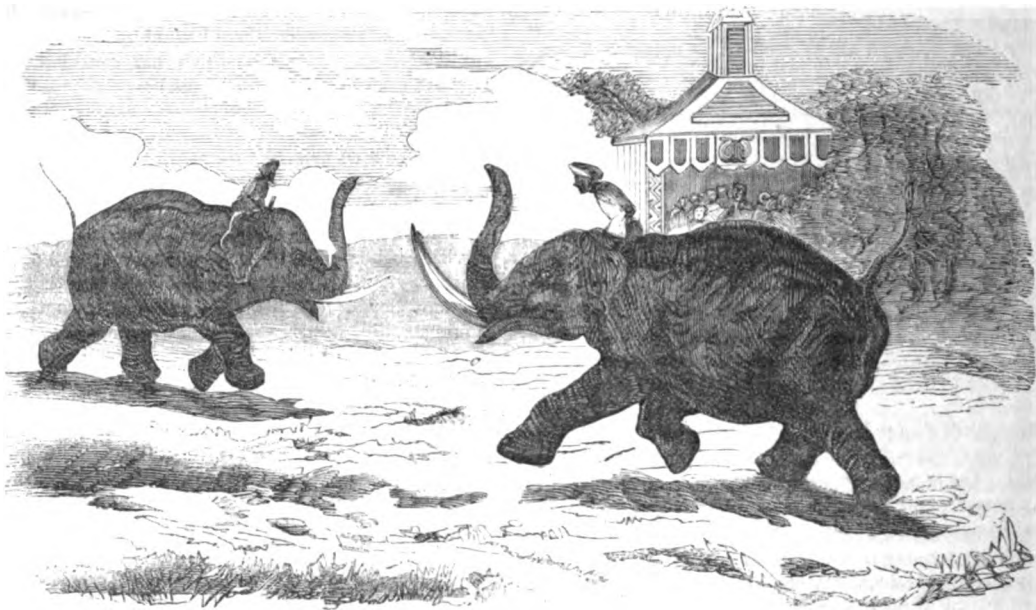
"Yes; here it is," she replied, giving me at the same time an envelope on which was written the address of one of Laure's cousins, at whose house we were to be received, and where we intended to have our wedding breakfast.

This was the plan of my campaign: We were to go on without stopping as far as Lyons. Travelling day and night it would be impossible to overtake us, even if the alarm were given, which was by no means certain; and once at Lyons, all we had to do was to go to the German church and get married forthwith. Then Julia was to write to her father, and the marriage could afterwards be solemnised with his consent, either before the English consul at Lyons, or at the chapel of the embassy in Paris. But to apply at the English consulate for permission to marry a girl of sixteen, with whom every one in the town would know, soon after the arrival of the postchaise, that I had eloped—this, it appeared to me, would be imprudent and something more.

"What will my poor aunt say?" exclaimed Julia thoughtfully, after we had proceeded for some time in silence.

I made no reply, for I didn't know what her poor aunt was likely to say, not enjoying the honor of that lady's acquaintance.

"And what a hypocrite she will consider me, pretending up to the last moment that I wanted to accompany her, and even writing to take the rooms at the hotel, and all?"



THE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO MALE ELEPHANTS. PAGE 266.

"What hotel?" I inquired.

"At Sens, where my aunt and myself meant to stop to-night."

"Oh, that won't matter," I continued. "But where is Sens?"

"Sens? I'm sure I forget. I didn't address the envelope."

"Postillion," I exclaimed, "where is Sens?"

"Sens? You want to know, sir, where Sens is? It's the last station you'll come to to-night; that is to say, if you travel as you're doing now."

"But we don't want to go to Sens."

"I am afraid, then, you're going there very fast, sir. But here are the horses."

We had now reached the first post-town. I gave the postillion two five-franc pieces for the first stage, and told his successor to lose no time in getting the horses harnessed.

"Some foreign prince carrying off a banker's daughter," said the retiring postboy, to the one who took his place, at the same time exhibiting the ten francs which he had just received.

"I forgot to ask about Sens," I remarked to Julia; and then calling out to the postillion, I inquired as to its locality.

"Road to Lyons, sir," was the answer. "With patience and good horses you'll get there before to-morrow morning."

"I thought your aunt was going to Italy?" I observed to Julia.

"So she is. But may she not go to Italy through Lyons?"

"Well, I shouldn't think so; but I don't know."

"I think you might have ascertained that before," suggested Julia, with a gentle pout.

"Postillion! postillion! which is the way to Italy?" I called.

"This is the way, sir. All in good time," was the answer. "There's another road, sir, and then, sir, you know that every road leads to Rome. But they mostly go through Lyons, sir."

"Confound it!" I muttered. "And so we shall be passing through the very place where your aunt is. Where did you write to take the rooms?"

"Hôtel de l'Europe."

"We shall know what to avoid then. A pity you couldn't think where Sens was before. Sens! Sens! As for me I never heard of it."

"I thought I was under your protection, and that you would take the trouble to ascertain where we were going before you started."

"Well, don't cry, my beloved Julia, or I shall think you no longer love me."

"My presence here is a sufficient proof of my affection. Oh! what a lovely landscape," she then exclaimed, pointing to a

valley with a river running through it, and a few cows grazing about here and there.

"Yes, a very fine landscape," I replied; "but not enough cows."

She looked at me and stared. The fact was, I was anxious to stop all sentimental twaddle, because it's not my line, and I don't shine in it; and I therefore thought I had better check this outburst about the landscape as soon as possible.

"Does that scene say nothing to your heart?" she continued.

"Do you see no poetry in that placid valley, in that calm rippling stream?"

I now stopped her for another reason, for I began to think she might take me for an unfeeling brute.

"Yes, it's very beautiful," I replied. "Indeed it reminds me of something I saw at the Diorama, or at the Water-Color Exhibition in London, I forget which. But it's very fine, whichever it was."

After this Julia remained silent for some minutes.

"Do you read much poetry?" she asked, when we had again changed horses.

"Not very much," I answered. "I used to read it at school and write it out too, a hundred lines at a time, when I had been doing anything wrong."

"But I should have thought the study of poetry formed part of your daily life."

"No. In Paris I used to get up as late as I did in London; and then, what with breakfasting at a *café*, riding in the Bois de Boulogne, calling on a few friends, dining, and then going to the opera or one or two balls, I'd enough to do without reading poetry."

"But surely you like poetry. I always thought you adored it," she continued.

"I should like it very well if it weren't for the rhymes; but as for adoring it, I only adore you."

The latter remark was made by way of conciliating the fair Julia, who seemed determined that I should like exactly what she liked—a notion which I thought I might as well destroy as soon as possible. Besides, I don't like poetry at all. I'm not very fond of prose; but as for poetry, I can't read a line.

"You, the image of Ernest de Waldemar, not to like poetry! I thought you loved it?"

"I only love you," I ventured to observe.

"This is the second time you have paid me that compliment," said Julia, impatiently. "Cannot we talk of something else?"

"Well, what shall we talk of? Oh, here we change horses. By-the-bye, you must want breakfast. It's eleven o'clock."

"I could not eat a thing."

"Couldn't you? Well, I feel exceedingly hungry. When do you generally breakfast?"

"At seven; but to-day I am so restless, so agitated, I cannot think of such things."

"Well, to tell the truth, I feel rather peckish," said I, and indeed I did. "I am accustomed to take my meals regularly, and I think I shall breakfast here."

"And if we are being pursued?"

"Oh, who's to pursue us? After you've been with me three hours in a postchaise, after running away from school, it is not very likely any one would object to my marrying you; is it now?"

"That may be, but it's not the way to look at it."

"Will you breakfast at the post-house, sir, or at the hotel?" said the postilion, as he came to the window.

"At the hotel, and the best in the place," was my prompt reply.

"You mean to breakfast?" expostulated Julia, "when you know we may be overtaken at any minute. How could I bear such a scene? The disgrace would kill me."

"But my dearest love," I replied, "I always breakfast at eleven; and I have been up to-day since five."

"Were we not to hurry to Lyons, and be married there instantly on our arrival? Pray, think of me and of my dreadful position, and do not let us have any needless delay."

The notion of calling breakfast a "needless delay," I think was rather good. But as Julia began to cry once more, I bought some bread and cheese, and a bottle of wine at an inn, and just before starting swallowed a large cup of coffee.

I had determined, from the beginning, not to give in to Julia—a good-natured, but at the same time a silly, sentimental girl, who wanted her romantic notions knocked out of her head as soon as possible. However, she did not appreciate my firmness and decision of character, but remained sulking in a corner of the carriage during the whole of the next stage.

Postilions are known to be scoundrels, but I think, on this unfortunate journey of mine, I met with the most extortionate, and at the same time one of the most impertinent, villains that ever was known. At one of the stations I had given a postilion about twenty-five sous, instead of two or three francs, more than he was entitled to claim from me.

"They are not so loving as they were when they started," said the low brute, to one of his companions. "He's actually only given me twenty-five sous."

"Oh," said the other, "what can you expect? some commercial traveller eloping with a ballet girl."

"There! there!" exclaimed Julia, who heard this last remark.

"That's what I meet with through you. Nothing but insults."

"If we had only time to go back," I muttered, "I would break the scoundrel's head."

"Quarrelling would not improve the matter," remarked Julia.

"No; but paying the fellows properly might. I shall pay the next by the legal scale, not a farthing more."

However, at the very next station, I had a row with the scoundrels. I paid them by the legal scale, and you should have seen their looks. To make it better, there were no horses to be had. An English lady had just passed with three travelling carriages, one for herself and her lady's maid, another for her other servants, and a third for her lapdogs.

"My aunt!" whispered Julia, quite pale from fear.

"Well, my love," I replied, almost tired of her nonsense, "she's not running after us, we're running after her; and as the laws of the road will not allow one post-carriage to pass another, there is no fear of our overtaking her."

"But she stops at Sens."

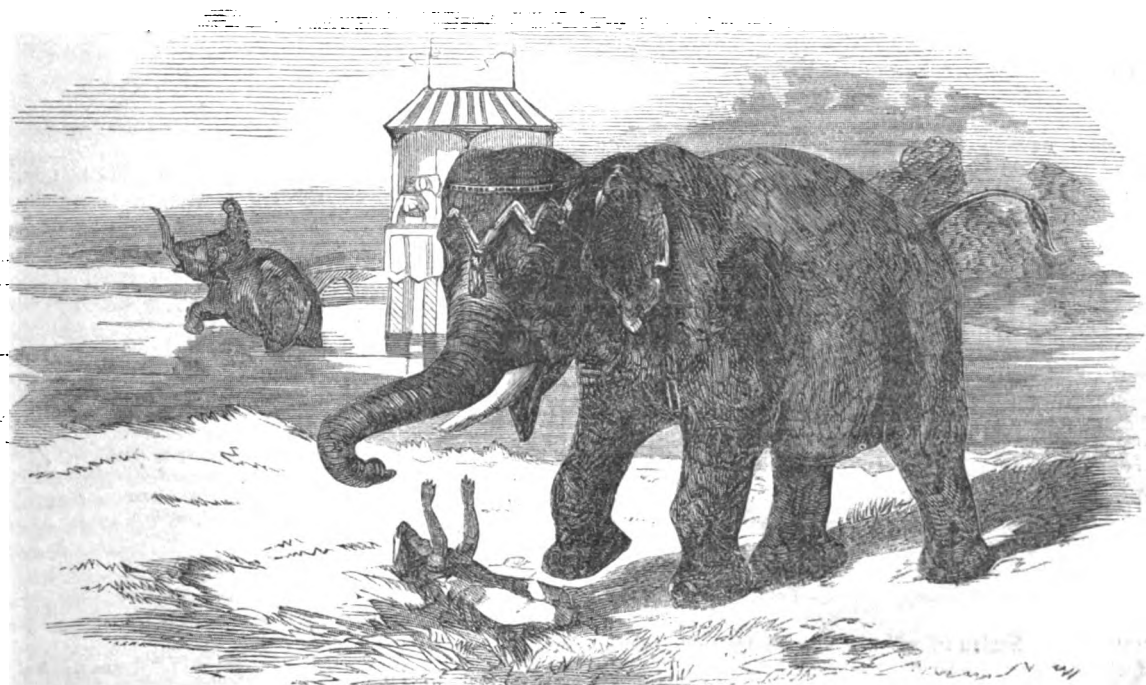
"Well, Sens is not a village. It appears to be a large town. She puts up at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and we can stop and dine at any hotel that happens not to be the Hôtel de l'Europe."

"Dine!" muttered Julia contemptuously, as she threw herself back in the corner of the carriage.

However, I was not going to remain twenty-four hours without a regular meal for the sake of a romantic young school-girl. Of course, I should be able to teach her a little reason after our marriage, but in the meanwhile she was certainly somewhat exacting. Nothing could stop the marriage now, not even her aunt, if her carriage should break down, or any other accident should bring us into collision. After passing Sens, we should not even have to fear this. Her aunt was to sleep there. We were only going to stop there an hour to dine—for I was determined to have my dinner—and the next morn, when the old woman started, we should be eighty or ninety miles ahead.

As Julia seemed seriously grieved, I thought I would try to console her. I began by putting my arm round her waist, or rather by attempting to do so, for she drew herself up quite furiously, and said, with a look of something very like scorn: "Remember your promise, sir; and be good enough not to approach me so closely."

I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. Then I became



DEATH OF THE MAHOUT, OR KREPEL. PAGE 266.

sulky too, but only for a few minutes, after which I amused myself by thinking what I should do with the interest of the sixty thousand pounds.

"I shall live in London," I decided, "in one of the new houses between Knightsbridge and Kensington Gore, overlooking Hyde Park. I shall only want three servants besides my own. Oh, yes—there's the cook, and we must have a good one too, for I shall give a dinner-party once a fortnight at least. With economy, we shall be able to have a place in the country, and shall have enough for a foreign trip every year. And I don't see why I shouldn't go into Parliament too. I can't speak, but if I could manage to get a lucrative place I could receive the salary just as well as any one else."

These agreeable reflections were put an end to by the jerk of the carriage, which suddenly stopped before the post-house of Sens.

"Here we are," said I to Julia.

"Here we are," I repeated, as I had received no reply.

"Oh, my heaven! What is to become of me?" sighed Julia, who had been sleeping, and was as yet scarcely awake.

I was determined to put a stop to all this sort of thing, and said, rather abruptly perhaps:

"Have the kindness to get out. And remember we dine here."

She got out without a word, and entered the hotel. It was the *Hôtel de France*, the *Hôtel de l'Europe* being, as I had ascertained, at the other end of the town.

Julia's eyes looked hollow, and had large black circles round them. She had evidently been crying much, and was quite exhausted.

I really pitied her, and went towards her to speak to her, when she turned away from me, took up a candlestick, and asked one of the servants to show her a room where she could arrange her toilette.

Soon afterwards the servant came down for a pen and ink.

"A pen and ink! what for?" I asked.

"For madame," she replied.

I thought this rather odd, but ordered the dinner without troubling myself about it.

CHAPTER V.

THE soup was getting cold, and still Julia had not returned.

"This shall not take place after we are married," said I to myself, and began eating.

"There you are at last," I exclaimed, as the door opened.

But instead of Julia, an old lady entered.

"You are Mr. —?" she began, mentioning my name.

"Yes, madam."

"I am the aunt of the young lady who accompanied you here in a postchaise," she continued; "Julia missed me by one hour; and it was very kind of you to offer her a place in your carriage. But as people might misinterpret the affair, I beg you will never mention it, and I need not assure you we shall be equally discreet on our side."

"Madam, I do not understand you," I answered.

"Read this letter, then," replied she, giving me a letter which Julia had just sent her by one of the waiters.

The letter was as follows:

"MY DEAR AUNT,—I have behaved very shamefully, but you must pardon me. I left my school this morning with a man whom I thought I loved; but now that I have been a day in his society I detest him. Pray save me before it is too late. Your heart-broken niece, JULIA."

I could not say a word—I was thunderstruck.

"You will not mention this—" said the aunt, with a bow.

"I mention it, madam? I should think not, indeed. A nice fool I should be considered," I reflected.

"Because I have two sons, who are in the army," added the old lady, "and who are very fond of Julia, and I should not like them to hear of it."

"No threats are necessary, madam—I shall not speak of the affair."

"Excuse my having interrupted you," said the old woman; and with a very polite bow, she left me.

Thus ended my elopement, and my first and only attempt to get married on three hundred a-year.

UNA SIESTA.

BY GEORGE FERRY.

I a shorn and shaven sinner,
Yet by sorrow sorely haunted,
For a respite after dinner,
On the fleecy cushions planted;
Near my window, with my feet
There uplifted on the sill;
Where my eyes might range at will
O'er the vistas of the street,—
Where the lofty lindens meet,
And save noon-day's pulsing heat,
Lay the æther clear and still:
I to quell unbidden fancies,
That disturb the life divine,
Bade to bring me glowing pansies
Flung in golden bowls of wine;
Bade to fling upon the fountains
Tossing up their spray and cold,
Blue-leaved asters from the mountains,
Flecked with shining stars of gold;
Snow-bells from the sunless wold;
Red-lipped memories reared and tended
In still lanes by sun and stars;
Dark auroras dreamy, splendid,
Thrid with fiery trails and bars;
Up from stately silver vases
Pearl white lilies lofty rose,
Faint the amaranth's rich graces
Touched and lit their proud repose;
And with airy curl and hurtle
Down the sculptured silver bases,
Fell and hung the dusky myrtle,
Through which peered the fairy faces
Of the ruby mignon rose;
O'er the glowing quaint mosaic
Of the quaintly pictured floor,
Writ with symbols algebræ
Starry signs of mystic lore,
Lay in heaps the lucent laurel,
Ivy, palm and dismal yew,
Fragrant balm and thyme and rue,
True love, fickle roving lorel,
Lime and humble luckless sorrel
Tearful with the night-born dew;
Circe, fern and fever-few,
Lote and hallowed passiflora,
Blue-eyed grass and asphodel,
Regal crocus and zenora,
Sweet madonna and rhodora,
Orange bloom and moschatel;
Almond, musk and lily-bell,
Myriads I could number well,
Myriads that I could not tell,
Whose resplendent, pure emblazure
Of each hue from red to azure,
With the rich and rare perfume
Rose upon the crystal air
Rose and floated, till the room
Filled with this aromal mist,
With this fine ethereal fire
Born of water, wine and bloom,
Pulsed and burned like amethyst
Through the glowing purple seas,
Sailed re-plendent scarabæes;
From their glimmering rapid wings
Rolled the air in flaming rings;
And a carol quick and clear,
Rising from the fiery springs
Of the kindling atmosphere,
Flowed with circling certain motion,
Throwing wide its trancing rings
Through the tremulous swaying room,
Till the throbbing troubled ocean
Waved and shook, and every bloom
Breathed and quivered with emotion.
Then within the gorgeous splendor,
As in sunset skies remote,
Rose a light mysterious, tender,
Like the dreamy beaming lote.
Near it glowed more near and certain,
Fainter fell each rippling note;
Fainter, dimmer seemed the curtain
Of the misty fire to float.
Touched by the quick lightning's finger,
Suddenly it flashed and fell.

Dim-seen forms I scarce could tell,
 With the song's low close and swell,
 Seemed to sway and glide and linger,
 Seemed to float and soar and sail—
 Dim and distant recognitions
 Of celestial apparitions
 Shining through the air's blue veil.

Ah, that I could once regain
 Something of that lost refrain;
 Of those high celestial questions,
 Those inventions, those creations,
 Those transcendent revelations,
 Noble promptings and suggestions,
 Pure seraphic inspirations.

"In the many is but one:

One is all, all is one:
 Soul and life, stone and star,
 High and low, near and far,
 One the seer, seen, unseen,
 All that will be, is, hath been.

Knowing this souls are freed
 From the thrall of thought and deed;

In this wisdom rise above
 Pleasure, pain, hate and love,

Hope and fear, virtue, crime,
 Life and death, self and time;

Through the zone of stars they range;
 Through the shadowy realms of change;

Past the bounds of name and dream
 Into one, the all supreme."

Then the tender roseate shimmer
 Paled with tremulous glow and glimmer,
 And the air grew heavier, dimmer,
 Like a pallid, wan eclipse,
 Like the wane of dying lips.
 Clouds arose and hovered, wandered,
 Swelled and lowered, dashed and sundered;
 Low the muffled æther thundered,
 And I heard a voice from far,
 Like the war-shout and evangel
 Of some proud Promethean angel
 Urging on the faltering war.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA. PAGES 264-5.

The inhabitants of Bengal, and indeed of the whole Indian peninsula, are passionately addicted to the chase and to kindred amusements. Their game—the royal tiger, the ferocious leopard, the gigantic elephant, the bear of the Himalayas—render necessary a courage and an address, as well as peculiar means, which our North American sportsmen do not frequently require. On the vast hunting expeditions which are frequently organized by the rajahs and other native princes who reign under British supervision, days and even weeks are frequently spent in the chase of tigers and elephants, and tamed leopards are habitually used in the pursuit of deer. These cheetahs, as they are called, are equal, if not superior to European hunting dogs, yet the latter are sometimes imported by the princes of India. We remember seeing, some seven years since, the present Maharajah of Nepal, Jung Bahadoor, fondling some enormous Scottish staghounds on board a British man-of-war which was conveying them to Alexandria, and we subsequently learned that the noble beasts did good service in the hunting grounds in the neighborhood of Khatmandu. Jung Bahadoor, however, has recently taken to hunting sepoys under the auspices of Sir Colin Campbell, and he no doubt enters into the amusement with all the zest of a royal sportsman. That he shows little mercy may be judged from the fact of his having murdered his younger brother, with whom we once saw him conversing in fraternal familiarity, immediately on their return to Nepal.

Of the hundred and fifty elephants possessed by the King of Oude, there was one with a broken tusk, that had been victor in a hundred fights. His name was Malleer, and he was a great favorite with the king. His tusk had been broken off bit by bit in several encounters; the elephants rushing against each other with such force as sometimes to snap off a portion or the whole of a tusk. Malleer had lost his, as I have said, gradually. He was a formidable black fellow, very terrible when in that excited

state called *must*. During the visit of the commander-in-chief it was determined that a fitting antagonist should be found for Malleer, and that he should once more make his appearance on the stage as a gladiator. It was fortunately the proper season. Malleer was *must*; and another gigantic elephant, also black, and of course in a similar state, was elected to be his antagonist.

When in this excited state, two male elephants have but to see each other to commence the combat forthwith; there is no incitement required. Each has its own keeper, or *mahout* as he is called, seated on his neck—the only person who can safely approach the animal at such a season. In the mahout's hands, however, even then, the monster is generally docile as a child.

At a signal given by the king, the two elephants advanced from opposite sides, each with his mahout on his neck; Malleer, with his one tusk, looking by no means so formidable as the huge black antagonist whom he was to fight, and who was well furnished with ivory. The moment they caught sight of each other, the two elephants, as if with an instinctive perception of what was expected of them, put their trunks and tails aloft, and shuffled up to each other with considerable speed, after their unwieldy fashion, trumpeting out loudly mutual defiance. This is the ordinary attitude of attack of the elephant. He puts his trunk up perpendicularly, in order that it may be out of harm's way. His tail is similarly raised from excitement. His trumpeting consists of a series of quick blasts, between roars and grunting.

Malleer and his foe rushed at each other impetuously. The sound of their huge heads coming into violent collision might have been heard at the distance of half a mile. This may sound like an exaggeration: it is not so. When the reader only thinks of the bulk of the elephant, the great weight, the momentum acquired by the rapid motion, and then the concussion of two such bodies coming full tilt against each other, he will not be surprised at it. More than once, on such occasions, have I seen one or more tusks snapping short off, and thrown up into the air with the terrible force of the collision.

The first blow struck, both elephants now set themselves vigorously to push against each other with all their might. Mouth to mouth, tusk to tusk, both trunks still elevated in the air perpendicularly, their feet set firmly in massive solidity upon the ground, did they push and push, and shove and shove, not with one resolute, long-continued effort, but with repeated short strokes of their unwieldy forms. The heads were not separated for a moment; but the backs were curving slightly and then becoming straight again in regular succession, as each shove and push was administered. The mahouts, seated on the neck, were not idle the while. They shouted, encouraging each his own warrior, with hearty good-will, almost with frantic energy, using the iron prod, employed in driving them, freely upon the skull. It was a spectacle to make one hold in the breath with earnest gazing—a spectacle to make the blood come fast and thumping through the veins—as the two huge combatants pushed and shoved with all their might vehemently, and as the two mahouts exerted all their powers to encourage them.

It is evident in such a contest, as generally happens with these wild animals, that the stronger combatant gains the victory. Instances do occur in which superior agility causes the weaker to bear off the honors of success; but such instances are rare—in the case of two opposing elephants rarer, perhaps, than with other animals. But what is the end of this pushing? you ask. If the stronger succeed in overthrowing his adversary, the death of the vanquished is the probable result. This sometimes occurs when great violence is used, and the weaker can hardly retreat quick enough. He loses hope and strength together, turns awkwardly to fly, is pushed as he turns, and falls. The end is then soon seen. The victor plunges his tusks without mercy into the side of his foe, as he lies helplessly on the ground, and death follows. If the weaker, by great agility, succeed in turning and running away, a chase is the result, which ends either in the escape of the fugitive, or in his being sorely elaborated by the trunk and galled by the tusks of his antagonist.

But Malleer and his foe are shoving heartily all this time

whilst I am discoursing of other things—ay, and the king of Oude, the British commander-in-chief, and the resident are gazing intently on them from the balcony as they so shove—gazing intently, so that the balcony is absolutely without noise or sound.

At length the redoubted Malleer, one-tusked though he was, began to gain the advantage. The fore leg of his antagonist was raised as if uncertainly, one could not tell whether to advance or retreat, as he still stoutly shoved with all his might. But it was evident very soon that it was not to advance, but to retreat, that the leg was so raised. It had hardly been set down again, when the other was similarly raised and lowered. The mahout of Malleer saw the movement, and knew well what it indicated. He shouted more frantically than ever—almost demoniacally in fact—striking the skull with his iron prong in a wild excited way. But Malleer needed no encouragement. He was too old a warrior not to feel that another victory was about being added to his laurels, and his strength seemed increased by the conviction. He and his mahout together became more and more excited every instant.

At this time they were only a few yards from the banks of the Goonty, a little to the left of our balcony. The retreating elephant gave way step by step, slowly drawing nearer to the river as he did so. At length, with a sudden leap backwards, he tore himself from his antagonist, and threw his unwieldy form down the bank into the river. His mahout clung to the rope over his back, and was soon seen safe and sound on his neck, whilst the elephant swam off to gain the opposite bank. Malleer was furious at this escape of his antagonist. His mahout wanted him to follow, but he would not take to the water. He glared round, wild with fury, to see what he could attack. His mahout, still urging him, with no gentle strokes and with wild shouts, at length lost his balance in his excitement, as Malleer turned savagely about, and fell to the earth! He fell right before the infuriated beast whom he had been rendering more and more wild and ungovernable. We were not left in doubt as to his fate for a moment. We had just time to see that the man had fallen, and was lying on his back, with his limbs disordered, one leg under him and the other stretched helplessly out, whilst both arms were raised aloft, when we saw the huge foot of the elephant placed upon his chest, and heard the bones crackling, as the whole body of the man was crushed into a shapeless mass!

There was hardly time for a cry; the swaying of his form on the elephant's neck—his fall—the sound caused by his striking the elastic turf—the foot placed upon him, and the horrid crushing which followed—all was the work of an instant or two. But this did not sate the enraged animal. Still keeping his foot on the man's chest, he seized one arm with his trunk and tore it from the body. In another moment it was hurling high up in the air, the blood spirting from it as it whirled. It was a horrible sight. The other arm was then seized, and was similarly dealt with.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

With the exception of the hyena, man is the only laughing animal; this, however, by no means implies that hyenas understand fun, and most certainly it is no joke to meet such cachinnatory quadrupeds, although a rifle generally makes the hyena laugh on the wrong side of his mouth. We know men who laugh so much like that Democritus of the quadrupeds that it is scarcely possible to believe them to be human. We need hardly add that for such we do not prepare our monthly budget of wit and humor.

There is a good story told of a counsellor in Cattaraugus county, which is too good to be lost; and as it involves a moral we call the attention of our readers to it. Our own private opinion is, that Mr. X. will hesitate in giving unlimited orders for treats:

Five and twenty years ago, when this Western region was sparsely settled, when the country bar-room was the place of common resort, and before those old fashioned bar-room stories and songs had yielded to the gossip now generally heard in every drinking saloon, there

was a certain set of good-humored, free-and-easy individuals whose custom it was to "foregather at the inn" of old _____, in Ellicottville, Cattaraugus county. Conspicuous among this set was Counsellor G_____, whose rough yet ready wit has spread his fame abroad throughout all that region of country. Another member was a gentleman whom we will call X_____.

These, with others, whiled away many a winter evening, telling stories, smoking the pipe and quaffing mugs of hot flip, a fluid now almost forgotten.

But time separated this jolly company as it does others, and the subsequent history of the counsellor and worthy Mr. X_____ was as adverse as their fortunes. G_____ plodded on with his capias at Ellicottville. X_____ in due time became engaged in respectable duties at Buffalo.

Legal business at distant intervals called lawyer G_____ to Buffalo, and he was of course glad to see his old friend, but X_____ being engrossed in business, or for reasons of his own, had not much time to talk over old times, and, without intending it, probably, gave him the cold shoulder. The man of law noted the indifference, and possessing in wit what the other did in wealth—in readiness what the other did in rhino—determined to ascertain whether X_____ really meant to cut him or not. Meeting him in the street next day he said:

"X_____, my old friend, how do you do?"

"Well, very well, how are you?"

"I say X_____, I've noticed several times lately, that you have rather avoided me than otherwise, and I ain't going to stand any such gammon."

"Why, what?"

"We used to be mighty good friends up in Ellicottville, and I don't know why we shouldn't be here."

"But my dear sir—"

"Oh, it's no use talking; just go in here now, and treat, as you used to."

"Why, I've just had my breakfast, and don't want anything; besides I'm in a hurry to get to my business, but I'll treat you if you like."

"Well, let's go in."

And they entered a small "one-horse grocery," where the cheap nasty was dealt out by the small. X_____ gave a nod to the mixer behind the bar, and said:

"Just give my friend here some beer, and what crackers and cheese he wants, and charge it to me."

Turning to G_____, he remarked, "You must excuse me now. I've a great many things to attend to, and can't stay any longer," after which he left.

"Well, if that isn't cool," says G_____, "then I'm no judge."

Having dispassionately imbibed his beer, he stopped a minute or two to consider.

"I say, barkeeper!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of crackers and cheese?"

"Yes, sir!"

"How much will the cheese weigh?"

"About sixty pounds apiece."

"Full sixty?"

"Sixty, and no mistake."

"Well, just send over to the Farmer's Hotel, where I stop, four of those cheeses and three barrels of crackers, and charge them to Mr. X_____, will you? You heard him say I was to have all the crackers and cheese I wanted?"

"Yes, sir."

"And send them down soon, because I expect my team 'll be there in a little time, and I shall want them all ready."

"Certainly, sir."

The four cheeses and three barrels of crackers were sent down, and in due course of time Mr. X_____ was presented with a bill for the same, which he paid, confessing at the same time that, although rather expensive, the joke was nevertheless a good one. He never afterwards gave the cold shoulder to Counsellor G_____.

We often hear of ladies smuggling their lovers under their crinolines, and not long ago one fair creature barreled up her husband beneath her hoops, and got him through to Niagara without troubling the conductor to take his ticket. We consider this much better than the following:

An amusing affair took place one night lately, as the pleasure-seekers were landing from the Whitehaven steamer after her trip to the Isle of Man. A gentleman with a blooming lady at his side, threading his way through the crowd of passengers, unfortunately excited the suspicion of one of her majesty's custom-house officers, by one side of his coat (the heart side) being very bulky, and symptomatic of hiding something more than true love.

"Have you anything under your coat, sir?" asked the officer.

"Where?"

"There?"

"There? Why, yes I have; but what have you to do with it?"

"I must see it, sir—I am a custom-house officer."

"Well, then, come along to the office, and you shall see what I have in my possession."

Upon entering the building, what was the surprise and disappointment of the officer when the gentleman, with a spasmodic twitch or two, and a good pull, displayed in all its expansive and mysterious glory of crinoline, a lady's petticoat! To tell the public a secret, (which we hope they will strictly keep), the article had got so very wet during the day as to be uncomfortable to the fair wearer, and had consequently been dispensed with, and placed in safe keeping—

the thought never once occurring that it would have to be displayed in the custom-office ere allowed to go home, to satisfy one of her majesty's servants that it was not filled with Manx brandy instead of being saturated with rain water! The gentleman, on leaving the office, was overheard to remark that but for the great quantity and stubborn nature of the "rope," he might have carried it in his hat!

We once heard of a gentleman who got a smart pat on the face for mistaking a lady's name to be a command, for upon being introduced by the mother of a very blooming damsel named Kesiah, he innocently said, "Kiss higher? why I would not think of kissing her at all, ma'am. I am not in the habit of being so rude!"

On one occasion, a hatter named Walter Dibble, called to buy some furs from a manufacturer. For certain reasons he was anxious to play a joke upon him. He sold him several kinds of fur, including "beaver" and "coney." The hatter wanted some "Russia." The manufacturer told him that he had none, but that a Mrs. Wheeler, where he boarded, had several pounds.

"What on earth is a woman doing with Russia?" said the hatter.

The manufacturer could not answer, but assured him that there were one hundred and thirty pounds of old Russia, and a hundred and fifty pounds of young Russia in Mrs. Wheeler's house and under her charge, but whether it was for sale or not he could not say.

Off the hatter started with a view to make the purchase. He knocked at the door. Mrs. Wheeler, the elder, made her appearance.

"I want to get your Russia," said the hatter.

Mrs. Wheeler asked him to walk in and be seated. She of course supposed he had come for her daughter "Russia."

"What do you want of Russia?" asked the old lady.

"To make hats," was the reply.

"To trim hats, I suppose you mean?" responded Mrs. Wheeler.

"No, for the outside of hats," replied the hatter.

"Well, I don't know much about hats," said the old lady, "but I will call my daughter."

Passing into another room, where "Russia" the younger was at work, she informed her that a young man wanted her to make hats. "Oh, he means sister Mary, probably. I suppose he wants some ladies' hats," replied Russia, as she passed into the parlor.

"This is my daughter," said the old lady.

"I want to get your Russia," said he, addressing the young lady.

"I suppose you wish to see my sister Mary; she is our milliner," said the young Russia.

"I wish to see whoever owns the property," said the hatter.

Sister Mary was sent for and soon made her appearance. As soon as she was introduced, the hatter informed her that he wished to buy her "Russia."

"Buy Russia!" exclaimed Mary in surprise; "I don't understand you."

"Your name is Miss Wheeler, I believe," said the hatter, "who was annoyed at the difficulty he met in being understood."

"It is, sir."

"Ah! very well. Is there an old and young Russia in the house?"

"I believe there is," said Mary, surprised at the familiar manner in which he spoke of her mother and sister, both of whom were present.

"What is the price of old Russia per pound?" asked the hatter.

"I believe, sir, that old Russia is not for sale," replied Mary indignantly.

"Well, what do you ask for young Russia?" pursued the hatter.

"Sir!" said Miss Russia the younger, springing to her feet, "do you come here to insult defenceless females? If you do, sir, we will soon call our brother, who is in the garden, and he will punish you as you deserve."

"Ladies!" exclaimed the hatter, in astonishment, "what on earth have I done to offend you? I came here on a business matter. I want to buy some Russia. I was told you had old and young Russia in the house. Indeed this young lady just stated such to be the fact, but she says the old Russia is not for sale. Now, if I can buy the young Russia I want to do so—but if that can't be done, please to say so—and I will trouble you no further."

"Mother, open the door, and let the gentleman pass out; he is undoubtedly crazy," said Miss Mary.

"I certainly shall be if I remain here long," exclaimed the hatter, considerably excited. "I wonder if folks never do business in these parts that you think a man crazy if he attempts such a thing."

"Business! poor man," said Mary, soothingly approaching the door.

"I am not a poor man, madam," replied the hatter. "My name is Walter Dibble; I carry on hatting extensively in Danbury; I came to Grassy Plains to buy fur, and have purchased some beaver and coney, and a 'poor man,' because I want to buy a little 'Russia' to make up an assortment."

The ladies began to open their eyes a little. They saw that Mr. Dibble was quite in earnest, and his explanation threw considerable light on the subject.

"Who sent you here?" asked Mary.

"The owner of the store opposite," was the reply.

"He is a wicked young fellow for making all this trouble," said the old lady. "He has been doing this for a joke," she continued.

"A joke!" exclaimed Dibble, in surprise. "Have you not got any Russia?"

"My name is Jerusha, and so is my daughter's," said Mrs. Wheeler. "and that, I suppose, is what he meant by telling you about old and young Russia."

Mr. Dibble bolted through the doorway without a word of explanation.

It is somewhat amusing to notice how men continually carry out the old sarcasm of

Compounding for sins they are inclined to
By abusing those they have no mind to.

Not that we think that smoking is a sin. We therefore consider our reverend smoker was right in making his pastime a religious duty:

The late Rev. Daniel Isaacs was a great wag and a great smoker. "Ah! there you are," cried a lady, who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again."

"Yes, madam," he coolly replied, "burning it."

"Jack," said a farmer to his boy, who was toasting cheese, "I don't allow that."

"More fool you!" said Jack.

"Why?" asked his master.

"Cause you could eat as much again if you did," was the reply of the clever boy.

We give the next as a most reprehensible method of making ice-cream. We suspect it would be a much better way of disposing of it:

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

PRECOCIOUS LITTLE BOY—"Father, I want you to buy me a gun."

FATHER—"A gun, Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?"

LITTLE BOY—"Oh! I'm going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake likes him better than she does me."

It is not often that burglars and trespassers read great moral lessons to clergymen—although we once heard of a man who forged a cheque in another's name, which was sent back with the remark, "Not sufficient effects," whereupon the forger sent an abusive letter to the man for keeping so mean a sum at his bankers:

A worthy Lancashire incumbent was roused from his sleep at five o'clock in the morning by loud talking at the side of a fishpond in his grounds. His reverence put his night-capped head out of the window, and saw three men standing by the side of his pond.

"What are you doing there?" said he.

"Fishing," said they.

"But you are trespassing on my land; you must go away."

"Go to bed again," was the rejoinder; "your master was not in the habit of sending away poor fishermen."

The good clergyman could, of course, only turn in again.

A schoolmaster wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus:

"Here is an apple; you see it, and therefore know that it is there, but when I place it under this teacup, you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it."

The lads seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the master asked them, "What is faith?" they answered, with one accord,

"An apple under a tea-cup!"

A clergyman catechising the youth of his parish, put the first question in Heidelberg's catechism to a girl.

"What is your only consolation in life and death?"

The poor girl smiled, and no doubt felt very queer, but she did not give an answer. The priest insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "if I must tell, it is the little shoemaker that wears the striped jacket."

A costermonger meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a specimen of an equine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him.

"Ever feed him! come now, that's a good 'un," was the reply; "he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't no time to eat 'em."

BROTHER William was certainly a jewel in his way, and it is a pity that all brides have not such brothers. We do not mean to write an essay on stewpans, but a little more attention to the tin would save a quantity of gold and happiness:

A young lady, on her wedding-day, stood with her bridesmaids beside a table covered with silver plate, admiring her beautiful presents, when a bundle was brought in.

"A present from brother William, I know it is," she exclaimed,

as she took the package. "Yes, the note is in his handwriting. It will be something beautiful." Opens the note and reads as follows: "Dear Sister.—As you seem to have every variety of ornamental presents, I have taken the liberty to send you something useful. It is made of a substantial material, and with very little labor, you can keep it as bright as your best plate." Opens the package, and finds a bright tin stewpan.

When Mrs. Chapone was asked why she was so scrupulous in coming early to church, she replied:

"Because it is no part of my religion to disturb the religion of others."

That will do very well, but we have heard of another reason. The Rev. Joel Winch, recently deceased, was once preaching in a place where many of the parish who lived near the church were in the habit of coming late to meeting. In the course of the week he heard of a woman who lived some two miles from the church, who had sold a cow and a churn, and bought a new dress and bonnet. On Sunday he perceived this woman was among the first who arrived at the meeting, dressed out in her new costume. After he had commenced and had progressed some distance in the services, he was interrupted by the arrival of several persons who lived near the church, and who might have come before. Mr. Winch stopped and addressed the new-comers as follows.

"Are you not ashamed of yourselves to come in at this late hour, and disturb the worship? Here is a woman who has come two miles this morning, with a cow on her back and a churn on her head, and got here in time. You ought to be ashamed."

The following letter was sent by a man to his son at college: "My dear son, I write to send you some new socks, which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds, without my knowledge, and for fear you would not spend it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you are a donkey, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

In the curious book by Rigault, on the quarrel between the ancients and the moderns, a curious anecdote is told of two Roman nobles, who once had a serious quarrel as to the pre-eminence of Tasso over Ariosto. A duel ensued, and the supporter of Ariosto received a mortal wound. The reigning pope visited him when dying. "Ah," cried he, "can it be possible that I am thus cut off in the prime of life on account of Ariosto, whom I never read? Had I read him, I should not have understood him—I am too great a fool." And thus lamenting, he died.

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous lady of old Deacon I—

"Yes, ma'am," replied the deacon; "I've seen them!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the lady; "do tell!"

"Yes," continued the deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room; "I see one now."

"Mercy! mercy on me!" shrieked the lady; "where?"

"There! there!" said the deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours!"

Previous to the advent of each new year, it is customary (a correspondent writes us from the Wear) for the children of the house of Israel to perform their ablutions, for which purpose they resort in large numbers to the public bathing establishments which, thanks to "Lord Morpeth's Act," are now to be found in almost every large town in the kingdom. The manager of an infant establishment, whom we must suppose to have been but imperfectly acquainted with the ceremonial law, was upon one of these occasions somewhat astonished at the extraordinary influx of Hebrew visitors, and inquired of one of them the reason why they came in such large numbers on that particular day. The person interrogated, who, in addition to being a Jew, was *ein Deutcher*, and clipped his English accordingly, answered:

"To-morrow is our New Year's Day, and we come to wash our sins away. We leave dem all in de batt."

"Oh! that's it," returned the manager; "they don't stay long there, then, I call tell you, for we let them all out with the dirty water."

"Vat? vich? vare? let me look!" said the other; and casting a look as quick as lightning at the waste pipe, continued—"Ah! dey be mush too big to go troo dat little hole." This was a poser.

It is only when we are brought to our original nature by some homely story, that we observe how completely we have been educated in the conventional state. There would be nothing more natural, we should suppose, than for a boy to ask a stalwart man to help him in a physical difficulty, but when the boy is driving a donkey laden with coals, and the person asked for assistance is an archdeacon, the whole course of nature is changed, and we recognize the joke:

A small boy, not yet in his teens, had charge of a donkey laden with coals, on a recent day in spring; and in a Midland lane, far

away from any human habitation, the wicked ass threw off his load, a load too heavy for the youngster to replace. He sat down in despair, looking alternately at the sack and the cuddy—the latter (unfeeling brute!) calmly cropping the roadside grass. At last, a horseman hove in sight, and gradually drew nearer and nearer. "Halloa, thee big fellow!" cried the lad to the six-foot archdeacon of —, "I wish thee'dst get off thy 'oss, and give us a lift with this here bag of coals?" The venerable rider had delivered many a charge in his life, but never received such a one as this himself—so brief and so brusque. He was taken aback at first, and drew himself up; but his good nature overcame his offended dignity, and dismounting, he played the part, not of the Levite, but of the Samaritan. The big priest and the small boy tugged and tumbled the sack, and hugged and lifted it, till the coals were fairly in *stern quo*—the archdeacon retiring from his task with blackened hands and soiled necktie. "Well," exclaimed the small boy as his venerable friend remounted his horse, "for such a big chap as thee art, thee's the awkwardest at a bag o' coals I ever seed in all my born days! Come up, Neddy!"

"Mary, is your master at home?"

"No sir, he's out."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, then, he'll come down and tell you himself; perhaps you'll believe him."

"Father, how many days are there in 1858?" said young Hopeful to his paternal ancestor.

"Why, 365, of course," was the reply.

"No there ain't, forty of 'em are *Leet*."

"I'm terribly distressed," said a clergyman of indifferent reputation for sincerity to a rough neighbor, "to hear you swear so."

"Oh, don't let that distress you," said the neighbor, "I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, but neither of us means anything by it."

"Colonel, I wonder, now, if you were ever the gay Lothario they say you were?" "They say! they say! THEY SAY!" Ah, my child, how long are you going to use those dreadful words? Those two little words have done more harm than all others. Never use them, dear. Never use them."

PAPAS who take a pleasure in cultivating the genius of their sons should always avoid teaching them the art of repartee. We all remember when Sheridan threatened to cut his son off with a shilling, the graceless junior retorted with, "You would have to borrow it, then!" Seldom, however, has a son the grace to confess so openly as young Scrope:

When Sir William Scrope was about to charge with his troops at the famous conflict of Edgehill, at the opening ball of the parliamentary campaign with King Charles I., he said to his young scapegrace of a son, "Jack if I should be killed, lad, you will have enough to spend." To which the witty rogue answered, "And, egad, father, if I should be killed you'll have enough to pay."

The Duke of Sussex was at one period a determined angler, and kept a punt at Shepperton for the purpose. Here he was attended by the famous Peter Purdy, who invariably answered "Yes," or "No, your Royal Rodney," to any questions which the duke asked. Peter, on being reminded of the great mistake he thus committed, said that for the life of him he could not help it. He had heard so much of Lord Rodney from his father, who was one of his crew, that he protested he could think of no other name whenever he spoke to a great man.

Mr. Morris, one day, asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You cannot do it with safety," said the adviser; "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

Sir Thomas Coxe finds nothing to abuse except his wife's erinoline and Mrs. Longbow Miles's hoop. "If they have no other advantage," sneered Lady Coxe, "they keep the men at a proper distance; and that's a great blessing." "To the men," growled Sir Thomas.

An accepted lover one day walking in a pretty village in Bedfordshire, with the object of his affections, and describing the ardor of his love, remarked: "How transported I am to have you hanging upon my arm!" "Upon my word," said the lady, "you make us out a very respectable couple, when one is transported, and the other is hanging."

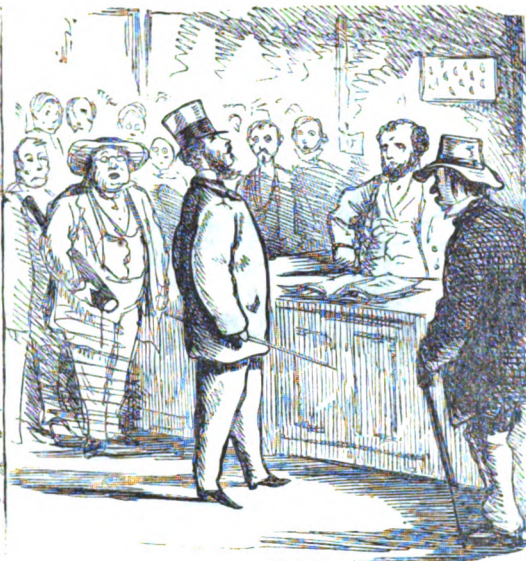
Spurgeon sometimes comes out with a good thing: "Brethren," said he, "if God had referred the Ark to a Committee on Naval Affairs, it's my opinion it wouldn't have been built yet."

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.—The continuation of "Myra, the Gipsy Prophetess," will appear in our next.

MR. SYLVESTER TIP-TOP'S ADVENTURES AT CAPE MAY.



Sylvester Tip-Top decides to visit Cape May.



His immense Airs astonish the Visitors and the Landlord.



He rises early to view the Sea, and finds—a Fog.



Being a Stranger, he fraternizes with the "Called Barber."



He gets a Partner at the "Hop," and fascinates her by his extraordinary Charms of Person, &c.



Sylvester Tip-Top as he appeared while enjoying a Bath with his Beloved.



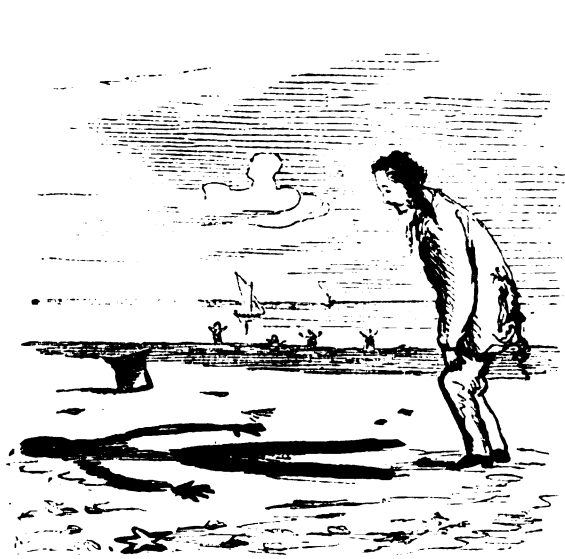
Tip-Top as he appeared while enjoying a Bath with his Beloved.



Sylvester Tip-Top rides with his Love. He feels more confident of her Affection than of his Seat, and wishes he was off



Mr. Tip-Top is off.



He curiously examines his Ambrotype on the Sands.



Sylvester Tip-Top is introduced to the Papa and Mama of his L. amor a.s.



At length he makes up his Mind to Propose.

He asks her to marry him, and she agrees to his Matting with her betrothed Brown (—Oh!)

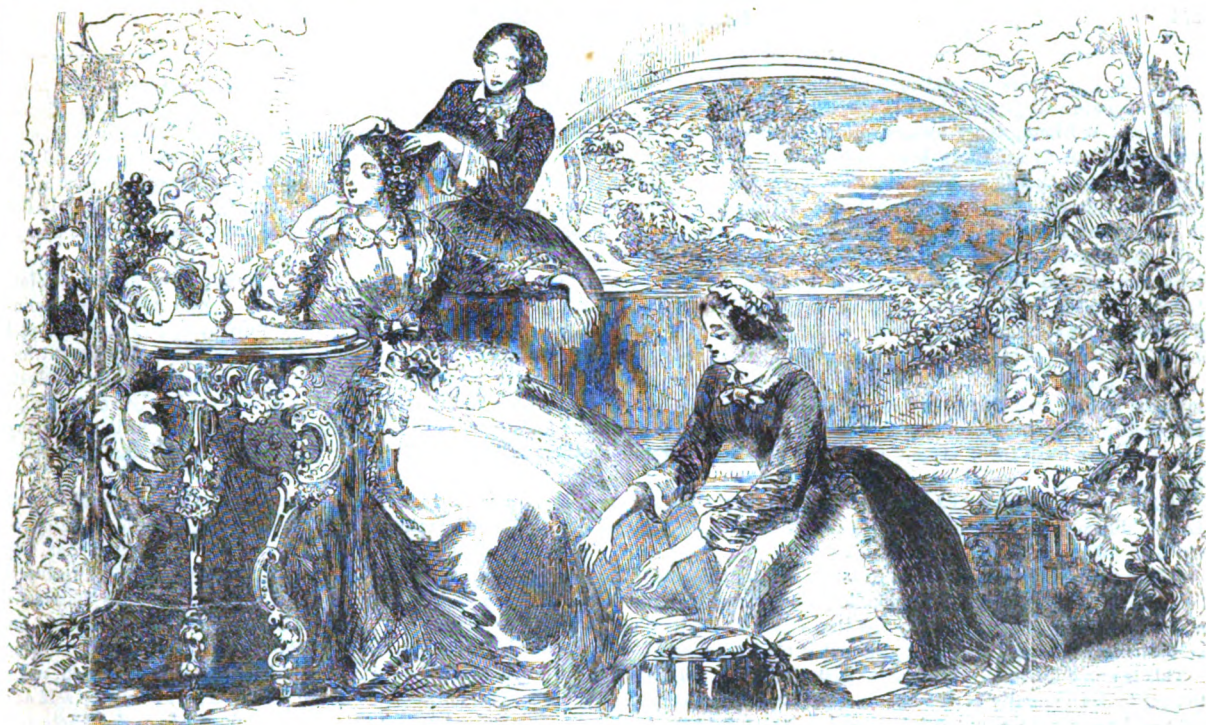
Tip-Top making tracks for the Steam-boat.



FASHION'S FOR SEPTEMBER.

FRANK LESLIE'S FAMILY MAGAZINE 1858.

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FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR SEPTEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

Well, yes, it is pleasant after all to get back in town, to promenade dear old ever-remembered Broadway, to see a change, just a slight change in the appearance of the windows, a rather warmer coloring upon the goods, organdies replaced by silks, tissues by Princess plaids, and even a foreshadowing of winter cashmeres in rich dark colors, which nevertheless seem rather bashful and inclined to sink into the background. And so they may for the present, with this warm sun and bright sky we cannot imagine the frosty groundwork which set these warm tints in such pleasant relief. As yet very few familiar faces are seen, we press through the crowd, and say with a melancholy shake of the head, "Nobody in town." The lady pedestrians have an unaccustomed business look, and wear durable dresses, not at all like the magnificent costumes which sweep the pavement on the "exhibition" days of the season.

We miss also the exquisitely dressed and perfumed gentle-

men who skim the sidewalk with such dainty steps, balancing a glove on the tips of their delicate gemmed fingers, and looking into the face of every lady they meet with a mixture of affectionate interest and impudence which is quite enchanting. The gentlemen we do see are of quite a different stamp, busy, bustling men, with the impress of "day-book" and "ledger" written legibly on their faces, and "long" or "short credit" in every step. Well, this is the time for business people to be at work, and while our friends are whiling away the few last pleasant days of their summer's recreation, we will report progress at home for their benefit.

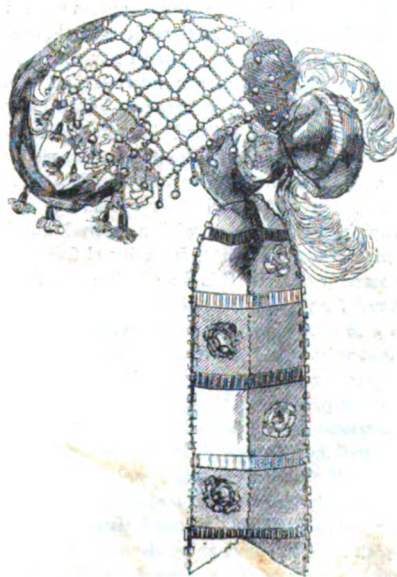
"No more cheap goods an' thou lovest me," said a lively lady friend. "Such a siege as I have had, thought I had laid in stock enough to last five years, and behold, at the end of three months absolutely I've nothing to wear."

"Why, what has become of those cheap flounced bareges which you got at such a bargain?"

"In ribbons, my dear, and unfortunately not a kind that I can make available for trimming fall bonnets."



BONNET. R. T. WILDE. PAGE 284.



HEAD-DRESS R. T. WILDE PAGE 285.

"Well, the chintz organdies that you bought at auction, surely they are still presentable?"

"My dear friend, don't torture me, I must confess I congratulated myself on those lovely organdies as well as that charming lace 'set,' which you know were 'reduced' from eighty to thirty-five dollars. Would you believe it, the green in the organdies, which gave the design such a peculiarly delicate and charming appearance, turned to a dirty yellow, the rose-color washed out entirely, and the remains, assisted by a 'short-gown' of indefinite form and color, may be seen washing down the door steps every morning."

"You don't," said I.

"Yes, I did," said she. Gave it to Bridget, together with my new lace set, which dropped all in holes the first time I attempted to wash it. Never trust such things to servants you know, always wash them myself, so it was not their carelessness."

"One more question and I have done. Your beautiful Maria Louisa blue silk, what has become of that?"

"The unkindest cut of all, it was dyed."

"What! an old light silk dyed to sell? It is not possible."

"Too true, my dear, it was splendidly done though, I must admit that; but after wearing a few times it lost all its gloss and consistency, and I was obliged to cut it up for linings."

This is one out of many similar experiences, and will assist to cure ladies generally of the mania for cheap dry goods. It is a time, however, to stop gossiping, and commence upon facts as we find them in our wanderings.

And first about ribbons and millinery goods in general, the universal impression seems to be that of high colors and striking contrasts as the prevailing styles for the season. At the importing house of S. & J. GORDING, 18 John street, we find as usual a superb assortment of goods of this description. Their stock comprises ribbons, bonnet laces, all the novelties in ruches, flowers, feathers and bonnet velvets, besides numerous minor articles. Some of the advantages of this house are its reliability, its long standing, its moderate prices, and the certainty of obtaining from their long established and unusual facilities the latest novelties in any of their departments.

At this house we saw some exquisite feathers of a new style, and solid colored velvet flowers in branch clusters, the most distinguished style now in vogue. These ribbons comprise many entirely new designs, among which is one called "thunder and lightning," one half being a plain high color, the other a mixed plaid, with bias darts across the plaid, which have a very peculiar and striking effect, and suggests its name. An imperceptible check in mode colors associated with a bright plaid and a stripe of scarlet, is a frequent and very handsome combination. A No. 30 plain taffetas in high colors and with a satin edge is in great demand. Handsome ribbons are very broad, and are barred across with wide stripes of scarlet and black, intermixed with a melange of narrow stripes in drab, blue, white, edged with narrow golden cords.

The ribbons in solid colors are, however, superb. Some in plain velvet with a satin edge, others one-half uncut velvet, and the other rich thick satin; a third class in the most beautiful shades of canary, brown, dark blue and green, with a silk back upon a groundwork of frosted velvet, which had an indescribable effect. Plain taffetas ribbons are found at this house with a narrow fringed edge, or with a colored checkered edge, woven as in the style of those introduced from Paris last season, with a narrow edge of this description sewed on.

We must not forget the beautiful fancy velvets for bonnets, the superb *gris d'Afrique*, the new material in narrow fine stripes of moss velvet and satin, which we presume will become the rage. These are in all colors, dark green, crimson, mauve and canary color preponderating.

At LICHTENSTEIN's also (everybody knows LICHTENSTEIN's) we find a great variety of beautiful goods in ribbons and dress trimmings. The extent of the assortment is absolutely astonishing, and comprises all the styles from the most costly down to the simplest and most unpretending. We noticed particularly their superb variety of sash ribbons for evening dresses just now so fashionable, and which are superior to anything of the kind we have ever seen. They are in five different styles, all very broad and

magnificent in their various shades and textures. The most novel is the plain high colored satin, with an irregular fringed edge. There is also the plain taffetas with the satin edge, and another style in solid colors, one-half of which is satin and the other uncut velvet. Mixed plaids in different designs, some with solid centres, comprise another style; the fine varieties of chené, another; and some splendid brocades, which are always fashionable, the last.

The passion this season, however, seems to be for single colors and plaids, all in bright rich tints, in which scarlet predominates. Plain velvet ribbons are very *distingué*, and are here found in the richest colors, and of the best qualities. The dress trimmings are unusually attractive, rich tasselled fringes, velvet, and jet medallion trimming, the latter exquisitely wrought with the finest beads; silk trimming spotted with chenille, and many others suitable for the plain taffetas and small figured brocade dresses which will be in vogue this season.

But we must look now at dresses themselves, or at least at the supply of materials which every steamer is bringing in greater profusion. To do this we cannot do better than step into UNDELL, PEARSON & LAKE's establishment, 471 Broadway, which has a finer reputation for its silk importations than many of more pretensions. The silks here are always what they are represented, they are never old goods revamped to sell. Owing to the small demand for high-priced goods last season, many superb styles of dress goods are left over, and will be sold at a merely nominal price; this affords a fine chance for those persons to whom a handsome dress is a luxury, to obtain one at half the cost. Some of these are in three flounced robes, and very desirable colors; others, the splendid velvet side stripes, which created such a sensation upon their first introduction.

The newest and most admired styles of silk robes come with two flounces, varieties of the bayadere, or the six and eight quilles placed at intervals all round the skirt. The flounced robes are frequently bordered and sprinkled with a small brocade figuré, the body being entirely plain, with the exception of a trimming to match the skirt. When the bayadere stripes are very wide, the part for the body is either plain or the stripes graduate up until they become narrow upon the waist and sleeves. A new style for evening dresses were uniform in width, which was quite moderate, one-half of the stripe being composed of satin, and the other of uncut velvet, the intersections between the stripes being of plain taffetas. In white or Azof green, these are exceedingly beautiful. We found here some very fine qualities of plain taffetas in the most desirable shades of brown, drab, black and lavender, now in extraordinary demand for dresses with double skirts, which are always trimmed with ruches or quilling of the same material, and are uniform in color.

The small figured brocades in the latest designs and solid colors, now so extensively worn in Paris, have also just been received, and offer a very choice selection to purchasers. The fashionable colors are two shades of brown, the "russet" and "golden," a brilliant sea green (a shade darker than the summer Azof), Napoleon blue, and a rich Italian purple, which is almost deep enough to be maroon. More decided coloring is permitted to these silks than to the plain taffetas, the skirts being made single and plain, and depending mainly upon the rich shade and texture for its quiet yet unquestionable elegance.

At the present time of writing full stocks of fall goods have not yet been opened, but we notice very rich Princess plaids, and some really superb dark all wool delaines, suitable for a cooler season, which seem to be the "lights" rather than the shadows of coming events.

The proprietors of many of our first houses are still in Europe, making preparations for what it is hoped and believed will be a successful season, and we are compelled to defer a notice of the novelties we may expect through their exertions until our next issue. By that time we may hope to have something from Mr. CHARLES STREET, whose splendid establishment is one of the attractions of the city, and also from Mr. GEORGE A. HEARN, who, in accordance with his custom, has devoted his personal superintendence during several months to the selection of all that is most beautiful and rare among the Parisian manufacturers.

By that time we shall hope also to bestow a welcome upon **LORD & TAYLOR**, in their new establishment on Broadway, a central position, and therefore better suited to the extensive and long-established reputation they enjoy, than one however good in an extreme portion of the city.

Hoops seems to be making a considerable amount of progress in the world, notwithstanding the periodical announcement of their decline and fall. They have steadily resisted an almost infinite amount of ridicule and opposition, and are to-day a settled fact, an institution which it would be next to impossible to induce the female sex to relinquish. We cannot indeed remember the time when cords and starch and a multiplicity of skirts, besides various other contrivances, were not resorted to, in order to give the requisite expansion; and were we to relinquish hoops it would be only to fall back upon the old methods, which were an infinity of trouble, often detrimental to health, and never satisfactory.

The dissatisfaction which arises from the use of hoops in some minds, is caused by ignorance of the kind to wear, and how to wear them when they are obtained. Generally, home-manufactured hoops, in which reeds and other stiff and unyielding substances are used, are both disagreeable to wear and exceedingly unbecoming and ungraceful. The best way in obtaining a hooped skirt is to select one of a well-known maker, and be careful to wear two skirts over it, so that no ridge or rim will be visible, as that is very ugly, and completely destroys the illusion of the drapery.

The largest establishment in town (**DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S**), employs, we believe, over eight hundred hands, and turns out upwards of three thousand skirts per day, of seventy different kinds; the latest, the Honiton, is extremely beautiful.

Another hooped skirt has been lately introduced to public notice by Messrs. **W. H. REED & Co.**, the sole manufacturers of the celebrated patent Princess Royal Bridal Skirt, No. 127 Duane street, New York. They have enabled us, by means of a wood cut illustration of the new and celebrated skirt, with accompanying explanations, to lay before our fair readers an account of the steel extension skirt, made entirely by machinery, and by this means producing skirts, each of which is a perfect and beautiful model, unique and graceful, and which, for durability and cheapness, stands alike unequalled. We may safely venture the remark that these gentlemen merit the thanks of the female portion of our readers for the great perfection of the extension skirt, one of the most healthful and graceful articles of wear ever introduced in the world, and which perfection, as exhibited in their popular skirt, will doubtless fix its general use upon the community for many years, numbering the days of the old style of sewed skirts, and bidding defiance to the power of fashion. Besides its beauty and durability, we would refer our lady readers to another new feature in the bridal skirt; by drawing a tape on the inside of the band which passes through the upper loop of the skirt, and where they enter the eyelet in the waist band, the skirt can be taken apart in a few moments, made to suit any adult female of a family, and in the same short space of time be restored to its original beauty, making it an adjustable skirt, entirely new, perfect and unrivalled, with the attachment of an entire new, self-explanatory and life-like bustle, free from all intricate and useless trappings. The great feature of the Princess Royal skirt is its indestructibility from the ordinary use, and its having completely overcome the greatest of all annoyances, that of being so often compelled to renew the sewing in the old style of sewed skirt, where the straps are tacked to the hoop as they pass over them, and which are always wearing and tearing loose, to the great discomfort of the wearer, and leaving a lady oft-times with a half demolished skirt and always with a ragged one. The entire skirt is made without a stitch. The skirt is held together by means of a series of beautiful loops made of India tape, which are held securely to the hoops by means of silvered clasps, and which loops act as so many hinges, accommodating themselves, on the slightest motion of the wearer, to any position, and always naturally falling back into its perfect shape when the body is at rest, and whilst a lady is promenading. In this great achievement in the way of a skirt, one need feel no apprehension of a hoop ever starting from its fastenings,

and putting itself sideways or backwards into some fantastic shape, of which the wearer is often unconscious. Our fair readers may find sure relief from such troubles as these by abandoning the old style of skirt, and becoming the owner of one of the patent Princess Royal looped extension bridal skirts. This skirt, with all its new and valuable improvements, is sold by the trade at the prices of the old style of sewed skirts.

In addition to the ordinary skirts, which contain eleven springs, we should mention a very perfect and beautiful style intended for fine city trade, and containing fourteen springs. It is quite equal in appearance to the most celebrated of the Parisian manufactures, and very much superior in its adjustment and durability.

Of the bustle, that very important article of a lady's dress, we learn that it is made of a very superior quality of sheet steel for this especial purpose, and forms an article capable of carrying gracefully heavy fall or winter garments, and every way far superior for the purpose than the lighter and more brittle article of whalebone or reed. It is the purpose of the proprietors of this beautiful Loop Hinge Skirt to keep it before the public as a standard skirt—the quality never varying—and never to attempt so to cheapen it as to detract from its high character.

We find a general disposition among the manufacturers of the extension skirts, doubtless guided by the taste of the female community, to abandon entirely the use of sewing tapes or webbing to the braiding of steel hoops, and to adopt the machine made Stitchless Skirt, as produced under the patent now used in the manufacture of the Princess Royal Bridal Skirt.

Another valuable skirt is known as Woodward's Patent Columbian Hooped Skirt, and possesses claims of a very superior character upon the notice and regard of the lady portion of the public. The springs are of peculiar construction, and composed of catgut, such as used for harp-strings, wound around very closely with brass wire. The bulk is less than ordinary springs, the expansion perfect, and the pliability so great that they can be turned, twisted or compressed in any direction without any undue extension in another. They are invaluable in travelling or in going into crowded assemblies, as they are susceptible of a graceful arrangement in the smallest possible compass, and upon sitting down allow the dress to fall in natural and easy folds around the person. A slight fault has been the possibility of the springs starting slightly from their fastenings, an accident easily secured if it occurred, but a superior method of clasping attached to all the later productions completely remedies this tendency.

The extraordinary success which has attended the introduction of the Columbian skirt is sufficient proof of its superior qualities, the proprietor being quite unable to supply the demand. They are made up in white and dark muslin, grass-cloth, thick netted lace and crinoline, with flounces, especially adapted to fall city trade. The manufactory is at 196 Fulton street, and the store at 329 Broadway.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the panic, which had so distressing an influence upon business generally, gave an immense impulse to some of the more economical departments. Among these a striking example is found in the splendid Pattern Emporium of Madame DEMOREST, 375 Broadway, who originated her method of cutting and fitting, and has perfected it so as to make it invaluable for its accuracy, its saving of time, labor and money; and by the aid of her complete sets of family patterns, arranged with a degree of minuteness and attention to details almost amusing, and which the merest tyro could not mistake, renders the assistance of the formerly inevitable dressmaker almost useless, that of a fashionable dress maker entirely so.

The simplicity and beauty of this model system, which renders so easy what was once a very arduous part of domestic labor, makes it worthy of rank among the discoveries of the age; every day it is becoming more and more widely appreciated, until at the present time few of the larger cities in the Union but have a branch from the main establishment in New York. It is a marvel to see the wonderful suits of paper costumes trimmed so accurately, and representing so perfectly every article to be found in a family wardrobe from the baby's 'Lib



1. INFANT'S SKIRT. PAGE 285.

to "papa's" dressing-gown. And it is a still greater marvel to see the prices at which these unique specimens of handiwork can be afforded; it is only the extent of the business which could make it pay for one moment.

Persons, however, should be careful, especially when they want to buy patterns, to go to the fountain head at once, or to some establishment known as an authorised branch. The difference in the cut, fit and style of the models issued, and those

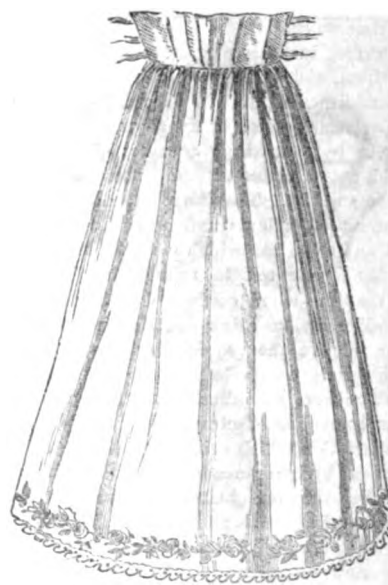


2. SACK CHEMISE.

from bogus establishments, instituted merely to attract transient custom, is incalculable, and always results in disappointment and vexation to the inexperienced purchaser. The multiplicity of details, the changes, the consistent demand for novelties, requires the exercise of extreme judgment and artistic taste; and these qualities in a remarkable degree, combined with thorough practical experience, are brought into successful operation by Madame DEMOREST, who adds to them all an original, creative genius, and a knowledge of the wants of her sex which is al-



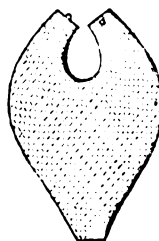
3. BOY'S SHIRT.



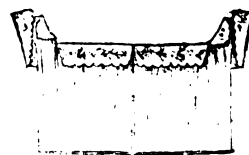
4. CAMERIC SKIRT.

most intuition, and which has been exemplified in her chart and system of dress-cutting.

Among her fall styles of patterns, which are now ready for public inspection, we find a very beautiful opera cloak, which will doubtless become a great favorite. It is of white merino, trimmed with a broad fold of grosgrain satin, headed by a ruche. A very graceful sleeve, plaited at the top, is combined at the back part to the side seam, the front opening to the shoulder. A handsome hood is attached, which can be thrown over the head, and forms a perfect "kiss-me-quick."



5. BABY'S BIB.



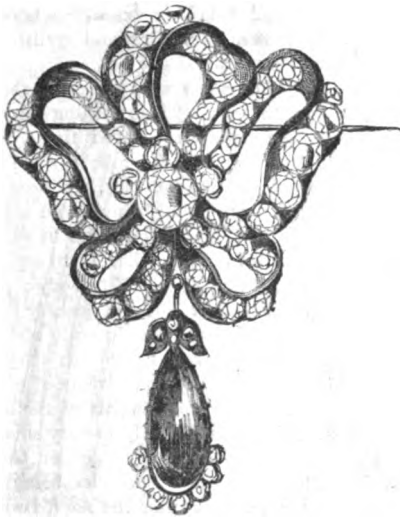
6. INFANT'S SHIRT.

A child's over-dress is also very handsome. It has a basque back, a sacque front and Raglan sleeve, with pretty hood attached. Basques, when worn at all, are made very short. We desire to mention in connection with this establishment, the excellent dressmaking department, presided over by a lady of great skill, taste and experience, and whose prices are brought within the bounds of reason and moderation.

In another place will be found advices received from Paris, respecting mantelets and over-garments for fall wear; at the



7. CHILD'S DRAWERS.



1. BREASTPIN.

early day at which we are compelled to go to press, nothing has been placed on exhibition even in our largest establishments, and we cannot, therefore, speak with accuracy of their particular styles. In our next issue we shall probably present illustrations of the modes in the leading houses. The styles for fall and winter bonnets promise to be exceeding elegant and attrac-



1. BOY'S HAT.

tive. Less profusion in trimming, with more decision and individuality in color, and a peculiarly graceful shape. Every lady will be glad to hear of a change which places them farther upon the head, and gives sufficient room to be perfectly easy and free from all strain upon any particular part. The coquettish droop and retreating sides peculiar to the Marie Stuart



LACE COLLAR.



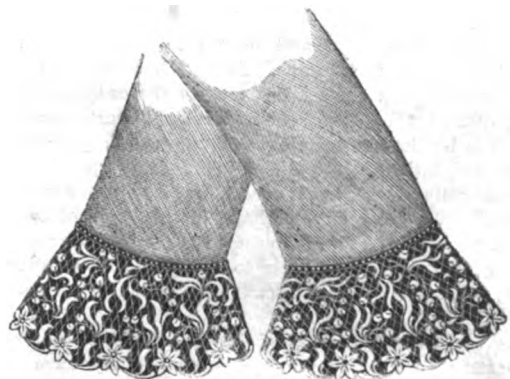
2. CHATELAIN.

are gaining in favor, and will be the general style for full dress hats. Straws with velvet trimming in high colors seem to be the prevailing rage for the season, but for those who adopted this style on its first introduction a change will be required. The demand for high colors is so great as to be almost universal,



2. BOY'S HAT.

and will occasion a return to the plainest modes by those persons who prefer the exclusive to the popular. We find some very beautiful specimens of Belgian straw, Leghorns and chip



LACE SLEEVES.

at Mrs. CRIPP'S BAZAAR, Canal street, ornamented with the quiet elegance and singular felicity peculiar to her styles. The velvet is not put on in broad bands, but in fine folds, relieved by rich black lace and tips of fancy ostrich feathers.

MADAME HARRIS & SON, 571 Broadway, have also some beautiful Parisian hats on exhibition, among which we may mention the Marie Stuart straws, with full crown of taffetas in plaid, white and groseille. We also noticed a fine white crape, bordered with green velvet, and with ornaments of blonde and superb magnolias in green velvet foliage.

R. T. WILDE, 251 Broadway, is, as usual, among the first in the field, and has some charming straws, ornamented with mauve or scarlet velvet and lace, and others with bright variegated chenille, with feather tips. The styles and prices at this popular establishment are too well known to need more than a passing notice.

Mrs. WM. STUMONS, 564 Broadway, has been fortunate in securing some excellent artistes, and with the addition of her imported styles, exhibits some very elegant and distinguished modes. A fine white imperial straw had a crown and border of crimson velvet, shaded with rich white Chantilly lace. A bandeau inside, with a crimson passion flower placed rather high up, and a tuft of marabout just touching the cheek, were the only other ornaments.

CLYDE AND BLACK, 401 Broadway, have imported a very *recherché* assortment of Parisian sun umbrellas, which are not only very useful but extremely beautiful and magically light, and pleasant to carry in the hand; the most delicate lady would feel them no more than the weight of a feather tip. They have also a perfect *bijou* of a sunshade for carriage wear.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

We do not remember a time when fancy dictated the laws in the world of fashion to a greater extent than she does now. The present styles may be properly called "Eclectic," since they offer a combination which is a compound of the past and present, the bright and fanciful, and the most severe in their simplicity.

But little change is noted at present in the texture of goods and styles of making. The month of September is, after all, only an extension of summer, and although a tinge of autumn begins to appear in the deeper tints and the slight additional warmth required in outer garments, yet still the difference is so slight, that we cling to the idea that summer has not yet departed, but is only ripening and perfecting in her beauty.

The charming lace cloaks and mantles, so distinguished and so universally admired this season, will not be thrown aside, but rendered still more becoming and graceful by the novelty of bright-colored linings, which are perfectly distinguishable through the transparent meshes of the lace. These contrasts are now the rage, the more startling the better. Rose-color, green, violet or canary are the favorite shades for the lining silks, and afford a powerful relief to the dress.

Lace cloaks with hoods are extremely imposing lined in this manner, indeed all styles take the round or circular form, and give a wide sweep which takes in the magnificent fulness of the skirts. A very considerable effort has been and is now made to reduce these dimensions, and restore to modern times the straight severity of the antique. As yet, however, it has not been successful. In the ancient models the outlines are too exactly defined, there is no opportunity for disguise or concealment, it is besides unbecoming and ungraceful, there are no flowing undulations to the drapery; all is sharp, clear and mathematically precise, but it does not charm the eye or attract the heart. The very fact, perhaps, of this style of costume being only suited to a few, is to some the greatest argument in its favor; but fashions are now so dependent on a universal verdict, that the suffrage of a small portion establishes nothing in their favor.

Some beautiful new styles of shawls will doubtless form a most attractive novelty for the season. They have solid centres with broad high colored borders, sometimes in bright plaid (which is used in many forms in almost every depart-

ment of the wardrobe), and round corners with a hood attached to the upper part. These are so striking and stylish that they cannot fail to become favorites.

The importations in silks show a very decided change from those of the same time last year. Then nothing was to be seen but flounces, always the same stereotyped three, with occasionally a double skirt or two-flounced robe in some extraordinarily rich design. Now, on the contrary, flounced robes are in the minority, those that are found being in old styles, while the recent manufactures are in fine brocades in solid colors; two-flounced robes in novel designs, that is to say, with rich brocade figures on the skirt and plain taffeta body; plain solid taffetas, which is very much in vogue and greatly admired for early fall wear; and superb bayadere brocade stripes, which graduate in width and become very narrow as they approach the body, upon which also the stripes are reduced to the width which is considered most fitting for this part of the dress.

The designs in brocade are uniformly in very small figures, and very thickly sprinkled so as nearly to cover the ground. They are in solid colors, the favorite shades being Napoleon blue, a brilliant sea-green, darker than the Azof, two shades of brown, and a royal purple, which is very brilliant.

In plain taffetas, the dresses are generally made with double skirts, trimmed with ruches or broad quillings of the same. The colors are black, a russet brown, a fine shade of drab, a deep lavender, and for elderly ladies a rich *jaspé*. Blue and green are not admissible in plain taffetas or double skirts, unless brocaded, and worn for dinner or evening dress.

Bayadere stripes in uncut velvet and satin have a very fine effect, and are superb in white or a brilliant Azof green for evening dresses. Very startling effects are sometimes produced by novel and singular associations.

Very rich white evening robes are ornamented with embroidered foliage of a dusky red, which can only be called brick color. Very rare shades of amber are also associated with crimson and groseille, we have also seen designs which had the effect of finely wrought purple branches strewn upon the pale golden ground. These harsh, heavy shades of red, combined with white, are very trying to the complexion, and generally very unbecoming. They have long been the favorite style of the Italian ladies, whose sallow complexions they render still more saffron-hued, and we cannot believe that they will be generally adopted here.

Ribbons are in very beautiful styles, and in great demand; they are much used for trimming dresses. Very broad sashes are universally worn with youthful evening toilettes. A very stylish ribbon is barred across in broad stripes of scarlet satin, and black taffetas, between which is a fine melange of drab, blue, canary and white. It is at least six inches broad. No. 30 plain ribbons in high colors, with a satin edge, will be much in vogue. Indeed, the present indications are in favor of extreme brilliancy in colors and costumes during the present and coming season, but as this becomes in time very wearisome, we expect to see it mainly confined to the country, which being thinly settled, does not weary of seeing reproductions as soon as the denizens of the metropolis.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

Among the styles for this month we find many remarkable for their beauty and for attractive novelty. The most exquisite mantle is the "Corinne," invented by a distinguished Parisian lady, and remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. It consists of a small point of black taffetas, which just surrounds the sloping shoulders of the fair wearer, and scarcely descends to the waist, even at the extremity of the point. This is exquisitely embroidered with fine jet, so minute as scarcely to be distinguished among the mass of rich silk foliage. A new and lovely shade of canary-colored silk forms the lining, and it is completed by a superb flounce of Chantilly lace, which covers the upper skirt of the purple silk robe.

The bonnet to wear with this costume is of fine Belgian straw, surrounded with a border of purple velvet. The crown is of white taffetas, full, and separated into puffs by a band of

velvet and straw, edged with two rows of narrow blonde, white and black; it is shaded by a fall of fine blonde which touches the curtain, also bordered with velvet and blonde. The only ornament is a large cluster of purple velvet pansies, grained with black and gold, which are placed on one side.

An exquisite dress for these bright September days consists of a pale, almond-colored silk, with a double skirt, trimmed with ribbon of a pure Azof green. With this dress is worn a scarf mantelet of black guipure lace, with two flounces; the scarf part lined with green silk of the same shade as the trimming of the dress. The hat is of white crape, the edge surrounded with two narrow bands or cords of green velvet, with a slight interval between. The crown is full and drooping, with a cord of velvet separating it into puffings, a style extremely fashionable and becoming. Two rows of rich black guipure lace, exquisitely fine, are thrown back, one from the front and the other over the crown, the only other ornament being a white magnolia in a mass of rich green foliage.

Bonnets of fine straw, with a crown of plaid taffetas, puffed, and surmounted with flat bow and ends, are in vogue, and were introduced last season as the Marie Stuart straws. The association of velvet, also in high colors with chip and crape, the novel beauty of which was scarce understood when first imported, is just now beginning to be appreciated, and the demand for this combination is becoming universal.

Some handsome dinner robes have recently been made of plain taffeta, two of which were for a mother and daughter of sixteen. The first was of very handsome black taffetas with a double skirt cut in deep points, and ornamented with a double bias ruche of the same, fringed on the edges. The body was a Raphael, cut very low over the bosom and surrounded by a full ruche, above which was a handsome chemisette. The sleeves were wide, rounded up and open to the shoulder, lined with white satin, and ornamented with ruches, black outside, white satin inside. The second was a fine shade of drab in color, with a double skirt also, surrounded with a broad quilling *à la vielle*. The body is low and plain, straight and round the waist, and has a white silk chemisette inserted in front, which is strapped across by narrow corded bands of silk, edged with Valenciennes lace. The sleeves are simply a round cap slightly full and deepening towards the centre, and rounding up in front of the arm, where they are united by straps of silk and lace like those on the body.

An exquisite morning robe, which forms part of a bridal *trousseau*, must not be neglected. It was of pale ashes of roses, taffetas; the skirt open, and rounding off from the front. The body was high, plain on the shoulder, and gathered into the waist, where it was confined by a cord and tassels. From the throat down each side and extending round the bottom of the skirt was a border of violet silk, plaided with scarlet and black. Medallions of the plaid silk surrounded by a very narrow black blonde were placed at a short distance from the border, commencing at the waist, with intervals of six inches between. The sleeves were wide and flowing, plain at the top and trimmed to correspond. Under skirts to wear with these robes are extremely beautiful and elaborate. Instead of embroidery, lace is now the highest *ton*; a single breadth for the front, however, only is used, enriched with five flounces of lace, Honiton guipure being the most distinguished. Lace evening dresses are again coming in vogue; they are worn with white or colored silk slips beneath them.

PROSPECT OF THE FALL TRADE IN DRY GOODS.

The fall trade has not opened very riskily, but the activity seems to be increasing as the season advances. The heavy failures of last season, and the consequent inability to obtain credit from French manufacturers, has made the importations so far very light, especially in foreign fancy goods, and therefore Southern and Western buyers find little of the right kind of stock in the market. Heavy outstanding debts have also induced the merchants, many of them, to reduce the time of credits to six months, and this is concentrating the entire

Southern jobbing trade in the hands of a few large capitalists, who can afford to give long credits at advanced rates.

Most Southern merchants have been in the habit of obtaining twelve months credit, their principal income being derived from annual exports, so that when they find the time reduced to six and eight months, it is a matter of serious inconvenience, and they are compelled to pay higher rates at large houses, whose immense amount of capital enables them to extend their credit system as much as they desire. It would not be surprising if this should cause the failure of some small houses who will be unable to compete with them.

We annex a paragraph from the *Independent*, which is generally reliable, but do not feel certain as to its accuracy in regard to the reported failure of the silk crop. Probably it is a mere business dodge:

"The business in foreign goods is yet very insignificant, and indicates rather a later commencement of activity than was at first expected. The entries at the Custom House have been large, and mostly of French silk goods, but buyers are yet few. Of the importations a small proportion only is warehoused. The total entries of the week are less than one-half of what they were at this time last year. Next to silks, the entries for consumption are larger of woollens; those of cotton and linen goods are very light. The Southern and Western buyers are selecting woollen goods, and mostly of domestic manufacture. The clothing trade is rather more active for the Southern market. In domestic goods there is a much more favorable turn of activity. Prints, delaines and shawls make the greatest show, and are in large supply and good assortment. Fancy cassimeres are still in active demand, having continued so all through the dull season. The variety of styles is unprecedented. The demand runs on the best qualities only. Inferior designs are neglected. The supply is increasing. Prices are steady. Of shawls there is also a vast variety of new patterns, which are attracting attention. In staple goods there is a fair and steady business at full prices, but all purchases are of limited quantities. There is no disposition to lay in large stocks. Money is scarce in the West, and comes in slowly. There is yet little money moving westward to stimulate purchases. The payment of old indebtedness draws no returns. There are fewer credits given at eight months, and more at six months than has hitherto been the case. The disposition to limit credits, and to compensate for the limitation by an equivalent in prices, is very strong. The number of buyers on here from the country is less than usual at this season. The railroad companies still continue to suffer from a limited passenger as well as goods traffic. Advices from France state that considerable orders are in course of execution for this market. Raw silk has advanced, from an increased demand for goods, and from an apprehended failure of the silk crop of France and Italy this season."

FASHIONABLE AND OPERATIC GOSSIP.

The general impression seems to be that this winter will be a very gay one in New York, making up in some measure for the stupidity and disasters of the last. The opera season promises to open brilliantly, and with much greater variety in singers and management than is usually accorded to even a metropolitan public. The news will bring back some of the wanderers from their summer retreats, but many will still remain until after the golden days of October shall have passed, and the season will not fairly commence until Mr. Ullman appears with the fairylike Piccolomini, who is expected to conquer all hearts with her birdlike warblings.

In the meantime Mr. Strakosch will entertain the strangers in town and those persons whose summer trips are confined to a few weeks at a watering-place, with French and Italian opera at Niblo's, with Madame Colson for the prima donna, and possibly at the same time we may have Maretzek at the Academy with his already known and admired troupe, previous to his departure for Havana, where they treat him better than we do in New York.

These preliminary snatches, however, will only be appetisers before the grand musical banquet comes off, which we hope

will be only one among many features of unusual brilliance and interest during the coming season.

"AIDS TO BEAUTY."

This is the title of a book by Madame LOLA MONTEZ, now in the hands of the publishers, and soon to be issued from the press of DICK & FITZGERALD. It is in the highest degree interesting to every lady, both on account of the mass of curious receipts and interesting information which it contains, and also because of many valuable hints and suggestions, all of the most practical and excellent character, and conveyed in the brilliant conversational style for which the countess is celebrated.

From her wide and varied experience, her intimate acquaintance with the courts of modern Europe, and contact with the most beautiful and intelligent women of the time, no one could be better fitted for imparting this kind of information, and we are glad to be able to present our lady readers with some extracts from advance sheets, which may prove both interesting and useful. The introduction is on the advantage of a beautiful form:

The foundation for a beautiful form must undoubtedly be laid in infancy. That is, nothing should be done at that tender age to obstruct the natural swell and growth of all the parts "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," is quite as true of the body as of the mind. Common sense teaches us that the young fibres ought to be left, unincumbered by obstacles of art, to shoot harmoniously into the shape that nature drew. But this is a business for mothers to attend to.

It is important, however, that the girl should understand, as soon as she comes to the years of discretion, or as soon as she is old enough to realize the importance of beauty to a woman, that she has, to a certain extent, the management of her own form within her power. The first thing to be thought of is health, for there can be no development of beauty in sickly fibres. Plenty of exercise, in the open air, is the great recipe. Exercise, not philosophically and with religious gravity undertaken, but the wild romping activities of a spirited girl who runs up and down as though her veins were full of wine. Everything should be done to give joy and vivacity to the spirits at this age, for nothing so much aids in giving vigor and elasticity to the form as these. A crushed, or sad, or moping spirit, allowed at this tender age, when the shape is forming, is a fatal cause of a flabby and moping body. A bent and stooping form is quite sure to come of a bent and stooping spirit. If you would have



INFANT'S CLOAK. PAGE 286.

the shape "sway gracefully on the firmly poised waist"—if you would see the chest rise and swell in noble and healthy expansion, send out the girl to constant and vigorous exercise in the open air.

And what is good for the girl is good for the woman too. The same attention to the laws of health, and the same pursuit of out-door exercise will help a lady to develop a handsome form until she is twenty or twenty-five years old. "Many a rich lady would give all her fortune to possess the expanded chest and rounded arm of her kitchen girl. Well, she might have had both, by the same amount of exercise and spare living." And she can do much to acquire them even yet.

There have been many instances of sedentary men, of shrunk and sickly forms, with deficient muscle and scraggy arms, who by a change of business to a vigorous out-door exercise acquired fine robust forms, with arms as powerful and muscular as Hercules himself. I knew a young lady, who, at twenty-two years of age, in a great degree overcame the deformity of bad arms. In every other respect she was a most bewitching beauty. But her arms were distressingly thin and scraggy; and she determined at whatever pains, to remedy the evil. She began by a strict adherence to such a strong nutritious diet as was most favorable to the creation of muscle. She walked every day several hours in the open air, and never neglected the constant daily use of the dumb-bells. Thus she kept on, exercising and drilling herself, for two years, when a visible improvement showed itself, in the straightened and expanded chest; and in the fine hard swell of muscle upon the once deformed arms. She had fought,

and she had conquered. Her perseverance was abundantly rewarded. Let the lady, who is ambitious for such charms, be assured that, if she has them not, they can be obtained on no lighter conditions.

But a bright, clear complexion is no less desirable than a fine form, and this Madame Lola thinks is only to be acquired by the practice of three things—temperance, exercise and cleanliness. She thus discourses of late hours and high living:

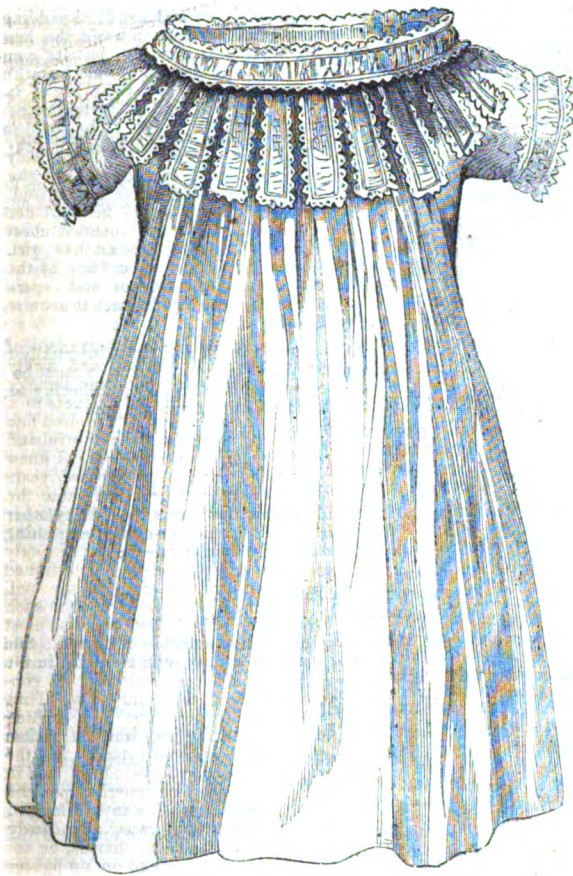
A young lady, were she as fair as Hebe, as charming as Venus herself, would soon destroy it all by too high living and late hours. "Take the ordinary fare of a fashionable woman, and you have a style of living which is sufficient to destroy the greatest beauty. It is not the quantity so much as the quality of the dishes that produces the mischief. Take, for instance, only strong coffee and hot bread and butter, and you have a diet which is most destructive to beauty. The heated grease, long indulged in, is sure to derange the stomach, and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually overspreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal comes the long fast from nine in the morning till five or six in the afternoon, when dinner is served, and the half-famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with peppered soups, fish, roast, boiled,



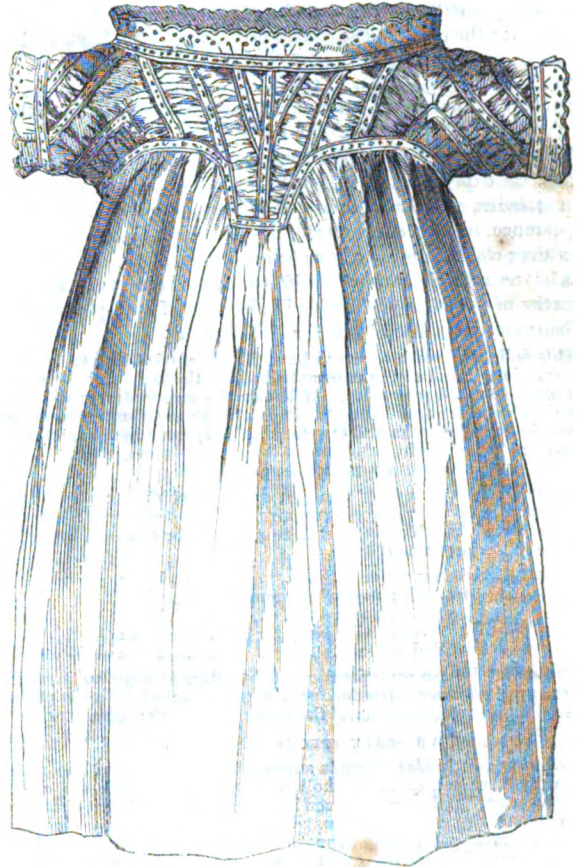
1. BONNET. PAGE 286.



2. BONNET. PAGE 286.



1. CHEMISE. PAGE 286.



2. CHEMISE. PAGE 286.

broiled, and fried meat; game, ts, sweetmeats, ices, fruits, &c., &c., &c. How must the constitution suffer in trying to digest this *mélange*! How does the heated complexion bear witness to the combustion within! Let the fashionable lady keep up this habit, and add the other one of late hours, and her own looking-glass will tell her that 'we all do fade as the leaf.' The firm texture of the rounded form gives way to a flabby softness, or yields to a scraggy leanness, or shapeless fate. The once fair skin assumes a pallid rigidity or bloated redness, which the deluded victim would still regard as the roses of health and beauty. And when she at last becomes aware of her condition, to repair the ravages she flies to padding, to give shape where there is none; to stays, to compress into form the swelling chaos of flesh; and to paints, to rectify the dingy complexion. But vain are all these attempts. No; if dissipation, late hours and immoderation have once wrecked the fair vessel of female charms, it is not in the power of Esculapius himself to right the shattered bark, and make it ride the sea in gallant trim again."

Of habits which destroy the complexion, the fair authoress says:

There are many disorders of the skin which are induced by culpable ignorance, and which owe their origin entirely to circumstances connected with fashion or habit. The frequent and sudden changes in this country from heat to cold, by abruptly exciting or repressing the secretions of the skin, roughen its texture, injure its hue, and often deform it with unseemly eruptions. And many of the fashions of dressing the head are still more inimical to the complexion than the climate. The habit the ladies have of going into the open air without a bonnet, and often without a veil, is a ruinous one for the skin. Indeed, the fashion of the ladies' bonnets, which only cover a few inches of the back of the head, is a great tax upon the beauty of the complexion. In this climate, especially, the head and

face need protection from the atmosphere. Not only a woman's beauty, but her health requires that she should never step into the open air, particularly in autumnal evenings, without a sufficient covering to her head. And if she regards the beauty of her complexion, she must never go out into the hot sun without her veil.

The custom, common among ladies, of drying the perspiration from their faces by powdering, or of cooling them when they are hot, from exposure to the sun or dancing, by washing with cold water, is most destructive to the complexion, and not unfrequently spreads a humor over the face which renders it hideous for ever. A little common sense ought to teach a woman that, when she is overheated she ought to allow herself to cool gradually; and, by all means, to avoid going into the air, or allowing a draught through an open door,

or window, to blow upon her while she is thus heated. If she will not attend to these rules, she will be fortunate, saying nothing about her beauty, if her life does not pay the penalty of her thoughtlessness.

Ladies ought also to know that excessive heat is as bad as excessive cold for the complexion, and often causes distempers of the skin, which are difficult of cure. Look at the rough and dingy face of the desert-wandering gipsy, and you behold the effect of exposure to alternate heats and colds.

To remedy the rigidity of the muscles of the face, and to cure any roughness which may be induced by daily exposure, the following wash may be applied with almost certain relief:

Mix two parts of white brandy with one part of rose-water, and wash the face with it night and morning.

The brandy keeps up a gentle action of the skin, which is so essential to its healthy appearance, also thoroughly cleanses the surface, while the rose-water counteracts the drying nature of the brandy, and leaves the skin in a natural, soft and flexible state.

The following is the receipt for the paste by the use of which Madame Vestris is said to have preserved

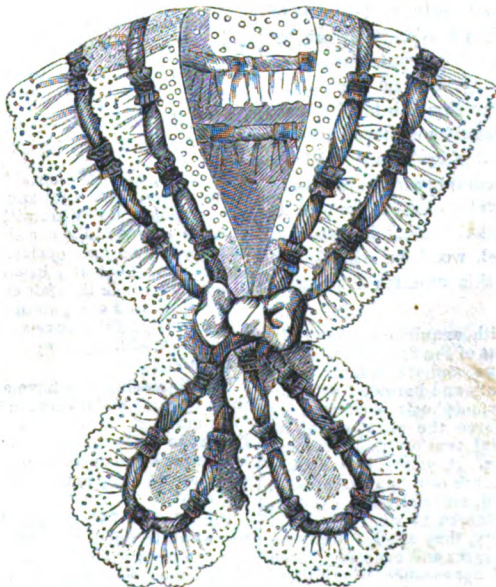


FIGURE. PAGE 286.

her beauty until very late in life. It is applied to the face on retiring for the night. The receipt was given by Madame Vestris to the countess :

The whites of four eggs boiled in rose-water, half an ounce of alum, half an ounce of oil of sweet almonds; beat the whole together till it assumes the consistence of a paste.

There are some very severe remarks on the use of vinegar, chalk, slate pencils and all such trash, by the use of which young ladies sometimes hope to acquire a pale and interesting appearance, but which inevitably destroys both their health and whatever claim they may have to good looks.

A "remarkable wash," said to have been used by the beauties of the Court of Charles II., is made of a simple tincture of benzoin precipitated by water. We quote :

This delightful wash seems to have the effect of calling the purple stream of the blood to the external fibres of the face, and gives the cheeks a beautiful rosy color. If left on the face to dry, it will render the skin clear and brilliant. It is also an excellent remedy for spots, freckles, pimples and eruptions, if they have not been of long standing.

TO REMOVE PIMPLES.

There are many kinds of pimples, some of which partake almost of the nature of ulcers, which require medical treatment; but the small red pimple, which is most common, may be removed by applying the following twice a day :

Sulphur water	1 oz.
Acetated liquor of ammonia	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Liquor of potassa	1 gr.
White wine vinegar	$\frac{2}{3}$ oz.
Distilled water	2 oz.

These pimples are sometimes cured by frequent washing in warm water, and prolonged friction with a coarse towel. The cause of these pimples is obstruction of the skin and imperfect circulation.

TO REMOVE BLACK SPECKS OR "FLESHWORMS."

Sometimes little black specks appear about the base of the nose, or on the forehead, or in the hollow of the chin, which are called "fleshworms," and are occasioned by coagulated lymph that obstructs the pores of the skin. They may be squeezed out by pressing the skin, and ignorant people suppose them to be little worms. They are permanently removed by washing with warm water, and severe friction with a towel, and then applying a little of the following preparation :

Liquor of potassa	1 oz.
Cologne	2 oz.
White brandy	4 oz.

The warm water and friction alone are sometimes sufficient.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.

The most celebrated compound ever used for the removal of freckles was called "Unction de Maintenon," after the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, mistress and wife of Louis XIV. It is made as follows :

Venice soap	1 oz.
Lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Oil of bitter almonds	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Deliquated oil of tartar	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.
Oil of rhodium	3 drops.

A finely formed bust is so essential to beauty, and a want of natural development so nearly approaches a calamity, that we may be pardoned in these days, when artificial contrivances for remedying the defect are exhibited in every store on our principal thoroughfares, for extracting some excellent hints which we find on this subject, one not usually discussed by modern authors, and concerning which an amazing amount of ignorance and false modesty prevails. The habit of tightly compressing this part of the body must be exceedingly detrimental to health, as well as beauty, and the constant pressure against this most delicate and susceptible organ of bands of iron, steel, wood, or whalebone, seems little less than barbarous. Of this unnatural practice madame says :

The bosom, which nature has formed with exquisite symmetry in itself, and admirable adaptation to the parts of the figure to which it is united, is often transformed into a shape, and transplanted to a place, which deprive it of its original beauty and harmony with the rest of the person. This deforming metamorphosis is effected by means of stiff stays, or corsets, which force the part out of its natural position, and destroy the natural tension and firmness in which so much of its beauty consists. A young lady should be instructed that she is not to allow even her own hand to press it too roughly. But, above all things, to avoid, especially when young, the constant pressure of such hard substances as whalebone and steel; for, besides the destruction to beauty, they are liable to produce all the terrible consequences of abscesses and cancers. Even the padding which ladies use to give a full appearance, where there is a deficient bosom, is sure, in a little time, to entirely destroy all the natural beauty of the parts. As soon as it becomes apparent that the bosom lacks the rounded fullness due to the rest of her

form, instead of trying to repair the deficiency with artificial padding, it should be clothed as loosely as possible, so as to avoid the least artificial pressure. Not only its growth is stopped, but its complexion is spoiled by these tricks. Let the growth of this beautiful part be left as unconfined as the young cedar, or as the lily of the field. And for that reason the bodice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations of the shape. The artificial india-rubber bosoms are not only ridiculous contrivances, but they are absolutely ruinous to the beauty of the part.

The following preparation, very softly rubbed upon the bosom for five or ten minutes, two or three times a day, has been used with success to promote its growth :

Tincture of myrrh	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Pimpernel water	4 oz.
Elder-flower water	4 oz.
Musk	1 gr.
Rectified spirits of wine	6 oz.

I have known ladies to take a preparation of iodyne internally to remedy a too large development of the bosom. But this must be a dangerous experiment for the general health. The following external application has been recommended for this purpose :

Strong essence of mint	1 oz.
Iodine of zinc	2 gr.
Aromatic vinegar	2 gr.
Essence of cedrat	10 drops.

If, from sickness, or any other cause, the bosom has lost its beauty by becoming soft, the following wash, applied as gently as possible morning and night, will have a most beneficial effect :

Alum water	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Strong camomile water	1 oz.
White brandy	2 oz.

If the whole body is not afflicted with a general decay and flabbiness, the use of this wash for a month or two will be quite sure to produce the happiest effects.

Every one understands the charm of a beautiful mouth, although few stop to analyse the secret of its peculiar attraction. Still, when we say that a certain person has a "sweet mouth," it is the expression of the feature which is understood, and therefore we agree with our authoress when she says, that it is the sentiment or emotion which lingers round the mouth which constitutes much of its beauty; and also :

If a lady is anxious to have her mouth look particularly charming for some particular occasion, she will do well to fill her thoughts with some very delightful subject. And let her not forget that the muscles of the mouth and face are, like the rest of human nature, "creatures of habit;" and long use in the language of amiability and happiness, gives that expressive organ its greatest charm.

A good deal of hearty and well-deserved disgust is expressed at the idea of "painted lips," which all persons detect, and shrink in horror from. Where a good state of health does not bring with it the advantage of "cherry lips," the tincture of benzoin, recommended as a wash for the face in a preceding paragraph, is said to be beneficial. Washing the teeth with cold water after every meal is "indispensable" to a clean mouth, and for a tooth powder, a simple mixture of charcoal and cream of tartar is "excellent."

The chapter on beautiful eyes is admirable, and we recommend it to all who, not content with what nature has done, try in a thousand ways to heighten natural beauty, or remedy natural defects, generally succeeding only in making themselves the laughing-stock of their friends; but can only make room for the following extracts :

There is, almost invariably, a lovely harmony between the color of the eyes and its fringes and the complexion of a woman, which cannot be broken up by art without an insult to nature. The fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eyebrows and eyelashes. The delicacy of one feature is preserved, in effect and beauty, by the corresponding softness of the other. But take this fair creature, and draw a black line over her softly tinted eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and how frightfully have you mutilated nature! On the other hand, a brunette with light eyebrows, would be a caricature of a beautiful woman.

The Spanish ladies have a custom of squeezing orange juice into their eyes, to make them brilliant. The operation is a little painful for a moment, but there is no doubt that it does cleanse the eye, and impart to it, temporarily, a remarkable brightness. But the best recipe for bright eyes is to keep good hours. Just enough regular and natural sleep is the great enkindler of "woman's most charming light."

And, before I close this chapter, let me warn ladies against the use of white veils. Scarcely anything can strain and jade and injure the eye more than this practice. There is reason to believe that the sight sometimes becomes permanently injured by them.

It is within the power of almost every lady to have long and strong eyelashes by simply clipping, with scissors, the points of the hair once in five or six weeks.

The effect of a beautiful hand, and the importance attached to it by the Spanish ladies, who resort to all sorts of tricks to increase its purity and delicacy, occupies one chapter, and there is also one on a "Beautiful Foot and Ankle," from which we extract the following:

The pains which some nations take to insure a small foot amounts to a torture which ought to be called by no other name than that of the art of deforming. In China, especially, this thing is carried to such an extent that the women's feet are entirely spoiled. In Spain, however, the art is practised with astonishing success in causing beautifully small feet. I have known ladies there, who were past twenty years of age, to sleep every night with bandages on their feet and ankles drawn as tight as they could be and not stop the circulation. There is nothing that a Spanish beauty is more proud of than a small and beautiful foot and ankle, and nowhere do you find more of those charms than in Spain.

A great cause of thick ankles among women of the cities, who are fashionably and genteelly brought up, is a want of exercise and sitting indolently in over-heated rooms. Such habits are quite sure to produce slight swellings of the ankles, and cause a chronic flabbiness of the muscles. You might as well expect to see a rose-bush spring, bud and bloom, in a closely-pent oven, as to anticipate fine and healthy proportions from a long continuance of such habits. Let every lady be assured that there is no part of her body which will suffer more from want of proper exercise than her feet and ankles.

But woman's chief art, in making the most out of this portion of her charms, must consist in properly and tastefully dressing them. Let her start with the maxim that she had better wear a bad bonnet, than a bad shoe. An ill-fitting dress, than a loose and soiled stocking.

The celebrated Madame Vestris used to have her white satin boots sewed on her feet every morning, in order that they should perfectly fit the exquisite shape of her foot. Of course, they had to be ripped off at night, and the same pair could never be worn but once. This famous beauty rejoiced in the reputation of having the handsomest foot of any woman in the world, and it was said that she made more conquests with her feet than with her face, beautiful as it was.

If a lady has not a naturally beautiful foot, her care is directed to the means of preventing attention from being called to it. For this reason, she dresses it as neatly, but as soberly as possible. Her hope is in a plain black shoe, and she especially eschews all gay colors and all ornaments, which would be sure to attract the eye to a spot of which she cannot be proud. Indeed, bright-colored shoes are in bad taste for anybody, except on certain brilliant occasions, where fancy dresses are worn.

Above all things, every lady of taste avoids an ornamented stocking. Stockings with open-weave, ornamented insteps denote a vulgar taste, and, instead of displaying a fine proportion, confuse the contour of a pretty foot. But, where the ankle is rather large, or square, a pretty, unobtrusive net clock, of the same color as the stocking, will be a useful device, and induce the beholder to believe in the perfect symmetry of the parts.

Though a woman is to be fully conscious of the charm of a pretty foot and ankle, yet she must not seem to be so. Nothing will draw the laugh on her so quick as a manifestly designed exhibition of these parts. It is, no doubt, a very difficult thing for a lady who has a fine foot to keep it from creeping forth into sight beneath the dress; but, let her be sure that the charm is gone the moment the beholder detects it is done designedly. If men are not modest themselves, they will never forgive a woman if she is not.

Great but not undue importance is attached to the possession of a sweet musical voice, and proficiency in the art of conversation. This faculty so neglected among our countrywomen is cultivated to its utmost extent in the society of modern Europe, and does much towards sustaining that power of attraction and fascination which is found among European ladies at a late period in life. Of a lady whom she knew, Madame Lola says:

Indeed, one of the most fascinating women I ever knew had scarcely any other charm to recommend her. She was a young countess in Berlin, who had dull eyes, a rough skin, with dingy complexion, coarse, dull hair, and a dumphy form. But she had an exquisite voice, which charmed everybody who heard it. Ugly as she was, she was called "the siren," from the fascinating sweetness of her voice. And with an infallible instinct that she had but a single charm, she had cultivated that until she had brought it to the utmost perfection. Words fell like charmed music from her lips. And then, besides the discipline she had given her voice, she had made herself master of the art of conversation. In this respect every woman's education is sadly neglected. Had I a daughter, the first thing I should teach her, in the way of artificial accomplishments, would be, that to converse charmingly is a far greater compliment to a lady than music and dancing.

Much space is devoted to that crowning ornament of woman—a beautiful head of hair—and strict injunctions are given not to use any patent nostrums or quack compounds affecting the hair. The following is applicable to persons afflicted with baldness:

It is well known that Barthelemy Dupuytren obtained a world-wide fame for a pomade which he applied. A celebrated physician in thousands of cases where it was applied. A celebrated physician in London gave to an intimate friend of mine the following recipe, which

he assured her was really the famous pomade of Baron Dupuytren. My friend found such advantage in its use that I was induced to copy it, and add it to my cabinet of curious recipes:

Boxwood shavings	6 oz.
Proof spirit	12 oz.
Spirits of rosemary	2 oz.
Spirits of nutmegs	½ oz.

The boxwood shavings should be left to steep in the spirits, at a temperature of sixty degrees, for fourteen days, and then the liquid should be strained off, and the other ingredients mixed. The scalp to be thoroughly washed, or rubbed with this every night and morning.

A vulgar notion prevails that shaving the head once or twice is a good thing to overcome the tendency towards falling hair. But it is a fatal error, which stands a fair chance of producing incurable baldness; as the hair is apt to be killed by being cut so near the roots. I knew a beautiful lady at Madrid who suffered in this way. I advise everybody who has weak hair to avoid wearing nightcaps, and to adopt in their place a net-cap, with coarse meshes, which will allow the heat of the head to pass freely off.

There is no greater mistake than the profuse use of greases for the purpose of softening the hair. They obstruct the pores, the free action of which is so necessary for the health of the hair. No substance should be employed which cannot be readily absorbed by the vessels. These preparations make the hair dry and harsh, unless perpetually loaded with an offensive and disgusting amount of grease.

There was a celebrated beauty at Munich who had one of the handsomest heads of hair I ever beheld, and she used regularly to wash her head every morning with the following:

Beat up the white of four eggs into a froth, and rub that thoroughly in close to the roots of the hair. Leave it to dry on. Then wash the head and hair clean with a mixture of equal parts of rum and rose-water.

This will be found one of the best cleansers and brighteners of the hair that was ever used.

There is a celebrated wash called "Honey Water," known to fashionable ladies all over Europe, which is made as follows:

Essence of ambergris	1 dr.
" musk	1 dr.
" bergamot	2 drs.
Oil of cloves	15 drops.
Orange-flower water	4 oz.
Spirits of wine	5 oz.
Distilled water	4 oz.

All these ingredients should be mixed together, and left about fourteen days, then the whole to be filtered through porous paper, and bottled for use.

This is a good hair-wash and an excellent perfume.

But let the man or woman who is ambitious to have handsome hair, forget not that frequent and thorough brushing is worth all the oils and pomades that were ever invented.

TO PREVENT HAIR FROM TURNING GRAY.

An old and retired actress whom I had met at Gibraltar, and who had a fine head of hair, far better preserved than the rest of her charms, was confident that she had ward off the approach of gray hair by using the following preparation whenever she dressed her head:

Oxide of bismuth	4 drs.
Spermaceti	4 drs.
Pure hog's lard	4 oz.

The lard and spermaceti should be melted together, and when they begin to cool stir in the bismuth. It may be perfumed to your liking.

HOW TO COLOR GRAY HAIR.

A great many compounds, which are of a character most destructive to the hair, are sold in the shape of hair-dyes, against which ladies cannot be too frequently warned. These, for the most part, are composed of such things as poisonous mineral acids, nitrate and oxide of silver, caustic alkalis, lime, litharge and arsenic. The way these color the hair is simply by burning it, and they are very liable to produce a disease of the hair which increases tenfold the speed of growing gray. One patent hair-dye was proved on analysis to be a preparation of phosphoretted ammonia, a most filthy ingredient, which, besides its villainous smell, would cause immediate suffocation if inhaled by the lungs. All these patent compounds rot the hair; they do no greater mischief.

An apothecary and chemist at Lisbon gave a charming Parisian lady, my acquaintance, whose hair was turning gray on one side of her head after a severe sickness, a recipe for a hair-dye which proved of astonishing efficacy in coloring the faded hair a beautiful and natural black. The following is the recipe for making it:

Gallic acid	10 grs.
Acetic acid	1 oz.
Tincture of sesqui-chloride of iron	1 oz.

Dissolve the gallic acid in the tincture of sesqui-chloride of iron, and then add the acetic acid. Before using this preparation, the hair should be thoroughly washed with soap and water. A great and desirable peculiarity of this dye is, that it can be so applied as to color the hair either black or the lighter shade of brown. If black is the color desired, the preparation should be applied while the hair is moist, and for brown it should not be used till the hair is perfectly dry. The way to apply the compound is to dip the points of a fine tooth comb into it until the interstices are filled with the fluid, then gently draw the comb through the hair, commencing at the roots, till the dye has perceptibly taken effect. When the hair is entirely dry, oil and brush it as usual.

Washing the hair even with cold water and leaving it to dry in curls, as is the custom of some, after the example of Lord Byron, renders it harsh and coarse. Whenever the hair is washed it should be thoroughly dried with towels, and then be well brushed.

The exquisite taste in dress exhibited by the Countess of Landsfeldt is universally conceded, so we cannot do less than insert the following strictures upon dress:

The first thing to be done in instructing a woman to dress well, is to impress upon her that profusion is not grace. A lady may empty a merchant's counter upon her person, and yet produce no other effect than to give herself the appearance of a porter's baggage-wagon, loaded with all manner of trinkets.

Well chosen dress so harmonizes with the figure and the general natural style of the lady as to leave the dress itself measurably unobserved. The object of dress should be to show off an elegant woman, and not an elegantly dressed woman. And therefore, in simplicity, and a certain adaptation to your figure and complexion, all the secret of good dressing lies.

But as beauty of form and complexion varies in different women, and is still more various in different ages, so the styles in dress should assume characters corresponding with all these circumstances. Women may take a lesson on dress from the garments which nature puts on at the various seasons of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, and the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth, the light and transparent robes of brilliant colors may adorn "the limbs of beauty." Especially if the maid possess the airy form of Hebe, a lightly flowing drapery is best suited to show the loveliness of her charms. This simple garb leaves to beauty all her empire. Let no furbelows, no heavy ornaments, load the figure or distract the attention in its admiration of the lovely outlines.

The young woman of graver mien and more majestic form, should select her apparel with reference to her different style of beauty. Her robes should always be long, and more ample than those of her gayer sister. Their substance should be thicker and of a more sober color. White is considered becoming to all characters; but when colors are to be worn, the lady of majestic style should choose the fuller shades of purple, crimson, scarlet or black.

The best school to teach a woman taste in dress is the Pantheon of ancient Rome. First behold the lovely Hebe; her robes are like the air, her motion is on the zephyr's wing. That may be woman's style until she is twenty. Then comes the beautiful Diana. The chaste dignity of womanhood and intelligence pervades the whole form, and the very drapery which enfolds it harmonizes with the modest elegance, the buoyant strength of ripened health, which give elasticity and grace to every limb. That is woman from twenty to thirty. Then comes Juno or Minerva, standing forth in the combined power of beauty and wisdom. "At this period she gradually lays aside the flowers of youth, and arrays herself in the majesty of sobriety, or in the sober beauty of simplicity. Long ought to be the reign of this commanding epoch of woman's age, for from thirty to fifty she may most respectably maintain her station on the throne of matron excellence," and still be lawfully admired as a beautiful woman. But beyond this age, it becomes her to lay aside all such pretensions, and by her "mantle of gray," gracefully acknowledge her entrance into the "vale of years." What can be more disgusting than a painted and bewigged old woman, just "trembling on the brink of the grave, and yet a candidate for the flattery of men?"

Not only is it true that there is a propriety in adapting a lady's dress to the different seasons of her life, and the peculiar character of her figure, but there is a very great propriety in adapting the costliness of her dress to her pecuniary position in life. I know that



LOUIS QUATORZE WORK-TABLE. PAGE 286.

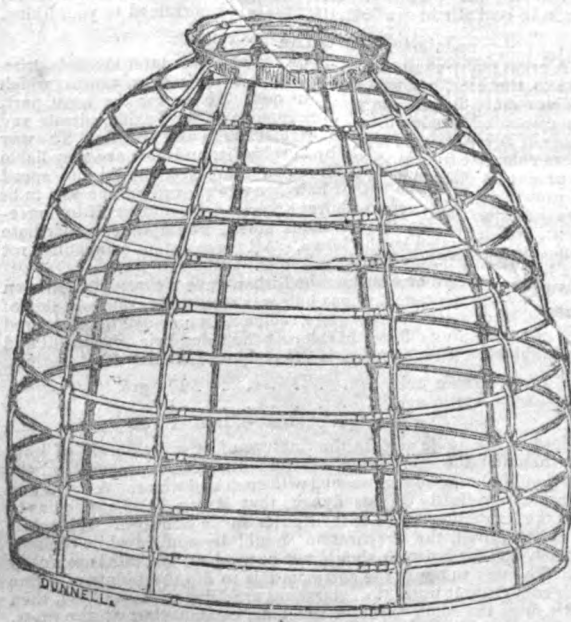
in America all artificial distinctions of classes are happily laid aside; but the necessities which attach to pecuniary disabilities are not, and never can be overcome. Though it may be the right of every woman to dress as expensively as she can afford, yet is it good taste, is it consistent with her own self-respect for the wife or the daughter of a poor man to dress expensively, and imitate all the wasteful extravagances of the rich? Let every such woman be forewarned that she cannot do it without drawing upon herself the inevitable suspicion that must cause a husband and a father to blush, even though the purple tinge never visits her own cheek. Though she may be innocent, it is still bad taste to effect expenditures beyond her known means or income. There is a fitness and an inexpressible charm in the sight of a woman who adapts her neat and modest attire to the circumstances of her life.

An appendix to this interesting book consists of fifty rules for gentlemen on the art of fascinating, but as this is out of our line, and we have already indulged in a very lengthened scissoring, we must leave that to pique the curiosity of the parties interested, assuring them that if they do not become thorough adepts from its perusal they must be very stupid indeed.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

WILDE'S BONNET. PAGE 278.

We have much pleasure in presenting from the establishment of R. T. WILDE a very pretty specimen of the hats worn this fall. The model we selected is composed of fine French straw, ornamented with narrow folds of mauve velvet, put on in series around the front and curtain, and across the top, several rows also encircling the crown. Above these the crown is surrounded with a very full fall of black Chantilly lace, which also extends upon the curtain. In the hollow of the lace on one side a bow of velvet ribbon is tied, and on the other a very rich and soft mauve marabout feather with black tips, which imparts a very graceful effect. On the forehead a band of velvet. A velvet thistle, with its green prickly leaves and curled pendant grass, together with a blonde ruche, composed a very ladylike and charming bonnet.



WILDE'S PRINCESS ROYAL BRIDAL SKIRT. PAGE 275.

HEAD-DRESS (WILDE'S). PAGE 273.

This admirable illustration of a very stylish and elegant head-dress is also from Mr. Wilde's extensive and excellent repertoire. The centre is composed of a netted pearl coiffure edged with fringe. One on one side are loops and long floating ends of brocade ribbon, scarlet and white, which support two white ostrich tips, one placed above and the other descending below the ear. On the other side is a braided loop of scarlet velvet, filled in with gold fringe and pendants.

INFANTS' GARMENTS. PAGE 276.

No. 1. We present for this month a number of articles for an infant's wardrobe, which we presume will be highly prized by young mothers, for whose especial benefit they are intended. The first is an infant's skirt, three-quarters of a yard in length without the band and made of the finest and whitest of

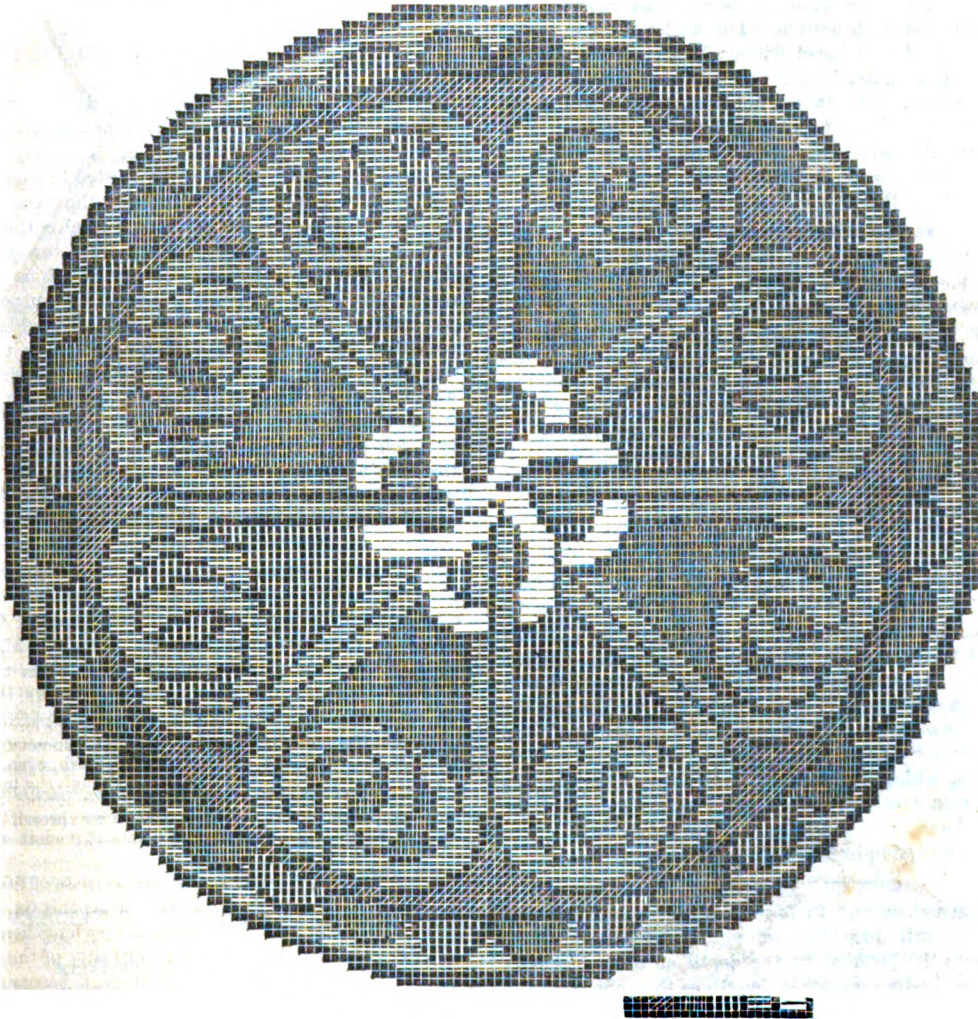
No. 5. This is a bib for the baby, made of pique and fastened behind with a loop and button. These are not particularly ornamental, but they are very useful, as young mothers soon discover.

No. 6 is the first tiny shirt, very elaborately ornamented with embroidered bands, which are turned over the plain binding.

No. 7 presents an excellent pattern for child's drawers, with pointed band round the waist, which buttons at the side. The lower part is beautifully worked in five different rows, with three fine tucks between each.

JEWELLERY. PAGE 277.

No. 1 illustrates a superb breastpin in a style very much admired, and composed of dark enamel set with brilliants. A pendant is attached.



COVER FOR LOUIS QUATORZE WORK-TABLE. PAGE 286.

French flannel. The embroidery is a running vine with a looped edge, and is executed in white floss silk. Some persons use colors, but we do not admire a taste so florid.

No. 2 is a sweet little sack chemise, cut out of one piece of cloth and with a very handsomely embroidered pointed yoke. A narrow border of embroidery surrounds the sleeves, which open on the top.

No. 3 is a little shirt for a boy to wear with the "flyaway" and "cutaway" jackets always in vogue, because nothing else was ever invented half so becoming. The collar and cuffs have both a narrow band of embroidery, and altogether it is just such a "holiday" garment as any little boy might be proud of.

No. 4 is a skirt of fine cambric, with a needlework border of roses and leaves, with a scalloped edge. The pattern is very pretty, and there is a delicate simplicity about it which corresponds to a natural idea of infantile innocence.

No. 2 is a chatelaine, also of dark enamel; the design, a snail raising its head from among the clusters of flowers formed of gems.

BOYS' HATS. PAGE 277.

No. 1. This pretty hat is of black velvet, with ornaments of chenille and scarlet ostrich feathers. The ribbon is black satin with scarlet edge.

No. 2. This is a second hat of beaver, ornamented with groseille feathers and broad taffetas ribbon with a groseille satin edge.

LACE SLEEVES. PAGE 277.

We present this month an effort to revive an old style of sleeve in Honiton guipure. They are extremely elegant worn with the rich cashmere morning robes at present in vogue.

LACE COLLAR. PAGE 277.

The collar to match is also of Honiton guipure. It also

attempts to revive the large size worn several years ago, but we imagine the effort will be a failure.

INFANT'S CLOAK. PAGE 280.

This is an illustration of an infant's cloak, perfect in form, material and finish. The material is fine white merino, cut in the form of a double circular; the lower one, being nearly a yard and a half in depth, is so arranged as to be worn single or double, as may be required. The upper circular is one mass of rich embroidery baskets, wrought in a small open diamond pattern, and interspersed with French knots, surrounding the entire edge. These baskets are filled with a profusion of roses, buds and leaves, intermingled with clusters of grapes and leaves, with their tendrils. The entire groundwork of the upper circular is overrun with a profusion of fine spray, mingled with buds and leaves. The edge is cut in scallops, and bordered with white silk fringe four inches deep, enriched by heavy tassels falling between each scallop. The under circular is also scalloped, and edged with tassel fringe; baskets of flowers, interlinked with fine spray, form a border of sufficient depth to meet the upper cape. The neck is finished with a small round collar, edged with scallops terminated by fringe, and enriched by embroidery. A heavy silken cord, terminated by two heavy tassels of white silk, form a fastening to the neck. A lining of white silk completes this rich and costly garment.

FRENCH BONNETS. PAGE 280.

No. 1. We have much pleasure in presenting the model of a new French bonnet, very unique in design, and extremely elegant in finish. The foundation is of puffed white lace, and over each puff is a row of rich black Chantilly, which are separated by bands of crimson velvet. The crown consists of one puff, terminating in the curtain, which is covered with lace and bordered with velvet. A branch of crimson velvet flowers is placed on one side, the other being ornamented only with the drapery formed by the lace. The strings are broad white satin, with a wide crimson edge.

No. 2. This is a very rich bonnet of white imperial chenille, in the fine looped pattern known as the "Imperatrice," laid over white lace. A border consisting of three narrow bands of green velvet is placed round the front and curtain, and from the edge of the third band is thrown back a demi-veil of tulle, separated through the centre and forming two Marie Stuart coiffures, edged with narrow blonde and a hem into which a green satin ribbon is introduced. The ornaments are a cluster of lilies in green velvet foliage placed under the veil, and on the inside a ruche, a pink bandeau and pink and white hyacinths. The strings are very novel and peculiar. There are four in number, two of which are white and the others green. The bows of the green are arranged so as to partially conceal the white, being placed over, yet quite independent of them. This caprice is quite a passion in Paris.

CHEMISES. PAGE 281.

No. 1 is a linen chemise. In form it is nearly sacque-shape. Into the neck are introduced thirteen puffings of linen cambric, which penetrate the garment to the depth of three inches in front, which gradually increase in length as they approach the shoulders, to give the required form to the neck. These puffings have a square termination, and are surrounded by a narrow edging. An inch wide puffing of cambric, bordered in like manner, surrounds the neck and sleeves. The opening is at the back, leaving the entire mass of rich trimming in front unbroken.

No. 2 is another style of chemise. The top is inserted in a deep pointed yoke, which is composed entirely of inch wide linen cambric puffings, separated by bands of insertion. A rich band of Valenciennes lace forms a finish to the upper edge of the yoke. The sleeves are formed entirely of cambric puffings, separated by bands of insertion, meeting in a point at the top of the arm. A band of insertion, with an edging of Valenciennes, forms a finish to the bottom of the sleeve. The opening is at the back, like the one just described.

FICHU. PAGE 281.

This is one of the prettiest styles of lace fichus now worn so extensively. It is rounded at the back and has tabs in front, which cross over and are fastened with a bow of green ribbon.

The ornaments are two frills of lace headed with rolls of green ribbon, with ends of ribbon placed at intervals upon the rolls and finished with black velvet loops. The color of the garniture can be varied to suit the taste.

EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

A much admired equestrian costume consists of dark green lilies' cloth, made into a very long plain skirt, and high plain body without basques. The body is pointed, and buttons down the front, with sleeves of the small Raglan cut—that is, pointed at the centre, plain at the top. Undersleeves of cambric, confined to the wrist with a narrow black band. Collar of pique, with a black satin necktie. English castor beaver hat, with green veil of a lighter shade than the habit. Gloves of chamois leather without gauntlets, boots of black satin Français.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig. 1. Robe of lavender tissue over a glacé of the same hue. The skirt is made with two flounces, ornamented and headed with a double ruche of silk and tissue. The body is quite plain, high up to the throat, and slightly pointed in front, behind and at the sides. A full ruche surrounds the neck, and extends down the front, terminating before it reaches the point. The sleeves consist of two jockeys, which deepen towards the centre, and are placed upon a small plain cap, which is inserted with the upper jockey in the space left for that purpose. The immense puffs constituting undersleeves are studded with pink medallions. Bonnet of rice straw, ornamented with bands of green velvet, black lace and green marabout feathers.

Fig. 2. Evening dress of groseille silk, thickly sprinkled with small figures in black brocade. The quilles, which continue very much in favor, are very striking, consisting of a stripe of plain taffetas, gradually widening towards the bottom, and crossed in a diamond pattern by narrow bands of chenille, with small clusters of chenille and groseille silk at each junction. The sleeves are new and are called the "Epaulette;" they form almost a circle, deepening towards the centre, and joined on the upper part by a pointed cape upon the body, which has a trimming upon the shoulder and down through the centre of the sleeve which corresponds to that upon the skirt, excepting that to the last is added pendant tassels from the cape, and from the sleeves also. The body has four points, but is entirely plain, with the exception of the cape and a narrow lace edge; from below the sleeves, however, descend two very rich volantes of very fine and misty lace attached to the lace sleeves beneath. The head-dress consists of a chenille coiffure, partially surrounded with Pompadour roses. Bracelets very broad, heavy gold bands, and bouquet of roses in fine foliage.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

LOUIS QUATORZE WORK-TABLE.

MATERIALS.—No. 14 French Pendelope canvas, 8 thread Berlin wool, black, claret, imperial blue, crimson, maize and white; maize and white fibelle. Crystal O.P. beads, pound ditto; and wooden balls (perforated) about the size of a marble. The leading cotton, No. 000 of Messrs. Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England.

The top of this pretty work-table is done in tapestry. We give a list of colors as used in the pattern. The scrolls are in gold or maize, cut (that is outlined) with black. They form eight sections, which are grounded alternately in crimson and blue. For this latter color, green may be used, if it will harmonize better with the furniture. It is done in cross stitch; but, from the coarseness of the canvas, the stitches must be taken double in one direction. The maize and white should be worked one way in wool, and crossed with silk. This would make the other colors also look richer.

To make up the table, have two rounds of light wood of the size of the work, and one of half that circumference. A round pole as long as the required height of the table passes through the small circular piece, and is united to the two others. The small piece is fastened exactly in the middle of the pole. Fluted

silk should then be joined to form a round, and united in plaits to the large rounds forming the top and bottom of the table, loosely enough to be drawn in the centre. Over the top stout calico is stretched, and over it the work is nailed evenly down round the edge of the wood. A silk gimp covers this; and a fringe with tassels of large beads (the balls for which are covered with small ones, wound round) finish the top. A chain and tassels of beads are fastened to ornament the centre. A bead trimming also finishes the lower round, as seen in the engraving. The beading cotton is for threading the O.P. beads, no other being strong enough.

SUSPENSION FLOWER VASES.

MATERIALS.—Two round wires, one less by one-fifth in diameter than the other, Berlin wool or coarse crochet silk, and O.P. beads. For threading these beads, Evans's 000 beading cotton must be used, as it is requisite that the material be at once strong and even.

Cover the wires by winding soft-tape or braid round them, and fasten off the ends. Now with a netting mesh, a quarter of an inch wide, and the silk or wool, cast on a sufficient number of stitches to go round the largest wire. Form into a round by taking the first stitch again after completing the row instead of going back again. Do six rounds.

Allow one sixth fewer stitches for the next piece, which forms the bag. Do fourteen rounds. Draw it up at the bottom, and sew the top on the smallest wire round. The other piece of netting sew on the large round at one edge, and on the small at the other. This connects the two. Thread the O.P. beads, and a line along each wire, by taking a stitch across the thread between every two beads.

Trim with fringe, tassels and bead cords, according to the engraving. The cord may be made after any design given. The vase of flowers rests on the small wire.

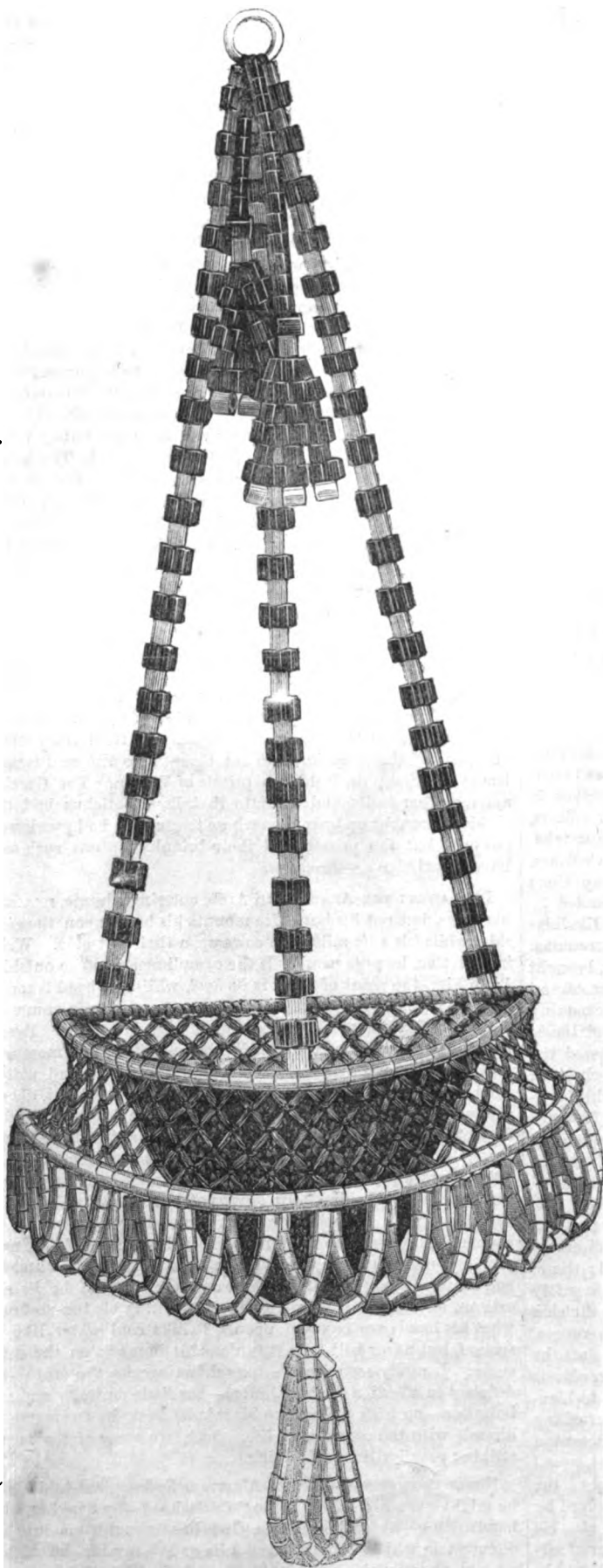
FAITHFUL AMIDST TREACHERY.—In the lines of the 61st (at Jullundhur, on the 7th of June, 1857) a very different scene presented itself. Here the Sepoys were knotted together in groups, some frantically calling down curses on their officers, others, more peacefully disposed, wavering what course to take. In the midst of a group of the latter stood Major J. C. Innes, with some of the other officers, endeavoring to keep them staunch, when a body of their mutinous comrades, headed by some Sowars, were seen coming down upon them. A Havildar and some forty Sepoys, at once perceiving the danger, surrounded the officers, and falling back towards the quarter-guard, brought them off in safety. Here they dressed them in *chuddes* (sheets) and turbans to disguise them; and then concealed them, by making them sit on the ground, and standing in a circle round them. A party of mutineers from all the corps soon after entered the quarter-guard, and began breaking open the treasure-chest, in dangerous proximity to the concealed officers; when an old Havildar, pensioned this year, saved them by a clever device. Pretending to be afraid that the Sepoys were going to hurt him as they crowded round, he warned them that, as they knew he had been invalided for rheumatism, he should curse any one that caused him pain. In superstitious dread they quickly backed out, dragging the treasure-chest with them, and the door was closed behind them. The faithful Sepoys then lifted their officers up through a trap-door to the roof of the quarter-guard; there, lying down under shelter of the parapet, they watched in safety the scene of confusion below; some wrangling over the division of the spoil, others filling pouches and havresacks with rupees, and all yelling out blood-thirsty, fiendish execrations against the English. In this hiding-place Major Innes and the other officers remained undisturbed. Having intimated their safety to Lieutenant Sankey, as he passed by at night with his patrolling party, they were escorted to the barracks early in the morning by the company of her Majesty's 8th, which was sent round to bring off any person who might be concealed in any of the houses. That Major Innes should thus have been rescued by the faithful few of his regiment is not to be wondered at. He had completed, within a few days, his twenty-ninth year of service among them, rising from ensign to commandant, and in every rank gaining their confidence and respect. During the

whole of that period he had scarcely been for a single day absent from his corps. All the men who aided in this rescue of their officers were rewarded with promotion, according to their ranks. The Havildar received also a present of two hundred rupees, and the old pensioner one hundred and fifty rupees.

ORIGINAL MODE OF DECIDING THE ANTIQUITY OF RACE.—The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that, while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out, by dint of inquiry, what men were the most ancient, contrived the following mode of discovery: He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of the room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said "Becos." When this first happened the herdsman took no notice; but afterwards, when he observed, on coming often to see after them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his lord, and, by his command, brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he proceeded to make inquiry what people there was who called anything "Becos," and thereupon he learnt that "Becos" was the Phrygian name for bread. In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis, from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have stated above.—*Herodotus.*

LIFE AMONG THE ARABS.—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cows upon their left side. Writing a letter, he puts nearly all the compliments on the outside. With him, the point of a pin is its head, whilst its head is made its tail. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs, but measures wheat, barley and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats almost nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner, but after the work of the day is done, sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or better still, boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the females of the house wait till his lordship is done. He rides his donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus and fireplaces may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. Drinks cold water like a sponge, but never bathes in it, unless his home be on the seashore. Is rarely seen drunk—too seldom speaks the truth—is deficient in affection for his kindred—has little curiosity and no imitation—no wish to improve his mind—no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life. Such are some of the most striking peculiarities of Arab life.

NON-RESISTANCE.—When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."



SUSPENSION FLOWER VASE. PAGE 287.

A JUVENILE ACROBAT.—At the opening of the Circus of the Imperatrice, in Paris, a very remarkable spectacle was presented. After one or two ordinary scenes in the arena, there stepped forward Mademoiselle Foucart, a little girl, six or seven years old, very slightly clad, and no higher than the jackboot of the gendarmes who did duty at the entrance. Nobody at first could understand what she could be going to do, or rather, as M. Gautier says, "they were afraid to understand." A long cord hung from the centre of the lofty dome roof, two other shorter ones with rings hung beside it. While the majority of the audience were wondering what she could be going to do, the child caught the rope in her tiny hands, and by the mere action of her wrists began ascending apparently with perfect ease. Once at the top she took hold of the rings and the cord was withdrawn. She was to all appearance floating in mid air, sixty feet above the arena, where she commenced quietly, with an ease, freedom and courage which we cannot render on paper, a series of evolutions, one more impossible than the other. At one time she actually turned a summerset on the extreme edge of a small plank. Calm self-possession is all that in general is required to carry out these exhibitions; but Mademoiselle Foucart showed a muscular development quite astounding. She caught hold of a perpendicular pole, and held herself out by one hand, her arm being as straight as a bar of iron. A pin might have been heard to fall in the vast amphitheatre; but when she descended, smiling and apparently ready to begin again, she was received with a roar of applause such as has not been heard for some time within the walls of this theatre.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, in an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as time, are also annihilated, so that almost while an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awaking in the fright, found that he had not been in bed ten minutes.

The oldest married couple alive are supposed to be a Mr. Snyder and his wife, who reside at Burnside, Penn. He is a hundred and eleven, and she is one hundred and seven years old; they have been married about ninety-three years.